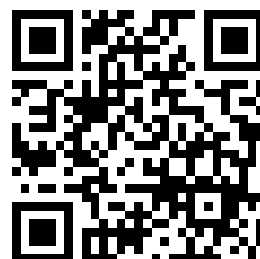

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YOUNG AMERICA AT HIS WINTER SPORTS.

DAISY'S TRIALS.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"MY own child; yes, nurse, that's true; but no truer than that it's his child. His son! And I tell you, nurse, there are times when it wouldn't be safe for me to be alone with it; if a look of him should come into its eyes, I might kill it, for hate, and for fear!"

She was only answered by a sigh.

They were sitting in the farm-house kitchen—the kitchen of Moor-Edge, or, as it is more commonly called, Murrigge Farm-house. A gray, substantially-built, many-gabled house, with heavy stone-mouldings above, mullioned and diamond-paned lattices, and an ample stone porch. One end of the house is covered by a century-old pear-tree. In front it has a patch of smooth, fine turf, traversed by flagged paths, walled in by a low and broad-topped wall. In the afternoon, the shadows of the wind-blown orchard-trees stretch half across this green: in a corner, to which those shadows never reach, stand a group of ash-trees. When the sun shines, the aspect of the place is cheery, its grays are warm, and its greens full of a suppressed glow; but in winter, and in dead, dull weather, it looks austere and gloomy. A vast common stretches northward, behind the farm. From the little-used front gate a steep and rough footway, that in winter-time is often nothing but an impetuous water-course, precipitates itself toward the far-below lying plain.

They were sitting close to the lattice, and the July moon was just lifting itself slowly to shine on them through the ash-trees. The casement stood wide open, and let in an evening air, that was full of perfumes: from the sun-burnt woodbine that was hanging round the porch, from a group of sunburnt lilies beneath the window, which would now bleach again in the moonlight, and from late-lying sunburnt hay on a sloping meadow out of sight.

The woman who had spoken had a face which, in that mysterious mingling of twilight and of moonlight, looked softly girlish. She was dressed in lustreless black. The other, whom she had called "nurse," who had answered her only with a sigh, was middle-aged, and comely, and sad-eyed. She, too, wore black; she sat in an old-fashioned, cushioned chair, and rocked in her arms a scarcely three-months'-old child.

There was a long silence, broken only by occasional noises from the farm-yard, by the rustling of leaves, and the tranquil breathing of the sleeping child.

The moon had climbed a good way above the ash-trees, tinting the clear sky a rose-tinged lilac, before either of them spoke. Then it was the older woman, with tender deference, and, at the same time, with the sort of caution one unconsciously uses toward the mentally sick: feeling the way, to find how much can be ventured, how much can be borne.

"All this day you've been thinking, and it's not much else, indeed, that I've done; thinking about the letter. May I tell you my mind, my dearie, before you tell me yours?"

As if aware that the silence had been broken without being aware what had been said, the other answered, not what was now said, but something she had let pass unanswered long before.

"But for it," with a gesture toward the child, "I never should wish to leave you. There would be no reason why I should ever leave you. I would stay here always, till I die. If it hadn't lived, as I hoped it mightn't, or if you'd sent it away, as I thought you would, somewhere where I need never have seen it, nor heard of it again, then, oh so thankfully, I'd have stayed here always. But it did live, and you say you can't send it away; you say it comforts you for the loss of your own, so, as it must stay, I must go."

"Comforts me! Ay, indeed does it! And it would comfort you, as nothing else in this world ever can, if only you'd not harden your heart against it."

With no notice of this interruption, beyond a slight shiver of disgust, the girl went on:

"So, as I must go, as I can't stay here always, as I can't hide myself here, out of the world, till I die, I'll try and lose myself in the world. I'll separate myself from you, though you're the only creature I love, and that loves me; I'll go to some strange place with this strange woman; I'll try and forget you, with all else that belongs to the past. I'll strip off my wedding-ring and my widow's mourning, and try to

strip off the memory of what they stand for; I'll deny, even to myself, that I've worn either. Widow's mourning! as if I could mourn for him! No, but I mourn for myself, for my life that he soiled and spoiled, so that for me there's neither memory nor hope; the very air I breathe is poisoned. It seems to smell sweet to-night," she said, lifting her face, and looking out. "To you it does smell sweet, nurse; doesn't it? But to me there's still the smell of blood in it, the sickening smell of blood!"

The other sorrowfully noticing the growing excitement of voice and the wandering wildness of eye, only sighed out:

"It's terrible to hate the dead."

"Let me forget, then, and I shall leave off hating."

"It may be God's will that you should remember and forgive."

"Forgive!" she echoed.

Another pause, and then the girl spoke again:

"If I put all my heart, and soul, and strength into one prayer—to be able to forget—I can't think but God will hear me. It isn't much to ask, to forget, only to forget, yet it's all I ask. Though I'm young still, I don't ask joy or hope, but only to forget."

"There's one thing you can't forget. One thing you can't strip off you, or tear out of you, or bury away from you. There's no stone heavy enough to keep it down. It's the mother's heart that's in you, and that, one day, will stir and wake. If, one day, you marry again, and bear other children—"

"Marry again! Bear other children! Never! I will never own that child, or my hateful marriage. These unowned things will stand always between me and love. Love! What do I want with love? What have I to do with love? I want only peace—peace, and to forget."

"You feel like that now; but, as you say, dearie, you're young; you may have long to live, it's dreary to live always alone. If only you'd not take a lie upon you. Ah, Miss Daisy"—the once familiar name in her earnestness slipped out unawares—"don't do it, don't do it. There was one, as once loved you, I always believe will never rest till he finds you!"

"You're mad, nurse! you're mad! Do you think I'd feel myself fit for him, ever, on this side the grave? As for my being young—I am not young. I can never be young any more. When I see myself in the glass, I wonder that my hair isn't white, that my flesh isn't shrivelled, that my eyes are not dim, that my face doesn't tell of the horrible things it has looked upon."

"But it's not so. Men will see it's not so. In time you'll come to feel it's not so; some spring the blood will dance in your veins, and the world will seem beautiful, and you'll feel that, cost what it may, you must love and be happy before you die. And what's to hinder? If only you'll be patient till this madness of misery is past, and not take a lie upon you. What, but pity, could any good man feel for—"

"It's what I feel about myself that would hinder," the girl broke in; "but it's no use talking. My mind is made up. I shall go to her."

"I wish no better than that you should go to her, dearie; but as what you are, not with a lie upon you. Leave the child with me yet a while, as is needful for it, and best for you; but go to her as a widow and a mother."

"I will not. She knows nothing of me but my maiden name, the only name I will ever own. She is alone, and she is dying; because she loved my mother she sends for me, begging me to be with her till she dies. I shall go to her. She promises to leave me all she has. I shall be rich again. It shall all be for you, nurse. I shall ask nothing of you but to keep that child always, letting it grow up as your own."

"You call evil days upon yourself when you take a lie upon you. If any thing I could say could turn your heart from doing it, God put it in my heart to say that thing!"

"Evil days!" she echoed, with a wild little laugh. "What evil can seem to me evil any more; what bitterness bitter?"

"And it's all vain trying," the older woman went on. "You can't forget your child. The mother's heart is in you. Sooner or later it will waken. It will trouble you when you think you've found peace. My dearie, my dearie, better than you know yourself I know you."

"The Scripture says a woman can forget her child. If any woman, surely I, to whom the father of that child was hateful."

"It won't be so. Better than you know yourself, indeed, I know

you. The tender heart that was like a mother's to the baby-brother won't remain dead and cold to its own flesh and blood."

"Oh, my brother! Oh, Wattie, Wattie, Wattie! All the rest I could, perhaps, have forgiven him, but not your death." She broke now into passionate wailing.

When she looked up and spoke again her face was harder, her tone harsher than it had been before, and her eyes had a fierce expression in them.

"You couldn't better quicken my hate for him, and so my loathing for his child, than by speaking to me of my young brother," she said. "When I knelt on the wet, river-side grass by Wattie—my dead, drowned, murdered Wattie—didn't I curse that child's father? Didn't I vow—"

"You were mad, you were mad! God, in His mercy, would take no heed of you. You were mad then; you are mad now. If only you'd wait and do nothing till the fever-fire has burned out of your poor brain! My dear, my dear, turn your back upon the devil; shut your eyes and your ears to the things he shows you and tells you; put all these horrible thoughts from you; turn to good things and to God."

"Well," she answered, with a daft sort of smile, "the devil is dead, certainly—didn't I see him die? But, nurse, not the devil only, but God also is cruel, if He won't let me forget."

"If only you'd take this little one He sent you into your arms, and let it lie against your heart, gentler thoughts would come. It turns my blood to hear you talk, and see you look with loathing upon this soft, sweet, tender, helpless thing, and it your own, too."

The child, awake now, was lying on the woman's lap. It turned its head upon her knee, and fixed its eyes upon its mother's face. The little dark-eyed baby-face looked elfish and wan in the moonlight.

"His eyes, his eyes!" the girl cried out, as if in some intolerable torture. And she sprang up, and went away out-of-doors.

"They're no eyes but your own, your very own. It's its mother's child all over, the darling, the darling!" the woman crooned over it.

It was not long before the girl came back. Seeing, by the clear moonlight, that the woman's tears were falling thick and fast, she went behind her, twined an arm round her neck, laid her cheek against the tear-stained cheek, and whispered:

"Poor, poor nurse, poor, dear nurse, you're thinking of your own poor little baby, nurse."

"Thinking of my own lost pretty one that I loved so, that John loved so, and that's lying now in the church-yard. Thinking of it, I'm sorry for myself, and I'm sorry for John, and I could cry my heart out for the pity of it; but, as for this poor outcast from its mother's love, tears aren't sad enough, nor bitter enough, to shed for it."

"It will have you, nurse. You'll be a better mother to it than I could ever be."

"And if I die? And I'm not strong as I used to be, my dear. Sometimes I think I'll never be well any more."

"If you die," the girl repeated, slowly. "Why then it will very likely die, too; perhaps it may die first, even." Then she suddenly asked, pointing to the child's white dress, "Is there blood there, nurse? Or is it only in my brain?"

"Your head's getting bad, my dear. Can't you leave it all now, and let us settle it to-morrow?"

"It's all settled, nurse. I go away, and you keep the child. He's to grow up loving you as his mother, and in time you'll forget he's not your own son."

"And then, when I love him as my own, you'll come to your right mind. And then you'll so yearn for your little child, that you'll feel forced to claim him, if from the other side the world you had to make your way to him on your knees!"

"Nurse," the girl spoke, at once imperiously and coaxingly, "leave off talking of this. It tires me; it does me harm. And, nurse, put it away now, the child; lay it in its cradle. I want to be close to you, I want you to pet me this last night. Who knows when we shall be together again?"

"Hold the child a moment, then, while I go and put its things ready."

"I will not!" was the first answer, followed by, "you can put it here."

She sat down in the chair from which the other had risen, and let the child be laid upon her lap.

She did not mean to look at it; but, in her own despite, her eyes soon fixed themselves upon the sleeping face. She touched one of the tiny hands, and it closed upon her finger, and that instinctive, trustful clasp thrilled her.

"Ah, but he, too, must once have been helpless and harmless," she thought. "Even he must once have lain upon his mother's knees and looked soft and sweet, and this is his son! As well as another I could have loved a child. How I loved baby Wattie!"

Dreaming back upon her tender, girlish days, when that little brother had been to her as her very own, and her all, she lifted the sleeping child, her own little son, to her shoulder, pressed her cheek against its cheek, and so, gently swaying to and fro, dreamed on, till she came, in her retrospective dreaming, to the very last memory of Wattie, lying by the river-bank, dead, drowned.

Recalled to herself, to the present, she hastily snatched the child from her shoulder, got up from her chair, and laid the frightened, awakened creature on the cushions.

"His son. The son of Wattie's murderer! And I was holding it as if I loved it.—Nurse!" she called, aloud, "come and take it. Put it out of my sight."

Nurse, who had been on the watch, came quickly and took the child away.

When she returned: "It's not to-morrow you go, for sure, dearie!" she said. "What did you mean about this being the last night?"

"Sit in the great chair again, nurse, I want to sit by you and lay my head in your lap. That is it. Yes, nurse, I go to-morrow. If you look into my room you'll see my dress laid ready. I leave all this," looking down at her heavy, black gown, "and every thing else almost, behind me. The dress I've put ready is Daisy Morrison's; it was hers before she was dragged into the pit. It was never worn by his wife."

"And your ring, your wedding-ring. It should be taken care of if you don't mean to wear it. The day may come when—"

"Good nurse, no prophesying; a little peace. As to the ring. Take it off."

"Nay, my dear, not I!"

"You superstitious woman."

She wrenched it off herself, and threw it into the woman's lap.

"To think," she said, "that only a few weeks before he put that on me, I almost fancied I loved him! Almost fancied! It was never more than that, and I had wholly unfancied that fancy before I was plunged into it all—and oh, after that, how I loathed him! Life will be hell if I can't forget, if there's always to be the taint of those months all about me."

Her head on the woman's knees, her hand clasping her hand, Daisy presently said:

"Nurse, you've never asked me to tell you all about it."

"Dearie, I know enough," was soothingly answered.

"You don't know enough if you don't know all. Some one should know all. There is no one but you, and there is no time but to-night."

"Indeed, in one way or another I know enough, my dear. Don't speak of it, don't think of it, to-night."

But the woman's reluctance to hear strengthened the girl's determination to tell.

"You remember," she began, "he used sometimes to row up the river to our garden and try to tempt Wattie into his boat. One evening—it was very soon after that other you spoke of went away—that other—other, indeed!" Here she seemed to fall into a dream, but soon rousing herself went on. "One evening he was there, and Wattie was in his boat before I knew. 'Come, Sister Daisy, we're waiting for you,' my darling called to me. I wouldn't trust him alone. I couldn't bear to make him get out. Graham promised to bring us back in half an hour. I got in. We never came back. He murdered Wattie, and did worse by me. That devil's cunning—you start to hear me say that bad word! You goose of a nurse, if you only knew what sort of words and things I've heard and seen since then. That devil's cunning had planned it all. If he hadn't had Wattie he'd have failed. I'd have jumped into the river sooner than I'd have gone. Because there was something in his face that made me more afraid of him than of the river."

"He said the tide didn't serve to take us back; that we must go on to the first village, and drive home from there. It got dusk; we

were past the safe part of the river. I sat clutching Wattie. There was a shock. I know I kept hold of Wattie till he was wrenched from me. His death was murder. Nothing was accident. It was murder! There came the cool swirl of water, and then I knew nothing more till the morning of the next day. I was in a strange room, a strange woman sitting beside me. As soon as I could understand any thing, I asked for Wattie.

"The creature didn't know any thing; she said she would call the gentleman; but I wouldn't let her. I said I would go to him. My clothes had been dried, she helped me to put them on, and helped me to go down-stairs. I loathed her touch, even the touch of her eyes; but I couldn't have done without help, I was so deadly ill. Graham was at breakfast. He pretended to be shocked to see me looking so ill. He tried to be fond and tender. I would say nothing, and answer nothing, only asked, 'Where's Wattie?' He swore to me that Wattie had been sent safely home. Then, when I said I wished to go home to him directly, he— You know, nurse, I was such an ignorant fool, and he always so clever; and just then what little sense I ever had seemed benumbed. I felt, I remember, as if my mind were in a small prison, and knew nothing of any thing outside, of any before or after. He pretended passionate remorse, and love, and pity. And he confused me with shame and perplexity, by representing what had happened in the most disastrous light.

"Now, I can't believe in my own stupidity then. But he managed then to make me believe that I had no alternative but to be his wife, or to be pointed out by the finger of scorn, to lead a shamed life. He told me that nobody would ever credit that my having been away from home all night with him was an innocent accident.

"Nurse, don't you think it strange that God should let such a weak creature be left so helpless from no fault of her own? It was love for Wattie, care for Wattie, nothing else, Heaven is my witness, that led me into that villain's power.

"Well, when he'd done talking, I was even so stupid a fool as to feel something like gratitude to him for being willing to marry a girl so disgraced.

"We were married that very morning—as he had intended we should be. He wanted to hurry me abroad immediately. When I insisted that first I would go to Wattie, or Wattie must come to me, he left me in anger, and he locked me in. He turned the key very softly, but I heard the sound. My brain was, by this time, growing clearer. What had passed seemed to me an incredibly bad dream. The thought that I was his wife, irrevocably his property, half maddened me.

"I determined I would escape; that, whatever might come after, I would go to Wattie. I hadn't much trouble in getting out of the window. I passed unnoticed through the garden, which ran down to the river's edge. I thought I could make my way home by the river-side path.

"Pushing through some bushes, I suddenly came upon a group of people—my husband one of them—standing round something that lay on the grass. I broke into their midst, and there lay Wattie, my dead, drowned, murdered Wattie. I knelt by him, I lifted my hands and my eyes to heaven. Words of cursing came to my lips. I cursed his murderer, my husband, to whom I had been married that morning."

She stopped and laughed.

"I don't know what happened just after. I remember I found myself his close-kept prisoner. Our hatred of each other grew finely. He was disappointed in finding he could not get hold of all my money at once, mine and Wattie's, which came to me. He took a sort of fiend's pleasure in making himself as evil a monster as possible in my eyes. To half kill me with fear was his favorite pastime; but after a while I got too stupid to feel afraid. At times he drank frightfully—drank till he was mad. His worst way of torturing me was to talk to me of the foul horrors of the life he had led and was leading; if I tried to stop my ears, he would pull my hands down and hold them. Sometimes he struck me—not often—he could do so much worse. It's a nice story, isn't it, nurse?"

The poor woman to whom she told it moaned faintly.

"I'll make it short, nurse; I won't tell you half—only the end. That came at Ilomburg. I'm not quite sure if he meant to do it. But I think he did. A woman he cared something for had used him ill; besides that, he was in all manner of debt, and difficulty, and disgrace. It was in my room, before my eyes, close to me. He was playing with his pistol. He said he was going to shoot himself, but couldn't make up his mind if he would shoot me first or not. I had

heard him talk so before; I tried not to seem afraid. I saw him put the pistol to his mouth. When he did that I turned my eyes away. There was a noise. I felt something on my face and hands. I looked then, and didn't know what it was I saw. What, nurse, you turn faint to hear of it?

"I don't know much what happened after; or of how I got here. I had just written to you, I know. I suppose the address upon the letter—any way, I got here, and his child was born. And you want me to love it! To love his child!" She laughed wildly.

It was now just midnight, and the sound of a horse's footfall ("John" coming home from a distant market-town) was very welcome to John's poor wife. The girl rose quickly on hearing it to hurry to her own room.

"John will go with you to-morrow," were "nurse's" last words.

"Will he? There's no need he should take the trouble; but it's very kind. Thank him for me. Be sure you thank him for this kindness, and for all his other kindness."

Then, as the farmer entered the kitchen, Daisy fled up the stairs to her room. She had never met him face to face; she never would meet any one. Having put out the candle and drawn up the blind, she sat still until the old-fashioned clock outside her door had ten times chimed the quarters. As it finished its tenth chime she got up, and, moving about noiselessly, put off her widow's weeds, and put on the dress laid ready on the bed.

By the time this was done the dawn had overgrown the moonlight, and she looked at herself in the glass. There she stood—Daisy Morrison, Wattie's "Sister Daisy."

Stealing noiselessly down the stair, letting herself out of the house cautiously—it was easy to make no noise, the doors at Moor-Edge were neither locked nor barred, and the old dog sleeping by the kitchen hearth knew her too well to notice her, except by a sleepy movement of his tail—Daisy passed, before sunrise, into the world of summer-dawn. She did not take the track leading to the white road that crossed the common; she would have been, by-and-by, liable to meet people there, and could be seen from so great a distance. She took the footway that descended precipitously to the plain, between the high hedges. It was as yet too early to meet even laborers going to their work. As yet no smoke from early-lighted fires curled from the cottage chimneys. The world of dawn was stainless and speckless.

The ambrosial morning freshness, and the feeling that she was leaving behind her the widow's dress, the wedding-ring, the child, which were the signs of what had been so loathsome in her life, had a strong effect upon Daisy. It was with an elastic, almost dancing, step that she went her way; she felt as if, bathing in the purity of the dawn, she were being cleansed.

"I shall be able, in time, to forget. In so beautiful a world I shall be able, in time, to be happy! No need to hate this beautiful world, for I shall be able to forget—and—he is no longer in it."

By-and-by, she paused, turned, and looked back at Moor-Edge, just before finally passing out of sight of it.

"But if what she says is true—about a mother's heart—then I carry my trouble with me, within me. A mother's heart! How can I have a mother's heart for his child?"

The new glory had faded when she went on again. Whether she looked up to the clear morning blue, or looked before her through the clear air down upon the plain, her child's face, with eyes pleading and reproachful, floated before her; but she went on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MADAME DE LISLE; OR, HOW I LEFT PARIS IN JULY, 1870.

AT the beginning of July, 1870, I was residing in Paris in the second story of No. 51 Avenue Montaigne. My back-windows looked out upon a queer little villa of the Louis XIII. style, with a gravelled court in front, and a garden full of trees behind, the only access to which from the avenue was by a narrow passage, which you entered by a small gate, over which was inscribed, in modest characters, "No. 49."

I discovered, soon after I took my lodgings in No. 51, that No. 49 was occupied by Madame de Lisle, the widow of a French officer who had been killed in the Crimea, or at Solferino, or somewhere or other,

I saw that she was handsome and distinguished in her personal appearance, and I soon learned that she moved in the best society, and was generally regarded as a brilliant woman of fair reputation and a comfortable income. Her origin seemed to be uncertain. Some said she was English, others that she was an American from South Carolina, and others still that she was a German. I had become tolerably familiar with her face from my back-windows, and at length had the honor to be introduced to her at a party at the British embassy. She seemed to recognize me as a neighbor, and smiled graciously, but made no observation beyond a few formal remarks.

Those early July days were stirring ones in Paris. Something was in the air—the mutterings before the storm. Ollivier was important, and the Chambers restless. The Quartier Latin was in a suppressed tumult all the time, the emperor was ill, and all sorts of reports were afloat. Then came the Spanish complication, the Hohenzollern business, and the Benedetti affair, and, behold! we were plunged into war with Prussia.

The effect was fine. All the turbulent elements rushed to arms. Serious people saw through the emperor's attempt to make a diversion, but were rather disposed to encourage it. The troops were summoned, and Le Boeuf marched to the frontier. Those who remained at home prepared triumphal arches, and shouted, "On to Berlin!"

My most intimate acquaintance among the French was a student named Bourgogne. Poor Jules! he was always bursting into my rooms with some exciting narration, and it was he that brought me the news of the enthusiasm of the students' quarter, and the rallying of all classes at the prospect of glory to be easily won from the slow and stupid Teuton.

"Our boundaries are to be rectified at last!" he shouted. "The eagles of France shall build their nests in the Siebengeberge."

"Fair and softly, my good friend," I would say, for I had not forgotten my winter in Berlin, and the drillings of the *landwehr*, and the needle-gun experiments. "Your German is an ugly fellow to rouse; he is like General Scott's description of the Yankee: 'The hardest fellow in the world to get into a fight, and the hardest to get out of it when his blood is up.'"

"He lacks *élan*," dogmatized Bourgogne, after the manner of Young France. "It is all very well to talk of Prussian against Austrian, but wait till they measure swords with France. Our first victory will rally to our standard all the nations of South Germany, trampled under the iron heel of Bismarck. Cochon!" hissed Jules, getting excited, "à bas la Prusse!"

I warded off a discussion by alluding to my neighbor Madame de Lisle, knowing that a spice of romance will divert a Frenchman from his most glorious theories, and for a while Bourgogne consented to drop the subject of chassepots and needle-guns, to look out of my window upon the villa, and take a comprehensive survey of the premises; but his ardent soul soon returned to the charge, and he ended by dragging me out to witness a grand review of the Army of the Rhine on the Champ de Mars.

We found the Pont de Jena blocked with blouses. The Faubourg St-Antoine was taking a holiday like ourselves, and the few police-officers on the spot had their hands full.

A carriage that was traversing the bridge seemed to give umbrage to the mob, and one or two were shying sticks at the driver, and a rude *ouvrier* was trying to put his head into the window.

"Mon Dieu! there is a lady within," shouted Bourgogne, indignant, as he sprang forward to avenge the insult. I followed closely. There were a few hard knocks, a thunder of *sacres*, the police came up, and the throng divided, leaving a clear space through which the carriage passed rapidly.

I caught a glimpse, as the horses sprang on, of a tranquil face smiling serene recognition, and then Bourgogne and I had as much as we could manage in evading the wrath of the blouses, and eluding the vigilance of the *sergents de ville*, which we finally accomplished by slipping through the crowd, and escaping pursuit by dexterous celerity. We found ourselves at last, very hot and tired, upon the Champ de Mars.

"Mais, quelle course de chien!" panted Bourgogne, wiping his brow, "but what a face! I am sure I have seen it somewhere. Beautiful as a thousand devils! She must be discovered."

"That will not be difficult," I said, smiling at his enthusiasm. "It was my fair neighbor."

"En effet," said Bourgogne, stopping short, and looking at me

curiously. "She recognized you, and smiled; and it was not my fine eyes, after all, that she appreciated. Ah, you are a *fine mouche*, my boy, and here I break my head and my shins to procure an adventure for you. Bien; but, mark me, I shall go with you to the first reception of madame that you attend, by this lance, broken in the service of yon distressed dame." And he ruefully raised his splintered rat-tan, and brandished it before my eyes.

Laughing at his absurdity, I promised to present him at my first appearance.

The review over, I left Bourgogne to find his way homeward by the left bank of the Seine, while I returned slowly to my lodgings.

Upon my table lay a dainty, perfumed missive, sealed with a crest. I opened it in haste, and found it was written in my own language:

"Madame de Lisle begs Mr. — to allow her the privilege of thanking him in person for his timely assistance this afternoon."

Enclosed was a French card of invitation, signifying that madame was to be found *chez elle* on Tuesday evenings.

That day was Monday.

The next morning when Bourgogne appeared as usual with the latest bulletin from the Place de Carrousel, I showed him the card.

"Of course, I am included in the invitation," he said, "and the only difficulty in my way is the want of a dress-coat."

"But how can I present you?" I demurred. "I am a stranger to this lady. I cannot ask permission to bring a friend."

"Nothing is more simple," demonstrated Bourgogne, unabashed, "if I can only procure a coat. You take me with you. Good. Madame pushes forward with enthusiasm, with *empressement*. You bow gracefully to the first burst. When the applause has somewhat modified, you draw back with becoming modesty and present me as the true hero, dragged there against my will. I shall enact my *rôle* to perfection. You, naturally embarrassed, will do the same. It will be superb. I see it all, *mon ami*, there is nothing in the world like the genius of initiative, that sympathy with events, that complicity with Fate which made Napoleon sublime. Adieu, I go to negotiate a loan of twenty-five francs, which will hire my costume. Curtain to rise at nine precisely. First appearance of Messieurs Bourgogne and —. *Au revoir*."

Before I could remonstrate, the wild fellow was gone.

The worst of it was, that I knew he would fulfil his threat, and that he would compel me to accede to his desires lest he should revenge himself by some more absurd freak of his mischievous genius; but I looked forward with dread to the evening, and determined, if possible, to slip off before his arrival.

But Jules was too clever for me, and arrived while I was tying my cravat, arrayed in a faultless evening-costume, which he had got of a *fournisseur*, with immaculate kids and wonderful linen; and, before I could settle my mind, we were walking arm-in-arm up the narrow passage of No. 49.

The door was standing open, and a few people were chatting informally on the steps. The group opened to make way for us, and we were admitted directly to a small, square saloon, in which about a dozen people were assembled, in the centre of whom was Madame de Lisle, who instantly recognized me, and thanked me, in a few well-chosen words, for my opportune assistance.

Then it all fell out as Bourgogne had planned, except that, as I drew back to present my friend, to my amazement, Madame de Lisle extended both hands to him, and then presented her forehead, French fashion, for a salute, which Bourgogne, quite unmoved, deposited there.

"What, is it thou, Jules?" she cried, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "And what possessed thee to have thyself presented to me?"

"My fair cousin," said Bourgogne, "though I was too busy with the blouses yesterday to remark more than that the equipage was well appointed and the lady beautiful, something in the face haunted me, and, putting the name with the features, I had a shrewd fancy that I might find a friend; but, not being sure of any thing but my own audacity, I did not tell Mr. —, who brought me here most unwillingly to-night."

"I have not seen this madcap cousin for seven years," said our hostess, turning to me; "but I see he can remember a face as well as I. To-morrow you must come to me again, when I shall be at liberty. Now, let me present you both to my friends."

The circle to which we were introduced numbered certain names of note curiously mingled; members of the "Left" were conversing amicably with dowagers of the Faubourg St.-Germain, while one or two titles of the empire were making themselves comfortable with the coffee-and-cakes of the hostess.

There was no political conversation, but the tone of discourse was that of the gracious *causerie* which Madame Récamier declared to be among the lost arts of the Parisians, but which lingers still in certain circles, where the wit and grace of the women, and the subtlety and address of the men, would not have disgraced the saloons of the Hôtel Rambouillet.

"It is strange," I said, thinking I was addressing Bourgogne, "to see that the nobles of *la vieille roche* should look so much like other people. One imagines a Rohan or a De Coucy with a certain presence and dignity to distinguish him from the herd."

"Monsieur," said a playful voice, startling me from my half-reverie, "have you yet to learn that a Rohan or a Montmorenci is but another name for an imbecile."

"M. de Freslincourt can afford to say such things better than a younger noble," said Madame de Lisle, who had approached, "since his own blood is of the purest.—Mr. —, come away; I wish to present you to a charming old lady who will confound you by speaking of the Place de la Concorde as the Place Louis Quinze, and who knows no empire, and believes in his sacred majesty Henri V."

The old dowager was delightful, a perfect fossil of the best type; and then I found a senator, who detailed some of the exciting scenes at the late *séances* of that august body; and so, alternating, I passed a very agreeable evening, until at length I found myself beside Bourgogne taking leave of Madame de Lisle.

"Who, then, is she?" I demanded, as we walked down the alley, "this cousin, whom you embrace after seven years' absence—what invention is this?"

"My dear fellow," answered my friend, "'truth is stranger than fiction.' She is a cousin by marriage. Her father is a Berliner of note; her mother was a countrywoman of yours. De Lisle, poor fellow, was shot in Mexico. He was of good blood, had connections with the Faubourg St.-Germain; his wife, you see, has cemented them. She has a taste for politics, and dabbles in literature, is rich, and a widow. What more can she desire? I saw her at my father's, seven years ago. I was but a lad then, and faith I had forgotten her existence in the excitements of living. It is quite worth while to discover a cousin who has such Lafitte and Château Margot as this lovely being. I shall devote myself to her henceforth."

"But what has she to do with all these politicians?" I asked.

"That passes me," replied my friend. "Perhaps it was for the Lafitte that Jean de Roux and Garnier Pages were there to-night. There is some scheme afoot, you may depend. I am to go to her to-morrow informally, and take you with me. Keep your eyes open, my boy! we are needed for something, be sure."

But the friendly and cordial character of the morrow's visit was calculated to disarm the strongest suspicion, and very soon the villa became my favorite lounging-place, madame being always affable, and treating Jules and myself very like two young school-boys, whom she liked to have about. After a while, she began to make me useful.

"Jules had gone, and she had forgotten something; would Mr. — think it too much trouble to do a little commission for her, take a note, which she was afraid to trust to the mail or to a servant?" Of course, I was too glad to do any thing, and, in return, had a corner of the carriage for a drive to the Bois, and an *entrée* to madame's opera-box.

The streets were a good deal disturbed with soldiery and artillery, and the general commotions of the war, and it was not very pleasant for a lady to venture abroad. So, as Jules was training and drilling with the Garde Mobile, it became quite my habit to execute madame's commissions for her. I can't tell, now, of all the queer places I went to, nor the strange people I met on these errands; but there was so much to think of, and every thing was so full of interest, and we were all so occupied with the war, that nothing made much impression of itself; life, from day to day, being a shifting kaleidoscope of dramatic scenes; and madame always explained her affairs as resulting from an unpleasant complication about property with her husband's relations, in which I could serve her better than Jules, who

might get into a family difficulty if he had the handling of so delicate a matter. Then she would call me sagacious and secret, and, of course, I held my tongue.

Things were at this point, when Bourgogne appeared one morning in the uniform of a captain of the Garde Mobile.

"I am ordered on duty," he said, gravely, "in the Department of the Seine-et-Marne. I saw an old comrade of mine this morning, who was wounded at Weissenburg. I begin to fear that matters are going wrong yonder. The emperor manages too much, and has a lot of addle-heads about him. If we are in for a long war, and you think you had better go home, you will do what you can for my cousin, I am sure; but, of course, Paris will be in no danger. Adieu, good friend—" and, sobered for once, Jules marched off, whistling "*La Marseillaise*," and under my window I heard him singing, as he marched along:

"En avant, marchons!
Contre leurs canons;
Courons au feu,
Au feu des bataillons."

In the afternoon I went, as usual, to pay my respects to Madame de Lisle. I found her rather pale and dejected, reading the edict of banishment of Germans from the soil of France.

"It will bring much trouble upon the poor people," she lamented; and on this subject her thoughts remained fixed, till at length, apologizing to me for her abstraction, she seated herself at her writing-table, and scratched a few lines, which she begged me to carry to No. 7, Rue de l'Oratoire, where I could deliver them to M. Hassler, her German professor.

I promptly hastened on this errand, but, on the staircase of No. 7, I encountered a gendarme, who arrested my course and demanded my business.

I told him whom I sought, and his brow contracted.

"Hassler is under arrest."

"On what charge?" I asked.

"As an agent of the Prussian Government—a spy."

I was in consternation, and saw the necessity of caution, so I turned to leave the house without further parley, when my passage was barred by the bayonet of the guard.

"You wished to see Hassler?"

"Yes."

"What do you want of him?"

I hesitated. I saw that a bold tone would only lead me into difficulties, so I smiled gayly, though in much inward trepidation, and said:

"Don't be curious, mon brave; only a message from a lady."

The suspicious face did not relax.

"You are no Frenchman, I can tell by your tongue; possibly you, too, are a spy."

"My friend," I said, in most conciliatory tones, "you mistake me altogether; I have no sympathy with the Germans; I am the friend of France, though not a native. I am an American."

The stern features softened a little; then contracted again.

"Prove it," he said, severely.

Opportunistly I remembered that in my wallet was a tiny flag, placed there by loving hands before I left home, and, plunging into the depths of my pocket, I fished up the treasure, and displayed the silken stars and stripes.

"That is my best proof," I said.

The soldier smiled grimly, and raised his bayonet.

"We do not fight that flag," he said. "Pass on! but beware to whom you carry ladies' messages in these times."

I sped back to No. 49, and burst in upon Madame de Lisle with my intelligence.

"My note," she said, anxiously; "where is it?"

I searched my pockets—it was gone! In vain I poured out their contents upon the floor, and turned those unfortunate receptacles inside out; it was nowhere to be found. In pulling out my pocket-book, I had probably drawn it out unawares, and it had by this time fallen into hostile hands.

"I trust there was nothing of a political nature in your note to your professor, madame," I said, carelessly, little thinking of the signification of my words; but I was thunderstruck at the effect they produced.

Madame de Lisle looked at me with a face blanched to the color

of her handkerchief, but with the same steady, unflinching gaze with which she had studied me at our first interview.

"Mr. —," she said, "I have never been deceived in my judgment of a man. I know that you are trustworthy and resolute. Will you help me in this emergency, which demands promptitude and courage? I am obliged to leave this house instantly, without a moment's delay. I must go to England to-morrow; in the mean time, I must go to an hotel as a newly-arrived traveller, and under an assumed name. My safety depends upon your readiness and discretion. Will you help me? Do not fear that my heart will fail. I will sustain you in any invention that you may find necessary."

I could well believe her. Her paleness had given place to a brilliant flush, unusual to her white cheek; her eyes glowed with a calm and steadfast lustre. Inscrutable and unflinching she looked. She volunteered no information, and I asked no questions. The adventure pleased me. I consented to any course she chose to indicate.

She paused a moment for reflection, conceived a plan, matured it, and then announced her intention.

"I shall add a wrinkle or two to my face," she said, "and adopt a more antique costume. You will be a nephew escorting a beloved aunt to England. I shall speak no French, so that my accent will not betray me. You will do all the talking, and retain your personality and passport. Wait for me ten minutes."

She left the room, and I was musing upon the strangeness of my situation, when I heard a step upon the gravel, and a slow foot ascending the front stairs, and directly without announcement, the door was pushed open, and a shrill voice demanded of me in English whether "Mrs. de Lisle lived here."

The voice issued from beneath one of those ugly washbowl-hats, peculiar to the British female of middle age, upon the Continent; her dress was plain black; but a shawl, of gorgeous pattern, hung upon rather than draped the figure; and the costume was completed by a gigantic handbag and an umbrella. The eyes were shaded by a pair of blue spectacles, and, from the lines of the face, and the odd, cracked voice, I judged the speaker to be about fifty years old.

"Madame is not visible, I fear," I said, rising civilly. "I am her man of business, and have just been informed that she is very much indisposed."

"Young man," said the terrible being, solemnly, "you are imposing upon me. Mrs. de Lisle is my near connection, and see her I must. Your trifling excuse will not weigh with me."

I passed out into the hall with the intention of intercepting the *femme de chambre*, in order that she might warn her mistress; but a merry laugh behind me made me turn my head, and there I found Madame de Lisle smiling at me under the washbowl-hat, with the blue spectacles in her hand.

"Congratulate me on my disguise," she said, "since it deceived you so thoroughly. Thank you for your ingenious defence of my privacy."

"But the voice," I stammered in amazement; "where does it come from?"

"I have played comedy before," she replied, smiling. "I draw in my cheeks—so—and have an old woman's exit at command. But come, we must be off. We will make our exit through the garden, which will lead us into the Rue Marbœuf, where you can call a *fiacre*."

We passed under the trees, and down a long avenue which I had never discovered, behind some sheltering vines, and came out upon a narrow street, where I soon found a cab into which I put "my aunt" with proper attention—carpet-bag and all—and drove to the Hôtel du Louvre.

Having engaged rooms for my charge for the night, I returned to my own lodgings, to collect my thoughts, and a few traps.

I was very sure that my handsome friend had been dabbling in matters too deep for her; but, whether her difficulties were financial or political, I felt a desire to help her through with them, and determined to see her safely out of France, before I relinquished my right of protection. The novelty of the adventure interested me, and I emulated the pluck and energy of my companion, and her undaunted bearing in the presence of danger.

In the morning we took the first train for Boulogne, delaying our arrival at the Embarcadère du Nord till the very latest moment. We were just in time to enter the waiting-room, before the door closed with the order of the guard—"On n'entre plus. The train arrives;

Messieurs et dames, take your places, if you please." There was a great crowd, for everybody was hurrying away from Paris even then, and there was some little delay in getting out of the station, when, looking back through the window into the court, I saw a *fiacre* driving furiously in at the gate, with a cocked hat and epaulets half out the window, whose owner was urging the coachman to a furious speed. It was my acquaintance of the Rue de l'Oratoire!

A cold chill ran over me at the sight. The *gendarme* sprang from the cab and tried the door; it was barred. The guard was on the platform trying to settle the crowd in the various carriages, and the officer of police rattled in vain. A moment more and we were in our places, and the train moved off.

I leaned out of the window and heard a *gamin* singing, mockingly:

"Dans une gendarmerie.
Quand un gendarme rit,
Tous les gendarmes rient,
Dane la gendarmerie—"

and I drew a long breath of relief.

"Touch and go!" I remarked in a low tone to my companion, who had seen the whole thing.

"We must get out at Creil," she said, after a moment's thought. "They will telegraph to arrest me at Boulogne; but we will change our course, and evade them by taking the afternoon train. They will not know we are aware of pursuit, and so will not look for us near home, as they will learn that we have taken through-tickets to England, at the bureau."

We descended, accordingly, at Creil, and were wending our way from the station as much like ordinary travellers as possible, when a hand was laid upon my arm.

"In the name of the law," said a voice, in French, "monsieur et madame will do me the favor to come with me."

"Why, and whither?" I demanded, with proper astonishment and indignation. "You are probably unaware, sir, that I am an American citizen, and not subject to your laws."

"The excuse will not serve you again," said the very civil but peremptory myrmidon of imperial power. "A telegram has just been received at our bureau of police, stating that Madame de Lisle and a companion, calling himself an American, were in the train, with a description of the gentleman, which corresponds with your appearance, monsieur, though the lady seems disguised. You have through-tickets for London *via* Boulogne, and you leave the train at Creil. Suspicious circumstance, clumsy device."

"And on what charge, sir, do you arrest peaceable citizens of a foreign power on their travels, may I ask? and what proof do you possess?"

"The companion of Madame de Lisle in her flight cannot be other than an accomplice in her designs. The eye of the police has been upon you, monsieur; you have been frequently seen entering the house No. 84 Rue Jacob, a notorious haunt of the friends of Germany. You have deposited letters at the Prussian legation. You are known to be a constant visitor at No. 49, Avenue Montaigne, the home of a lady whom you are now aiding to escape, in disguise, from the penalties she merits. Pardon, monsieur, you are my prisoner."

"And what charge do you bring against this lady?" I demanded. "Why is she not at liberty to leave the country when and in what manner she pleases?"

"The charge, monsieur, is that of complicity with the enemies of France in procuring information for military purposes. You are not ignorant that Madame de Lisle is a *Prussian spy*!"

Again, I felt a chill creeping over me. Madame put a brave face upon it; but it was of no use. We were marched off to the bureau of police, and deposited in a narrow room, with a sanded floor, and no furniture but two rush-bottomed chairs and a deal table, the only ornament of the walls being an *affiche* containing the rules of the office.

"It is a mistake, of course," said Madame de Lisle, as soon as we were alone; "but we are in great danger. The temper of the people is such that any suspicion is as bad as reality for us. When the officer returns, I will talk to him."

That functionary appeared very quickly, and my companion discoursed to him with such presence of mind, and lied so adroitly, and maintained so strongly that she was the elderly Englishwoman she purported to be, that the officer was a little staggered; and I am not

sure but we should have got off, had it not been for the untimely arrival of a baggage-train, from which leaped my gendarme, who rushed to the station where we were.

"En voilà un!" he cried; "we have earthed them at last. Ah, mon garçon! you will bring no more *billets-doux* from fine ladies—eh?"

The case was hopeless. The indefatigable police had been on our track from the moment I had left the Rue de l'Oratoire. We had evaded them by the skilfully-planned move from the Avenue Montaigne; but they had recovered the scent just too late to arrest us before we quitted the city.

The accusation was clearly defined. Madame de Lisle was shown to have been in constant correspondence with Prussian officers of high rank. It was known that her connections in Paris gave her the *entrée* to circles of distinction, where all sorts of political knowledge was to be obtained, and that she had disposed of the same to the best advantage. Suspicions had been entertained for some time concerning her correspondence, and the note to M. Hassler contained proofs of her complicity in his own well-recognized movements for the spying out of the hostile city.

All this fell upon me with the force and certainty of truth, accompanied by the consciousness that I had made an egregious ass of myself in allowing madame to make a cat's-paw of me where an American would necessarily be above suspicion. I was justly indignant.

But any asseveration of innocence on my part would be useless, of course, and I did not feel like backing out, angry as I was, and I even still entertained a hope of being able to render some service to my fascinating and adroit friend; but, if the worst came to the worst—well, a man could but die once, and what did it matter? But, of course, I expected to get out of it somehow.

I had no chance of communicating these sentiments to madame, but she seemed to read them in my face, and, removing her blue spectacles, now that their concealment was useless, she shot upon me a glance at once so deprecating and so confiding that I forgave her all the mischief she had done, with that weakness that we all suffer from where a pretty woman is concerned.

After some hours' detention under strict surveillance, it was decided to send us back to Paris in the charge of a squad of the Garde Mobile that were just on their way from the provinces to Paris, and directly we heard the tramp of the soldiers outside, and the clear voice of an officer calling, "Halt!"

Something sounded familiar in the ringing tone; the door opened, and who should enter but Bourgogne!

I was very near bursting forth with an exclamation that would have ruined every thing, but was deterred in time by a quick motion of Madame de Lisle, which telegraphed to me and to Bourgogne a hint of silence that my friend of the Quartier Latin was far too practised a hand not to recognize, and which helped him to receive the instructions of the police with an unflinching steadiness of demeanor.

"You will conduct this lady and gentleman," said the *chef*, always civil, "to the bureau of the second *arrondissement*, and signify to the officer in charge that M. Jouffroy will report upon the case."

"Bien, monsieur."

"You will see that they are carefully guarded, and that no communication is allowed between them."

"Bien, monsieur."

"And you will use every precaution to prevent their escape."

"Assuredly, monsieur."

With this final caution, we were delivered over in form, and marched in the centre of the company to the railway-station, which was only a few rods off.

There Bourgogne drew me aside, and demanded of me, sternly, what the devil I was doing in that *galère*?

I gave him a succinct account of my endeavors to do my duty by his cousin, and detailed our adventures.

He mused solemnly. It was astonishing to see Jules solemn. The result of his meditation was a savage outburst against women in general, and a declaration that he was at his wits' end.

"Go and see madame," I said, "and she will help you."

She was safely locked in the ladies'-room all the time. Jules hesitated, then followed my advice. He returned in a few moments with a time-table, which he studied intently, addressing no remarks to me, except a few orders which he gave in his tone of military command, for effect upon the men.

At last the train arrived. There seemed to be a hopeless confusion about getting the troop into their places in the carriages. Bourgogne ordered them hither and thither, with a want of system that gave me a melancholy idea of his capacities as a commander. The guards swore; the soldiers looked sullen; Bourgogne flew about, complicating matters terribly. The train was fifteen minutes behind time, and the officials were growing furious. I sat in one of the compartments with Madame de Lisle, who watched the confusion calmly.

The bustle augmented. The out express-train came tearing into the station on the other track, and drew up beside us. Our windows looked directly into those of an empty compartment of the first class. The doors of the two carriages were opposite, and the space between the tracks was wide enough to allow them to open.

Madame de Lisle pulled down the curtain on the station side of our car, put her hand out of the other window, turned the lock, which I found had purposely been left unbolted, and stepped into the vacant space between the two trains. Luckily, the carriage opposite was also unbolted. We stepped in, and madame drew down the curtains to conceal us. In another moment the train started, and we were off.

"Jules forgot to mention that I was a prisoner," she said, smiling, "and the stupid woman at the station gave me two tickets for Ostend. I think, too, he will forget to look for us until his train is off, being so busy with his troop. So we are safe."

We took the boat, that night, from Ostend to Dover; but not till I had deposited Madame de Lisle at the Grosvenor, and taken my own rooms at the Langham Hotel, did I breathe freely once more. My first act was to write to Bourgogne.

By return of post I had a letter from him which relieved my anxieties. He had received a severe reprimand for carelessness, but otherwise had not suffered from our escape—the confusion in the Bureau de la Guerre, arising from the intelligence just received of the disaster of Wörth, being too great to admit of minor matters receiving much attention. He was ordered with his troop to the Department of the Moselle, and would set forth the following day. My trunk and papers he would gladly forward to me, but unfortunately they were in the possession of the police, and any application must be made through the American minister.

He bade me farewell with effusion, and sent his respectful homages to his cousin.

I did not deliver them. I must confess that I did not go near Madame de Lisle again, being heartily sick of the whole business. The Russia sailed, the following week, for New York, and I took passage in her, hardly feeling safe, indeed, until I found the Atlantic between myself and the police of Paris.

SIDNEY HYDE.

CHINESE GAMBLERS.

THE passion for gambling, common among most barbarous or semi-civilized peoples, is particularly strong in the Chinese. It pervades all classes of society. From the *gamin* in the street to the fine lady in her boudoir, from the outcast in the opium-den to the priest in the temple of Buddha, few are exempt from the prevailing mania. Though the practice of gambling, and the manufacture of gaming-implements, such as cards, dice, dominoes, etc., are forbidden by law, nowhere are these operations carried on more openly than in China. In some parts of the principal towns and cities, almost every house is a gambling-den. This violation of law is winked at by the subordinate officers of the government, who are bribed by keepers of gaming-hells. Even the high mandarins seldom take the trouble to ferret out and punish offenders. They connive at the practices which they condemn. Like our municipal authorities, they occasionally make a raid on some notorious establishments, and then their zeal goes to sleep again. Oftentimes they are themselves transgressors. The example of statesmen like Chesterfield and Fox might be paralleled among high officials of the Flowery Kingdom.

As the execution of the laws against gambling is evaded by the constituted authorities, inhabitants of towns and villages are sometimes obliged to form vigilance committees to detect and punish culprits. Huc, the French missionary, has given an interesting account of one of these organizations. A large village near his mission was notorious for its professional gamblers. The inhabitants were so demoralized by the nuisance that they hadn't the desire or the energy

to abate it. At last the chief of one of the prominent families, who was himself addicted to the vice, determined to put a stop to it in the village. He accordingly invited the principal inhabitants to a banquet. Before the close of the entertainment he made some earnest remarks on the evil effects of gambling, and urged the formation of an association for its suppression in the village. His proposal, which at first excited considerable opposition, was, after serious consideration, adopted. An organization was formed to seize all persons detected in gambling, and bring them before the tribunals for punishment, every member agreeing to assist in carrying out this plan. Warning was then given of the existence and purposes of the society. A few days afterward three gamblers, arrested with cards in their hands, were brought before a tribunal in the nearest town. Having been found guilty, they were severely beaten and heavily fined. These vigorous measures had the desired effect. Gambling was suppressed, and the success of the association led to the formation of others in neighboring places.

Organizations of this kind, however, are only of limited and temporary efficiency. The passion for gambling is so universal that it is impossible to root it out. In the great cities gaming-houses are numerous and flourishing. Provided with all the attractions that can please the senses, they stretch their nets far and wide to entrap the unwary. Their agents are always on the lookout for greenhorns from the country with money in their pockets. By tricks, not unlike those which are practised in Europe and America, the victim is led from one place to another to see the "sights," before being lured to the gambler's den. At first he ventures only a small sum, and is allowed to win. Encouraged by his good luck, and urged on by the congratulations of the confederates, he goes on from bad to worse until he loses all his own money and oftentimes that of his friends in the country, who have intrusted him with funds to purchase goods for them. The result of his misplaced confidence is, that he returns home penniless and disgraced, or, ashamed to go back and face his friends, he lingers about low haunts in the city, and at last becomes an adventurer and vagabond, a beggar, or a thief.

A great variety of games are used in these dens. Among them are chess, dominoes, draughts, dice, cards, and *tsai mei*, which resembles the Italian morra. Habitual gamblers, however, prefer cards and dice. Chess and draughts differ from the same games with us, the former having some pieces with uses like our knights and castles, while others have different powers from anything in the European and American game. The number of men in draughts or checkers is three hundred and sixty, half of them white, and half black. They represent the number of days in the year. The Chinese pack of cards contains many more than the American, but their dominoes are the same as ours.

The universality of the passion for gambling is shown in the streets. You will hear the clicking of dice at the stand where the huckster offers for sale fruit, candy, and other small wares. He is glad to give a customer the chance of losing the price of any article, or of getting it for nothing. The fascination of this glorious uncertainty to the saucer-eyed, pig-tailed China boy, is so great that he willingly risks the sum with which he could obtain some coveted dainty. A peculiar feature of these hazardous enticements is a kind of literary or poetical gambling. The operator, sitting behind a table at the street side, shows to passers-by a written line of poetry containing five or seven characters with one word omitted. On another piece of paper lying on the table are several other words. Either of them, if inserted in the vacant space, will complete the line and make good sense. Depositing a stake of *tsai*, or cash, as the current native coin is called, you guess which is the lucky word. If you make a mistake, you lose the money. If your surmise is correct, you win five times the amount. To prevent fraud, the right word is written on one side or corner of the paper containing the defective line. This part is then turned over until a wager is made, when it is shown to the customer to convince him that no deception has been practised.

The most common game among the populace of Canton, and also a favorite amusement of the Chinese in California, is called *fan tan*, or squaring cash. From a pile of coin lying on the table, the keeper takes one or two handfuls, and, placing them a little distance from the main heap, covers them with a bowl. The gambling consists in betting on the number of pieces left in the pile after it has been divided by four. A clerk notes the guess and stake of each person. As the keeper of the table picks out the coins four by four, an anxious crowd watches

his movements to see that no cheating takes place. Deception, however, is very difficult in this game, and can only be accomplished by an expert juggler.

Another kind of gambling is effected by means of three pieces of bamboo which the street performer holds in one hand. To the end of one of them a red string is professedly attached, and the lower part of it may be seen hanging below the hand of the proprietor, while the upper is concealed by his closed fingers. The problem to be determined is, to which of the three sticks the string is fastened. The person making a venture deposits the amount on one of the sticks. If this has the string at its end, he gets back his stake and twice as much more. If he makes a mistake in the selection, he merely loses the amount risked. In this game the proprietor seldom loses any thing. He generally contrives to fasten the string to all of the pieces of bamboo in such a way that he can slip it off from any of them without being perceived, and takes care not to let outsiders see how the trick is done.

A common mode of street gambling is that of the revolving pointer. A round board, about fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter, is divided, by lines passing from the centre to the circumference, into eight or sixteen equal parts. On a post or standard, eight or ten inches high, erected in the centre of the board, a horizontal piece of wood is placed so that it can swing about easily. To the end of this slender stick a string is fastened. Its lowest part, as it hangs down, nearly reaches the surface of the board. A place two or three inches long on the standard, above the revolving pointer, is used for the deposit of the gambler's stake. The Chinese copper coin, called cash, having a square hole in the middle, slides down the sharp end of this stick, where it remains till the chances of its ownership are determined. After placing his cash on the standard, and indicating the division which he bets upon, the gambler gives the horizontal stick a twirl. If, when it ceases moving, the string hangs over the division selected by the player, he receives eight or sixteen times the amount of his wager, according to the number of divisions on the board. Otherwise he loses only the sum deposited. But, if instead of betting upon a particular space, he bets on one of the dividing lines, and the string should hang directly over it, he wins twice as much as he would have gained in the first instance. The proprietor of the gambling instrument frequently has a supply of candy and sweetmeats, with which to settle his losses, in whole or in part, provided his customers are willing to accept such articles. If they decline to receive them, he is bound to hand over the cash.

While most forms of gambling are tolerated by the officers of the law in China, there is one which they persistently endeavor to suppress. This is a sort of lottery in which the profits of a successful wager are three hundred per cent. The feverish excitement produced by this species of gaming has resulted in so many excesses that the government punishes its abettors with pitiless severity. Not many years ago the conductor of one of these lotteries at Foochow was arrested and beheaded by order of the viceroy. To elude the vigilance of the authorities the managers usually hold the lottery in some secluded spot several miles from the city. There, among the woods and hills, they feel tolerably secure. If discovered, they trust to their knowledge of the ground to facilitate their escape. To make assurance doubly sure, spies are kept in the city to give warning of the designs of the mandarins, and pickets are placed in the vicinity of the rendezvous. Scouts are also stationed along the roads leading to the city to watch the movements of suspicious-looking parties, and give speedy information of approaching danger. In this lottery there are thirty-seven sets of names, only one of which is the winning one for a particular day. Whoever guesses this is entitled to three hundred per cent. profit on his investment—an arrangement in which the chances clearly favor the proprietors.

In the autumn great numbers of crickets are caught and sold in the streets for gambling purposes. Two of these insects are placed in a tub or basin, and irritated with a straw. This maddens them so that they rush at each other with great fury, each chirping as he makes the attack. Surprising pluck and endurance are shown by these creatures, and, as neither is willing to give in while he can crawl to the combat, death or mutilation generally befalls one or both of them. Contests between quails are also arranged for the same purpose. After being carefully trained, they are placed within a railing on a table, where millet has been strewed. If one ventures to pick up a kernel, the other attacks him vigorously with beak and claws, and the

struggle lasts till exhaustion drives the unsuccessful combatant to the protecting hand of his owner. A good deal of money is staked on these contests.

The excitement of gambling sometimes drives its votaries to frightful excesses. Men who have lost their money, houses, and lands, by this mania, will stake the clothes they have on, and even gamble for their wives. The statements of old writers in regard to the depth of the gamester's infatuation would be incredible were they not confirmed by later authorities. Arab travellers in China in the ninth century tell us that penniless and boastful persons among the lower classes sometimes play for their fingers. At the end of the game the winner places his opponent's hand on a stone, and with a sharp hatchet cuts off one of the fingers. The victim then dips the mutilated stump into a vase of nut or sesama-oil under which a fire has been kept burning during the game. This cauterizes the wound. Even this frightful mutilation does not prevent the gamblers from renewing their ghastly sport. To show their contempt of suffering they will sometimes pour oil on their arms and set fire to it, so that the odor of the consuming flesh is perceptible, yet the victim exhibits no sign of pain, and calmly goes on with his game.

The veracious French missionary, M. Huc, whose opportunities for observing Chinese manners and customs were peculiarly favorable, confirms from personal observation the existence of this usage. He resided several years in the north of China, where gamblers carry their excesses to a height seldom exhibited in other parts of the empire. In the most intense cold of winter he saw men running about in a state of complete nudity, or crouching against the chimneys which in that region extend along the walls of the houses on a level with the ground. These miserable creatures, trying to keep from freezing, were gamblers who had been driven from the gaming-houses, where they had lost every thing, even to their clothes. Their companions, hardened by a vice which more than any other fosters inhumanity, exulted in their sufferings, and after seeing them fall dead from cold would return to the gambling-house and play as if nothing had happened.

Such scenes as these were of course not universal, and would probably be seldom witnessed in places usually visited by Europeans. It is to be hoped that twenty-five years have made their recurrence impossible. Even now, however, the passion for play has its victims among all classes. At the beginning of the New Year the restrictions upon gambling are suspended for several days. Gaming-tables become unusually numerous in the streets, many of them being kept by mere children. Even the temples are sometimes profaned. Rows of gambling-stands within the sacred precincts and close to the idols, are surrounded by an excited crowd watching the falling dice. Even ministers of religion join in the fascinating sport. Rev. Justus Doolittle, one of the missionaries of the American board, saw some of the priests, in the great Lama monastery in Peking, clothed in ample breeches of a deep-red color, and red blankets thrown over their shoulders instead of a coat, gambling with large cash. They had just finished their afternoon worship at the shrine of Buddha, whose enormous bronze image, sixty feet high, and supposed to be the largest idol in the world, is in one of the temples connected with the monastery.

It is not strange that, with their superstitious belief, Chinese gamblers should have gods for their especial benefit. Indeed, these deities are devoutly worshipped. A favorite figure for one of them is a winged tiger standing on his hind-feet and grasping a large cash in his mouth or paws. Sometimes the image is made of wood or clay, or drawn on a piece of board or paper. The title of the beast, "His Excellency the Grasping Cash Tiger," is frequently written on a piece of paper and placed in the gambling-room between two bunches of mock-money suspended under a table, or on the wall behind it. This figure is often used as a sign for a gambling-house. "Fighting the tiger" is certainly desperate sport wherever pursued, and it is curious that we should have to look to China for the origin of the expression as applied to gambling. To gain the favor of this god, incense and candles are burned before his image or inscription, and on the second and sixteenth days of every month offerings of meat, fish, etc., are often laid before it. Keepers of gambling-houses worship the tiger to insure success.

Another god of gamblers, called *Tu Chieng Kùu*, aptly symbolizes the desperate condition of his devotees. According to the popular belief, he represents a man who became so infatuated with gambling

that he sacrificed all his time and money in its pursuit, and finally died of want. His image, called a "*devil gambling for cash*," is that of a person in tattered garments, with his cue curled around his head and a gambling-card stuck in his hair. Whenever a lottery is to be drawn this god is vigorously worshipped. Candles and incense are burned before him, lots are drawn with bamboo-slips, and in the ecstasy of their adoration his devotees kneel down and knock their heads against the ground. Some inveterate gamblers keep a small image of him in their houses, before which they pray for favoring dreams for gambling. To secure these, they light candles and incense, and then lie down to sleep before the image.

In order to obtain lucky numbers for one of the lotteries previously mentioned, the gambler sometimes places thirty-seven slips of bamboo marked with written characters before the image, covering each slip with a kind of shell. Before going to bed, candles and incense are burned. In the morning he examines the pieces of bamboo, to see if any have been moved during the night. If one has been stirred, however slightly, the movement is attributed to the god. It is thus that he intimates to his favored worshipper the lucky numbers in the lottery, one of these thirty-seven sets of characters being selected by the managers as fortunate characters for the drawing.

Among the Chinese in California gambling is extensively practised. Its evil influence upon their countrymen is deplored by the better classes in both hemispheres. The remedy for it in this country must be found in the education of the people and the enforcement of the laws.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

THE GREAT METEOR OF 1860.

By HON. THOMAS L. CLINGMAN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ON the 2d of August, 1860, I was at Asheville, Buncombe County, in the picturesque mountain-region of North Carolina. On the evening of that day I retired to my room a little after ten o'clock. The moon was full and approaching the meridian, and the night was clear and bright. There was a window on the west side of the room covered by a white curtain. The candle having been extinguished, my attention was suddenly arrested by a bright glare of light. It was much brighter than a candle would have made, and seemed like a sheet of flame against the window. With surprise and alarm I went toward the window, but before I reached it the light suddenly changed its color and became beautifully white. The thought at once flashed upon me that it must be a meteor, and I saw its outline through the curtain as it exploded in the northwest. The light at the moment of explosion seemed as white as that produced by the burning of the metal magnesium. During the whole period that I observed the light it was greater than hundreds of moons would have caused.

On the next day, I made inquiries of many persons who had seen the meteor. It was observed by a large number, because the evening was that of the election-day, and also because there was a party of gentlemen then on horseback in the town to receive General Lane, whose coming was expected. They all concurred in saying that the meteor was first seen in the southeast, but at a point nearer to the south than the east, that it moved toward the northwest, and when due west of Asheville appeared to be at an elevation of forty or forty-five degrees, and that it seemed to explode in the northwest, with a great display of light. Most persons regarded it as appearing to be equal in size to the full moon, and all agreed in saying that the moonlight was nothing in comparison with its brightness. When first seen in the southeast it seemed of a dull or pale red color, and became brighter as it moved along until it resembled the sunlight.

Persons from the surrounding country made similar statements as to its appearance. Colonel C. M. Avery, who saw it while in Morganton, sixty miles to the east of Asheville, described it as not materially different in position and aspect; while persons in Franklin, seventy miles west of Asheville, spoke of it in similar terms, except that it seemed to them higher in the heavens to the west, and more nearly over them. In a few days the newspapers from Knoxville, Tennessee, and from Columbia, South Carolina, came to hand, with similar descriptions, representing the meteor as having passed on the west side of both of those places. When the *Raleigh Register* arrived from the east, it contained a very clear and minute description of it from the pen of Mr.

B. F. Moore, one of our most eminent lawyers. In a few days I saw descriptions of the meteor in two successive numbers of the *New York Herald*, of the dates of August 7th and 9th. These numbers contained extracts from newspapers, and also letters from various persons, at points widely distant, and covering a great extent of territory.

The most easterly notices were from Guiney Post-office, Caroline County, Virginia, and from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; and the most westerly, from Montgomery, Alabama, Holly Springs, Mississippi, and Nashville, Tennessee. The telegraphic correspondents said next day that it had been seen simultaneously at New Orleans, Memphis, Cairo, etc.; and while, according to the statement of two of the papers at Nashville, it was seen to the east of that city, it appeared to pass on the west of Cincinnati, and several other places north and east of it in Ohio.

The course of the meteor would seem to have been along a track nearly over the State line between South Carolina and Georgia, then directly above the county of Habersham in the latter State, near the western extremity of North Carolina, very little to the east of Athens, Tennessee, but west of Knoxville and Cincinnati, and east of Nashville.

I will, in the first place, ask attention to the facts bearing on the subject of the height of the meteor while visible. Raleigh, North Carolina, and Holly Springs, Mississippi, are at least six hundred miles distant from each other. A few days after I read Mr. Moore's precise and elaborate statement, he and I went to the spot where he had stood at the time he saw the meteor. By means of certain trees and houses, he was able to indicate the line along which it had travelled. By taking the directions with the aid of a compass, it was shown that he observed the meteor when it was twenty-four degrees south of west, and that the point where it was last seen by him was also when it was twenty-four degrees north of west. He saw it continuously as it passed over these forty-eight degrees, but, Holly Springs being a little south of west only, he necessarily saw it at the time when it was in the direction of that place, and he estimated its height as being thirty degrees above the horizon.

From Holly Springs we have a carefully prepared and apparently very accurate statement from Mr. J. H. Ingraham, corroborated by the letters of several other gentlemen. From that place the meteor was first seen in the southeast, passed on the east side going northwestwardly, and disappeared in a direction west of north.

At its greatest elevation, and when east, it appeared to be thirty degrees above the horizon. It is clear, therefore, that Mr. Ingraham and the other gentlemen must have seen it when it was in the direction of Raleigh. Both observers, therefore, saw the object when it was directly between them, and each estimated it as being at an altitude of thirty degrees above the horizon. If it was equally distant from each of them, and I take it that such was very nearly the fact, it was above a point on the earth's surface not less than three hundred miles distant from them. To be seen at such an altitude, it must, therefore, have been not less than one hundred and fifty miles above the earth's surface. Even if it were only twenty degrees in height apparently, it would in its altitude be more than one hundred miles above the earth.

Mr. Samuel Schooler, principal of Edge Hill School, at Guiney Post-office, Caroline County, Virginia, was distant more than seven hundred miles from Holly Springs, and saw it first in the southwest, moving toward the north, and disappearing in the west, or over the State of Kentucky. He states its altitude as being apparently twenty degrees above the horizon. As he must have been four hundred and fifty miles distant from its path, his estimate would give a similar or even greater altitude to the meteor. Caroline County and New Orleans are fully nine hundred miles apart, and, if it passed midway between them, it might well have been seen by observers at both stations.

When all the statements published are considered, there would seem to be no reason to doubt but that this meteor, when distinctly seen between Raleigh and Holly Springs, was more than one hundred and less than two hundred miles above the earth's surface. If, therefore, the common opinion be true, that meteors are rendered visible only by passing through the earth's atmosphere, then that atmosphere must extend much more than one hundred miles from the earth's surface. This very meteor affords a strong proof of the correctness of this conclusion. It exhibited at first a pale or dull red color, became gradually brighter, till it attained a silvery whiteness, and then exploded with brilliant coruscations, and, as it moved on, repeated these

explosions several times. This would be accounted for on the supposition that a body originally cold was, on entering the atmosphere, heated by the friction caused by its rapid motion, at first becoming faintly luminous, and then growing brighter until its surface became so intensely heated as to generate gases, and thus cause explosions, throwing off fragments from its surface, and, as its successive coats became heated in like manner, repeating its explosions till it passed out of the earth's atmosphere, or was finally shattered to pieces.

When this meteor was first visible, it must have already passed for some distance through the earth's rarefied atmosphere, and have dipped deeply into it. It would therefore seem to be almost certain that the atmosphere must extend more than one hundred miles from the earth's surface, and probably much farther.

I will now advert briefly to the statements as to the size of the meteor. On this point the evidence is not so conclusive. Persons are liable to be deceived by the appearances of bright lights with respect to their real size. Mr. Moore says, when first seen, it appeared to be only six inches in diameter, but, when at the nearest point to him, he estimated it to appear thirty feet in diameter, and of some hundreds of yards in length. He lays much stress on the *solid* appearance of its light, it being well defined and without any irregular edges. Others say it looked like a railroad train, while some say it was as large as a barrel. Mr. Ingraham and others at Holly Springs say it was in size fully equal to the disk of the moon when full. A similar estimate was made by observers at Antioch College, Ohio, and at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. If a body at the distance of three hundred miles should appear as large as the moon, it ought to be nearly three miles in diameter. As this meteor was throwing off luminous gases, it would of course appear larger than it really was, especially after it became intensely heated; but, when its color was dimmer than that of the moon, the deception ought not to be so considerable. It is also true that the observers generally say its brightness was greatest after it had passed and had receded from them.

The amount of light it gave also indicates its great size. Major Francis Logan, of Habersham, Georgia, and R. N. McEwen, then at Athens, Tennessee, nearly under its line of movement, represent it as being larger than the moon, white, "like melted silver," and throwing a light upon the earth "like that of the sun." And yet its brightness is described in terms almost as strong by persons at Holly Springs, more than three hundred miles distant. At Nashville and other points they speak of this light as sufficient to enable one to pick up a pin. Could any but a large body cast such a light over so great an extent of country?

But the most perplexing part of the subject is the rapid transmission of sound from this meteor. Colonel William M. McDowell (who was then and for several years previous making observations, for the Smithsonian Institution, at Asheville) stated to me the next morning, that, being on horseback and looking downward to the earth, which was already bright in the light of the full moon, he heard a rushing or hissing sound, and, on looking up, he observed the meteor in the southeast, presenting at first a dull-red color, and rapidly becoming brighter. Several other gentlemen in Asheville also declared that they heard such a sound distinctly, and at first supposed the meteor to be a rocket sent up. There were, however, ~~in~~ fact, no rockets at Asheville, nor was there any expectation that they were to be discharged.

Dr. J. F. E. Wordy (who has since the war been making the observations for the use of the Smithsonian Institution) was then in the piazza of Mr. Cheesboro's house, two miles southeast of Asheville, and declares that he not only saw but heard the meteor while it was in sight. Being somewhat deaf, he asked the members of the family if they heard it, and had an affirmative reply from all present. Colonel John A. Fagg, who had on that day been elected a member of the Legislature for Madison County, and who was then in the town of Marshall, twenty-one miles distant in a northwestwardly course, declared to me that he heard the hissing sound plainly while it was passing. Mr. J. H. Ingraham, writing from Holly Springs, says its passage was accompanied by a hissing sound, if the testimony of a great number of persons was to be relied on. Mr. W. C. Knapp, of the same place, says it was accompanied by a hissing noise. Mr. H. A. Preston, who writes from Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, says a faint hissing sound was distinctly heard.

Major Francis Logan, of Habersham, Georgia, says that persons there generally spoke of hearing it during its passage in the same

manner. Mr. R. N. McEwen, who was then at Athens, Tennessee, says that he and his wife, being in the piazza of his house, were both confident that they heard a hissing sound as it passed over them. Seeing its brilliant explosion after it had passed toward the northwest, thinking it only two or three miles distant, they remained standing for some time in expectation of hearing a report, but not until after they had gone into the house, and, as he supposed, an interval of fifteen minutes had elapsed, was there heard a prolonged sound, as the report of a large cannon.

A gentleman, who lived near Asheville, stated to me the day after the meteor had appeared, that, on seeing the explosion, he paused in the road for a little while, in expectation of hearing a report, but that he walked afterward nearly around his farm, and, after an interval, he thought of at least fifteen minutes, had elapsed, a heavy sound came from the direction of the meteor.

We have thus the statement of a number of intelligent and trustworthy persons who were separated hundreds of miles from each other, all affirming the same fact. But as sound is ordinarily estimated to travel but little more than eleven hundred feet in a second, the meteor might be supposed to have been out of sight of those nearest to it, for at least eight or ten minutes, before the sound created by its passage could have been heard. Were they all mistaken in supposing that they heard it while it was in sight?

Is the ear much more likely to be deceived than the eye? Are not persons generally as confident that they hear the thunder as that they see the lightning? Why should all these persons imagine that they heard such a sound when it is not usual for meteors when so seen to be also heard? Two of them did expect to hear the explosion, and waited for it without imagining that they heard it at the time when they expected it, and only heard it long after they had ceased to look for it.

It is but natural that we should hesitate to believe as true what is at variance with general experience and with what seems established in science. Solid bodies had often been seen to come down from the higher regions of the atmosphere, before scientific men accepted the fall of meteorites as an established fact. But the circumstances under which these sounds were manifested were peculiar, and are not necessarily to be assumed as contradicting our general experience. In this instance a large body was moving with very great rapidity through the atmosphere. We can only approximate in our estimate the speed with which this meteor moved. While some observers regarded it as being from six to ten seconds in sight, the longest estimate of its visibility is that of Mr. Ingraham, viz., twelve to fifteen seconds. He and others with him at Holly Springs saw it in the southeast, and until it had passed to the northwest. One writer says it disappeared west of north. It must therefore have been seen to move through a space to be measured by more than a hundred degrees, and it might have been much more. As the meteor, considering its elevation above a place on the earth's surface at least three hundred miles off, was at the nearest point farther from the observers than that distance, if it moved through one hundred degrees of space in a right line nearly, it must have been in view while it was passing through a distance of six or eight hundred miles. Such a calculation would make its speed from forty to sixty miles per second, depending of course upon the accuracy of the estimate of the time. It could not have been describing a curve around Holly Springs, because it was at the same time seen by the observers in Ohio, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and Caroline County, Virginia, in its course to the northwest. Mr. Moore, who was at Raleigh, on the opposite side of the meteor's track, and probably about the same distance from it, saw it pass through forty-eight degrees by measurement in eight seconds, as he estimated the time it was in view. Its speed, calculated from these data, would approximate fifty miles in a second. As it appeared to be moving in the part of its course seen by me, it seemed certainly not less rapid.

Might not a body moving with this velocity generate a rapid transmission of sound? If we assume that there is some highly-elastic medium through which light and electricity, for example, are propagated, might not this body, by the suddenness of the impulse it gave, propagate a sound to a great distance with such speed?

But it may be said that lightning moves with very great velocity, and that yet the noise of the thunder travels with only the speed of other sounds. It is true that, when the flash is near, the thunder seems louder to the ear than any other sound, and yet it is propagated to the distance of only twelve or fifteen miles. On the other

hand, though, when one is near a large cannon, its report does not seem so loud as thunder, yet it can be heard to a much greater distance. When, during the late war, I was at Charleston or Savannah, I could in favorable states of the atmosphere distinctly hear the guns at the other place, though the two cities are understood to be one hundred miles apart. The cannonades at Charleston were often heard in the upper portions of South Carolina, while those at Richmond, Virginia, were sometimes heard west of Greensboro, in North Carolina—in each case at a distance of nearly a hundred and fifty miles. Why is it, then, that, though thunder seems louder than the reports of artillery, it cannot be heard so far?

The explanation does not seem to be difficult. If a pistol be discharged into the water, the bullet breaks the surface violently, and causes the water to be sprinkled for a short distance; but the ripple produced on the surface extends but a few feet around. When, however, the steam-frigate *Minnesota* was launched at the Washington Navy-Yard, though she glided so gently into the water that she did not break the surface apparently, yet she caused a wave which extended itself across the harbor, and rose several feet on the shore opposite, wetting many persons who were there to see the launch. As an illustration on a still larger scale, I refer to the fact that earthquakes in Japan cause waves which are propagated across the Pacific Ocean to the shores of California. A large body, though moving slowly, creates a wave which extends to a great distance, while a violent impulse of a small one produces no such result.

From the smallness of the furrow produced by lightning through the bodies of trees struck by it, and from its passing so readily along a small rod, it would seem that the volume of air displaced by it is small, and analogous to the effect caused by a pistol-shot on the water; while the explosion of gunpowder, when a large cannon is discharged, produces a greater displacement of the atmosphere, causing a large wave of sound, which is extended to a great distance, as the wave in the water caused by the *Minnesota* was perceptible for miles.

But, when the ship was launched, though a larger portion of her bulk was in the air than in the water, yet she did not make a corresponding wave in the air which could be felt across the harbor. Even a railroad-train, moving much faster than did the *Minnesota*, does not send in advance of it a great wave in the air. But, in fact, air is capable of receiving such an impulse. When a large gun is discharged, such motion is given to the air that houses are shaken and window-glass broken. As air, therefore, is much rarer and more elastic than water, it seems that it requires a much more sudden impulse to create an extended wave in it than in water. If, then, it may be regarded as a general law that the greater the rarity and elasticity of a medium the more sudden and violent must be a force sufficient to produce a movement that will be extensive, then it might well be that the expansion of gases generated by the explosion of gunpowder would be too slow to affect a medium as much rarer than common air as that air is rarer than water. But a much more sudden and violent movement might possibly cause an impulse in such a medium that could be perceptible at a great distance.

A cannon-ball, propelled with the ordinary charge, is barely driven a mile in five seconds. If we take forty miles per second as the velocity of this meteor, it moved with a speed two hundred times greater than that of a cannon-shot. A spherical cast-iron shot weighs about two hundred and twenty-five pounds. If the meteor be assumed to have had a diameter of one mile, its surface, and the consequent volume of atmosphere displaced, would have been more than twenty-five million times greater than that of the cannon-ball. And, as its solid contents were in bulk more than five thousand times greater than this number indicates, the resistance of the atmosphere would be trifling in comparison with that to the cannon-shot. Even if the diameter of the meteor were but one hundred feet, its surface would have been ten thousand times greater, and its bulk one million times larger. Such a body, moving with a speed two hundred times faster, would present a condition of facts with which we are not at all familiar on the surface of the earth.

The hissing sound described reminds one somewhat of sounds occasionally heard when electricity is passing along imperfect or non-conducting substances.

If electricity be coextensive with the atmosphere, this meteor might have produced great accumulations and disturbances in it, and caused vibrations to great distances. That these should be very rapid would seem to be probable from the fact that the greater the rarity

of the several gases the higher the speed with which sound is propagated through them.

Mr. McEwen, at Athens, heard the hissing sound while the meteor was in sight; but fifteen minutes elapsed before the report from the explosion reached him. The explosion was doubtless caused by the intense heat at the surface of the meteor, which generated gases, the expansion of which threw off the outer coating of the body in fragments. These gases ought to be expected to expand with a force and speed equal to those caused by the explosion of gunpowder. This has not, I think, been estimated as quite equalling one mile per second.

Such a movement would, therefore, be slow, compared with the velocity of the meteor itself. Hence, while the hissing sound caused by the latter might move with the rapidity of electricity, that caused by the explosion would travel only with the speed of such sounds as we are familiar with, and would therefore reach a person one hundred and eighty miles distant in fifteen minutes.

"RED AS A ROSE IS SHE."

AS if all roses were red! Did the fair author not think of Carey's beautiful verses?—

"As erst in Eden's blissful bowers
Young Eve surveyed her countless flowers,
An opening rose of purest white
She marked with eye that beamed delight;
Its leaves she kissed, and straight it drew
From beauty's lips the vermell hue."

There can be no doubt that all roses were originally white, even if they did not, as Anacreon will have it, arise from the foam that hung in snow-white flakes on Aphrodite's beautiful limbs, as she came forth from the sea in transcendent beauty. When the gods beheld her, they dropped nectar from on high, and hence the sweet fragrance of roses; but, as they were jealous of their great charms, they refused them the immortality which the drink of the immortals gave to every other being, and hence the roses remained forever frail and short-lived children of this earth. Even the Persians, who claim that roses are the product of their land—the sole remnant of paradise—admit that they were white, till Bulbul, the nightingale, burning with irresistible love for a fair rose, pierced her bosom with a thorn, and her life's blood, as she expired on the fair couch, tinged the leaves of the matchless flower forever with bright carmine.

A flower so marvellous in form, color, and fragrance, won almost instinctively the love and the veneration of men; and Romans and Greeks alike thought no offering to their gods superior to a chaplet of roses. The lover saw in the red rose a fair emblem of his own feelings, and laid it secretly upon the altar of Venus; while the pure white of others made them a fit symbol of chaste virgins. Thus gods and mortals alike were crowned with the fragrant flowers, and to this day the bodies of departed friends are, all over Italy, covered with white roses, as they are borne in open biers to their last resting-places.

Nor need we wonder that a flower so specially favored by Nature should have been endowed by man's superstition with marvellous powers. All the ancient masters of medicine speak of it with great reverence. In China, to this day, a small bag filled with rose-leaves is a talisman to secure the bearer against demons, diseases, and ill-boding dreams; and the Siamese believe that the good genius of men was created under a rose-bush, while the evil genius sprang from the dark shade of a cypress. Now, rose-water is looked upon rather with contempt, and the genuine oil or attar of roses is so rare that in the East, where alone it can be obtained at all, it brings a ducat a drop.

Not only in antiquity, however, was the rose a symbol of sacred import. Christianity soon availed itself of the glamour that hung around the beautiful flower, and transferred it to saints and martyrs. St. Dorothy received from comforting angels a bunch of heavenly roses, and hence never appears without the fragrant flower; St. Louis showed the effect of his good works in a rose that sprang from his lips; and St. Rosa of Lima threw roses into the air, as a pious offering to God, whereupon they formed the shape of a cross, to indicate that the homage had been accepted.

The pope, to this day, consecrates on the Sunday called *Dominica in rosa*—the third Sunday before Easter—a golden rose, which he be-

stows as a special sign of favor upon a church or a crowned head. In 1856 the Empress Eugénie received this mark of approbation on the occasion of the christening of her son; and in 1867 Isabella of Spain was so honored, not because of her virtues, which shone by their absence, but as an acknowledgment of her liberal contributions to the support of Pio Nono.

In France roses were once so highly revered that only certain privileged classes were permitted to raise them in their gardens. In return, they were bound to present to the council of their town annually, on the Day of the Three Kings, three wreaths of roses, and on Ascension Day a whole basketful of roses, from which rose-water was made. The latter was then an indispensable seasoning for almost all delicate dishes, and even roast-meats were never eaten without a large quantity of the precious fluid. In Parliament, also, it became the duty of every secular peer who was cited before the august tribunal to present the members with a number of roses, and a special officer—*le rosier de la cour*—was appointed to receive and dispose of the costly offering. The little village near Paris from which the supply for this purpose was mainly drawn retains to this day the name of Fontenay-aux-Roses. Even the humblest artisan was by law bound to present his daughter on her wedding-day at least with a chaplet of roses, though he might not be able to make her any other present.

Where such ardent admiration clusters around a flower, it is hardly to be wondered at that there should have been as strong antipathies. Marie de Medici never could endure the sight or the smell of a rose, and hated them even in paintings. The Duc de Guise fainted when he saw a rose unexpectedly, and in another Frenchman the idiosyncrasy was so powerful that, when some roses had been secretly introduced into his bedroom, he died of the effect. Even the ancients mingled occasionally contempt with their veneration, as when they represented an utterly-exhausted man under the form of a beetle dying among roses, or when they stigmatized effeminacy by the story of Smindyrites, the epicurean, who was unable to sleep because of a crumpled rose-leaf on his couch.

Roses were prominent elements of Roman luxury and voluptuousness. The famous Verres travelled in a kind of palanquin, in which he lay stretched out on a mattress stuffed with rose-leaves; wreaths of roses crowned his head, and lay on his neck; and a net filled with fresh roses perfumed the vehicle. The room in which Nero gave his magnificent feasts was so constructed that the ceiling and the walls turned around the guests, representing by turns the different seasons, while enormous masses of roses fell upon his friends, to represent hail and rain. At an entertainment which Cleopatra gave in honor of Anthony, the floor was covered three feet deep with roses, over which nets had been spread to make walking possible. Not only the guests, however, were crowned with the beautiful flowers, but the servants also wore crowns and garlands in great profusion, and cups and beakers were nearly hid under masses of red and white roses. Helio-gabalus, with his classic cookery-motto, "There is no such broth as rarity," used roses in such enormous quantities that at one of his feasts the falling showers stifled several of his guests—a little mishap which he enjoyed hugely.

He would bathe only in wine drawn upon roses, and even the public bathing-establishments of the city of Rome were, by his orders, filled with wine, which had passed through gigantic filters of roses, and was thus strongly impregnated with their delicious perfume. This immense consumption led naturally to the establishment of countless rose-gardens all over Italy, till the fragrance became absolutely oppressive in the streets of Rome, and Martial could exclaim: "Send us corn, O Egyptians, and we will send you roses in return!"

It is strange that the frail flower which had thus become the very type of extravagance and effeminacy should at the same time have been the symbol of courage. According to Ælian, the old Gauls exchanged their helmets for wreaths of roses before marching to battle, in order to express their determination to conquer; and the Eleventh Legion, which had first scaled the walls of Carthage, received from the grateful commander, Scipio Africanus, permission ever after to wreath their shields with roses.

With all its charms and all its poetic associations, the rose became useful only in one single aspect. The ancients maintained that Cupid had presented it to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, as a bribe to prevent him from betraying the amours of his mother. Hence its frequent appearance, sculptured and painted, on the ceiling of banquet-rooms, to remind merry guests of the importance of being dis-

creet even in their cups; and hence also the familiar saying, "Under the rose." At a later period, the Church adopted the symbol, and placed it significantly over the door of confessionals.

Europe had early a great variety of roses, to which the Crusaders added some splendid varieties brought from the East—as the fragrant Damask rose, from Damascus, the largest and one of the sweetest of the whole family. The monks showed almost everywhere a special predilection for the flower, and among them especially the followers of St. Benedict, so that there was no convent of their order without its rose-garden. This led to its adaptation to churches and buildings of every kind, in which the rose henceforth played a prominent part; so that the masons, to this day, carry roses on St. John's Day, in memory of its former importance. It was a sad abuse of this pious reverence when the Rosicrucians afterward wore a St.-Andrew's cross with a rose surrounded by thorns, and the inscription, "*Cruz Christi corona Christianorum.*"

When Columbus landed on our shores, he found the rose here also in matchless beauty, and enjoying great reverence. The Incas loved to fill their gardens with countless varieties, and the sons of the sun in Peru appeared on great occasions with wreaths of roses on their heads. Of the native varieties, the Labrador rose, the Cherokee rose, and the Carolina rose, are quite renowned in the Old World also; and others are constantly discovered or produced; for roses are easily changed by artificial fructification, either through the agency of winds and insects, or the hand of a skilful gardener, so that botanists know at least three thousand varieties. France, however, claims among all countries the first rank in the art of producing the finest flowers and the most brilliant colors, and stands almost alone in the many forms under which roses are employed to reward virtue and celebrate public festivities. Even the rosary—the string of beads representing a number of Pater-nosters and Ave-Marias—was long claimed by the French as an invention of their own, but was more probably introduced by Dominicus de Guzman, the founder of the great order of Dominicans. It obtained its name from the odd custom of making the beads of pressed rose-leaves, which enter in like manner into calomel-pills, while the beads of Mohammedan rosaries consist generally of holy earth from Mecca or Medina.

Nor has the rose lost ground in modern times. The last Napoleon showed a special fondness for his roses at Fontainebleau, of which he knew every one—only the rose of Puebla, it is said, he allowed to die out! The empress shared this fancy, and hence it was that the Prince of Wales presented her, last year, in acknowledgment of her cordial hospitality, a magnificent basket of gold, which contained every known rose, from the black rose of Holland to the white rose of York.

The oldest of all rose-bushes is said to be one which is trained upon one side of the cathedral of Hildesheim, in Germany. The root is buried under the crypt, below the choir; the stem is a foot thick, and half a dozen branches nearly cover the eastern side of the church, bearing countless flowers in summer. Its age is unknown, but documents exist which prove that a Bishop Hezilo, nearly a thousand years ago, protected it by a stone roof, which is still extant.

The largest rose-bush is a white Banksia—so called after Lady Banks—in the Marine Garden at London, which was sent there, the first of its kind, in 1813, by Bonpland. Its numerous branches, some of which measure eighteen inches in circumference, cover an immense wall to a width of nearly sixty feet; and at times, in early spring, as many as fifty thousand flowers have been counted on this queen of all roses.

SCHELE DE VERE.

LOW LIVES WE LED OF CARE AND SIN.

LOW lives we led of care and sin,
Low lives with but one aim, to win
Our brown and bitter bread.
We dwelt beside a mountain's base,
And ever more its rugged face
Rose sphinx-like overhead.

We could not read a meaning there;
We only saw, high up in air,
A pile of rocks and trees.

We had not climbed the massive height;
Enough for us the small delight
To sit betimes at ease.

"What good?" we asked, "would come, to stand
Upon the wind-swept table-land,
And look on fields below?"
We sneered, content within the vale;
We had nor will nor wish to scale
The cliffs where cedars grow.

But haply on a cloudless day
A neighbor on his journey's way,
Saw, at the sunset hour,
The sun upon our mountain high
Rest like a golden butterfly
Upon an azure flower.

All thoughts at last perform some use;
The good or ill that they produce
Must soon or late befall.
When he returned, our neighbor said,
"There may be fertile lands o'erhead
Upon the mountain-wall."

At this we climbed the flinty crags,
And vines above us waved like flags
Of welcome o'er a town.
Past June-clad plains we wandered by,
And lakes in which the loving sky
Narcissus-like looked down.

The even grass beneath our feet
Was something greener and more sweet
Than that which grew below.
We breathed a purer, better air;
Our lives seemed wider and more fair,
And earth with love aglow.

O ye, long used to care and sin,
Look up! take heart! and strive to win
A nobler, higher ground!
Think not that Virtue sits alone,
Withdrawn, on frowning peaks of stone,
Where only thorns abound.

She rather has but quiet dells
Where, with her kin, in peace she dwells,
And round her all is fair;
While ever, in her pleasant meads,
The flowers of noble thoughts and deeds
Enrich the breathful air.

HENRY ABBEY

THE EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN AT HOME.

BY THE ROVING AMERICAN.

I.

KNOCKING AT THE GATE.

START not, gentle reader! We do not mean to unroll a gentleman who figured at the court of the Pharaohs and made his salaams to the Princess Potiphar, who was afterward carefully embalmed, swathed, and secreted in the pyramids—the entrances to which, as well, were sealed up—wherein he slept in peace for several thousand years, only finally to be "sold for balsams," as quaint old Dr. Thomas Browne expresses it. In other words, the Egyptian gentleman to whom the Roving American proposes presenting you is not a mummy, neither is he several thousand years old, nor even approximating the respectable longevity of Methusehah.

On the contrary, he is a living, breathing being, in baggy breeches—or otherwise—belonging to this our era, and differing from the European chiefly in the fact of having very opposite views and practices

in reference both to the present and future state, living and dying differently, and peopling his future heaven with houriis of the earth earthly, not with angels. Our Eastern gentleman also rejoices in plural wives—a system our fellow-citizens of Utah have naturalized in our Western wilds, with the tacit connivance, if not consent, of Congress. The “strong-minded woman,” who claims to be the equal of man in every thing—save the sad rite of shaving—has never yet become “an institution” in the East, where the sex are shorn of many of their privileges, apart from the political. Their social system prevents the possibility of such feminine apparitions as Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony in *shintyans*, or Turkish trousers, under the shadow of the pyramids, who, otherwise, might teach the modern Egyptian, as those ladies are teaching young America, “the error of his ways.”

Although the Egyptian gentleman must necessarily be a “citizen of African descent,” yet he is not a black man, nor does there grow on his oft-shaven skull that peculiar species of capillary covering which in the animal creation, as in the Scriptures, separates the sheep from the goats. In plainer language, the modern Egyptian gentleman, like the ancient, is not a negro, nor even what is more politely designated “a person of color.”

The ruling race in Egypt comes from the pure Caucasian stock. The Egyptian gentleman is a white man in blood and breed, as well as in physical conformation and structure of skull. He is the apex of the Egyptian social pyramid—the gentleman *par excellence*, a term defined by our American authority, Webster, to signify “a man who is well born, one above the condition of a yeoman,” to which he prudently adds: “In the United States the term is applied to men of education and good breeding, of every occupation.” The old poet very aptly asks:

“When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was, then, the gentleman?”

The next stones which compose the pyramid are the rough granite blocks (as we may term them) of the coffee-colored Abyssinian and copper-colored fellah—the agricultural laborers who do the hand-work, as their white superiors do the brain-work, of those primitive communities, in which still lingers much of the old patriarchal system described in that Book of Books wherein we find the true picture of the past, as we do the unerring chart for the future.

Let the reader, then, accompany his roving compatriot on a visit to one of “the upper ten thousand” of Cairo, and see wherein the social life of that class differs, not only from our own, but from that of all Christendom as well. For, as God, in His wisdom, created no two species of the same genus of lower animals alike, so has He classified man, since there is not a greater difference in the appearance and attributes of the Newfoundland dog and toy-terrier than there is between the lordly Turk or high Egyptian and the crouching fellah and Nubian, who toil that he may reap. There are to be found to-day, in Egypt, not less than fifteen different races, constituting that mixed society, if society it can be called where each race occupies its own separate quarter, never mingling socially, or intermarrying with the other, and only coming in contact for purposes of profit—a Chinese wall of religion, caste, and personal prejudice, separating the one from the other. Although there is no outward division of caste, as in India, yet the lines of demarcation are almost as sharply drawn as though some positive law imposed them. The only difference is, that in Egypt it is possible for individuals to overleap those barriers, while in India it is not. But the exceptions, even in the former place, are only just numerous enough to establish the rule.

The fifteen different races in Egypt, which make its present population, are: the Turk, the Arab fellah, the Bedouin, the Persian, the Nubian, and Berberi—who are Moslems; the Copt, the Syrian, the Armenian, the Greek of Athens, the Greek rayah (Turkish subject), and the Abyssinian—who are Christians; foreign and native Israelites, and Europeans of every nationality.

Over all these varied nationalities, except the European and the Greek of Athens, the Egyptian Government is supreme. By a concession extorted by Christendom from the Sublime Porte, all Europeans and Americans in the East have the privilege of extraterritoriality—that is, in all matters affecting life, liberty, or property, are subject only to the authority of the representatives of their own government, the native government only claiming certain police rights with regard to them.

The highest aristocracy of the country is, or assumes to be, of

Turkish blood, and the court-language is Turkish, not Arabic—the latter, though far the richer and more copious of the two, being regarded as the language of the vulgar, it being the mother-tongue of the fellahs, or peasants, who constitute the great bulk of the Egyptian people.

The Turk of Egypt differs from the Turk of Constantinople in many things—in costume, in character, and in actual civilization; for Egypt is really the only part of the Ottoman Empire where the flowery promises of reform and progress have ripened into fruit. Besides the Turk, native or imported, there may be found, among the high officials of Egypt, its landed proprietors, or gentlemen; a favored few Armenian Christians, like Nubar Pacha, the premier of the past and present viceroys, and who is to Egypt what Reschid Pacha was to Turkey; a few Copts, also, whose native talent as accountants had given them position; and a select few of native Egyptians, who owe fortune and place either to their individual merits or to the whims of successive viceroys; for in the East promotion is more rapid, and more open to individual effort, than even under our democratic institutions—the Jeffersonian doctrine that “all men are created equal,” which we only preach, the Turk carries out in practice. The pipe-bearer of to-day may become the pacha of to-morrow, and will fill his new position with a gravity and dignity which seem a Moslem's birthright. But the Christian must have rare merit to rise. These classes, then, living at ease in the midst of much smoke and multitudinous pipes, constitute the gentlemen of Egypt.

Having thus prepared the visitor for his reception, by these hints at the threshold, the Roving American mounts him on an Arab steed, and sets off with him to pay a visit to an Egyptian pacha, whose palace is on the banks of the Nile, just outside the Boolak Gate, at Cairo. Unless some accident happens on the road, we shall reach this palace in good time to describe it and its inmates in a succeeding paper; until then—“*Salaam aleikoum!*” (“Peace be with you!”)

PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

MOUNTAIN ISLAND.

THE view which our artist gives of this singular freak of Nature—the Mountain Island and Falls of the French Broad—is taken just above the falls. The mountain-range, for miles very near to the river, here presses immediately across it, and the stream, in forcing its way through, divides, leaving an island over a hundred feet in height, just on the verge of the falls. The stream is narrowed down to one-fourth its usual width. The falls are about forty-five feet high, and the road, which above runs almost in the river, below skirts a dark and solemn abyss.

A traveller, coming this route once in the stage from Asheville, had been all night wearied with the roar of the river. Here he found it ten times worse, but soon the noise greeted his ears no longer. In delight he exclaimed: “Well, that confounded river has knocked the bottom out, jumped through somewhere, thank Heaven! I guess we'll have peace now.” His efforts for slumber were disturbed no longer, as it is a singular fact that, excepting a faint ripple at the Warm Springs, the waters of the French Broad cease their troublings after the Mountain-Island leap. Many persons claim that all the water which passes Asheville does not pass the Warm Springs, but sinks in some whirlpool, and rises again below. This appearance may be due to a more rapid current.

The road at Mountain Island is a noted stand for deer. The mountains here being very steep on both sides, the road is the only means of passage for them when chased by the dogs from above or below. Stopping at the Warm Springs years ago with Dr. McDowell, the generous host who then lived there, we were invited to a deer-hunt in these wild hills. Stationed, with others, at the Mountain Island, we awaited patiently the coming deer; nor did we wait long. The baying dogs were heard nearer and nearer, till suddenly, from round the jutting rock, sprung into the road in our full view, not twenty yards off, a magnificent buck. Three double-barrels were as quickly levelled. “Hold,” said Dr. McDowell, “don't shoot; see what he'll do. Time enough.” The buck surveyed us calmly, turned his head to the rapidly-approaching dogs, seemed to listen a moment to the shouts of the driver, then looked again at us, threw his superb antlers back, seemed to stiffen every sinew, and made one desperate leap to span



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—MOUNTAIN ISLAND, FRENCH BROAD RIVER, NORTH CAROLINA.

rible enchantress. It has introduced a new social habit in drinking. It has connected abstinence with the ceremonial of religion and the pleasures of social organizations. It has addressed the working-man—as, in fact, he often is—as a child, and saved him from his own habits, by a sworn abstinence. Thousands of men could never have freed themselves from this most tyrannical appetite, except by absolute refusal to touch. In fact, it may be said that no vice is ever abandoned by gradual steps. The only hope for any one under the control of any wrong indulgence, is in entire and immediate abandonment.

With those, too, who had not fallen under the sway of this appetite, especially if of the working-class, abstinence was the safest rule.

The "Temperance Reform" in this country, in Great Britain, and in Sweden, was one of the happiest events that ever occurred in the history of the working-classes. Its blessings will descend through many generations. But in its nature, it could not last. It was a tremendous reaction against the heavy and excessive drinking of fifty years since. It was a kind of noble asceticism. Like all asceticism, it could not continue as a permanent condition. Its power is now much spent. Wherever it can be introduced now among the laboring-classes, it should be; and we believe one of the especial services of the Irish Catholic clergy, at this day, to the world, is in supporting and encouraging this great reform.

All who study the lower classes are beginning, however, now to look for other remedies of the evil of intemperance.

It has become remarkably apparent, during the last few years, that one of the best modes of driving out low tastes in the masses is to introduce higher. It has been found that galleries and museums and parks are the most formidable rivals of the liquor-shops. The experience near the Sydenham Palace, in England, and other places of instructive and pleasant resort for the laboring-masses is, that drinking-saloons do not flourish in opposition. Wherever, in the evening, a laboring-man can saunter in a pleasant park, or, in company with his wife and family, look at interesting pictures, or sculpture, or objects of curiosity, he has not such a craving for alcoholic stimulus.

Even open-air drinking in a garden—as is so common on the Continent—is never so excessive as in an artificial-lighted room. Where, too, a working-man can, in a few steps, find a cheerful-lighted reading-room with society or papers, or where a club is easily open to him without drinking, it will also be found that he ceases to frequent the saloon, and almost loses his taste for strong drink.

Whatever elevates the taste of the laborer, or expands his mind, or innocently amuses him, or passes his time pleasantly without indulgence, or agreeably instructs, or provides him with virtuous associations, tends at once to guard him from habits of intoxication.

The Kensington Museum and Sydenham Palace, of London, the Cooper Union, the Central Park, and free reading-rooms, of New York, are all temperance-societies of the best kind. The great effort now is to bring this class of influences to bear on the habits of the laboring-people, and thus diminish intemperance.

It is a remarkable fact in this connection that, though eighty out of the hundred of our children in the Industrial Schools are the children of drunkards, not one of the thousands who have gone forth from them has been known to have fallen into intemperate habits. Under the elevating influences of the school, they imperceptibly grow out of the habits of their mothers and fathers, and never acquire the appetite.

Another matter, which is well worthy of the attention of reformers, is the possibility of introducing into those countries where "heavy drinking" prevails the taste for light wines and the habit of open-air drinking.

The passion for alcohol is a real one. On a broad scale it cannot be annihilated. Can we not satisfy it innocently?

In this country, for instance, light wines can be made to a vast extent, and finally be sold very cheaply. If the taste for them were formed, would it not expel the appetite for whiskey and brandy, or at least, in the coming generation, form a new habit?

There is, it is true, a peculiar intensity in the American temperament which makes the taking of concentrated stimulus natural to it. It will need some time for men accustomed to work up their nervous system to a white heat by repeated draughts of whiskey or brandy, to be content with weak wines. Perhaps the present generation never will be. But the laws of health and morality are so manifestly on the side of drinking light wines as compared with drinking

heavy liquors, that any effort at social improvement in this direction would have a fair chance of success. Even the slight change of habit involved in drinking leisurely at a table in the open air with women and children—after the German fashion—would be a great social reform over the hasty bar-drinking, while standing. The worst intoxication of this city is with the Irish and American bar-drinkers, not the German frequenters of gardens.

In regard to legislation, it seems to me that our recent New-York license laws were, with a few improvements, a very "happy medium" in law-making. The ground was tacitly taken, in that code, that it subverted the general interests of morality to keep one day free from riotous or public drinking, and allow the majority of the community to spend it in rest and worship; and, inasmuch as that day was one of especial temptation to the working-classes, they were to be treated to a certain degree like minors, and liquor was to be refused to them on that day.

Under this law also, minors and apprentices, on week-days, were forbidden to be supplied with intoxicating drinks, and the liquor-shops were closed at certain hours of the night. Very properly, also, these sellers of intoxicating beverages, making enormous profits, and costing the community immensely in the expenses of crime occasioned by their trade, were heavily taxed, and paid to the city over a million dollars annually in fees, licenses, and fines. The effects of the law were admirable, in the diminution of cases of arrest and crime on the Sunday, and the checking of the ravages of intoxication.

But it was always apparent to the writer that, with the peculiar constitution of the population of this city, it could not be sustained, unless concessions were made to the prejudices and habits of certain nationalities among our citizens. Our reformers, however, as a class, are exceedingly adverse to concessions; they look at questions of habits as absolute questions of right and wrong, and they will permit no half-way or medium ground. But legislation is always a matter of concession. We cannot make laws for human nature as it ought to be, but as it is. If we do not get the absolutely best law passed, we must content ourselves with the medium best.

If our temperance reformers had permitted a clause in the law, excepting the drinking in gardens, or of lager-beer, from the restrictions of the license law, we should not, indeed, have had so good a state of things as we had for a few years, under the old law, but we might have had it permanently.

Now, we have nearly lost all control over drinking, and the Sunday orgies and crimes will apparently renew themselves without check or restraint. If a reform in legislation claim too much, there is always a severe reaction possible, when the final effects will be worse than the evils sought to be corrected.

If a student of history were reviewing the gloomy list of the evils which have most cursed mankind, which have wasted households, stained the hand of man with his fellow's blood, sown quarrels and hatreds, broken women's hearts, and ruined children in their earliest years, bred poverty and crime, he would place next to the bloody name of War the black word—*INTERTEMPERANCE*.

No wonder that the best minds of modern times are considering most seriously the soundest means of checking it. If abstinence were the natural and only means, the noble soul would still say, in the words of Paul: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth."

But abstinence is not thoroughly natural; it has no chance of a universal acceptance; and experience shows that other and wider means must be employed. We must trust to the imperceptible and widely-extended influences of civilization, of higher tastes, and more refined amusements, on the masses. We must employ the powers of education, and, above all, the boundless force of Religion, to elevate the race above the tyranny of this tremendous appetite.

C. L. BRACE.

DECISIVE BATTLES OF HISTORY.

"So lang des Zeltenswebstuhls Arme weben,
So lang die Menschheit lebt von Pol zu Pol,
Bleibt Trauerspiel das ganze Völkerleben,
Und ach! ein Schwert sein ewiges Symbol."

THE world's history has thus far been little else than a history of great battles between the different peoples, and it is probable, much as we may regret it, that it will continue to be so in the future,

as it seems to be ordained that, in great things as well as in small, little is achieved in the way of real progress without fighting hard battles and making heavy sacrifices.

But great national struggles must necessarily have their crises. After two nations have long contended for supremacy, the one over the other, a decision is finally reached—a decision which, it is true, might have safely been predicted, but often comes so suddenly, and under such circumstances, that we are inclined to attribute it to the genius of an individual or to accident, as was recently the case with the *Paris Figaro*, in its great ignorance, in attributing the immense success of the German armies, in the present Franco-Germanic War, solely to the genius of General von Moltke.

That such crises, such turning-points, do not always appear at the end of a great tragedy, but frequently in the third or fourth act, is often not duly considered. It will, therefore, be interesting to present them as massive columns that support the temple of history, or as a range of lofty mountains, from the summits of which we can obtain a panoramic view of lands and peoples. And further, history in its details, by the aid of these momentous events, may be more easily fixed in the memory than by a systematic division into periods that are not limited by palpable and bloody land-marks. Such are the following:

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The battle of Poltava, July 8, 1709, between the Russians, under Peter the Great, and the Swedes, under Charles XII. It established the influence of Russia.

The battle of Saratoga, October 13, 1777, between the American colonists, under Generals Gates, Arnold, and Putnam, and the English, under Burgoyne. The victory of the colonists led to their alliance with the French, and eventuated in their achieving their independence from the mother-country.

The battle of Valmy, September 20, 1792, between the French, under Marshal Kellermann, and the allied Austrians and Prussians. This memorable battle assured the triumph of the great French Revolution of 1789 and of its ideas. As is well known, the Provisional Government of the present French Republic, in its first proclamation to the people, cited the defeat, at that time, of the German armies by the republicans as an example for them to emulate. In the interim, however, the times, men, and things, have greatly changed. Both the French and Germans differ widely from the French and the Germans of 1792; they have, besides, exchanged rôles. While Napoleon III. began the present war with unparalleled levity, the Prussians and Austrians, in 1792, were so foolish as to espouse the cause of French royalty, and to treat the affairs of others as though they were their own. On the 20th of April, 1792, the republic declared war against the "hordes of slaves," against the "allied kings." Three months later, on the 25th of July, the German proclamation was issued. It was full of exaggeration of their power, and of insults to the young republic. In vain the unfortunate King of France entreated the allies not to meddle with his affairs, as they would only expose him to new dangers, instead of rendering him any substantial aid, as they hoped to do. The condition of the French for carrying on a war, it is true, was wretched; but that of the allies was not much better. In France, however, there was union and no want of enthusiasm; in Germany, on the contrary, there existed a spirit of disunion and jealousy. The war had no sooner begun, than the leaders, on both sides, discovered that they had to fight their battles with unschooled, half-armed soldiers, and that they were not only poorly supplied with money, but also with provisions. Nevertheless, the allies invaded France, in the neighborhood, indeed, where the recent battles have been fought. On the 2d of August a corps of Austrians, under Prince Hohenlohe, advanced from Mannheim, meeting some little opposition on the part of the French near Landau. On the 22d, they reached Merzig, crossed the Moselle, besieged Thionville, and covered the left wing of the main army. In the mean time, Clairfait advanced from the Netherlands with fifteen thousand Austrians, and, on the 16th, united with the Prussians at Arlon. On the 20th they besieged Longwy, which surrendered on the 23d with its garrison of twenty-six hundred men. The French now redoubled their efforts to repel the invaders. Some ten miles from Verdun are the passes of the forest of Argonne. They were guarded by the army of Kellermann and Dumouriez. The condition of their forces was absolutely wretched, half-armed, unorganized, and poorly fed and clad. They numbered about sixty thousand. If the Duke of Brunswick had been expeditious in possessing himself of the heights between Verdun and Ménéhoult, the republicans would have been lost. But the duke hesitated, and the enemy, without opposition, on the 4th of September, intrenched themselves in the pass of Grandpré, and, on the 5th, in that of Islettes. The allied Austrians and Prussians succeeded, it is true, in driving the republicans out of Grandpré on the 14th; but they failed to pursue the retreating enemy. Although the Germans numbered only forty thousand, they should have proved more than a match for the French, on account of their greater experience and better organization. It was not until the republicans had united all their forces on the heights of Valmy, that a pitched battle was fought. The German artillery was, even then, so

admirably served, that it threw the republican ranks into general confusion. A bayonet-charge would have decided the day in favor of the allies; but, owing to a difference of opinion on the part of the German leaders, it was not made, and consequently the battle remained undecided. The French were overjoyed at the result, while the Germans complained openly of their leaders. The former deemed themselves the victors; the latter felt themselves disgraced. The time that was now consumed in negotiations, in which the jealousy of the Austrians and Prussians became more apparent than ever, was improved by the French to bring up reinforcements and strengthen their position, while the ranks of their enemies were being daily thinned by hunger and disease. On the 29th of September the allies began to retreat, and in a few weeks not one of them remained on French soil. But, great as was then the weakness of the Germans, so great is to-day their strength.

The battle of Leipsic, from the 14th to the 19th of October, 1813. It was in this battle, and not at Waterloo, that the first French empire received its fatal thrust; it was here that Napoleon received the blow from which he never recovered. The battles that followed, were only the consequences of Leipsic; and Waterloo, like Zama, a last, desperate effort, was fought by the French, according to Foy, "without fear, 'tis true, but also without hope."

The battle of Sadowa, July 3, 1866, in which the Prussians defeated the Austrians. The result was the dissolution of the German Confederation, the establishment of Prussian supremacy in Germany, and ultimately the union of the German states into one empire.

The battle of Sedan, September 1, 1870, resulted in the defeat of the most powerful of the French armies, and led to a capitulation that has no parallel in the world's history. And the emperor, Napoleon III., himself awoke on the morning of September 5th a prisoner-of-war, in a German castle, near Cassel, to find that his coveted conquests were only—a dream.

And, while the Germans advanced on Paris, the Italians entered Rome and consummated Italian unity.

THE WARNING.

FROM A SERIES OF DRAMATIC LYRICS.

PATIENCE! I yet may pierce the rind
Wherewith are shrewdly girded round
The subtle secrets of his mind.

A dark, unwholesome core is bound,
Perchance, within it. Sir, you see,
Men are not what they seem to be!

A candid mien, and plausible tongue;
A bearing, calmly frank and fair;
The tear ('twould seem) by pity wrung—
All these are his; but still, beware!
A something strange, false, unbegot
Of virtue, whispers: "*Trust him not!*"

But yesterday, his mask (I know
He wears one), for a moment's space,
By chance dropped off; and swift, below
The smile just waning on his face,
I caught a look, flashed sudden, keen
As lightning, which he deemed unseen.

I will not pause to tell thee *what*
That look betrayed: enough, I think,
To smite the spirit cold and hot
By turns, and make one inly shrink
From contact with a soul that keeps
Such wild-fire smouldering in its deeps.

So, friend, be warned! He is not one
Thy youth should trust, for all his smiles;
Frank foreheads, genial as the sun,
May hide a thousand treacherous wiles,
And tones like music's honeyed flow
May work—God knows!—the bitterest woe.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

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The battle of Blenheim, August 13, 1704, between the allied English, Dutch, and Austrians, under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the French and Bavarians under Tallard, Marsen, and the Elector of Bavaria. The victory of the former thwarted the designs of Louis XIV., who aimed at universal dominion.

The battle of Poltava, July 8, 1709, between the Russians, under Peter the Great, and the Swedes, under Charles XII. It established the influence of Russia.

The battle of Saratoga, October 13, 1777, between the American colonists, under Generals Gates, Arnold, and Putnam, and the English, under Burgoyne. The victory of the colonists led to their alliance with the French, and eventuated in their achieving their independence from the mother-country.

The battle of Valmy, September 20, 1792, between the French, under Marshal Kellermann, and the allied Austrians and Prussians. This memorable battle assured the triumph of the great French Revolution of 1789 and of its ideas. As is well known, the Provisional Government of the present French Republic, in its first proclamation to the people, cited the defeat, at that time, of the German armies by the republicans as an example for them to emulate. In the interim, however, the times, men, and things, have greatly changed. Both the French and Germans differ widely from the French and the Germans of 1792; they have, besides, exchanged rôles. While Napoleon III. began the present war with unparalleled levity, the Prussians and Austrians, in 1792, were so foolish as to espouse the cause of French royalty, and to treat the affairs of others as though they were their own. On the 20th of April, 1792, the republic declared war against the "hordes of slaves," against the "allied kings." Three months later, on the 25th of July, the German proclamation was issued. It was full of exaggeration of their power, and of insults for the young republic. In vain the unfortunate King of France entreated the allies not to meddle with his affairs, as they would only expose him to new dangers, instead of rendering him any substantial aid, as they hoped to do. The condition of the French for carrying on a war, it is true, was wretched; but that of the allies was not much better. In France, however, there was union and no want of enthusiasm; in Germany, on the contrary, there existed a spirit of disunion and jealousy. The war had no sooner begun, than the leaders, on both sides, discovered that they had to fight their battles with unschooled, half-armed soldiers, and that they were not only poorly supplied with money, but also with provisions. Nevertheless, the allies invaded France, in the neighborhood, indeed, where the recent battles have been fought. On the 2d of August a corps of Austrians, under Prince Hohenlohe, advanced from Mannheim, meeting some little opposition on the part of the French near Landau. On the 22d, they reached Merzig, crossed the Moselle, besieged Thionville, and covered the left wing of the main army. In the mean time, Clairfait advanced from the Netherlands with fifteen thousand Austrians, and, on the 16th, united with the Prussians at Arlon. On the 20th they besieged Longwy, which surrendered on the 23d with its garrison of twenty-six hundred men. The French now redoubled their efforts to repel the invaders. Some ten miles from Verdun are the passes of the forest of Argonne. They were guarded by the army of Kellermann and Dumouriez. The condition of their forces was absolutely wretched, half-armed, unorganized, and poorly fed and clad. They numbered about sixty thousand. If the Duke of Brunswick had been expeditious in possessing himself of the heights between Verdun and Ménéhoult, the republicans would have been lost. But the duke hesitated, and the enemy, without opposition, on the 4th of September, intrenched themselves in the pass of Grandpré, and, on the 5th, in that of Islettes. The allied Austrians and Prussians succeeded, it is true, in driving the republicans out of Grandpré on the 14th; but they failed to pursue the retreating enemy. Although the Germans numbered only forty thousand, they should have proved more than a match for the French, on account of their greater experience and better organization. It was not until the republicans had united all their forces on the heights of Valmy, that a pitched battle was fought. The German artillery was, even then, so

admirably served, that it threw the republican ranks into general confusion. A bayonet-charge would have decided the day in favor of the allies; but, owing to a difference of opinion on the part of the German leaders, it was not made, and consequently the battle remained undecided. The French were overjoyed at the result, while the Germans complained openly of their leaders. The former deemed themselves the victors; the latter felt themselves disgraced. The time that was now consumed in negotiations, in which the jealousy of the Austrians and Prussians became more apparent than ever, was improved by the French to bring up reinforcements and strengthen their position, while the ranks of their enemies were being daily thinned by hunger and disease. On the 29th of September the allies began to retreat, and in a few weeks not one of them remained on French soil. But, great as was then the weakness of the Germans, so great is to-day their strength.

The battle of Leipsic, from the 14th to the 19th of October, 1813. It was in this battle, and not at Waterloo, that the first French empire received its fatal thrust; it was here that Napoleon received the blow from which he never recovered. The battles that followed, were only the consequences of Leipsic; and Waterloo, like Zama, a last, desperate effort, was fought by the French, according to Foy, "without fear, 'tis true, but also without hope."

The battle of Sadowa, July 3, 1866, in which the Prussians defeated the Austrians. The result was the dissolution of the German Confederation, the establishment of Prussian supremacy in Germany, and ultimately the union of the German states into one empire.

The battle of Sedan, September 1, 1870, resulted in the defeat of the most powerful of the French armies, and led to a capitulation that has no parallel in the world's history. And the emperor, Napoleon III., himself awoke on the morning of September 5th a prisoner-of-war, in a German castle, near Cassel, to find that his coveted conquests were only—a dream.

And, while the Germans advanced on Paris, the Italians entered Rome and consummated Italian unity.

THE WARNING.

FROM A SERIES OF DRAMATIC LYRICS.

PATIENCE! I yet may pierce the rind
Wherewith are shrewdly girded round
The subtle secrets of his mind.

A dark, unwholesome core is bound,
Perchance, within it. Sir, you see,
Men are not what they seem to be!

A candid mien, and plausible tongue;
A bearing, calmly frank and fair;
The tear ('twould seem) by pity wrung—
All these are his; but still, beware!
A something strange, false, unbegot
Of virtue, whispers: "*Trust him not!*"

But yesterday, his mask (I know
He wears one), for a moment's space,
By chance dropped off; and swift, below
The smile just waning on his face,
I caught a look, flashed sudden, keen
As lightning, which he deemed unseen.

I will not pause to tell thee *what*
That look betrayed: enough, I think,
To smite the spirit cold and hot
By turns, and make one inly shrink
From contact with a soul that keeps
Such wild-fire smouldering in its depths.

So, friend, be warned! He is not one
Thy youth should trust, for all his smiles;
Frank foreheads, genial as the sun,
May hide a thousand treacherous wiles,
And tones like music's honeyed flow
May work—God knows!—the bitterest woe.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

TABLE-TALK.

THE much-vexed question of the Bible in schools is perplexing our English brethren as well as ourselves. In the December number of the *Contemporary Review* it is discussed by Professor Huxley in his usual clear and interesting manner, and with the expression of views on the subject which, we think, will rather surprise those who have been led to regard the professor as little better than an atheist. He says:

"My belief is, that no human being, and no society composed of human beings, ever did, or ever will, come to much, unless their conduct was governed and guided by the love of some ethical ideal. Undoubtedly, your gutter-child may be converted by mere intellectual drill into 'the subtlest of all the beasts of the field;' but we know what has become of the original of that description, and there is no need to increase the number of those who imitate him successfully, without being aided by the rules. And if I were compelled to choose for one of my own children, between a school in which real religious instruction is given, and one without it, I should prefer the former, even though the child might have to take a good deal of theology with it. Nineteenth of a dose of bark is mere half-rotten wood; but one swallows it for the sake of the particles of quinine, the beneficial effect of which may be weakened, but is not destroyed, by the wooden dilution, unless in a few cases of exceptionally tender stomachs.

"Hence, when the great mass of the English people declare that they want to have the children in the elementary schools taught the Bible, and, when it is plain from the terms of the act, the debates in and out of Parliament, and especially the emphatic declarations of the vice-president of the council, that it was intended that such Bible-reading should be permitted, unless good cause for prohibiting it could be shown, I do not see what reason there is for opposing that wish. Certainly I, individually, could with no shadow of consistency oppose the teaching of the children of other people to do what my own children are taught to do. And, even if the reading of the Bible were not, as I think it is, consonant with political reason and justice, and with a desire to act in the spirit of the education measure, I am disposed to think that it might still be well to read that book in the elementary schools.

"I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. The pagan moralists lack life and color, and even the noble Stoic, Marcus Antoninus, is too high and refined for an ordinary child. Take the Bible as a whole; make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate for shortcomings and positive errors; eliminate, as a sensible lay teacher would do, if left to himself, all that it is not desirable for children to occupy themselves with—and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. And then consider the great historical fact that, for three centuries, this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain, and is familiar to noble and simple, from John-o'-Groat's House to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso were once to the Italians; that it is written in the noblest and purest English, and

abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations, and of a great past, stretching back to the farthest limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities; and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its effort to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?

"On the whole, then, I am in favor of reading the Bible, with such grammatical, geographical, and historical explanations by a lay teacher as may be needful, with rigid exclusion of any further theological teaching than that contained in the Bible itself. And, in stating what this is, the teacher would do well not to go beyond the precise words of the Bible; for, if he does, he will, in the first place, undertake a task beyond his strength, seeing that all the Jewish and Christian sects have been at work upon that subject for more than two thousand years, and have not yet arrived, and are not in the least likely to arrive, at an agreement; and, in the second place, he will certainly begin to teach something distinctively denominational, and thereby come into violent collision with the act of Parliament. . . . Some of the pleasantest recollections of my childhood are connected with the voluntary study of an ancient Bible, which belonged to my grandmother. There were splendid pictures in it, to be sure; but I recollect little or nothing about them save a portrait of the high-priest in his vestments. What come vividly back on my mind are remembrances of my delight in the histories of Joseph and of David; and of my keen appreciation of the chivalrous kindness of Abraham in his dealings with Lot. Like a sudden flash there returns back upon me my utter scorn of the pettifogging meanness of Jacob, and my sympathetic grief over the heart-breaking lamentation of the cheated Esau, 'Hast thou not a blessing for me also, O my father?' And I see, as in a cloud, pictures of the grand phantasmagoria of the Book of Revelation. I enumerate, as they issue, the childish impressions which come crowding out of the pigeon-holes in my brain, in which they have lain almost undisturbed for forty years. I prize them as an evidence that a child of five or six years old, left to his own devices, may be deeply interested in the Bible, and draw sound moral sustenance from it."

— A recent number of the *Galaxy* contained an article on "International Copyright," in which occurred the assertion that no great literature could be written in the intervals of business. To this statement we demurred in the *JOURNAL* of December 17th, and this demurrer has elicited the following communication from the author of the article in question:

"To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal* :

"You object to my characterization of a literature 'written in the intervals of business,' as 'too wide and sweeping.' When a manifold and complicated subject has to be discussed in a limited space, it is difficult to avoid making broad statements; but in this case, being fully aware of the exceptions, I began by referring to them, and giving instances. Some of your additions strike me as more apparent than real. Rogers can hardly be seriously called a banker, any more than the young men of fortune who 'hang out a shingle in our cities' are real, hard-working lawyers; and I doubt very much if

George Grote is, or ever was, a man of business in our American sense of the term. Has he been, I do not see how he could possibly have found time to compose his 'History,' a book which represents twenty years' hard work, the actual writing out of the twelve large volumes being only a portion of the labor involved in it. Many European gentlemen inherit positions in banking establishments, and are so far partners as to receive a share of the profits, but do not take active part in the business. I know that, when I wanted to see Mr. Grote in London, I always went to his private residence. I should never have thought of going to the counting-house of Prescott, Grote & Co.; for which reasons and others, speaking of Mr. Grote in this same article, I classed him not with the men-of-business authors, but with the wealthy amateur authors.

"The *Saturday Review's* remarks which you quote I construe as referring to the tendency of certain professions rather than the time which they occupy. For instance, we do not expect a man who is called a banker to write classical history; all his *milieu*, as Taine would call it, tends in another direction.

"Of course, if no important literary works were ever written by men of business, there would be no foundation for the popular error which I attacked. My object was, to show that these instances were exceptional, and not sufficient to form a general rule."

— The old New-York custom of New-Year calls is becoming, we believe, gradually naturalized in other cities. In Washington it has always been formally observed by our public men; but the great number of dignitaries in that city, who receive on New-Year's changes the custom somewhat from ours; in New York it is distinctly the ladies, as a class, who receive, and the men who near uniformly visit. We hear every year some croakers who declare the custom is on the decline with us, but we do not believe it. We have heard the same assertion made every year, as long as we can recollect—and that longer than we mean publicly to confess. It is, to our mind, a choice fashion, and renders New-Year's-day the most agreeable holiday of the year. Enjoyment on other public holidays is often forced, and sometimes the occasion proves more wearisome than pleasurable. But on New-Year's all the town is in the happiest mood and in its best adornment. It is a day of brilliant changes, of gay *contres*, of sparkling interludes, of lively gossip, of beautiful faces, of exquisite toilet, of pleasant compliments, of reciprocal admiration, of kindly words, of generous cheer, of general good-will. It is a day that enlarges and brightens social intercourse, and one that always freshens acquaintances, and often restores friendships. It is a day of reunion and of pleasant pledges; and every man is entirely insensible to the charms of society. It has found in its observance some of his most agreeable experiences, or dated from it some of his greatest felicities. When the entire female population of a town have decked themselves in their most fascinating attire, and the entire male population are brushed and curled and scented, how can the mutual encounter of these admired and admirers be otherwise than enjoyable!

— Will the gentlemen who direct the affairs of the Young Men's Christian Association

diation of this city permit us to offer them a suggestion? The matter is unimportant, perhaps; but it may be worth heeding. They live in their new building a fine lecture-room. It is spacious, without being too large; it is handsomely ornamented; and it is provided with very comfortable seats. There is nothing lacking in the auditorium; but there are certain errors of omission, in regard to the speaker's platform, that should receive attention. Recently it was our pleasure to listen to a lecture in this room by a gifted lady of New England. She was elegantly dressed, but her splendid drapery swept a bare and by no means clean floor, and the background against which she stood was the cold and unfurnished wainscot. Now, the platform of a lecture-room should present a pleasing picture to the eye, and every speaker should stand out before the audience in relief against suitable colors. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the lady already referred to, when she first visited the hall; "what a background you have given me!" Every speaker of taste appreciates the value of agreeable accessories to the picture of which he or she becomes the central object, and some speakers insist upon a suitable adjustment of accessories before they will consent to present themselves to an audience. A bare floor upon a platform is an abomination. The poorest and the meanest of provincial theatres will usually have as much as a green baize to cover the nakedness of the boards. Actors, however, have almost always a knowledge of effect. If the Lecture Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association will have the platform of their lecture-room nicely carpeted, and either hang the wall with drapery, or have movable screens, richly upholstered, they will render their hall more popular with both lecturers and auditors. And this hint, we hope, will reach other lecture committees throughout the country.

— November, this year, achieved a new and unexpected reputation. Tom Hood's famous lines, for once, could not apply, and the traditional lamentations about the "melancholy days" and the "cold November rain" were hushed. The days were bright, warm, and delicious, not only through November, but far into December. And yet there was little or no Indian summer—that season of which no two people seem to agree as to period or characteristics. Some careless persons attribute every fine "spell of weather," from September to January, to the Indian summer, just as others call every storm, from August to November, or from February to May, the equinox. Careful observers declare that, of all those fine days that succeeded each other in almost unbroken succession during November and in early December of this year, but one day assumed the legitimate conditions of Indian summer, when "twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the Nile." True Indian summer is not brilliant weather. It is smoky and hazy; the air is perfectly still and moist; and the sun shines dimly, but softly and sweetly, through an atmosphere that some call copper-colored, and others golden, in accordance, we suppose, with different poetical perceptions. Of this sort of weather, November, this year, gave us

but little; in fact, the month put on almost an entire new livery, and seemed bent on attaining a better and happier estimation than it has hitherto enjoyed. The truth is, the seasons appear continually to be trying to falsify the current traditions. The spring months, of whose soft airs the poets sing so much, have in recent years tormented us with ceaseless east winds and cold storms; and now, as if to balance this perversity, the one-time dark and dull November has nothing for us but bright skies and warm suns.

— We have all of us at different times deplored the decadence of manners, and longed for those earlier periods when a high-toned courtesy pervaded the intercourse between men and women, and men and men. As an illustration of our lamentable falling-off in good breeding, we quote from the last number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* an anecdote of George IV. when he was prince regent, which depicts in strong colors the superiority of the gentlemen of the old school in all that pertains to manners: "At a small dinner-party at Carlton House, Colonel Hamlyn, one of the boon companions of the prince, told a story which, like most of the stories of the regency, was more distinguished by its point than its propriety. When Colonel Hamlyn had finished it, the "First Gentleman in Europe" filled his glass and threw its contents into his guest's face, saying: 'Hamlyn, you are a blackguard.' What was the colonel to do? To challenge the regent was treason; and yet to return the insult in kind was to take a course which must have compelled the prince, as a gentleman, to challenge the colonel, or to ask some one to take up the quarrel for him. And yet to sit still was impossible. Colonel Hamlyn solved the difficulty by filling his glass and throwing the wine into the face of his next companion. 'His royal highness's toast—pass it on!' This was wit in action. It sealed Colonel Hamlyn's friendship with George IV. 'Hamlyn,' he said, with a slap on the shoulder, 'you're a capital fellow. Here's a toast to you.'"

— The French, just now, filled with not unnatural rage and excitement, are talking rather wildly about the Germans as "barbarians." But here is what one of the most profound thinkers and most acute observers of France, M. Taine, said of the Germans just before the war broke out: "The Germanic people of the present day, and throughout history, are, primarily, the great laborers of the world; in matters of intellect none equal them; in erudition, in philosophy, in the most crabbed linguistic studies, in voluminous editions, dictionaries and other compilations, in researches of the laboratory, in all science, in short, whatever stern and hard but necessary and preparatory work there is to be done, that is their province; patiently, and with most commendable self-sacrifice, they hew out every stone that enters into the edifice of modern times."

Scientific Notes.

Military Chemistry.

THERE is one department in the British service which has been of the most essen-

tial utility ever since its establishment, viz., the Department of Chemistry. It was, says the *Public Ledger*, formed during the Crimean war, at the suggestion of the illustrious Faraday, to check the frauds of the contractors for army supplies at that time. The Minister of War allotted to it a large space in Woolwich Arsenal, fitted up with laboratories, provided with every species of apparatus, with fine balances for estimating results, with the most powerful microscopes, with machinery for analyzing gases, with photographic studios, etc., all of which were placed under the control of a distinguished professor of chemistry, and half a dozen well-skilled, practical assistants, whose time is fully employed in a variety of matters, and just now, especially, in testing metal for the manufacture of guns and projectiles, in examining the elements of gunpowder, in analyzing the stores and food of the soldier, and in many other experiments of a similar kind.

It is somewhat surprising that such an establishment was not founded long ago, familiar as all the world is with the tricks of contractors in times of public necessity, as during a war. It is a melancholy fact that there should exist a class of men who have no scruple in sacrificing, not merely the health and lives of their fellow-men, but the very safety and existence of their country, in order that they may make money out of its necessities.

We need only turn our eyes to France at the present moment for a sample of what these men are capable of. What French contractors have done lately, English contractors did during the Crimean War, and American contractors did during our civil war. The guilt seems to be characteristic of the class generally, and not of any one nation in particular. But the good effects of such an institution as the British Military Department of Chemistry were shown in the recent Abyssinian War, when, out of a large number of articles supplied to the troops, none were complained of, for they had previously been tested by the department.

The rule now is that, when tenders are sent in for supplying stores to the army, the contractors are bound to forward, at the same time, specimens of the material they intend to supply. These samples are carefully tested in the Chemical Department, and the firm that offers the most suitable articles at the lowest prices receives an order to supply the goods. Subsequently, when these are sent in, a further examination takes place to ascertain whether they are equal to the samples first submitted, and only if this proves to be the case are the stores accepted and paid for.

The number and variety of the articles operated upon are extraordinary. Almost all the belongings of the soldier pass in one way or other under the eyes of these chemical detectives. The cloth of his coat, the thread with which it is sewed, the gold lace, the accoutrements, are all tested, and the buttons he wears must be covered with a film of metal sufficiently strong to withstand the action of the acid which the chemist applies to them. The bread, milk, flour, biscuit, preserved meat, vegetables, fruit, etc., of his rations are periodically sent to Woolwich to be tested, and it is said that the system has been so rigorously applied throughout the service that, even at remote stations, flagrant cases of fraud are now rare.

Considerable pains are taken to provide wholesome drinking-water in barracks, and a very large portion of the work of the Chemical Department is devoted to this point. Specimens of the water used at the military stations abroad as well as at home are forwarded to the arsenal for analysis, and reports as to its qualities, together with advice to the commanding officers, are sent to the different stations.

Barrack and equipment stores are not forgotten. Soap, candles, oils, coal, coke, emery-dust, varnish, blacking, paper-hangings, and all kinds of paint, are analyzed carefully in order to prevent the injurious action of arsenic, lead, and other poisonous metals. Soap, in particular, is always severely tested, by reason of the facility with which it may be adulterated, and because it is used in such large quantities.

Very great vigilance is also exercised over camp equipage; the making of the canvas un-inflammable and unfavorable to the formation of mildew, the perfecting of the india-rubber coating for the ground sheets on which the soldier spreads his blankets, and other like cares, also occupy the department. The services it has rendered are immense. The condition of the modern soldier is very different from that of the soldier of even half a century ago, when he was looked upon as little better than food for powder.

A party of scientific men have established themselves for the winter on the top of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, where for months they will be isolated from the rest of the world, and will experience all the rigors of an arctic climate, in addition to the fury of winds whirling along at a velocity of one hundred miles an hour. The party consists of Professor J. H. Huntington, of Dartmouth College, Assistant State Geologist; S. A. Nelson, of Georgetown, Massachusetts; A. F. Clough, photographer; and a telegrapher. The building occupied is sixty by seventy-two, and twenty-five feet high. The main room is twenty-five feet by eleven, lined with triple thicknesses of felt, and thickly carpeted. Six months' provisions and abundance of coal have been provided. Snow-shoes have also been sent up, to be used in cases of emergency. The United States Government, the Coast Survey, and the Smithsonian Institute, have all manifested an interest in the enterprise, and all needed instruments have been furnished for scientific purposes. The War Department has furnished telegraphic supplies, meteorological instruments, and three miles of Kinte telegraph-cable, which is affected by weather less even than the ocean-cables. This connects with a common wire at the base of the mountain, and daily reports of the weather will be sent to the world. It is expected these reports will benefit commerce by enabling the shipmaster to determine, a day beforehand, that a storm is coming; or, during a storm, that fair weather is at hand—and thus forewarn him of destructive storms and keep him safely in port, or save a day's time by enabling him to anticipate the conclusion of stormy weather and set sail at once.

In a recent number of the *Pharmaceutical Journal* a paper appears, by Mr. Cooke, on the guarana, the seeds of a tree termed the *Paulina sorbilis*, belonging to the order *Sapindaceæ*, and abundant in the province of the Amazonas. The fruit is scarcely as large as a walnut, and contains five or six seeds, which are roasted, then mixed with water, and moulded into a cylindrical form resembling a large sausage, and finally dried in an oven. Before being used it is grated into a powder, very like powdered cacao in appearance. Two spoonfuls of the powder are mixed in a tumbler of water, and this drink is regarded as a stimulant to the nerves, and, like strong tea or coffee, is said to take away the disposition to sleep. The active chemical principle is an alkaloid, which Dr. Stenhouse has shown to be identical with theine. Guarana contains more than double as much of this alkaloid as good black tea, and five times as much as coffee, the proportion

being 5.07 per cent. in guarana. It is rather a singular coincidence that the same alkaloid should prevail in all the principal substances employed in a similar manner as beverages in different parts of the world, in the tea of China and India, the coffee of Arabia, the cacao of Central America, the mate of South America, and the guarana of Brazil. Guarana is a nervous stimulative and restorative.

A remarkably low wave of temperature passed over the British Islands in the middle of November. At Blackheath the mean temperature for the week ending November 16th was nearly 7° below the average. It is remarkable that the wind was in the west-southwest during nearly the whole of the week, the air being almost saturated with moisture, and yet the rainfall scarcely appreciable—0.04 inch. For the fourteen stations in England, eight in Scotland, and one in Ireland, recorded in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, the lowest minimum was 19.0° at Paisley, the highest, 31.5°, at Norwich. The mean temperature was nearly the same in Scotland as in England, about 37.5°. Another singular meteorological phenomenon occurred the next week in the successive thunder-storms which burst over London from three A. M. on Tuesday morning the 22d to six A. M. on Wednesday morning the 23d. The wind was blowing strongly from the southwest during the whole time, with occasional violent rain, and the average temperature was about 40° F.

When the Russian American Telegraph is completed, the following feat will be possible: A telegram from Alaska for New York, leaving Sitka, say at forty minutes past six on Monday morning, would be received at Nikolaiev, Siberia, at six minutes past one on Tuesday morning; at St. Petersburg, Russia, at three minutes past six on Monday evening; at London, twenty-two minutes past four on Monday afternoon; and at New York at forty-six minutes past eleven on Monday forenoon. Thus, allowing twenty minutes for each retransmission, a message may start on the morning of one day, to be received and transmitted the next day, again received and sent on the afternoon of the day it starts, and finally reaches its destination on the forenoon on the first day, the whole taking place in one hour's time.

An interesting exhibition of fruit was recently opened at Appenzell, Switzerland. Eight communes furnished six hundred and eighty-nine exhibits, comprising eighty sorts of apples and one hundred and twenty of pears. The fruits were arranged according to the height above the sea of the localities where they are grown. Thus, in the lowest zone were shown fruits produced from thirteen hundred to two thousand feet above the sea; in the next, those grown at an elevation of two thousand to twenty-six hundred feet; in the third group, those gathered at a height of twenty-six hundred to three thousand feet; and lastly, were exhibited fruits produced above the last-mentioned elevation. Great care was taken to insure the accurate nomenclature of the fruits exhibited.

War Notes.

Fortified Capitals.

IF there is any military question which the experience of the present war may be said to have finally settled, it is that of the expediency of fortifying the capital of a great state. Ever since the day when the fortification of Paris was resolved upon, the controversy as to the usefulness or otherwise, and even as to the possibility of defending such a vast fortress,

has been going on in the military literature of all countries. Nothing could settle it but practical experience—the actual siege of Paris, the only fortified capital in existence; and, though the real siege of Paris has not yet begun, the fortifications of Paris have rendered such immense services to France already that the question is as good as decided in their favor.

On the 2d of September the last French army in the field capitulated. And now, nearly four months afterward, almost one-half of the German troops in France are still held fast around Paris, while the greater portion of the remainder are hurried forward from Metz to protect the investment of Paris against a newly-formed Army of the Loire, an army which, whatever its value may be, could never have even come into existence had it not been for the fortifications of Paris. These fortifications have been invested nearly three months and the preparations for the opening of the regular siege are not yet complete; that is to say, the siege of a fortress of the size of Paris even if defended by none but new levies and determined population, can begin only when that of a common fortress would have been long brought to a successful close. The event has proved that a town holding two million inhabitants can be provisioned almost easier than a smaller fortress exercising less central attraction upon the produce of the surrounding country.

Prices of Provisions on November 11, 1870, in Paris.

(From our Balloon-Correspondence.)

Geese (each).....	f.36.00 (usual price) f.6.4	
Hens	15.00	3.0
Pigeons (pair).....	12.00	2.0
Chickens (pair).....	28.00	5.0
Turkeys (each).....	55.00	10.0
Rabbits (pair).....	36.00	6.0
Smoked ham.....	8.00 per lb.....	2.0
Lyons sausage.....	16.00 "	4.0
Horse-sausage.....	3.00 "	0.0
Preserved Australian meat	4.00 "	0.0
Carp-fish (each).....	30.00	3.0
Plate of gudgeons...	6.00	1.0
Codfish.....	2.00 per lb.....	0.0
Herring.....	3.50 "	0.0
Potatoes.....	6.00 per bushel...	1.0
Eggs (each).....	0.60	0.0
Cabbages (each).....	1.50	0.0
Endives (salad).....	0.75	0.0
Cauliflowers.....	2.00	0.0
Bunch of carrots.....	2.25	0.0
Dried beans.....	5.00	0.0
Fresh butter.....	45.00 per lb.....	2.0
Salt butter.....	14.00 "	1.0
Salad-oil	5.00 "	0.0
Pork-grease	7.00 "	0.0
Horse-flesh.....	1.50 "	0.0
Ass-flesh.....	3.50	0.0
Charcoal, per cwt. (almost exhausted) 25.00		4.0

The prices of bread and wine have not increased, thanks to the intervention of the Provisional Government. Butcher's-meat is likewise taxed by the Government, but is distributed in daily rations of one and a quarter ounce and can scarcely be regarded as a source of sustenance. Cheese, fish, and fruit, have almost entirely disappeared from the market; the articles selling, as soon as exhibited, at fabulous prices. Large quantities of rice, coffee, chocolate, tapioca, etc., are still exposed at slightly-increased rates. As a general rule, articles, except the foregoing, have increased more than fivefold in price since the investment of Paris.

The London *Times* correspondent at Metz states that he was informed by the man in whose father's house Marshal le Bœuf lived during the siege that he had a dairy and a poultry-yard to the very end, and that he, Bazaine, and the superior officers, lived in luxury to the last. They paid exorbitant prices for the delicacies of the table, but always succeeded in procuring them. "The debauchery and extravagance of the officers were much dwelt upon by the townspeople, who, though not more particularly strait-laced in certain respects than French people are generally, were utterly scandalized by the flagrant immorality of their defenders, who seem to have preferred *cafés* and the society of the *demi-monde* to duty in the trenches, and who to the last denied themselves no enjoyment or luxury which money could purchase or the town afford. It is possible," the writer adds, "that Bazaine may be the traitor he is accused of being; but it seems to me more likely that he and all his officers, as soon as they began to run short of truffles, and found that their female friends got bored with the monotony of the siege, determined to bring it to a close. It is impossible to suppose that the army could not have cut its way out had it been in earnest." General Coffinières, *commandant* of Metz, has written a letter to a Belgian paper to vindicate his part in the surrender of the fortress. His language, too, avows the belief that Bazaine allowed political considerations to influence his military movements; but the general admits that the capitulation was resolved on by a council of war.

A Dane, serving in a corps of franc-tireurs near Paris, gives some interesting particulars in two letters to a Danish paper of the mode of campaigning practised by these free corps. He says that the army investing Paris is now itself invested, as it is surrounded on all sides by franc-tireurs and mobiles. Wherever there is a bridge or a road through a wood, the uhlans may depend on finding irregulars in greater or less numbers. In many places deep ditches, full of palisades, are cut across the roads; sometimes these ditches are defended by barbed-wires. The franc-tireurs never take any prisoners. One of them often lies all night, from 7 P. M. to 4 A. M., on the damp ground, under strict orders not to stir or talk to his comrades—"a great sacrifice," observes the writer, "for a Frenchman to make." The strongest and best commanded of the franc-tireur bands is that known as the "Moquards." This band, which numbers twelve hundred men, is divided into two battalions, and consists chiefly of the remains of the regiments which capitulated at Sedan. They are very ragged, but are all armed with Chassepots, and they do a great deal of harm to the enemy.

The animals in the famous Jardin des Plantes are reported as in a bad way through the siege of Paris. The elephants are getting weak on their pins, like so many broken-down cricketers; the lions are put on short commons; the hippopotamus looks morose, and the black bear keeps climbing up his tree and dropping down again, as if he had discovered perpetual motion. He roars as supplicatingly as any lady's lap-dog, but very few crumbs of comfort, we fear, fall into his pit nowadays. The thoughtless monkeys and the patient camels are the only animals that seem to take this siege in the proper spirit. A curiosity in its way is the *faucun* eagle from whose wing the quill was picked that signed the peace of Villafranca. He is as melancholy as if he were conscious that the dynasty which had adopted him for its type had taken its flight from the Tuileries. He is no longer the proud bird that

soars and stares sunward, but a wretched, depressed prisoner, with dull eyes and ragged plumage, an eagle *ramolli*, such a one as might have furnished a quill to sign the capitulation of Sedan.

The French emperor, on receiving General Boyer at Wilhelmshöhe, is said to have commented on the sudden change of opinion respecting himself in Paris, where the enthusiasm for him in consequence of the declaration of war was almost oppressive. "When," he said, "I was on the point of starting for the army, I intended going from St. Cloud through Paris. The Prefect of Police, however, assured me that the enthusiasm of the population was such that they would take the horses out of the carriage in order to drag it, that they would throng the streets, and that all sorts of extraordinary proceedings were to be feared. I was, therefore, obliged to abandon my plan. And now you see the same people follow with the same enthusiasm the banner of a few street heroes. We shall see whether they make a better hand of it."

Russia covets,
Turkey fears;
Austria ponders,
Italia cheers.
Belgium—Holland,
Wait in dread;
Denmark's palsied,
Spain is dead.
France lies bleeding,
Prussia soars;
Britannia shuts her eyes
And—*enores!*!

A new style of journal has been set up in Paris since the siege. It has the form of an ordinary letter, and is called *Lettre Journal de Paris, Gazette des Absents*. The first two pages contain a summary of the news of the week; the third page is free to contain the substance of the letter; and the fourth bears the address of the person for whom it is destined, who receives a Parisian journal at the same time as a letter from his besieged relations or friends.

The *Liberté*, of November 2d, reported the following as the "strength of the six French armies outside Paris:" The Army of the Vosges, under General Cambrils, 35,000; the Army of Besançon, commander unknown, 90,000; the Army of the West, under Count de Kératry, 90,000; the Army of the North, under General Bourbaki, 40,000; the Army of the Centre, at Mer, under General Tripart, 90,000; the Army of the Loire, under General d'Aurelles de Paladine, 80,000; total, 425,000.

The German commander in Metz states that fifty-three eagles, five hundred and forty-one field guns, ammunition for more than eighty-five batteries, about eight hundred siege-guns, sixty-six mitrailleurs, about three hundred thousand rifles and sabres, about two thousand military carriages, large quantities of unworked timber and bronze, a valuable factory for manufacturing gunpowder, etc., have been found at Metz.

A German, writing from Metz, says: "Let nobody expect to win the sympathies of these people for generations to come. They hate us more intensely than the French population proper, and, if Metz remains German, only an iron rule will be possible here. Every forbearance and mildness would be misunderstood, and good deeds would fall on stony ground."

The manufacturers of Berlin who have given employment to German workmen expelled from Paris are said to be extremely well satisfied

with the result. A great number of handsome and useful objects, known as articles de Paris, are already produced in that city, quite as elegant as those of the French capital, and considerably cheaper.

According to *Voss's Gazette*, the German soldiers now in France and fitted for service number 690,000, while there are 160,000 horses. The daily requirements of these forces are 250,000 loaves of bread, 185 oxen, 400 cwt. of bacon, 540 cwt. of rice, 160,000 quarts of brandy, and 40 cwt. of coffee, 68,000 cwt. of hay, and large quantities of oats and straw.

The Germans are proceeding systematically with the government of Alsace. The governor has directed that, from the 1st of November, the indirect taxes, including those on beer and spirits, shall be collected in the same manner as before the war. The German geographical names have been officially introduced.

The Prussian medical staff at Metz complain, do what they will, they cannot break the French convalescents of their craving for horseflesh. They will eat it, notwithstanding that they are receiving abundant rations of mutton.

By General von Moltke's letter of thanks, in reply to many addresses sent to him, it appears that he was celebrating his seventy-first and not his seventieth birthday, as was stated first.

There is a story that the Prussians have let fly a large number of hawks in the neighborhood of Paris to wage war upon the French pigeons carrying letters.

The number of French prisoners in Germany is four marshals, one hundred and forty generals, ten thousand officers, and three hundred and twenty-three thousand rank and file.

Miscellany.

A Russian Wolf-hunt.

THE programme of a regular "wolf-hunt" in the provinces is always the same. At some abnormal hour "between the night and the day," you are aroused (almost, as it seems, before you are well asleep) from a rough couch in one of the little log-huts of some outlying village, by a violent shake of the shoulder, and a hoarse voice admonishing you to "get up, and look sharp about it, for there's no time to lose." You make a hasty toilet, and, sallying forth, see in front of the hut, in the dim light of the coming morning, a huge, dark, shapeless mass (which, as your eyes get used to the darkness, assumes the form of a broad, heavy, three-horse sledge, with very high sides, not unlike an enormous washing-tub), around which are flitting three or four spectral figures with lanterns, the flitting glare making their grim, bearded faces look grimmer and less human than ever. Guns, ammunition, haversacks, are stowed away in the bottom of the conveyance—and (last, but not least) a young pig; your query respecting which elicits from the leader of the party only the oracular answer that "it'll come in handy by-and-by;" and, all being now ready, the hunters squeeze themselves into their places, the driver shakes his reins with a "wo-o-oi!" and away we go into the darkness. Mile after mile of the frozen waste goes by like a dream, till at length the spectral shadows of the forest slowly gather round us, and the squeals of our unlucky pig (whose ears one of our party is now pinching lustily) begin to be answered by another sound, which no one who has heard it will easily for-

get—not the long melancholy howl wherewith a supperless wolf may be heard bemoaning himself on the outskirts of Moscow, almost any night in the week, but a quick, snarling cry, as of one who sees his dinner coming, and wishes to hasten the bringer of it. And there they come at last, the gaunt, wiry, slouching fellows, with their bushy tails, and flat, narrow heads, and yellow, thievish, murderous eyes. There is perhaps nothing on earth more thoroughly mean and hateful-looking, at first sight, than the genuine Russian wolf; but the rascal has a certain picturesqueness of his own notwithstanding, though of a disagreeable kind. There is something grand in the dogged and sinister tenacity of his pursuit; coming on, with head thrown forward, and sharp white fangs unsheathed, untiringly and unrelentingly, like a haunting Fate,

"With his long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire."

But there is no leisure for moralizing now; for the wolves are already almost level with our sledge, and it is time to let fly. Bang! The foremost of the pack rolls over on his side, kicking convulsively; but the rest gallop on unheeding. Bang! bang! and two more fall dead, blotting the snow around them with a smear of dull crimson. Some of the boldest pursuers swarm up to the sledge, and attempt to leap over the encircling barrier; while we hammer them with the butt-ends of our pieces, and chop at their paws with hatchets, and slash them across the eyes with hunting-knives—the two hindmost of our party meanwhile cracking at them over our shoulders as fast as they can load. So for a time the running-fight goes fiercely on, making altogether a very striking tableau. The white, skeleton tracery of the frozen forest; the long, snaky line of the pursuing pack, shadowy and spectral, as if bodied of the mist from which it emerges; the whirling figures of the foremost wolves amid the tossing spray of snow and curling clouds of bluish smoke; the ceaseless flash of the busy rifles; the steaming horses, urged to their utmost speed; the driver, with his broad, sallow face all ablaze with excitement, shaking the reins, and hanging forward to ply the whip; the huge, cumbrous sledge, rocking and reeling over the snow with its freight of struggling forms—all this, seen in the dim, uncertain light of the early dawn, has a weird and ghostly appearance, suggestive of an attack of goblin highwaymen upon one of those phantom mail-coaches in which the bagman's uncle made that marvellous journey which so much astonished Mr. Pickwick. But "the pace is too stiff to last," as our leader observes with a knowing grin. A run at full speed through half-frozen snow tries the feet of even a full-grown wolf too severely to be continued beyond a certain time; and, in the face of a stout resistance, the beast's inherent cowardice is sure to come to the surface sooner or later. Already three or four gaunt, sluggy-haired veterans, who have probably made a good supper over-night, begin to hang back, as if doubting the wisdom of risking their lives for a hypothetical breakfast; the speed of the rest slackens by degrees; and at length the whole pack drop off, as if by tacit agreement, leaving us to pursue our way unmolested. As we emerge again into the open plain, across which the first beams of the rising sun are just beginning to fall, we see the last of our grim followers slinking away like a belated spectre into the ghostly shadows of the forest that we have quitted.

Matrimony by Advertisement.

Parson Keith, of Mayfair notoriety, who in his free-and-easy fashion united many thou-

sand couples in the bonds of matrimony, used to say that, in the generality of cases in which he had officiated, the parties concerned had not known each other more than a week, while in very many instances the acquaintanceship was a matter of hours only. With such evidence of the recklessness with which folks will rush into the state that has only two exits, divorce and death, one can hardly wonder at some men being adventurous enough to seek a wife by advertisement—the most risky way imaginable of going about a business, in its own nature risky enough under the best of conditions.

One of the oldest matrimonial advertisements we know of, and at the same time a good example of the combination of commercial and sentimental ideas characteristic of such announcements, appeared in the *General Advertiser* for March 30, 1748:

"Whereas, on Saturday last, a lady, genteelly dressed, was seen to lead a string of beautiful stone-horses through Edmonton, Tottenham, and Newington—this is to acquaint her that, if she is disengaged and inclinable to marry, a gentleman who was smitten with her behavior on that occasion is desirous of making honorable proposals to her; in which state, if he be not so happy as to please, he will readily purchase the whole string for her satisfaction."

We doubt if any woman ever had a stranger option given her than the fair horse-dealer, or if any horse-dealer ever had a better chance of doing a good stroke of business. This is, however, hardly a fair specimen of matrimonial advertising, since it is addressed to a particular member of the sex, unlike the following from the *Reading Mercury* of September 13, 1798:

"TO THE FAIR SEX: *Ladies*—Being at this time in want of a partner for life, to assist in a multiplicity of business which I am now engaged in, I have taken this public method of informing you. If any young lady of the following description would wish to enter the holy state of matrimony—she must be genteel made, rather tall; black, brown, flaxen, or auburn hair; age from twenty-five to thirty-five; widow or maid; if a fortune, will settle the same upon the lady and offspring, wishing to act upon the strictest honor. Such lady, by letter, post-paid, or personal application, to Mr. Timothy Surrell, yeoman, Quality Court, Charnham Street, Hungerford, Berks, will meet with a welcome reception.

"N. B.—To avoid extra expenses, Mr. Surrell would wish to keep his wedding and harvest-home the same evening, which will be within fourteen days from the present date, as he particularly wishes the lady to preside at table that evening."

Mr. Surrell evidently believed that happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing.

Over the River.

BY MRS. A. C. WAREFIELD.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see.
Over the river—over the river—
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—

Darling Minnie! I see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom-bark,
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river—the mystic river—
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale—
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
Who cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us over life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand.
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale.
To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river—the peaceful river—
The angel of death shall carry me.

A Monarch tired of Business.

A Polish monarch having quitted his companions when he was hunting, his courtier found him, a few days after, in a market-place disguised as a porter, and lending out the use of his shoulders for a few pence. They were so much surprised that they were doubtful at first whether the porter *could* be his majesty. At length they ventured to express their complaints that so great a personage should demean himself by so vile an employment. His majesty, having heard them, replied: "Upon my honor, gentlemen, the load which I quitted is by far heavier than the one you see me carry here; the weightiest is but straw when compared to the world under which I labored. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live, and be kind of myself. Elect whom you choose. For me who am so well, it would be madness to return to court."

Cornell University.

Mr. Goldwin Smith can hardly be said to retain his connection with Cornell University from motives of self-interest. Besides presenting that institution with his private library of three thousand five hundred volumes, he has given it two thousand two hundred dollars for the purchase of books. The university is fortunate in the composition of its library. It comprises thirty thousand volumes, among which eight thousand are the library of the late Charles Anthon, LL. D., and several thousands from that of Professor Popp, the philologist of Berlin. The president of Cornell University, Mr. Andrew White, has long been noted as a collector of curious books, and it is said his collection of French literature and pamphlets is remarkably good. Being wealthy, he is also able to give more to Cornell University than it gives to him; and this year, besides presenting it with twelve hundred volumes on architecture alone, he has given ten thousand dollars' worth of volumes on other subjects. Mr. Cornell, the founder, has

his year given fifteen hundred dollars for the purchase of works on agriculture.

Cowper.

It is not very difficult to point out the causes which have made Cowper one of the most popular among English poets. The purity both of his subjects and of their treatment, the poetic tone which still endears him to the great religious party whose cause he delighted to plead, his domestic sympathies, his love of rural life, his common-sense, the clear, crisp English of his poems, have all had their part in his success. But there are, of course, far deeper causes than these. There are few intellectual qualities which are more delightful than humor, and Cowper was essentially a humorist. The humorous essays in the *Connoisseur* are his earliest prose compositions. "John Ripin" is undoubtedly his most popular work. His letters are models of polite fun—fun as genuine and pleasurable as it is distinct from the wit of Horace Walpole. It is the humorist who "welcomes peaceful evening" with stirred fire and closed curtains, and is seen steaming beside him; who finds his pleasure in peeping "through the loop-holes of etra at such a world" as the Babel around him; who lies awake half the night, convulsed with laughter over his friend's story, and rises next morning to pen the famous ballad of "The Ride to Ware." The well-known legend of the origin of the "Task" brings out the bright light, cheerful badinage which was natural to the man. Cowper asked Lady Austen for a subject. "You can write upon any subject," laughed his friend; "write upon this one." And Cowper at once begins, with a tale upon his lip—

"I sing the Sofa, I who lately sang
Faith, Hope, and Charity!"

and rambles on with a humorist's waywardness—the waywardness of Rabelais or Tristram Shandy.

Varieties.

THE authorities of the French republic have arrested George Francis Train, and sent him to prison in Lyons. He writes to the French people a queer letter, in which he tells them several wholesome truths, and complains that he has been left six days without towel, tooth-brush, or change of linen. He ends by: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, have different significations among different nations. In America they mean Steam, Gas, Electricity! In England, Prostitution, Pauperism, Slavery! In Prussia, Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery! In France, Eating, Drinking, and Smoking, unopposed by barbarian invaders! *Vive la République universelle! En avant! Aux armes! Libéria!*"

Confab between inquiring stranger and tourist-pilot.—"That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir; highest mountain about Lake Geneva." "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two men went up that mountain once, and never came back again." "Indeed! why, what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

A private shooting-gallery is attached to the office of the *Alta California*. Ability to shoot a "bull's-eye" twice in three shots, at fifty paces, is an indispensable qualification for honorary admission to the reportorial staff, and promotion is only accorded to increased proficiency, at regular competitive trials of skill and nerve.

Mrs. Agassiz says that, in certain Amazonian tribes, on the day of his marriage, while the wedding festivities are going on, the bridegroom's hands are tied up in a paper bag filled with fire-ants. If he bears the tortures smile-

ingly and unmoved, he is considered fit for the trials of matrimony.

J. J. McElhone, short-hand reporter of the Washington *Globe*, can, it is said, write with both hands at the same time, the left taking notes and the right transcribing. He is said to be the only man in the world who can do this.

The school-visitors of Vernon, Connecticut, solemnly aver that in their opinion the rising generation can never learn to write properly, unless they go back to the goose-quill of their grandfathers.

The English Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Court was established in 1858. Since then it has dissolved fifteen hundred and seventy-five marriages.

There are about two hundred and seventy-five thousand children educated in the public schools of Massachusetts, at an annual cost of some five million dollars.

The shortest name on the roll of the newly-elected Legislature of New Mexico, is Alphonso Ferdinand Senay Garcia Francisco Antonio Cortes Maria Gonsalvo Diego Juarez Mestes!

Brigham Young has recently started a bank at Salt Lake City. The checks are made to read "To the credit of the Lord."

A man's credit must be bad, indeed, when he can't even borrow trouble.

A whole suit of paper clothing costs only twenty-five cents in Japan.

A hen-coop is a *stratum super stratum*—a layer above layer.

A Maine doctor says bilious fever is a mild yellow fever.

Bishop Beckwith, of Georgia, has removed from Macon to Savannah.

Diamonds were first polished and cut in 1439.

A kilometre is about three-fifths of an English mile.

The Catholic schools of St. Louis have about eight thousand scholars.

Old Father Time attacks everybody—yet he always takes one of his scythes.

The Museum.

OUR illustration this week is of a rare and curious tooth-billed pigeon recently sent to London from the Samoan, or Navigator's, Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, by the missionary, the Rev. S. J. Whitmee. This bird is a near approximation to the famous dodo. It received its generic name of *didunculus* (little dodo) from its resemblance to that now extinct bird. It has only been found in the Samoan Islands, and will itself before long become extinct. It is now so scarce that the greatest difficulty is experienced in securing a specimen. Few of the natives of the islands have ever seen the bird. Here and there an old man may be found who remembers the time when it was easily procured in the bush, and greatly esteemed as an article of food for the highest chiefs. Those familiar with tales of Samoa in the olden times, say it was once owned as private property, and "preserved" as game is in England at the present day. But this was before the introduction of the fowl into the group. Within a comparatively recent period a travelling-party belonging to the dominant tribe, or clan, on arriving at a village of a subject tribe where they intended to spend the day, would order the chief men of the village to procure them a certain number of the *didunculus* before night. If they failed to provide the birds, a severe endgelling would be the consequence; a punishment which etiquette (or fear) required them meekly to bear.

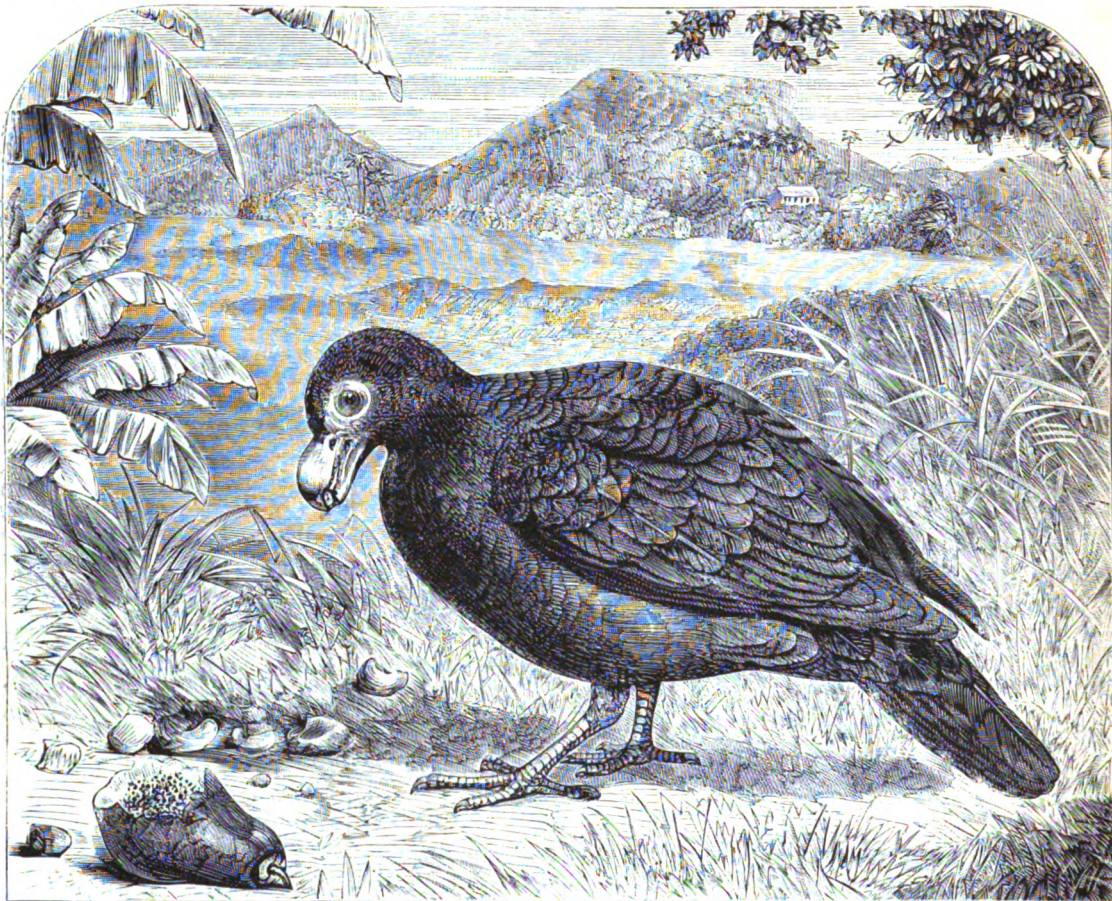
The *didunculus* roosts on low stumps or roots of trees, and thus readily falls a victim to the wild-cats, which have become numerous in the Samoan Islands, although the cat has been comparatively recently introduced. During the past seven years only six specimens, we believe, have been secured; and these only after patient waiting and watching in the places the bird is known to frequent. It is generally taken when very young, before it becomes strong on the wing; or during the period of incubation, when, in consequence of the closeness with which the birds sit upon the nest, the natives sometimes secure them. The duty of incubation is performed alternately by both male and female.

The native name of the *didunculus* is *Manu-mea*. *Manu* is the generic name for an animal, specially a bird; *mea* indicates the color, meaning yellowish brown, as *sear leaves*. The bird is about twelve inches in length, including the head and tail; and about the same from tip to tip of the extended wings. It has the head of a rapacious bird on the body of a pigeon. In the form of the bill, and several other respects, it differs from all other known species. The upper mandible is convex and strongly hooked at the point. The lower mandible is truncated, and fits into the curve of the upper one; it has also three well-defined teeth on either side of it. There is a membrane in the sides of the upper mandible, in which are placed the elongated nostrils. The bird is powerful on the wing, and flies with a peculiar whirr, resembling the noise made by a pheasant rising in cover more than anything we know. This gives rise to a Samoan phrase, "As noisy as a manu-mea." It has also a remarkable manner of walking with a heavy, clumping sound. It runs very rapidly. In the adult condition the back, upper portion of the wings, and tail, are chocolate-red, exceedingly glossy and beautiful; the head, neck, and breast, are olive or greenish black; the legs and feet bright scarlet; the beak is orange, tipped with yellowish white; claws yellowish white. There is a bright-orange circle around the eyes, the iris of which is dark.

The male bird has a very savage look, and his conduct toward other birds in confinement with him is in keeping with his appearance. The specimen from which our illustration was taken was extremely spiteful to all the other inmates of the aviary, except some very small birds which seemed to be beneath his notice. On the introduction of a new arrival, it invariably had to endure the most implacable persecution from the lord of the aviary. At the end of a week the poor new-comer presented a most pitiable figure, the result of the drubbing it had endured. This was the "footing" which all had to pay, after which matters went on peaceably so long as the underlings did not forget their subject condition. Yet our *didunculus* was a very shy bird, and never would become tame, even with those constantly feeding it. When approached it would run into a corner, or flutter about in fright. It never attempted to bite when taken in the hand. At feeding-time it would sit at a safe distance eying the food, the body quivering with a singular vibration from head to tail. This appeared to be rage at seeing the tamer birds come near to the person feeding them, and taking a first share of the food. The same vibration of the body is often noticed when it is approached; it is probably produced both by fear and rage. As soon as the person feeding them had retired, he would fly to the food, driving the other birds pell-mell, and eat in solitary dignity till he had satisfied himself.

The illustration will show the general ap-

pearance and habit of the bird. It is taken in the act of feeding upon the fruit of the papaw, of which it is very fond in its confinement. It is also fed upon cooked taro and bread-fruit. When at liberty it feeds chiefly upon a species of wild yam.



Didunculus, or Little Dodo, a rare bird from Samoa.

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RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[“RALPH THE HEIR,” SUPPLEMENT No. XIII.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF DECEMBER 10.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HORSE-LEECHES.

THE honor of representing the borough of Percycross in Parliament was very great, and Sir Thomas, no doubt, did enjoy it after a fashion; but it was by no means an unalloyed pleasure. While he was still in bed with his broken arm at the Percy Standard, many applications for money had been made to him. This man wanted a sovereign, that man a five-pound note, and some poor, starving wretch a half crown; and they all came to him with notes from Trigger, or messages from Spicer or Spiveycomb, to the effect that, as the election was now over, the money ought to be given. The landlord of the Percy Standard was on such occasion very hard upon him. “It really will do good, Sir Thomas.” “It is wanted, Sir Thomas.” “It will make a good feeling in the town, Sir Thomas, and we don’t know how soon we may have to go to work again.” Sir Thomas was too weak in health to refuse. He gave the sovereigns, the five-pound notes, and the half-crowns, and hurried back home as quickly as he was able.

But things were almost worse with him at home than at Percycross. The real horse-leeches felt that they could hardly get a good hold of him while he was lying at the Percycross inn. Attacks by letter were, they well knew, more fatal than those made personally, and they waited. The first that came was from Mr. Pabsby. Mr. Pabsby had at last seen his way clear, and had voted for Underwood and Westmacott, absolutely throwing away

his vote as far as the cause was concerned. But Mr. Pabsby had quarrelled with Griffenbottom, who once, when pressed hard for some favors, had answered the reverend gentleman somewhat roughly.

“You may go and be —,” said Mr. Griffenbottom, in his wrath, “and tell everybody in Percycross that I said so.”

Mr. Pabsby had smiled, had gone away, and had now voted for Mr. Westmacott. Mr. Pabsby was indeed a horse-leech of the severest kind. There had been some outward show of reconciliation between Griffenbottom

and Pabsby; but Pabsby had at last voted for Underwood and Westmacott. Sir Thomas had not been home two days before he received a letter from Mr. Pabsby.

“It had been with infinite satisfaction”—so Mr. Pabsby now said—“that he had at length seen his way clearly, and found himself able to support his friend Sir Thomas. And he believed that he might take upon himself to say that, when he once had seen his way clearly, he had put his shoulder to the wheel gallantly.”

In fact, it was to be inferred from the contents of Mr. Pabsby’s letter that Sir Thomas’s return had been due altogether to Mr. Pabsby’s flock, who had, so said Mr. Pabsby, been guided in the matter altogether by his advice. Then he sent a list of his “hearers,” who had voted for Sir Thomas. From this the slight change of subject needed to bring him to the new chapel which he was building, and his desire that Sir Thomas should head the subscription-list in so good a cause, was easy enough. It might be difficult to say in what Mr. Pabsby’s strength lay, but it certainly was the case that the letter was so written as to defy neglect and almost to defy refusal. Such is the power of horse-leeches. Sir Thomas sent Mr. Pabsby a check for twenty pounds, and received Mr. Pabsby’s acknowledgment, thanking him for his “first” subscription. The thanks were not very cordial, and it was evident that Mr. Pabsby had expected a good deal more than twenty pounds in return for all that he had done.

Mr. Pabsby was simply the first. Before Christmas had come, it seemed to Sir Thomas that there



“And that’s the kind of man you are, is it?”—Chapter XXXVI.

was not a place of divine worship in the whole of Percycross that was not falling to the ground in ruins. He had not observed it when he was there, but now it appeared that funds were wanted for almost every such edifice in the borough. And the schools were in a most destitute condition. He was informed that the sitting member had always subscribed to all the schools, and that if he did not continue such subscription the children would literally be robbed of their education. One gentleman, whose name he did not even remember to have heard, simply suggested to him that he would, as a matter of course, continue to give "the fifty pounds" toward the general Christmas collection on behalf of the old women of the borough. The sitting members had given it time out of mind. Mr. Roodilands had a political project of his own, which, in fact, if carried out, would amount to a prohibition on the import of French boots, and suggested that Sir Thomas should bring in a bill to that effect on the meeting of Parliament. If Sir Thomas would not object to the trouble of visiting Amiens, Lille, Beauvais, and three or four other French towns which Mr. Roodilands mentioned, he would be able to ascertain how much injury had been done to Percycross by the Cobden treaty. Mr. Spiveycomb had his own ideas about Italian rags—Mr. Spiveycomb being in the paper line—and wrote a very long letter to Sir Thomas, praying the member to make himself master of a subject so vitally important to the borough which he represented. Mr. Spicer also communicated to him the astounding fact that some high official connected with the army was undoubtedly misbehaving himself in regard to mustard for the troops. The mustard contracts were not open as they should be open. The mustard was all supplied by a London house, and Mr. Spicer was very anxious that Sir Thomas should move for a committee to inquire of the members of that London firm as to the manner in which the contracts were obtained by them. Mr. Spicer was disposed to think that this was the most important matter that would be brought forward in the next session of Parliament.

Mr. Pabsby had got his check before the other applications were received; but when they came in shoals, Sir Thomas thought that it might be well to refer them to Mr. Trigger for advice. Sir Thomas had not loved Griffenbottom during the election, and was not inclined to ask his colleague for counsel. Griffenbottom had obtained a name for liberality in Percycross, and had shown symptoms—so thought Sir Thomas—of an intention to use his reputation as a means of throwing off further burdens from his own shoulders. "I have spent a treasure in the borough. Let my colleague begin now." Words spoken by Mr. Griffenbottom in that strain had been repeated to Sir Thomas; and, after many such words, Sir Thomas could not go to Mr. Griffenbottom for advice as to what he should give, or refuse to give. He doubted whether better reliance could be placed on Mr. Trigger—but to some one he must go for direction.

Were he once to let it be known in Percycross that demands made would be satisfied, he might sign checks to the extent of his whole fortune, during his first session. He did write to Mr. Trigger, enclosing the various Percycross applications; and Mr. Trigger duly replied to him. Mr. Trigger regretted that money had been given to Mr. Pabsby. Mr. Pabsby had been of no use, and could be of no use. Mr. Griffenbottom, who knew the borough better than any one else, had understood this well when on one occasion he had been "a little short" with Mr. Pabsby. Sir Thomas ought not to have sent that check to Mr. Pabsby. The sending it would do infinite harm, and cause dissensions in the borough, which might require a considerable expenditure to set right. As to the other clerical demands, it seemed to Sir Thomas that Mr. Trigger was of opinion that they should all be gratified. He had, in fact, sent his money to the only person in Percycross who ought not to have received money. The fifty pounds for the old women was a matter of course, and would not be grudged, as it was the only payment which was absolutely annual. In regard to the schools, Sir Thomas could do what he pleased; but the sitting members had always been liberal to the schools. Schools were things to which sitting members were, no doubt, expected to subscribe. As to the question of French boots, Mr. Trigger thought that there was something in it, and said that if Sir Thomas could devote his Christmas holidays to getting up the subject in Lille and Amiens, it would have a good effect in the borough, and show that he was in earnest. This might be the more desirable, as there was no knowing as yet what might be done about the petition. There no doubt was a strong feeling in the borough as to the Cobden treaty, and Sir Thomas would probably feel it to be his duty to get the question up. In regard to the mustard, Mr. Trigger suggested that, though there was probably nothing in it, it might be as well to ask the Secretary at War a question or two on the subject. Mr. Spicer was, no doubt, a moving man in Percycross. Sir Thomas could at any rate promise that he would ask such questions, as Mr. Spicer certainly had friends who might be conducive to the withdrawal of the petition. Sir Thomas could at any rate put himself into correspondence with the War Office. Mr. Trigger also thought that Sir Thomas might judiciously study the subject of Italian rags, in reference to the great paper-trade of the country. No doubt the manufacture of paper was a growing business at Percycross. Mr. Trigger returned all the applications, and ended his letter by hinting that the checks might as well be sent at once. Mr. Trigger thought that "a little money about the borough" would do good at the present moment.

It need hardly be said that this view of things was not pleasant to the sitting member, who was still confined to his house at Fulham by an arm broken in the cause. Sir Thomas had at once sent the fifty pounds toward the Christmas festivities for the poor

of the borough, and had declared his purpose of considering the other matters. Then had come a further letter from Mr. Trigger, announcing his journey to London, and Mr. Trigger and Sir Thomas had their first meeting after the election, immediately upon Mr. Neefit's departure from the chambers. "And is it to be?" asked Stemm, as soon as he had closed the door behind Mr. Trigger's back.

"Is what to be?"

"Them petitions, Sir Thomas? Petitions costs a deal of money, they tell me, Sir Thomas." Sir Thomas winced. "I suppose you must go on now as your hand is in," continued Stemm.

"I don't know that at all," said Sir Thomas.

"You'll find as you must. There ain't no way out of it; not now, as you are the sitting member."

"I am not going to ruin myself, Stemm, for the sake of a seat in Parliament."

"I don't know how that may be, Sir Thomas. I hope not, Sir Thomas. But I don't see how you're not to go on now, Sir Thomas. If it wasn't for petitions, one wouldn't mind."

"There must be petitions, of course; and if there be good cause for them, they should succeed."

"No doubt, Sir Thomas. They say the bribery at Percycross was tremendous—but I suppose it was on the other side."

"If it was on our side, Stemm, it was not so with my knowledge. I did all I could to prevent it. I spoke against it whenever I opened my mouth. I would not have given a shilling for a single vote, though it would have got me the election."

"But they were not all that way, Sir Thomas—was they?"

"How can I tell? No—I know that they were not. I fear they were not. I cannot say that money was given, but I fear it."

"You must go on now, Sir Thomas, any way," said Stemm, with a groan that was not reassuring.

"I wish I had never heard the name of Percycross," said Sir Thomas.

"I dare say," replied Stemm.

"I went there determined to keep my hands clean."

"When one puts one's hand into other people's business, they won't come out clean," said the judicious Stemm. "But you must go on with it now, any way, Sir Thomas."

"I don't know what I shall do," said the unhappy member.

On the next morning there came another application from Percycross. The postmaster in that town had died suddenly, and the competitors for the situation, which was worth about one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, were very numerous. There was a certain Mr. O'Blather, only known in Percycross as cousin to one Mrs. Givantake, the wife of a Liberal solicitor in the borough. Of Mr. O'Blather the worst that could be said was that at the age of forty he had no income on which to support himself. Mrs. Givantake was attached to her cousin, and Mr. Givantake

had become sensible of a burden. That the vacant office was just the thing for him appeared at a glance to all his friends. Mrs. Givantake, in her energy on the subject, expressed an opinion that the whole cabinet should be impeached if the just claims of Mr. O'Blather were not conceded. But it was felt that the justice of the claims would not prevail without personal interest. The Liberal party was in power, and application, hot and instant, was made to Mr. Westmacott. Mr. Westmacott was happy enough to have his answer ready. The treasury had nothing to do with the matter. It was a post-office concern; and he, simply as the late Liberal member, and last Liberal candidate for the borough, was not entitled to intrude, even in a matter of patronage, upon the Postmaster-General, with whom he was not acquainted. But Mr. Westmacott was malicious as well as secure. He added a postscript to his letter, in which he said that he believed the present sitting member, Sir Thomas Underwood, was intimately acquainted with the noble lord who presided at the post-office. There were various interests at Percycross moved, brought together, weighed against each other, and balanced to a grain, and finally dovetailed. If Sir Thomas Underwood would prevail on Lord — to appoint Mr. O'Blather to the vacant office, then all the Givantake influence at Percycross should be used toward the withdrawal of the petition. Such was the communication now made to Sir Thomas by a gentleman who signed his name as Peter Piper, and who professed himself authorized to act on behalf of Mr. Givantake. Sir Thomas's answer was as follows:

"SOUTHAMPTON BUILDING, December 21, 186—.

"SIR: I can have nothing to do with Mr. O'Blather and the post-office at Percycross.

"I am

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS UNDERWOOD.

"MR. PETER PIPER, Post-office, Percycross."

Christmas had passed—and had passed uncomfortably enough at Popham Villa, in which retreat neither of the three young ladies was at present very happy—when Sir Thomas was invited by Mr. Trigger to take further steps with reference to the petitions. It was thought necessary that there should be a meeting in the Conservative interest, and it was suggested that this meeting should take place in Sir Thomas's chambers. Mr. Trigger, in making the proposition, seemed to imply that a great favor was thereby conferred on Sir Thomas—as that country is supposed to be the most honored which is selected as the meeting-ground for plenipotentiaries when some important international point requires to be settled. Sir Thomas could not see the arrangement in that light, and would have shuffled out of the honor had it been possible. But it was not possible. At this period of the year Mr. Griffenbottom had no house in town, and Mr. Trigger explained that it was inexpedient that such meetings should take place at hotels. There was no place so fitting as a lawyer's

chambers. Sir Thomas, who regarded as a desecration the entrance of one such man as Mr. Trigger into his private room, and who was particularly anxious not to fall into any intimacy with Mr. Griffenbottom, was driven to consent, and at one o'clock on the 29th, Stemm was forced to admit the deputation. The deputation from Percycross consisted of Mr. Trigger, Mr. Spicer, and Mr. Pile; but with them came also the senior sitting member. At first they were all very grave, and Sir Thomas asked them, indiscreetly, whether they would take a glass of sherry. Pile and Spicer immediately acceded to this proposition, and sherry was perhaps efficacious in bringing about speedy conversation.

"Well, Underwood," said Mr. Griffenbottom, "it seems that after all we are to have these d— petitions."

Sir Thomas lifted his left foot on his right knee, and nursed his leg—but said nothing. On one point he was resolved. Nothing on earth should induce him to call his colleague Griffenbottom.

"No doubt about that, Mr. Griffenbottom," said Mr. Pile, "—that is, unless we can make Westmacott right. 'Tother chap wouldn't be of much account."

"Mr. Pile, you're going a little too fast," said Trigger.

"No, I ain't," said Mr. Pile. But for the moment he allowed himself to be silenced.

"We don't like the looks of it at Percycross," said Mr. Spicer.

"And why don't we like the looks of it?" asked Sir Thomas.

"I don't know what your idea of pleasure is," said Mr. Griffenbottom, "but I don't take delight in spending money for nothing. I have spent enough, I can tell you, and I don't mean to spend much more. My seat was as safe as the church."

"But they have petitioned against that as well as mine," said Sir Thomas.

"Yes—they have. And now what's to be done?"

"I don't know whether Sir Thomas is willing to take the whole cost of the defence upon himself," said Mr. Trigger, pouring out for himself a second glass of sherry.

"No, I am not," said Sir Thomas. Whereupon there was a pause, during which Pile and Spicer also took second glasses of sherry.

"Why should I pay the cost of defending Mr. Griffenbottom's seat?"

"Why should I pay it?" said Griffenbottom. "My seat was safe enough. The fact is, if money was paid—as to which I know nothing—it was paid to get the second seat. Everybody knows that. Why should any one have paid money for me? I was safe. I never had any difficulty; everybody knows that. I could come in for Percycross twenty times running, without buying a vote. Isn't that true, Trigger?"

"I believe you could, Mr. Griffenbottom."

"Of course I could. Look here, Underwood—"

"I beg your pardon for one moment, Mr. Griffenbottom," said Sir Thomas. "Will you tell me, Mr. Trigger, whether votes were bought on my behalf?" Mr. Trigger smiled, and put his head on one side, but made no answer. "I wish I might be allowed to hear the truth," continued Sir Thomas. Whereupon Spicer grinned, and Mr. Pile looked as though he were about to be sick. How was it that a set of gentlemen, who generally knew their business so well as did the political leaders at Percycross, had got themselves into the same boat with a man silly enough to ask such a question as that?

"I shan't spend money," said Griffenbottom; "it's out of the question. They can't touch me. I've spent my money, and got my article. If others want the article, they must spend theirs."

Mr. Trigger thought it might be as well to

change the subject for a moment, or, at any rate, to pass on to another clause of the same bill.

"I was very sorry, Sir Thomas," said he, "that you wrote that letter to Mr. Givantake."

"I wrote no letter to Mr. Givantake. A man named Piper addressed me."

"Well, well, well; that's the same thing. It was Givantake, though of course he isn't going to sign his name to every thing. If you could just have written a line to your friend the Postmaster-General, I really think we could have squared it all."

"I wouldn't have made a request so improper for all Percycross," said Sir Thomas.

"Patronage is open to everybody," suggested Mr. Griffenbottom.

"Those sort of favors are asked every day," said Trigger.

"We live in a free country," said Spicer.

"Givantake is a d— scoundrel all the same," said Mr. Pile; "and as for his wife's Irish cousin, I should be very sorry to leave my letters in his hands."

"It wouldn't have come off, Mr. Pile," said Trigger, "but the request might have been made. If Sir Thomas will allow me to say as much, the request ought to have been made."

"I will allow nothing of the kind, Mr. Trigger," said Sir Thomas, with an assumption of personal dignity which caused every one in the room to alter his position in his chair. "I understand these things are given by merit." Mr. Trigger smiled, and Mr. Griffenbottom laughed outright. "At any rate, they ought to be, and in this office I believe they are." Mr. Griffenbottom, who had had the bestowal of some local patronage, laughed again.

"The thing is over now, at any rate," said Mr. Trigger.

"I saw Givantake yesterday," said Spicer.

"He won't stir a finger now."

"He never would have stirred a finger," said Mr. Pile; "and if he'd stirred both his fistfists, he wouldn't have done a ha'porth of good. Givantake, indeed! He be blowed!" There was a species of honesty about Mr. Pile which almost endeared him to Sir Thomas.

"Something must be settled," said Trigger.

"I thought you'd got a proposition to make," said Spicer.

"Well, Sir Thomas," began Mr. Trigger, as it were girding his loins for the task before him, "we think that your seat wouldn't stand the brunt. We've been putting two and two together and that's what we think." A very black cloud came over the brow of Sir Thomas Underwood, but at the moment he said nothing. "Of course it can be defended. If you choose to fight the battle you can defend it. It will cost about one thousand five hundred pounds, or perhaps a little more. That is, the two sides, for both will have to be paid." Mr. Trigger paused again, but still Sir Thomas said not a word. "Mr. Griffenbottom thinks that he should not be asked to take any part of this cost."

"Not a shilling," said Mr. Griffenbottom.

"Well," continued Mr. Trigger, "that being the case, of course we have got to see what will be our best plan of action. I suppose, Sir Thomas, you are not altogether indifferent about the money."

"By no means," said Sir Thomas.

"I don't know who is. Money is money all the world over."

"You may say that," put in Mr. Spicer.

"Just let me go on for a moment, Mr. Spicer, till I make this thing clear to Sir Thomas. That's how we stand at present. It will cost us—that is to say you, about fifteen hundred pounds, and we should do no good. I really don't think we should do any good.

Here are these judges, and you know that new brooms sweep clean. I suppose we may allow that there was a little money spent somewhere. They do say now that a glass of beer would lose a seat."

Sir Thomas could not but remember all that he had said to prevent there being even a glass of beer, and the way in which he had been treated by all the party in that matter, because he had so endeavored. But it was useless to refer to all that at the present moment. "It seems to me," he said, "that if one seat be vacated, both must be vacated."

"It doesn't follow at all," said Mr. Griffenbottom.

"Allow me just for a moment longer," continued Trigger, who rose from his seat as he came to the real gist of his speech. "A proposition has been made to us, Sir Thomas, and I am able to say that it is one which may be trusted. Of course our chief anxiety is for the party. You feel that, Sir Thomas, of course." Sir Thomas would not condescend to make any reply to this. "Now the Liberals will be content with one seat. If we go on it will lead to disfranchising the borough, and we none of us want that. It would be no satisfaction to you, Sir Thomas, to be the means of robbing the borough of its privilege after all that the borough has done for you."

"Go on, Mr. Trigger," said Sir Thomas.

"The Liberals only want one seat. If you'll undertake to accept the hundreds, the petition will be withdrawn, and Mr. Westmacott will come forward again. In that case we shouldn't oppose. Now, Sir Thomas, you know what the borough thinks will be the best course for all of us to pursue."

Sir Thomas did know. We may say that he had known for some minutes past. He had perceived what was coming, and various recollections had floated across his mind. He especially remembered that fifty pounds for the poor old women which Mr. Trigger only a week since had recommended that he should give—and he remembered also that he had given it. He recollected the sum which he had already paid for his election expenses, as to which Mr. Trigger had been very careful to get the money before this new proposition was made. He remembered Mr. Pabsby and his check for twenty pounds. He remembered his broken arm, and that fortnight of labor and infinite vexation in the borough. He remembered all his hopes, and his girls' triumph. But he remembered also that he had told himself a dozen times since his return that he wished that he might rid himself altogether of Percycross and the seat in Parliament. Now a proposition that would have this effect was made to him.

"Well, Sir Thomas, what do you think of it?" asked Mr. Trigger.

Sir Thomas required the passing of a few moments that he might think of it, and yet there was a feeling strong at his heart telling him that it behooved him not even to seem to doubt. He was a man not deficient in spirit when roused as he now was roused. He knew that he was being ill used. From the first moment of his entering Percycross he had felt that the place was not fit for him, that it required a method of canvassing of which he was not only ignorant, but desirous to remain ignorant—that at Percycross he would only be a cat's-paw in the hands of other men. He knew that he could not safely get into the same boat with Mr. Griffenbottom, or trust himself to the steering of such a coxswain as Mr. Trigger. He had found that there could be no sympathy between himself and any one of those who constituted his own party in the borough. And yet he had persevered. He had persevered because in such matters it is so difficult to choose the moment in which to recede. He had persevered—and had attained

a measure of success. As far as it had been possible for him to do so, he had fought his battle with clean hands, and now he was member of Parliament for Percycross. Let what end there might come to this petition—even though his seat should be taken from him—he could be subjected to no personal disgrace. He could himself give evidence, the truth of which no judge in the land would doubt, as to the purity of his own intentions, and as to the struggle to be pure which he had made. And now they asked him to give way in order that Mr. Griffenbottom might keep his seat!

He felt that he and poor Moggs had been fools together. At this moment there came upon him a reflection that such men as he and Moggs were unable to open their mouths in such a borough as Percycross without having their teeth picked out of their jaws. He remembered well poor Moggs's legend, "Moggs, Purity, and the Rights of Labor;" and he remembered thinking at the time that neither Moggs nor he should have come to Percycross. And now he was told of all that the borough had done for him, and was requested to show his gratitude by giving up his seat—in order that Griffenbottom might still be a member of Parliament, and that Percycross might not be disfranchised! Did he feel any gratitude to Percycross or any love to Mr. Griffenbottom? In his heart he desired that Mr. Griffenbottom might be made to retire into private life, and he knew that it would be well that the borough should be disfranchised.

These horrid men that sat around him—how he hated them! He could get rid of them now, now and forever, by acceding to the proposition made to him. And he thought that in doing so he could speak a few words which would be very agreeable to him in the speaking. And then all that Mr. Trigger had said about the fifteen hundred pounds had been doubtless true. If he defended his seat, money must be spent, and he did not know how far he might be able to compel Mr. Griffenbottom to share the expense. He was not so rich but what he was bound to think of the money, for his children's sake. And he did believe Mr. Trigger, when Mr. Trigger told him that the seat could not be saved.

Yet he could not bring himself to let these men have their way with him. To have to confess that he had been their tool went so much against the grain with him that any thing seemed to him to be preferable to that. The passage across his brain of all these thoughts had not required many seconds, and his guests seemed to acknowledge by their silence that some little space of time should be allowed to him. Mr. Pile was leaning forward on his stick, with his eyes fixed upon Sir Thomas's face. Mr. Spicer was amusing himself with a third glass of sherry. Mr. Griffenbottom had assumed a look of absolute indifference, and was sitting with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. Mr. Trigger, with a pleasant smile on his face, was leaning back in his chair with his hands in his trousers-pockets. He had done his disagreeable job of work, and upon the whole he thought that he had done it well.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Sir Thomas, at last.

"You'll be wrong, Sir Thomas," said Mr. Trigger.

"You'll disfranchise the borough," said Mr. Spicer.

"You'll not be able to keep your seat," said Mr. Trigger.

"And there'll be all the money to pay," said Mr. Spicer.

"Sir Thomas don't mind that," said Mr. Griffenbottom.

"As for paying the money, I do mind it very much," said Sir Thomas. "As for dis-

franchising the borough, I cannot say that I regard it in the least. As to your seat, Mr. Griffenbottom—"

"My seat is quite safe," said the senior member.

"As to your seat, which I am well aware must be jeopardized if mine be in jeopardy, it would have been matter of more regret to me, had I experienced from you any similar sympathy for myself. As it is, it seems that each of us is to do the best he can for himself, and I shall do the best I can for myself. Good-morning."

"What, then, do you mean to do?" said Mr. Trigger.

"On that matter I shall prefer to converse with my friends."

"You mean," said Mr. Trigger, "that you will put it into other hands."

"You have made a proposition to me, Mr. Trigger, and I have given you my answer. I have nothing else to say. What steps I may take I do not even know at present."

"You will let us hear from you," said Mr. Trigger.

"I cannot say that I will."

"This comes of bringing a gentleman learned in the law down into the borough," said Mr. Griffenbottom.

"Gentlemen, I must ask you to leave me," said Sir Thomas, rising from his chair and ringing the bell.

"Look here, Sir Thomas Underwood," said Mr. Griffenbottom. "This to me is a very important matter."

"And to me also," said Sir Thomas.

"I do not know any thing about that. Like a good many others, you may like to have a seat in Parliament, and may like to get it without any trouble and without any money. I have sat for Percycross many years, and have spent a treasure, and have worked myself off my legs. I don't know that I care much for any thing except for keeping my place in the House. The House is every thing—meat and drink; employment and recreation; and I can tell you I'm not going to lose my seat if I can help it. You came in for the second chance, Sir Thomas; and a very good second chance it was if you'd just have allowed others who knew what they were about to manage matters for you. That chance is over now, and, according to all rules that ever I heard of in such matters, you ought to surrender.—Isn't that so, Mr. Trigger?"

"Certainly, Mr. Griffenbottom, according to my ideas," said Mr. Trigger.

"That's about it," said Mr. Spicer.

Sir Thomas was still standing. Indeed, they were all standing now. "Mr. Griffenbottom," he said, "I have nothing further that I can say at the present moment. To the offer made to me by Mr. Trigger I at present positively decline to accede. I look upon that offer as unfriendly, and can therefore only wish you a good-morning."

"Unfriendly," said Mr. Griffenbottom, with a sneer.

"Good-by, Sir Thomas," said Mr. Pile, putting out his hand. Sir Thomas shook hands with Mr. Pile cordially. "It's my opinion that he's right," said Mr. Pile. "I don't like his notions, but I do like his pluck. Good-by, Sir Thomas." Then Mr. Pile led the way out of the room, and the others followed him.

"Oh!" said Stemm, as soon as he had shut the door behind their backs. "That's a deputation from Percycross, is it—Sir Thomas? You were saying as how you didn't quite approve of the Percycrossians." To this, however, Sir Thomas vouchsafed no reply.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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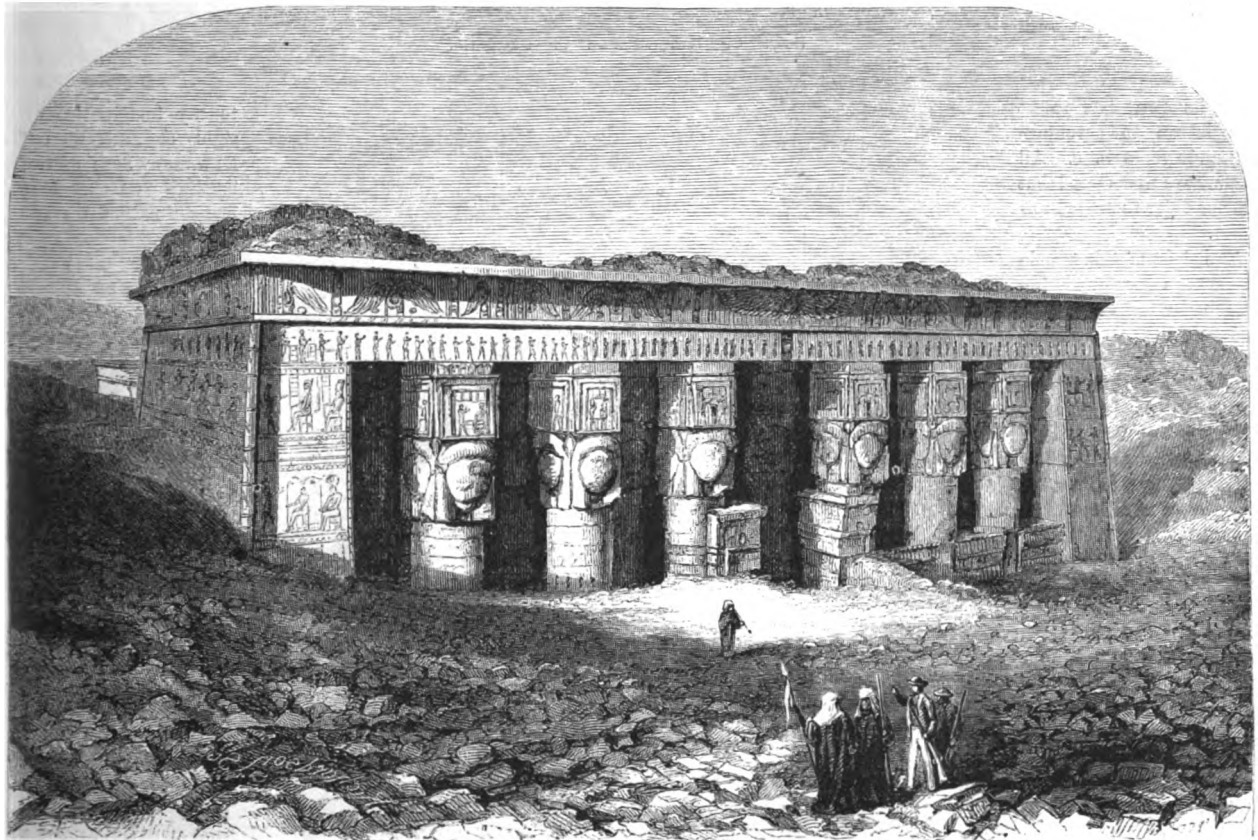
[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

EGYPTIAN RUINS.

WE present to our readers, in this number of the JOURNAL, a series of illustrations of Egyptian ruins, engraved from very superior photographs made by Dr. Vogel, of the Berlin University, for the Prussian Government, and never before published.

The first represents the magnificent and famous temple of Den-

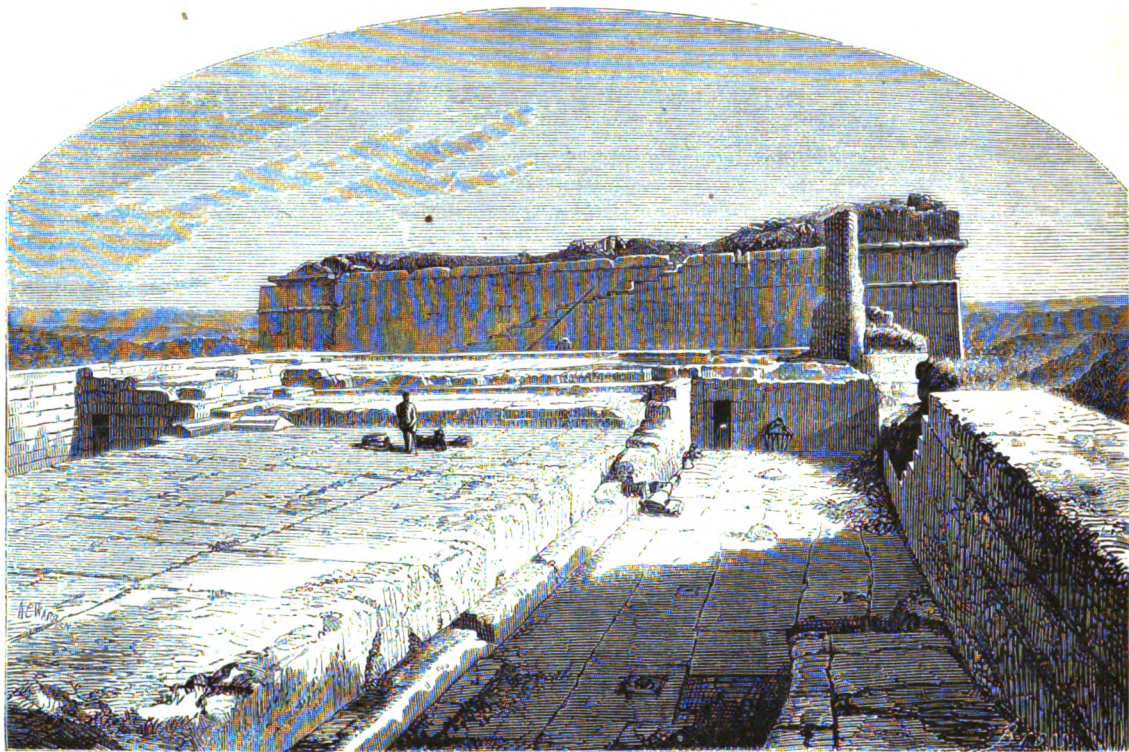
but there is a smaller one, whose soft, voluptuous outline is still sufficient evidence of the justness of her renown. The profile is exquisitely beautiful. The forehead and nose approach the Greek standard, but the mouth is more roundly and delicately curved, and the chin and cheek are fuller.



TEMPLE OF DENDERA.

dera, in Upper Egypt, near the left bank of the Nile, one of the best-preserved and most perfect specimens of Egyptian architecture. It was dedicated to the goddess Athor, the Egyptian Venus, and was probably built in the times of the Ptolemies, two or three hundred years before Christ. Part of the temple was built by Cleopatra, whose portrait, with that of her son Cæsarion, may still be seen on the exterior wall. The face of her colossal image has been nearly destroyed;

In the pronaos, or on the front of the temple, may also be distinguished the names of Augustus, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. The cornice bears an inscription in Greek, setting forth that the portico was added to the temple in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, in honor of the goddess Aphrodite. On the ceiling of the portico is the famous zodiac discovered in 1799 by the French *savants* under Bonaparte, which was rashly considered to prove, by the precession of the equi-

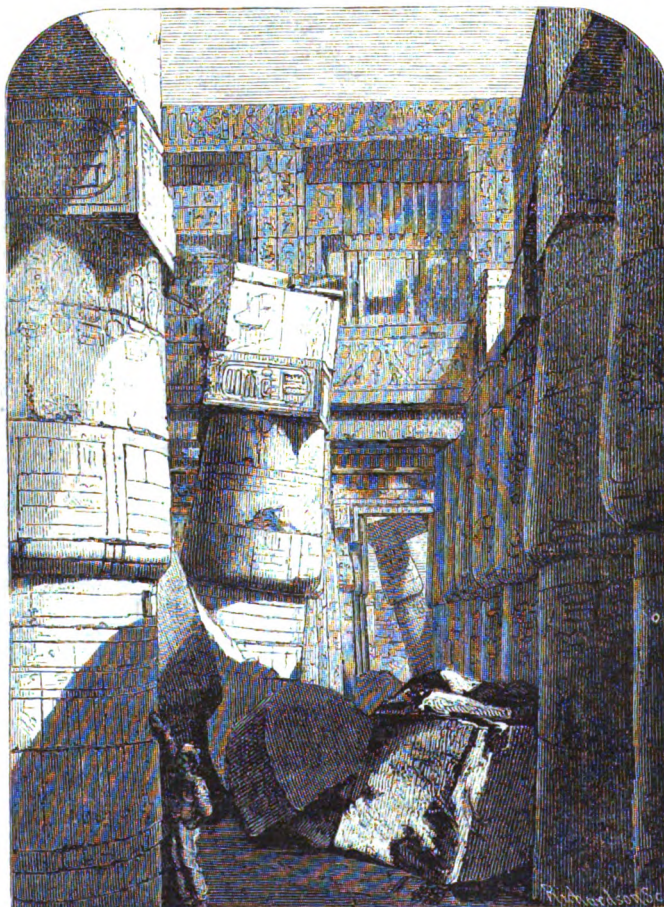


ROOF OF THE TEMPLE OF DENDERA.

noxes, its own date to be from fifteen to seventeen thousand years B. C. All scholars are now agreed that it is not older than the Ptolemies.

The sight of this temple produced a profound impression on the French *savants*. One of the military officers of the expedition said to Denon: "What I have seen this day has repaid me for all my fatigues; whatever happens to me now in Egypt, I shall all my life congratulate myself at having embarked in the expedition, to have obtained the remembrance of this day, which I shall preserve all the rest of my existence."

Denon himself says, in his "Narrative:" "I wish that I could here transfuse into the soul of my reader the sensations which I experienced. I was too much lost in astonishment to be capable of cool judgment; all that I had hitherto seen served here but to fix my admiration. This monument seemed to me to have the primitive character of a temple in the highest perfection. I felt that I was in the sanctuary of the arts and sciences. How many periods presented themselves



COLUMNS AT KARNAK.

to my imagination at the sight of such an edifice! How many ages of creative ingenuity were requisite to bring a nation to such a degree of perfection and sublimity in the arts! and how many more of oblivion to cause these mighty productions to be forgotten, and to bring back the human race to the state of Nature in which I found them on this very spot! Never was there a place which concentrated in a narrower compass the well-marked memorial of a progressive lapse of ages. What unceasing power, what riches, what abundance, what superfluity of means must a government possess which could erect such an edifice, and find within itself artists capable of conceiving and executing the design of decorating and enriching it with every thing that speaks to the eye and the understanding! Never did the labor of man show me the human race in such a splendid point of view; in the ruins of Dendera the Egyptians appeared to me giants."

The portico, which is seen in our view, is about a hundred feet in length, and is supported by six columns,

united by screens of masonry, no stone of which, or of the columns themselves, is unsculptured. It has the appearance, however, of not being sufficiently lofty to produce an impressive effect. This is owing to the fact that rubbish and drifting sands have accumulated to a great depth in front of the temple, so that the photograph could embrace only the upper part of the portico. "What was my astonishment," says Bayard Taylor, "on arriving at the entrance, to find that I had approached the temple on a level with half its height, and the pavement of the portico was as far below as the scrolls of its cornice were above me! The six columns I had seen, covered three other rows, of six each, all adorned with the most elaborate sculpture, and exhibiting traces of the brilliant coloring which they once possessed. The entire temple, which is in an excellent state of preservation, except where the hand of the Coptic Christian has defaced its sculptures, was cleaned out by order of Mehemet Ali.

"I find my pen at fault," continues Mr. Taylor, "when I attempt to describe the impression produced by this splendid portico. The twenty-four columns, each of which is sixty feet in height, and eight feet in diameter, crowded upon a surface of one hundred feet by seventy, are oppressive in their grandeur. The dim light, admitted through the half-closed front, which faces the north, spreads a mysterious gloom around these mighty shafts, crowned with the fourfold visage of Athor, still rebuking the impious hands that have marred her solemn beauty. On the walls, between columns of hieroglyphics and the cartouches of the Cæsars and the Ptolemies, appear the principal Egyptian deities—the rigid Osiris, the stately Isis, and the hawk-headed Orus. Around the bases of the columns spring the leaves of the sacred lotus, and the dark-blue ceiling is spangled with stars, between the wings of the divine emblem. The sculptures are all in raised relief, and there is no stone in the temple without them. I cannot explain to myself the unusual emotion I felt while contemplating this wonderful combination of a simple and sublime architectural style with the utmost elaboration of ornament. My blood pulsed fast and warm on my first view of the Roman Forum, but in Dendera I was so saddened and oppressed, that I scarcely dared speak for fear of betraying an unmanly weakness. Though such a mood was more

painful than agreeable, it required some effort to leave the place, and, after a stay of two hours, we still lingered in the portico and walked through the inner halls, under the spell of a fascination which we had hardly power to break."

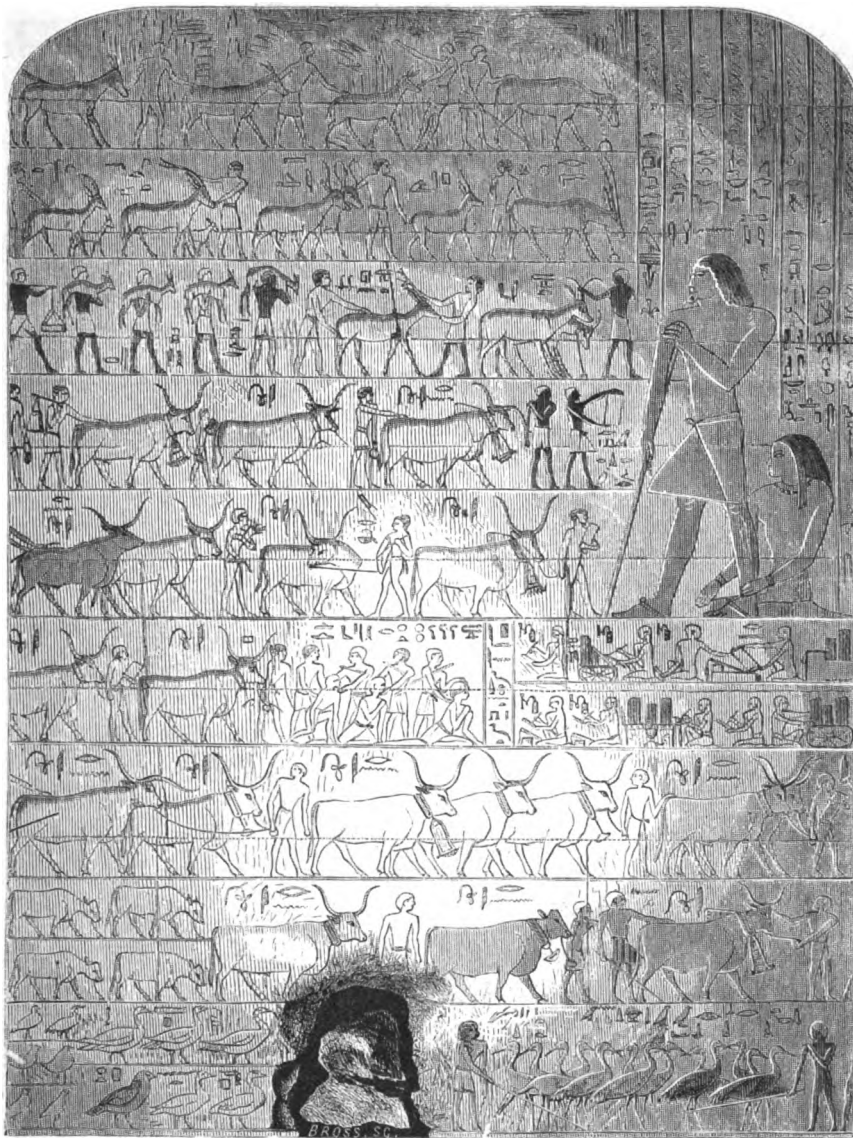
Our second view represents the roof of the temple of Dendera.

Our third illustration is of some columns in the great temple at Karnak, one of the remains of ancient Thebes. Some of these columns are twenty-six feet in circumference, and others thirty-four feet. Of the hundred columns of the porticos alone, the smallest are seven and a half feet in diameter, while the largest are twelve feet thick and eighty feet high. The main feature of the temple is a vast hall

crowded with these magnificent columns, one hundred and thirty-four in number, the central ones being sixty-six feet in height, exclusive of the pedestals and abacus. All these columns are covered with hieroglyphics, and surmounted by capitals, richly painted, and all of different patterns.—We have not space for further details of this marvellous pile, which is beyond comparison the grandest architectural work ever reared on earth. It is nearly two miles in circumference, and the walls are eighty feet high and twenty-five feet thick.

Our fourth illustration represents part of a wall in a tomb at Sak-kara, on the site of ancient Memphis. It is covered with hieroglyphics, and the photograph was taken with sunlight reflected by mirrors.

Our fifth illustration gives a view of the ruin called, by the Arabs, the Castle of Pharaoh, at Medeenet Abou, on the site of Thebes, and on the western bank of



PART OF A WALL IN A TOMB AT SAKKARA.

the Nile. The view embraces the plain on which are seen the two famous colossal statues, known to the Arabs as Shamy and Damy, and to the Greeks and Romans by the name of Memnon. These immense sitting figures rise fifty-three feet above the ground, which has buried their pedestals, overlook the site of vanished Thebes, and assert the grandeur of which they and Karnak are the most striking remains. They were erected by Amunoph III., and, though the faces are totally disfigured, the full, round, beautiful proportions of the colossal arms, shoulders, and thighs, do not belie the marvellous sweetness of the features of his portrait in his tomb. The ancients believed that one of these statues always saluted the rising sun with a sound like that of a harp-string. Modern research has



CASTLE OF PHARAOH.

fully explained this beautiful story. There is a certain stone on Memnon's lap, which, when sharply struck, gives out a clear, metallic ring. Behind it is a small square aperture, invisible from below, where one of the priests no doubt stationed himself to perform the daily miracle. Memnon now sounds at all hours of the day, at the command of all travellers who will pay an Arab to climb into the lap of the statue and strike the metallic stone.

These statues are about forty feet apart, and between them ran an avenue leading to a temple. This avenue was evidently bordered by other colossal figures, the remains of some of which are still visible. The temple, whose



VALLEY OF DER EL BAHRE.

approach they were intended to guard was uncovered half a century ago, when many sphinxes were found with the lion's head on the body of a human female. The foundation and columns of a magnificent building were also found. Belzoni dug up here a handsome statue of black granite, which is now in the British Museum. All the indications showed, in fact, that the Memnon had belonged to an edifice not inferior, probably, even to the sublime structures of Luxor and Karnac on the opposite side of the Nile.

Our sixth and last view presents a scene in the valley of Der el Bahre, in the Libyan Desert, on the west side of Thebes.

DAISY'S TRIALS.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

"On, I'd so much rather not!" was spoken with a startled face, and with an ashamed consciousness of the absurdity of the words, which, nevertheless, were at the moment the only words she could find to say.

Daisy was sitting by the fire, in the between-lights hour, in a small but very pretty drawing-room; sitting in a low chair, her little feet warming themselves cosily. She was again dressed in black, but the black was now worn for one whom she had loved and served, and the mourning for whom had softened her face to a tender seriousness rather than sorrow.

From the time, now eighteen months ago, when she first saw the frail invalid, whose dying days she had solaced, she had led that unselfed life which, more than any other, deadens and keeps under personal perplexities and troubles. Each morning she had wakened to give all the day to her dying friend; each night she had lain on the watch for her, only sleeping when she slept. No more wholesome life could have been found for Daisy.

But now Daisy's friend was some weeks dead. Daisy's occupation was gone.

"So much rather not!" she repeated. She had spoken the first time, looking straight before her into the fire. This time she turned to look round, and up, at some one standing half behind her, the earnestness of startled appeal that was in her face, as she did so, causing this some one a grim kind of amusement.

How pretty she looked, he was thinking, the firelight glancing on the soft round throat that rose from the black bodice, and shining on the small white hands clasped on her knee. The chair she sat in being very low, and he being rather tall, her head had to be thrown far back before her eyes could meet his. They did this only for a flash, and were then again averted.

"Much rather not!" What sort of an answer is that to give a man to such a question? And, pray, why would you 'so much rather not'?"

"Because, well, because I would so much rather not! Because I'm so tired, and because any thing new, any great change, would be . . . would be. Oh, Kenneth, you know I never could express myself properly."

"Would be—what?"

"So troublesome."

"So troublesome!"

"It is rude and unkind of you to laugh at me."

"But, Daisy, you want laughing at, you want well laughing at. You ought to be laughed out of such childish or old-maidish ideas."

"And if I am old-maidish," she said, her face flushed vividly with annoyance at the term, he thought, "I'd rather remain so; I'd so much rather remain just as I am. Kenneth, dear Kenneth, if you please, don't trouble me. Don't be angry with me, just let me remain as I am."

The poor little coward dreaded agitation, with a physical and a mental dread; she dreaded love, she dreaded joy, dreaded every thing likely to stir her heart and her life out of its brief quiet.

"Don't trouble you," he very uncourteously again echoed her words. "And wouldn't you take a little 'trouble' to make me happy, Daisy? If not, I've been much mistaken in Daisy. Do you think trouble the worst thing in the world, and comfort the best? If so, you are not my Daisy, but some lazy, spoilt little woman. What is the meaning of it all, Daisy?"

She struggled with herself a moment, struggled for the power to speak lightly. Then she said:

"I will answer you in the words of my favorite, Sir Dinadan, King Arthur's only lady-less knight, you know, who says 'The joy of love is too short, and the sorrow there-of, and what cometh there-of dureth over-long.'"

"You have been studying in a bad school."

"I will quote from another master, then. It is Chaucer who says:

For love is yet the moste stormy lyf,
Right of himself, that ever was begunne,
For ever some mystrust, or nice stryf,
Ther is in love, some cloudis in that sunne."

Her friend considered her carefully while she spoke, and, after she had spoken, kept silent. He was conscious of a curious thrill of some

sort of passion through her attempt at light playfulness, and he called to mind (it was not strikingly visible now by the firelight) how, once or twice, he had been pained by the look of careworn age that would creep over the childish, soft face.

This silence of his troubled Daisy; she was more afraid of it than of any such speech as had, as yet, been between them.

"If you knew," she said, "how happy these last months have been to me, and how I needed the rest their peace has given me, you, who are so good, so unselfish, would not ask me to think of any change."

"Is all the unselfishness to be on my side, Daisy?"

"But you, too, have seemed very happy."

"No, not that. I have been pleasing myself with the hope that I was about to be very happy."

At this moment a servant brought in the lamp. She shut out the twilight, and muffled a thrush's song by closing shutters and drawing curtains.

Daisy immediately rose from her low chair by the fire, and, seating herself at the table, took up her work, to which she devoted herself with a spasmodic sort of energy.

In her fear of silence she began to talk, as she worked, of any thing so that it was nothing, and safe to lead to nothing—of the lateness and the coldness of this year's early spring; but of how, now, at last, that cold seemed over, and every thing was budding and blooming miraculously.

To all she said, Mr. Stewart answered not a word, and, by-and-by, Daisy came to a discomforted pause. Then he spoke, meditatively:

"It is strange to think, Daisy, that there are two or three years of your life of which I know absolutely nothing. I, who, up to the time of my going to India to fetch home poor Lily and her children, saw you every day, knew how every hour of your day was spent, almost."

"What should there be to know of any years of such a life as mine?"

"That is it. What should there be to know of any years of such a quiet, lonely, innocent life? This is how I fill in those years; just tell me if I do so rightly."

Involuntarily Daisy stayed the movement of her busy hand; she held her breath, and felt as if she would like to stay the beating of her heart.

"After the accident through which you lost Wattie—some day, Daisy, you must tell me more exactly how that was—your old home grew too painfully distasteful to you; you went to stay with your good nurse, who had then lately married; from there you answered the call of your cousin. But you must have paid 'nurse' (I don't know that you have told me her present name, or where she lives) a long visit, Daisy?"

"She did not get tired of me."

"I suppose I may conclude that this was all."

"You haven't reckoned my surprise when my cousin brought me to Redcombe, your uncle's property. Your uncle's death and your coming home, his heir, are nothing in your history."

"Yes, they are a great deal in my history, but you don't hold them much in yours. Possibly you would have shunned Redcombe had you known that, coming here, you might soon have so 'troublesome' a neighbor."

"Possibly I should, Kenneth."

"So that was all!—And yet, Daisy," he went on, after a pause, "it seems to me that is not, cannot be, all—that there has been something more; something that has given you a look of careworn weariness, which you, who are so young, ought not to have; something that makes you speak the truth when you say—what you are always saying—that you are 'so tired.'"

There was a gloomy fold on his forehead now. He averted his eyes from her face and fixed them on the fire, as he began again:

"Daisy, there is one thing I have often wondered about, one thing I have often been on the point of asking you about, but was afraid—afraid my words might pain you, afraid they might touch some wound—"

"They would, they would; beyond what I could bear, they would pain me!" cried Daisy. "Wonder about nothing—ask me about nothing. Leave me alone; only leave me alone, dear Kenneth, leave me alone. You know I am a coward, and can't bear pain. Have pity!"

"Just one question: if you are not brave, I think you will bear a little pain to save me much—unless you are wholly altered from the

Daisy I knew and loved. Just one question. What has become of—"

"He is dead," gasped Daisy; "he died horribly, by his own hand."

"Good Heavens!" He turned and looked at her now; her face could not have been whiter, and her eyes were strained and dilated, as if that horror (which, as he supposed, she could only have seen in imagination) were reenacting before them.

"My poor, poor child! Why did you never tell me? If you had told me, then I should have understood every thing."

"Why did I never tell you!" she echoed, almost fiercely. "Was it a thing I was likely to speak of? Was it a thing I should recall if I could help? I had almost left off being haunted by the memory of it, and now, Kenneth, you cruel Kenneth, you have brought it all back."

"Forgive me, Daisy, and tell me, that I may never need to come near the subject again, just one or two things more. Did he—did you—"

But while he bungled, not knowing how most innocently to frame his question, Daisy sprang up, quivering.

"I cannot bear it! I cannot! How dare you torture me so? It is no use, I tell you I cannot bear it!" As she spoke, she moved toward the door.

"No, no, don't go away," he said, soothingly, following her, bringing her back to her chair. "If it is true you cannot bear it, I will never touch the matter again. But, Daisy, if you would only have a minute's courage and patience, it would be so much the happier way. If you would just tell the story out, and then come to me to weep your tears—"

"I will tell you nothing. And, what is more, you must promise not to question me again, ever. If you don't give me this promise, Kenneth, I shan't be able to bear to see you or to hear you speak."

"This is all terribly morbid, mere madness." He noted the wild trouble of her affrighted eyes, and hastened to add, "But you have my promise, Daisy. I need not say that I shall keep it. But some day you will release me from it—some day when our hearts are so close that there is room for nothing between them."

"You speak," she said, "as if—as if—you speak, I mean, as I have given you no right to speak."

"I own my presumption."

There was an interval of silence.

Mr. Stewart had thrown himself into Daisy's low chair, and sat looking into the fire with a baffled expression. Daisy worked away again with spasmodic energy.

Her heart had just begun to beat quietly once more, when Mr. Stewart came from the fireside, and took a chair at the little table just opposite her.

"Daisy, be so good as to put down your work, and listen to me."

"I can listen just as well while I work."

But he put his hand over hers, and held it still.

"Tyrant! I wish you had pricked yourself!"

"It's my heart, Daisy, and not my hand, of which you make a pin-cushion."

"That's nonsense, Kenneth."

"Of course that's nonsense, Daisy. I never supposed it would pass with you for any thing else. But now I'm going to talk sense, in sober seriousness. Daisy, I wish to have a wife."

"Well, Kenneth, I suppose that is quite natural."

"I think it is. I'm tired of being always alone—alone when I'm sad, alone when I'm gay, alone when I'm sick, alone when I'm well. I'm tired of it. It's dreary. I want a wife."

"Well, Kenneth, I'm sure I don't see any reason why you shouldn't have a wife. You're not too old to marry, or too ugly, or too poor. You're kind and good. You won't have any difficulty in finding a wife."

She kept her eyes fixed upon his hand, still overlying her hand. He could not see their expression, but he fancied a slight tremor in her voice when she said, "You're kind and good."

"But just 'a wife' would not satisfy me, Daisy."

"You surely don't mean you want more than one, Kenneth?"

"I mean, as you well know, Daisy, that I don't want just any one. In fact, there is in the world just one woman I want for my wife."

"If that is so, Kenneth, and she doesn't want to marry, or doesn't want to marry you, it's an unhappy thing for you; because, I suppose,

in that case, 'Want,' as used to be said to me when I was a child, 'must be your master.'"

"But, Daisy, she is such a tender, gentle, loving little woman, that I think she would take me out of pity, because I want her, if she once clearly understood how desperately I want her."

"That would be wicked in her, Kenneth, and miserable for you—if she didn't love you."

"But there it is, Daisy; there's the pity of it. I fancy she does love me—loves me as dearly as I could wish—but is letting her brain be overclouded by some absurd cobweb or other, which, if I can't get at it, to brush it away, may destroy both her happiness and mine."

Daisy, trying to keep up a jesting tone, murmured something of the vanity of men. Not heeding her, Mr. Stewart went on:

"That she loves no one better than she loves me, I, at least, feel sure. She has brown eyes, that look loving when they look into mine. She has soft, smooth, brown hair, that often tempts my hand to stroke it; and I hardly think, if it did so, she would be angry. She has the sweetest mouth in the world, with just one fault, that it doesn't smile often enough, though it looks as if meant to be always smiling. She has a dear little soft hand, that seems always glad to come into mine."

Daisy at last looked up at him, and there was a world of flitting, flying trouble in those eyes.

"It's no use to pretend I don't understand you, Kenneth; but, indeed, Kenneth it can't, can't, can't be. There are reasons of which you know nothing, of which you guess nothing, why it can't be. If only you'd let me alone; Kenneth, dear Kenneth, pray, pray leave me alone."

"But, Daisy, this sort of answer is too childish; it is ridiculous, dear, unworthy of you. Because, now a good while ago, and when you were little more than a child, you loved, or believed you loved, a man unworthy of love, is this to stand between you and love forever after? You say there are reasons of which I know, and can guess, nothing. But there cannot be, beyond some trifles, in themselves nothing, magnified by your morbidness: you are making mountains of mole-hills."

"Am I, Kenneth?" There was bitterness in her smile. "Would to Heaven I could think so! It is not love, or the memory of love, that stands between me and love; but something does stand between, and must all my lifetime. So, Kenneth, dear Kenneth, leave me in peace. I want nothing but quiet, of mind and body. The things I most honestly thank God for are darkness and sleep. The thing I fervently pray to Him for is, that He will let me forget. Kenneth, it would kill me to do what you wish. It can't, can't, can't be. I am not fit for you. Leave me in peace."

On his part a few minutes of frowning thoughtfulness. Then he returned to the charge.

"In all you say I can only see the outcome of a morbidly overgrown sensitiveness. What you call peace is not peace, but stagnation. As to forgetting, you will best forget by letting your life be filled with new things, new hope, and love. You are a woman, meant to find your happiness in loving, and in being loved, and in living for those you love, not in the selfish, lonely comfort and quiet of an old maid's life. Think how selfish all you have said has been. It is all of what you want, with no thought for me. I, too, want rest and peace. Till I know that one roof covers you and me, I shall not know either. In fact, Daisy, I so want you that my life is one want till I have you."

"Have pity, Kenneth; you torture me."

He looked straightly down into her appealing eyes, eyes that, even while they appealed, contracted as if with pain, and shrank from his scrutiny.

"I torture you, do I, poor Daisy? That is the last thing I would do, except for your good. Well; I have almost done. I will only ask you, just for one moment, to put yourself in my place. I want a wife, and you are the only woman I will marry. I want a home, not a house, but a home, and you are the only woman who can make one for me. Isn't my case a hard one, Daisy? Mightn't you make some sacrifice—of pride, or reserve, or whatever it is—for me? Look at me critically, Daisy. Don't I look as if it were time I had some comfort in life? See how gray I'm getting. See how bald I'm getting. Am I not thin and gaunt? Don't I look uncared for? Putting aside happiness, what even of comfort have I had in life? Think how cosy you are here, Daisy; and by-and-by you will turn me out into the raw night."

Listen to the rain. I shall be wet to the skin when I get home. There will be no fire to warm me, and nobody to notice whether I'm wet or dry."

"As if you cared for such things!" Daisy spoke, scornfully. She was irritated; she fancied there was a twinkle of humor about his mouth. It seemed as if what was such terrible tragedy to her was to him only comedy; as if he were either indifferent to success or very confident of it.

"I didn't say I did care for such things; but I thought you might care about them for me, Daisy. And, without caring about being cold and wet, I might get a chill, and die of it."

"You have only your own wilfulness to blame if you cannot have the common comforts of life. You often used to call me wilful, but it is you who are wilful now, saying you want a wife, and setting your mind upon a woman you can't have as the only one you will have."

"That is not wilfulness, Daisy; that is wisdom; besides, that I can't have you has yet to be proved."

"Oh, of course!" Daisy was glad to feel herself growing hot and angry. It was so much less painful to be angry with him than to be sorry for him.

"In a weak creature," he went on, "the determination to be satisfied with nothing but something it can't get would be mere wilfulness; but, Daisy, I am not weak, and I mean to get the one thing, that is, the one thing that can satisfy me."

Looking up into his eyes, Daisy flushed, and trembled, and quailed.

"Kenneth, Kenneth, don't say so!" she cried, piteously. "Oh, if only any thing I could say would make you give it up, and leave me in peace!"

"There are words that would do this. If you can look me full in the face and say, 'Kenneth, I don't love you. I never have loved you, I never shall love you,' then I will go away, and leave you in peace."

Instead, she bowed her face into her hands, murmuring something about his cruelty, and that she ought to hate him. Then, after a time, she looked up, to say, "But, Kenneth, it cannot be. I will not, I cannot, marry you. I am not fit for you."

"You have said those words, that you are not fit for me, several times. What do you mean by them?"

She made him no answer.

He began to walk to and fro in the room.

"There can be no middle course," he said, by-and-by. "If you insist in your determination to have nothing to do with me—"

She murmured she had expressed no such determination.

"Yes, you have. I want all or nothing. You refuse me all, so I will have nothing. I am not a fellow who can keep dangling on, on sufferance. Well, then, if you have given me my final answer, if I must take it as such, then it must be good-by, Daisy. I shall leave the neighborhood. If I were able I would stay near you, to watch over you at a distance (rather an Irish proceeding, but you know what I mean), but I am not able for that. I should not be able to keep away from you. I should be always annoying you."

"You never do annoy me, except when—"

"Except when I ask you to be my wife. I should never be able to see you without asking you, so I should be always annoying you. Besides, Daisy, there are other things I am bound to consider for you. This is a wicked and scandal-loving world. You live alone now, you have lost the protection of your poor cousin's presence. You live alone, and you are a young and pretty single woman. If you won't have me for your husband, you can't have me for your friend."

Her cheeks burnt with hot color; she answered him very meekly, "Very well, Kenneth, it must, of course, be as you think best."

If he had known the blank sense of desolation that fell upon her!

"Very well, Daisy," he mocked her angrily. "I've already pleaded, argued, and threatened, as much as I can. I did think you cared enough for me to set aside your cold-hearted, morbid, old-maidish scruples. As it is not so, this evening's good-night had better be good-by."

"Very well, Kenneth. Good-night—good-by."

"You wretched little unfeeling creature! What on earth could make me care for you as I always have done, as I always shall do?"

"What, indeed! I have often wondered."

"Good-night, Daisy, not good-by. I think I will see you once more."

"Good-night, Kenneth. I am glad you will see me once more."

He went away without touching her hand. She listened to his

step along the gravel, she heard the garden-gate swing-to, and latch itself after him, and then—

First she sat some moments with clasped hands, gazing straight out into the desolation of her life; then she laid her head on the table and cried as if she would cry that desolate life away—for how long she did not know. She was presently startled by a light touch on her hair. Then a voice said:

"Daisy! my poor little crushed flower! Have I hurt you so much? Did I tease you so cruelly? But you were cruel, too, Daisy."

She laid her cheek against his hand, and then she kissed his hand. She tried to speak, but a fresh burst of sobs choked back the words. He spoke soothingly and fondly. Once more she struggled to say something.

"It is that I—I— Oh, I am not what you think me! I—" Again the "climbing sorrow" in her throat made speech impossible, and what she had spoken had been barely audible. There came one despairing effort: "If only I were dead, and you knew all!" Then she laid her head down again and kept still.

"My poor Daisy! My poor Daisy!" A thoughtful pause. Then he said, "There can be nothing I don't know that really matters. Perhaps I can guess at a good deal, can understand how your innocent, over-sensitive heart reproaches you with treachery, because, perhaps, after I left you, you were entrapped, betrayed into what was not in harmony with the implied promise of your last words to me. You were a guileless child, Daisy, and could have been no match for your adversary. I am tempted to wish I had strangled the fellow before he crossed your path. I don't say that there is not much that painfully perplexes me. That you believed you loved him I can understand; few women could resist him, but that your love for him should so long linger that—"

"My love for him!" As she looked up now, fiercely and suddenly, the passion of her face startled him. "My love for him is as fresh in my heart as the day I lost him. Now you know that, Kenneth, you will leave me in peace. He was a liar and a treacherous coward, I know; he was a murderer, I believe. Is a woman who loved a liar, a treacherous coward, a murderer, fit to be loved by you?"

"This is very wild talking, Daisy. This is the madness, not of love, but of hate."

"Who can tell what it is! Only God. Madness! didn't you know I was mad? Mad, more or less, ever since—Wattie died. May not that stand between us, Kenneth? Would you like a mad wife?"

"If I thought it true, Daisy, I would at once possess myself of you. You should marry me to-morrow, that you might need no other keeper. I would deny your right to have a will about it, if I believed you mad."

"Is there nothing will frighten you from me? Is there no way in which I can be rid of you?"

"I have told you the one only way. I will go now, for to-night, that you may get rest."

She lifted sad, pleading eyes to him. She had half a notion that she was looking on him for the last time; that for his sake she might have strength some way to end things. She wished he would bend down to kiss her, but he did not. There was only a very tenderly spoken "Good-night, Daisy," and he was gone.

As he walked home he recalled some words of Daisy's that had been among the last words she had spoken to him before he left England.

"I've been thinking, Kenneth, of what you told me about Graham. I know it's true, because you told me. As it's true he can't be good. I shouldn't like to (how well he remembered the pretty flush and hesitation with which the next word was spoken!) marry any one who isn't good. I want making good, and keeping good myself. He has no promise of mine, and, Kenneth, he never will have. I tell you this now, because I have seen that you are anxious about me."

How well he remembered the exact how, and when, and where, those words of Daisy's had been spoken!

They had stood together at the glass door of the drawing-room of what was then Daisy's home, looking down the bright lawn to the shining river.

He remembered how confidently she had clung to his arm, how, while she was speaking, she kept brushing away from his sleeve petals from the overblown roses that kept falling there.

He remembered how sweet and how fair he had felt her. He remembered the hard fight he had fought to hinder himself from clasping her in his arms and saying:

"Wait for me, Daisy. It is I who love you. Wait for me, be my wife."

He remembered how hard it had been when, at parting, the sweet fresh mouth was lifted for his kiss, to leave unsaid any word that should have startled the child to consciousness of the love with which he loved her.

But at that time Mr. Stewart was not only poor, but had others dependent upon him. At that time he had no thought of the possibility of succeeding to Redcombe Manor, there being then two lives to all appearances as "good" as his between him and such succession.

When Daisy found herself alone, she set herself to think if, in any way, she might win into this heaven of happiness which seemed to stand open to her with a visible door, while by an invisible door it was close shut. There seemed to be two ways, if only either were possible. Suppose she yielded to his wish and let him make her his wife, leaving all her secret undisclosed, letting things go as they would, leaving the future to shape itself? Perhaps, had she believed in her own power to be, in this way, happy, she might have chosen this course, deceiving herself with the sophistry that she yielded for his sake. But Daisy knew she could not, so, be happy; knew that, sooner or later, the misery of concealment would become unendurable, and then it seemed to her his sorrow over her sin, his grief at her deceit, when he should come to know, would kill her. She remembered, in long past times, how he had looked when she was "naughty," when she talked perversely, and acted wilfully. Remembering the pain, which seemed both mental and physical, his face had, at such times, expressed, she had only to imagine a proportionate suffering in him, when his wife should convict herself of such secretness and treacherous deception, to believe that he might well die of such anguish. That way, then, was not the possible way. What of the other?

To tell him every thing, and trust to his love being so strong that, in spite of every thing, he should still wish her for his wife! Was this the possible way? No, no, no, she decided.

"If I knew that he knew, there would be times when I should not but be forced to believe that he must think of me with disgust. How could I bear this? I could not bear it. No, there is no way in which I may be his wife—I could not be his wife, and deceive him. I cannot be his wife if he knows. What, then, is there left for me to do?"

Daisy did not sleep this night. She tried to plan some future. If only there were but some place and some person in the world to whom and to which he would be satisfied that she should go, then possibly in time he might forget her, and learn to be happy—alone, or with some other. But there was no such person, and there was no such place.

From the misery and perplexity of this sleepless night Daisy could not seek help in prayer. How can we pray when there stands on the threshold of spiritual consciousness the knowledge that the thing we ought to do is the thing we mean, if we can help it, never to do? When we refuse to have the open eye and open ear, and choose to be among those whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes are closed, must not the lips of the heart be shut from praying?

And thus it was with Daisy. She could only sob, till sobbing ceased from mere exhaustion, then turn on her pillow, trying to sleep, and find some fresh aspect of her sorrow bring a fresh burst of sobbing. Between her and the power to pray stood the consciousness that she knew what she had to do, but could not, would not, do it.

"If you will not have me for your husband, you cannot have me for your friend."

He had said so. It was true. Must she be always and utterly alone?

It was this night, that, for the first time, or rather it was in the morning after this night, when she opened her casement wide at dawn, and leaned out into the dewy gray fragrance of growth and life—it was then that, for the first time, in thinking of her child, she was conscious of a dim yearning, sweet and strong, as yet passing her by, touching her as it passed, rather than entering into her, seeming a part of the soft mist of spring rather than any thing personal.

"Perhaps it is dead!" She shivered, the balmy air seeming to turn chill at the thought. "If I knew it was dead, or if I knew it would be sure to die before it grew up, then I could love it! Any way, I should like to look on its sleeping face once more, and once more to feel its tiny hand close round my finger."

After this, often on spring evenings, the mist-veiled stars would seem

to her like the tear-dimmed eyes of little children, and the soft wind of the summer nights like the breath of little children. And she was never more able to forget that she had a child. She kept count of the weeks and the months of his age; and at any cottage child who numbered the same she would look with wistful wonder, marvelling if to that stature had grown her own little son.

It was with Daisy now much as it is, in the spring-time, with the wood primroses, when they push their leaf-lances and their little buds through the thick-lying dead leaves, the rotting beech-mast, or the empty acorn-cups, the fallen bits of hoary lichen, and the broken lichen twigs and boughs, pushing through to the softening air and the sunshine. What of fresh youth was left in Daisy was coming to life again, was struggling through and pushing aside the memories of the horrors and miseries that had fallen upon and stifled her.

Poor Daisy! Though she often felt so old, so old, and as weary as if she had all but done with life, hers was a girlish heart still, and a passionate girlish heart.

Daisy's love of nature was passionate, and, perhaps, when one is still young, the passionate love of irresponsible nature is rarely unaccompanied by longing for responsive love, a longing unconscious of what it desires, and yet a conscious longing.

A thrush's singing through the spring twilights, the summer incense of woodbines at dew-fall, rich sunsets and "mellow moon-births," the sound of distant village bells, the dream-beauty of the sunny sleep of a September day, with the dew staying all day on the brambles in the deep hill-hollows, and the gossamers lying all about on the gray hill-sides, and the soft pale sunlight on the corn slopes of late uplands, these things had always had power to touch Daisy nearly and deeply.

A mist of bluebells in an April copse, a primrose-starred bank, a flush of wild roses in a sunset hedge, a group of queenly white lilies in a moonlit garden, the music of bells, of brooks, of birds, the flooding fragrance of summer blossoms, would stir in her a sweet, sad longing; such a longing as makes many of us yearn toward something that is not, that never can be; a something that if found would enable us to hear the secret of things, to taste the sweetness of things, to live, not to lead a misty, sorrowful, dreamy existence, but to live to the core.

A POPULAR "NUISANCE."

ON the western side of this city there lies a wide, dusty, uneven tract of ground, barren of houses, with the exception of one beneath its level, and to which you descend by a series of awkward steps hewn in the clay; and barren of buildings, save a huge, iron-bolted, stone-and-mortar structure, looking much like some century-old sacrificial altar of extinct giants, but which is nothing but a tumble-down, decrepit lime-kiln, the monument of some exhausted enterprise, or perhaps of some nuisance long since happily extinguished; and also barren of life, except when, at stated times in the day, there is a sudden irruption of staggering horses, jolting, untidy carts, and of begrimed, hallooing men, who disperse hurriedly over its hot area, and deposit loads of street-sweepings, most of which seem to gather into dense clouds and sweep away over the river.

The place is honey-combed. There are countless pits, at the bottom of which is river-mud, and in one or two is some stagnant, greenish water, in which some children are forever plunging, and swimming races for the championship of the puddles. The high ridges which divide them are marked with countless devious cart-ruts, from which are precipitated countless heaps of dust, upon which, as soon as they have been deposited, groups of fierce men and women in rags, with baskets and bent pieces of iron in their hands, fling themselves, and wrangle, and curse, and pick up eventual riches by petty means of rags and glass. The cartmen stand and watch them with the momentary air of grand patricians who have flung some handfuls of coin among the rabble, and laugh derisively at the real patricians, in point of money, and feel themselves benefactors for the instant.

The wretches thus benefacted drive desperate bargains over their trifles of garbage. Whooping and begrimed, they cast themselves headlong at the dissolving heaps, tussling for scraps, and wrestling savagely for handfuls. Bare-armed, booted, furious women are the terrors here, and you find them with dingy shawls about their shoulders and waists, with draggled, tattered skirts, and matted hair, and lank, sinewy forms, perfect examples of termagants.

They chatter and brawl like furies, and plunge their hooks into their prey as if they were some avenging weapons whose each separate thrust needed an imprecation. They cast the dirt in showers upon themselves in their struggles, and envelop themselves in blinding clouds, until they have expertly wrung the utmost atom of value from the pile, when they suddenly leap in a body from the smoking confusion, and madly rush on to other heaps beyond, where they again struggle and blaspheme for their infinitesimal gains.

The miserable, unsightly ugliness of one spot is consistent with the appearance of the whole vast, dreary area. Beyond its hillocks of refuse and at the water-side there are some soiled, muddied sloops, busy at unloading some soiled, muddied stone into the soiled and muddied river. There is an unfinished pier, some hulking, iron-guarded canal-boats, much decaying cordage, and a total general aspect of distemper and disorder. On the inland side it is to be perceived that it comes by its bad character by degrees, and does not outrage any better out-look, or contrast very vividly to the great disadvantage of any other scene; for here the city ravelts out into unsightly shops, which give out a constant din of hammering; small, tottering tenements overflowing with unclean life; ricks of musty hay; useless, dismantled boilers, and kettles half-buried and discolored; fag-ends of streets and sidewalks, with staggering lamp-posts, and lofty, blackened chimneys, whose factories have been burned down about them, and which seem to be always patiently waiting to be built about once more, and set to smoking again, as has been their habit.

Thus, properly adjacent to such an unsightly and unhappy view, comes a supplementary disaffection to civic purity and elegance, that appertains to and clings about a certain pier which extends westerly and encroaches on the river. It is a matter in which nicety is not at all concerned, and yet in which there is extreme cleanliness and order. A woman with a sensitive eye or keen nerves would shrink and fly from what she would see, yet she could not but praise the length to which the delusion was carried, that she was not among things distasteful.

It comes upon one in a single turn, but up to this turn there is a certain refinement of concealment, and an almost total absence of what the senses can lay hold of to warn one. There are some few oddities about the place, such as brownish, wavy stains upon the planked walk, which give out a pungent and not unpleasant smell; it is some corrective or disinfectant, perhaps carbolic acid. There are also, among the rest, some reddish, wedge-shaped carts, opening at the rear end, and covered completely at a distance of four feet from the platform. One is told that they are late improvements,

for their burdens, when exposed as under former management, were highly unpleasant and disagreeable to passers-by. There are some dozen horses, munching busily in their cleanly-kept stalls, and there is a huge, black-and-white, slouching dog lazily snuffing about with a look of debauchery in his bloodshot eyes, which, as one takes his departure a little after, seems highly appropriate and natural; not to dwell over-long upon the beast, it is yet proper to mention that his pace, visage, and manner of looking, all seem animated by some unclean propensity, and that his whole body is permeated by ghoully tendencies unpleasant to contemplate.

There are one or two silent men in oily clothing standing about, busy at nothing but a ceaseless mopping of their hands upon their hips, as if they were constantly being fouled in some mysterious manner, and always, therefore, in need of much cleansing. As for the oiliness of their attire, however, it is by no means peculiar to them or especially disparaging, for every thing hereabout has an undeniable complexion of the same oiliness. It appears beneath your feet, and breaks out upon the stanchions of the wharf; it dyes the gangways and bulwarks of two vessels moored alongside, and stains the sides of the buildings and offices hand-high with a heavy shade, and yet there is not an atom of matter to be seen which might by any method be swabbed or washed from sight.

The two vessels referred to are hulks shorn of nearly all semblance to their former selves except their ability to float and their tall funnels, and which contain within their dingy sides what we thus slightly sketch, the mysteries of "rendering."

As are all matters and things about them, they are, even in this moment of active operation, scrupulously neat. The

floors and bulwarks are deluged with the same brown stains of deodorizing agents, and the air wafts freely across their partially-enclosed decks. All other portions not likely to be contaminated by passing impurities are freshly whitewashed, and all articles not in immediate use are neatly stowed away in their proper places.

Lengthwise with the engine-deck of our sample subject there rise five white brick mounds, to the height of three or four feet above the deck, and sink enough below it to enclose kettles or boilers huge enough to accommodate ten thousand pounds each. The tops of these are perforated by feed-holes, through which the matter passes, and by pipes which accommodate the escaping gas.

Upon the subject of this last the obliging exhibiter becomes emphatically urgent, and details the operation at great length, and with much minuteness, with so much, indeed, that it becomes a pleasure to listen to him. Among the rest he says:



"Bare-armed, booted, furious women, are the terrors here."

"Smell from here isn't possible. Tell you why. Each and every one of them there," pointing at the boilers, with outstretched fingers, to denote the five—"each one of them has a coil, eleven hundred feet in length, piled into an Argand furnace, and which carries off from the cooking mass in those kettles every breath of steam generated by the operation. Now, do you see, we give this coil a separate fire by itself, and throughout its long course it is subjected to a sharp heat, which reduces its contents to gases, which are consumed by the fire which makes them, and thus the matter which passes off through the funnels into the open air, and which was the foul exhalation of what we are all the time boiling, is a perfectly odorless heat. To prove that no effluvium whatever passes off, we treated a respectable board to a bit of woollen cloth, the other day, which had been saturated for a long time with what passed through the funnel, and, after applying their respectable noses, they unanimously declared that there was no smell save of the scorching of the fabric."

In response to more questions, he resumes:

"All to once? No; by no means. There's mostly two kettles going here, and also two on the other boat. Sometimes three each. But we rarely have occasion for more, as one kettle will accommodate a dozen horses very comfortable. Time? Oh, five hours will boil 'em so there's no knowing 'em. Bones and all. It's queer about bones. Hard as they are, they'll crumble in your fingers after coming through. And it brings matters down to a fine point. If you put in a hundred barr'ls of stuff, with the proper amount of water, of course, you're lucky, mighty lucky, if you squeeze out eight to bless yourself with; yes, sir!"

It is suggested that the residuum must be extremely unsavory, which idea has the appearance of being a time-honored fallacy, if one might judge from the quick method by which he was undeceived. In response to an order quickly given, a man as quickly brings a grayish mass upon a shovel, which appears to be a portion of the refuse in question.

"Sweet, sir? Sweet's no name for it; it's perfect!" He looks upon it admiringly. "Here's the animal, or, I should say, animals, started on their way to their final dust. This is all sold to farmers for fertilizing, and so I imagine that in this shovelful of—of—excuse me—horse—shovelful of horse there's the identical germs or limes which go into oats and corn, and so the whirligig of events naturally makes me a link between the horse dead and the horse alive, and in which there will be no hitch so long as they continyer with my salary as heretofore."

Upon hearing this, we are led to ask about the disposal of the other portions of the matter which passes through his hands.

"Well, there's the oil, that goes for machinery; there's the skin, which goes to the tanners. And do you see them?"

He pointed to some hoofs with the shin-bone attached, which were lying in a heap beside where we stood.

"And them? They goes to Newark and into Prussian-blue."

After a moment we step away a few paces, and come upon a singular and not an over-pleasant sight. It is the nucleus of the whole operation, and is so silently conducted that it would be possible to miss it altogether were not the attention especially called to it. It is the preparing of the various large carcasses for the vats.

It is all done in a space twelve feet square, and with no confusion or clatter whatever.

Six oily men slip noiselessly about, hovering over two huge masses which have as yet some lingering semblance to certain forms, but which, under the rapid plying of glittering knives, are fast losing it. They slide rather than step in their work, and their arms, to the elbows, are covered with bad stains, as is their loose clothing. Each has his separate duty, and there is, therefore, no necessity for a single word as they pursue their labor.

Large pieces are fast severed, and are dragged away with hooks and flung into the open boiler at hand. The body with its huge bones and great bulk sinks rapidly into nothing, and is distributed with startling quickness. The men lunge at it with all sorts of keen implements, and one half-expects some moans of agony to break out in protest.

The dissection is carried on much as one would fling down and separate a toy-house of bricks, but the portions fall little as bricks would, inasmuch as they give out a thud and an ill-conditioned sound which much resembles a spatter.

"Quick?" says our friend, in response to an observation. "Yes,

tolerable speedy. As speedy as this: give us a horse whole, and you have him in your hand in seven minutes after. That is, turn him into our hands at fifty-three minutes after one o'clock, and at two we've bolted him out of sight and smell."

Some observation is made regarding the health of the men.

"The labor is good for them. That lot there has been with us for three years, and they haven't had a sick day yet, neither has one of them left of his own accord. They gain in flesh and blood. Queer, ain't it?"

Then, further on, he speaks of the other boat, the one fastened farther out on the pier.

"She's built much the same as this, but she takes in the slaughter-house refuse, while we stand by larger game here. All is quiet, you see," says the superintendent, with a gesture embracing the whole of his domain—"all is neat as possible, and there's no smell; you might pass us by, and indeed walk straight into us, and not know us until you came on those fellows beyond, and they ain't much after you're once used to it. Ah, but you should see 'em at grub!"

Here he shakes his head, as if this summing-up embraced all and every advantage which was to be named.

Upon this we walk away to the office, and look over some books and papers, and examine the clerical method of the place.

"Now, supposing there's an unfortunate beast lying away up-town. The policeman is told, he sees him, he reports him to his station, he is telegraphed to the Twenty-second Precinct, and an order is wrote to me to fetch him, and so I do on the minute. Now, here's the book." He opens a neatly-kept volume, ruled into proper spaces, and drags a file of slips toward him, on which are written descriptions of various animals and the particular places in the streets which their bodies encumber. "Now, here the Twenty-second Precinct have charged me with five rats, two cats, a couple of horses, and a dog. Now I, in my turn, charge my cartman with the self-same lot, and, on his return from the specified places, each is checked off. I credit him with the rats, cats, horses, and dogs, and report back to the Twenty-second Precinct, where I am credited also, and there we are. Regular as clock-work. It doesn't make any difference how big, or how small, or how great the distance. An ox in the swamps of Harlem, or a rat at Castle Garden, is as civilly treated as a dog in Thirty-eighth Street, two blocks up from here. If any thing is missed, we can pin the loss where it belongs. Now, last week there was a goat; he disappeared mysteriously from a corner up-town. Policeman saw him with his own eyes, telegraph knocked him off, he was wrote out, and he was sent for, but, like the old boys bid to the feast, he wasn't to be found, and so there's a debit all around the lot to the policeman again. Who's to blame? Nobody. Maybe the goat's arose, but most likely he's gone to manure some squatter's squash-patch; there's one of the mysteries of our trade, but it ain't often.—Goin', sir?"

It is vaguely promised to drop in upon him at some and indeed many future times, and we step away under the close surveillance of the huge dog, who has in some way become almost frightful; and pass some carts unloading soft-hard bones and skulls into barges, and into which they fall with a sudden rattle, and slip over each other as particles of thickened water do, and find their level. Still all is neat and cleanly, and the sharp pungency of the acid arises from about us and beneath our feet, effectually putting to rout all worse perfumes, and destroying all vestiges of the place, now that our backs are turned upon it, and we step into the torrid, scorching, dismal, unsightly area without the latticed gate, and stumble away over the dust-heaps.

AT SEA.

MY friend Snedico has been insisting that I am ill, and has exhausted his limited stock of medical knowledge in diagnoses and prescriptions. It is true, that I have not been conscious of disease; but my friend thinks this the most serious of my symptoms.

"It's your liver, Jones!" said he, three weeks ago; "now, if I know any thing about diseases, I understand livers. Torpid, my boy, torpid! You see, when the functions of the liver got cranky, the whole system is disarranged." Here he paused, and pulled his long mustache, thoughtfully. "I think," he resumed, "calomel is the dodge for you. About twenty grains. By Jove! I've got a lot in my pocket now! Bloker told me to put some on my mare's leg. I can

guess at twenty grains." So he tore off the back of an envelope, opened a little package of white powder, and dipped up a small teaspoonful, which he gravely folded in the fragment of an envelope, discoursing the while impressively.

"The exhibition of mercury in some form, for liver-diseases, may be called the mathematical part of medical treatment. In fact, it is a specific. As a general rule, physic is a humbug. You never catch me going to Sawbones for advice. I believe in the *vis med*. Still, when the liver is involved, it is time to *do* something. Now, old fellow, just take this little powder to-night, and drink—say—two great tumblers of Congress-water before breakfast to-morrow. You'll feel rather shaky for a day or so; but you'll be a new man in a week! By-by! It's a good thing I happened to notice your looks!"

On my way home, by train, I waited until we were crossing the river, and then I dropped Snedicator's prescription into its placid waters. I like to fish in that stream sometimes; but I think I shall give my flimsy friends time to get over any liver-complaints they may have, before I trouble them with a line again.

I met Snedicator within a week. Of course, he would ask me about the effects of his treatment, and I was not entirely prepared to describe them accurately. I could not get my own consent to *lie* out of the difficulty, and, anyhow, I had not time to concoct a plausible story; so I forestalled inquiries by assuming the offensive.

"I wish you distinctly to understand, Mr. Snedicator," I began, with an air of injured innocence, "that you are not going to try any more pharmaceutical experiments upon me! That lot of calomel was enough to dose an elephant!"

Snedicator laughed consumedly.

"Ah! my boy!" he said, with tears in his eyes, "I knew what I was doing! Why, you look fifty per cent. better! Now, if you will take—"

"I'll take none of your confounded stuff!" I answered; "the very thought of your last dose makes me sick! Ugh! I think I'll go to Newport and spend a couple of weeks."

"Newport be hanged! No, no, Jones! I've begun the cure, and I mean to complete it. You shall have a sea-trip!"

A sea-trip! I had been thinking about it for a solid month. In fact, I had a hankering for bounding billows. I had been sneakily humming:

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!"

I had conned the maritime advertisements in the daily papers. "For freight and passage, having superior accommodations, apply," etc. I had even consulted Amelia, my amiable sister, who persistently ignored my symptoms, and who settled the question for the time by the application of her vigorous feminine logic.

"I have heard," she began, "that nine-tenths of the passengers on ocean-steamers suffer terribly with sea-sickness. You know, brother, that you are easily upset, and I think it would be sheer madness for you to try such an experiment!"

"Sawbones says the temporary sickness is sometimes beneficial."

"Not to men of *your* age, I imagine," answered Amelia. This was a needle-gun bullet, and it laid me out. Amelia had charge of me when I was a toddling infant, and I am inclined to think she whacked me occasionally. So, when Snedicator proposed the sea-trip, the old banking revived, and I cordially yielded to his superior judgment. It would not do to fall into his plans too easily, however, and I timidly hinted some slight objections. These were pooh-poohed into smoke, as soon as uttered.

"Now, look here, Jones," said my friend, dogmatically, "my mind's made up! We'll go to Halifax in the Inman boat, next week. *I'll* go. Two solid days at sea, a-rolling on the briny deep! We can get back by way of Portland."

"I cannot undertake so formidable a trip, Snedicator, except by medical advice. If the doctor *orders* a sea-trip, I'll obey; and I may add, that I shall not object to *paying* for advice. But, until you produce your diploma, I must decline—"

"All right, my boy!" said Snedicator, "pack up. Next Toosday, 1 P. M. You shall have your orders in the mean time."

On Saturday, Amelia handed me a note, at the dinner-table. It was from Sawbones, and was gotten up artistically. I recognized Snedicator's management, but said nothing to my sister.

"My dear Jones," it ran, "my opinion is, that your health needs looking after. I do not think you need positive medical treatment,

but I advise you to get away from your books for a week or so. It will do you no good to go to the Springs. Send Miss Amelia to Newport for ten days, and spend the same time on the sea yourself. She requires the relaxation, and you will be greatly improved by a good shaking up. Any of the short-trip steamers will do.

"Yours truly,

"J. SAWBONES."

"Pish!" I exclaimed, tossing the note across the table. Amelia read the missive twice. I looked as unconcerned as possible.

"You have no appetite, brother. Try a wing of this chicken."

"No more, I thank you, sister. I cannot get my own consent to feed on the innocent fowl. Probably the vegetarians are right, after all. Potatoes and salt, and then a peach, will suffice me to-day." (I had had a good lunch.)

"You don't appear to favor Dr. Sawbones's opinions."

"Oh, it's a scheme of Snedicator's!" I answered, with rare honesty; "he wants a sea-trip, and wants my company. I have not spoken to Sawbones about my health, or about any thing else, for a month."

"It would be beneficial, though, or the doctor would not recommend it. You eat nothing, and sea-air might improve your appetite at least. If you decide to try the experiment, I have no objection to Newport for a week. In fact, Mrs. Spangle invited me to-day to go with her on Monday. You know she has a cottage."

"Well. Suppose I go with you to Newport?"

"The other plan is better, I think. I saw in the papers that the City of Albany sails on Tuesday, touching at Halifax."

"Tuesday?" I replied, deliberately and deceitfully. "I suppose I shall not need much baggage? Well, Amelia, if you think it advisable, I will escort you to the Newport boat on Monday, and take passage for Halifax the next day."

I have written thus far on top of my hat-box, in my state-room. Snedicator is on deck. We have been from the pier about two hours, and he has smoked about seven cigars. All my surroundings are novel. The dimensions of my apartment, when compared with the house occupied by Carlo, my dog, may be termed spacious. Seated on the edge of my berth, I find the opposite wall very convenient, as it prevents my slipping, and supports my knees. Snedicator selected the upper berth, which is filled with rugs, valises, and overcoats. Where he is going to store them to-night, I cannot imagine. Indeed, I await with some awe the sleeping-hour, to resolve the doubts which now haunt me respecting the disposition of Snedicator's legs. I suppose there are several screws loose about the steamer's machinery, as I notice a peculiar shudder that seems to pervade the boat from stem to stern. Our room is in the stern, and Snedicator pointed out a stick in the other end of the vessel, which, he said, was the stem. It is tied to other sticks, which are nearly perpendicular. There are three of those, tied to one another in the most curious and complicated manner. Somebody is in the adjoining room in dire agony. I have endured the groans, which come through the thin partition, until my life is a burden. I shall arrest the "stooard" when he passes my door, and institute inquiries.

The stooard has passed, and I have obtained the information.

"Oh, bless your heyas, sir, *that's* nothink! Honly a passerger as fancies hisself sea-sick. He's tryin' to caust hup, sir, and, bein' as he's heaten nothink, why there's nothing to caust!"

I have written this down, and, when Snedicator comes in, I shall get it translated. I get confused when I attempt to master the lingo of the sea, and, as far as I have been able to judge, it does not accord with sea-lingo in books. I heard a man, wearing a cap with a gold band, shouting, as we left the pier, "Caust off that line!" and I saw another man, less gorgeously attired, untie a rope as thick as my leg. I wonder if the rope was the line referred to, and I wonder if untying it was "causting off?"

If Snedicator's legs should prove too long for his berth, it is probable that he will kick a panel out of the partition, and disturb our ailing neighbor. I think I shall suggest the propriety of making up a bed on the floor. It will accommodate him from his knees up, and he could put his feet out in the passage. I suppose the stooard goes to bed somewhere at night. If he passes up and down this long passage all night, Snedicator's feet would be somewhat troublesome.

Sawbones was on the pier when we sailed. He grinned suspiciously, and asked me if I received his note. I answered in the affirmative, and paid him five dollars. He threw in a piece of advice gratuitously.

"Jones," he whispered, "Snedicor intends you to be sea-sick. Now, if you will just nibble pilot's-bread for a day, and sip champagne—a table-spoonful at a dose—you will probably escape. Seasickness is all a notion anyhow."

I will accost the stooard again when he returns. He has come and gone, and I record the interlocation for future reference.

"Stooard," I began, "where can I find the pilot?"

"Pilot, sir? Bless your heyes, sir, he's been gone a bower. Want to send a letter, sir?"

"No. I only wanted some of his bread. I have—a curiosity to taste pilot's-bread. A small loaf. And a bottle of champagne."

The stooard worked his features convulsively, put his knuckles in his mouth, and coughed.

"Yessir! I can get you some," and he retired, muttering, "Loaf o' pilot's-bread! My heyes! 'ere's a go!"

He brought me half a dozen crackers, as large as dinner-plates and hard as stones, a lump of cheese, and a bottle of Piper Heidsick. I have had a "dose." Sawbones entirely forgot to tell me the proper intervals between doses. It is very wishy-washy stuff. The ship has acquired an entirely new motion, retaining the old shudder, however. It, I mean she, is now practising a new sort of marine dance—a kind of *chasser de chasser*, in addition to the inevitable pitch. She slides sideways, as if she were greased. I suspect she is. There is a distinct oleaginous odor pervading the atmosphere, despite the sea-breeze. I'll take another dose.

Snedicor has just looked in, and has descanted largely upon the beauties of the ocean. I promised to join him on deck in half an hour. He says we are "off-soundings;" but the unearthly groans of that poor devil next door—I mean next berth—are very much like sounds to my mind. Snedicor took several doses in one, and then repeated them, without asking for directions. He is a man of wonderful capacity. The stooard has just informed me that dinner is ready. I must put on a black coat, I suppose.

The dinner was of good quality, and too abundant in quantity. I cannot imagine what will be done with the loads of edibles remaining after the passengers had dined. Snedicor stuck to his curriculum—his ordinary vinous circle. He began with sherry (which was horrid), sipping it while I chased the soup round my plate. We had bluefish and striped bass—the latter was magnificent. Snedicor enveloped a pint-bottle of "Sauterne;" then beef in various styles of cookery. Snedicor had a whole bottle of Piper Heidsick "for both of us." But I was mindful of Sawbones, and adhered to tablespoon doses. There was a profusion of puddings and pies, and my friend partook of all liberally, finishing with a whole bottle of claret. He then proposed "a turn on deck," but he did not confine himself to one turn. Hooking his arm in mine, he favored me with much valuable advice, while he took his turns.

"You see, Jones," he observed, with thickened utterance, "you'll get no benefit from this trip, if you eat and drink nothing. D—n the ship! how she pitches! Isn't this glorious? I was reading about the sidereal heavens the other day. I think we must be on them. The bark seems to be going more sideways than longways! Don't she, Jones? How she shakes! Jones, do you feel at all sick?"

"Not at all. Suppose we go down, Snedicor?"

"Go down! Ha! ha! ha! I knew you would catch it! No, no, my boy! Stick it out! D—n that puddin'! It feels just like a lump of cold lead on my stomach! Jones, ask the Captain if he will stop the ship a few minutes. If I could get five minutes' rest from this shaking and pitchin'. Ah! Hello! Let's get to the rail, Jones. That infernal puddin' was one too many! Outch! how she does pitch, to be sure! Could you ask the stooard for a drop of brandy? About a pint."

I steered to larboard, and then to starboard, I suppose, as I pursued a zigzag course to the cabin stairway. After blundering through narrow passages, I fell suddenly into the arms of the stooard, as he emerged from a state-room. I made known Snedicor's wants, and took the stooard's arm to assist him on deck. We found my friend doubled up in a pitiable state, hanging over the rail; his eyes looked fishy, and his gills pallid and flabby. He took the bottle in his tremulous gripe, and gulped down sundry doses; next, he made another feeble attempt at hilarity.

"Stick it out, old fellow!" said he, persisting in his idea that I was the sufferer; "stick it out! You did not indulge in that infernal

puddin', It'll all pass off d'rectly. If you could persuade that devil of an engineer to stop his machine a minute—suppose you ask him, Jones?"

I staggered forward once more, and succeeded in finding the engine-room. I could not get in, fortunately, as I should have been mixed up in the complicated machinery in five seconds. A serious gentleman was intently regarding two iron bars, which appeared to be trying to climb to the upper deck. One went up, as the other came down. There were various wheels and levers whirling and chopping about in the most distracting manner. An agreeable odor of hot train-oil pervaded the apartment.

"Are you the engineer, sir?"

The serious man nodded.

"Would you object to stopping the machinery a short time, to oblige a gentleman who is a friend of the captain, and who is slightly indisposed?"

I said this in my most polite style. The serious man stared at me fifteen minutes; he was debating several questions in his own mind: was I drunk? was I a born fool? or was I attempting to crack a harmless joke? I saw all these suggestions in his stolid countenance. He appeared to make a mental equation while he stared. At last he spoke, and, as his discourse flowed on, he dabbed a greasy swab here and there in the mass of laboring iron, missing a crushing blow by a hair's-breadth, withdrawing his hand from the nip of the moving arms precisely as the nip occurred, and thrusting the swab back again in the jaws of destruction, until I became half frantic.

"If the cap'n will write me a note" (swab, swab), "and take the 'sponsibility, bein' a good head of steam on" (swab, swab), "and the ship goin' fifteen knots, and a goodish breeze on the port quarter" (swab), "and if you could hunt up a parson aboard, to read pra'rs in the after-cabin before we go down in consekens of busted biler" (swab, swab), "I s'pose it would be as good a way of going to heaven as any. But, you see, sir, I must have written orders."

All this was said with great deliberation, and in a husky voice. This worthy gentleman was evidently lineally descended from Casablanca of the burning deck. He was still poking his hand and arm in the openings made by the chopping machinery, as I withdrew. It is my deliberate opinion that he is doing the same thing at the present moment, unless some other unreasonable passenger has prevailed upon him to stop the "biler" and take the dire "consekenses."

HALIFAX, Friday morning.

Since we were landed, I have vainly endeavored to find a route—all rail—by which we may return to the land of liberty. As for a return sea-trip, I am resolved to die here, or go home by balloon, before I again dare the dangers of the deep. After my colloquy with the serious engineer, I retired to my state-room, and passed an experience entirely novel to me. Snedicor enjoyed similar hygienic exercises, but is remarkably reticent about them. His only remark concerning our sea episode, since we came ashore, referred to the commissariat.

"I say, Jones," he observed, blandly—"d—n that puddin'!"

In case any of my friends should require a restorative during the dog-days, and in the hope that they may escape the clutches of their Sawbones and Snedicors, or any other emissaries of the Arch-Fiend, I beg to offer a substitute for a sea-trip. I have "thought the thing out," in moments of dire agony, and in subsequent hours of blissful repose on *terra firma*. The advantages of my substitute are numerous: it is comparatively inexpensive; it involves no care of luggage; it can be enjoyed on one's own premises; and, instead of employing a ship's-crew, four muscular friends can put a patient through the entire course.

First: fasten to your extremities a system of cog-wheels, to be set in rapid motion by the mainspring (second-hand will do) of a steeple-clock. This will simulate the shudder of the machinery. Mix two pounds of powdered ipecacuanha and three and a quarter pounds of tartrate of antimony and potash, and take a teacupful of the mixture every five minutes, alternating with the same quantity of tincture of lobelia. This will simulate the sea-nausea. Close the doors and windows of your apartment; kindle a fire, and boil a two-gallon pot of train-oil, leaving the cover off the pot. This will simulate the balmy sea-odors. Then get four muscular Christians to toss you in a blanket until you come out of your boots, through the legitimate effect of the

internal exhibitions aforesaid. You may then safely tell your anxious friends that you have been "to sea," and have enjoyed the trip immensely; for you will have passed through all the experiences of bounding billows. Seize the opportunity, and see the enjoyment to be realized in the proper season "at sea."

A. JONES.

MY FRIENDS.

I'VE no great nor titled friends—
Lords nor dames of high degree;
Grandeur ne'er my steps attends,
Rank nor glory compass me.
Throwing wide my garden's gate,
Courtiers ne'er its paths explore;
And no liveried footmen wait
At my humble cottage-door.

Yet at pensive eventide,
When the day's long toil is past,
And from wanderings far and wide
Thought comes home to rest at last;
When the firelight, leaping high,
Brightens all the quiet room,
And the startled shadows fly,
Bearing off the dusky gloom;

Then—a brave and noble band—
Over mount and over sea,
And from out the "summer-land,"
Come my friends to sit with me.
Heads with bay-wreaths greenly crowned;
Hands that clasp the victor's palm;
Presences that all around
Shed a most unearthly calm:

Chaucer, wearing on his face
All the freshness of the morn;
Dreamy Spenser, whose rare grace
Far in faerie-land was born;
Milton, grand, majestic, blind,
Yet seeing God by inner sight;
Shakespeare, in the realm of mind,
Crown'd king by kingly right;

Dante, with uplifted brow,
And a sadly, royal mien;
Camœns praising, soft, and low,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen;"
Keats, to whom the spring-time brought
All the glory of the year,
And whose dying strains were caught
By the angels listening near;

Wordsworth, in serenest calm,
Holding converse with the skies;
Cowper, singing some low psalm,
Set to human harmonies;
Byron, still forlornly proud,
In his desolate disdain;
Shelley, dreaming of his shroud,
By the blue Italian main—

These—and others. Ah! the place
Seems a temple grand and fair:
To whose lofty, vaulted space,
Priest and priestess still repair!
Sappho, with her golden lyre,
Crowned Corinna's kindling cheek;
Pale Aspasia's eye of fire,
Saintly Heloise, strong, yet meek;

Hemans, breathing changeful strains,
Half of joy, and half of woe;

L. E. L., whose song contains
Just a fond heart's overflow;
Our own Margaret's lifted face,
Wearing still its queenly dower;
Sorrowing Brontë's quiet grace,
Veiling such transcendent power.

Ah, another!—priestess, seer,
Bay-wreathed poet, three in one—
Star-crowned angel, singing clear,
Where there is no need of sun—
Thou whose Florence mourns thee still
Less as woman than as saint—
Whose Aurora's voice can thrill
With new life hearts long a-faint—

Need I name thee? O beloved!
Friends of mine, through good or ill;
Others fail me—ye are proved—
Time nor change your hearts can chill!
Ye who being dead yet speak,
Ye afar and yet most near;
Let your words the silence break,
And my soul runs quick to hear!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN AT HOME.

BY THE ROVING AMERICAN.

II.

"THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES."

MOUNTED upon Egyptian steeds—with Turkish saddles, with housings of green or crimson velvet, and bridles and trappings truly wondrous to look upon—we sally forth to visit an Egyptian prince of the blood, whose palace is just outside of the city gate, opening on the road which leads to Boolak, the old port of Cairo on the Nile.

Before each of our horses runs a sable *sais*, or groom, of the race termed Berberi, in Egypt; not a negro of the type we are accustomed to see in this country, with the flat foot, slouching gait, and awkward form, but a species of human greyhound, supple, spare, and sinewy, and with almost the fleetness of foot and agility which characterize the animal to which we have likened him. Neither in face nor figure does he resemble the African we know, having high, clear-cut nose, and thin, compressed lips. His dress is very picturesque though simple, consisting of a white undershirt, over which is a short frock of white or blue stuff reaching only to his knee, with a red-morocco belt tightly girding in his waist. His sinewy black legs are bare; red-morocco slippers with pointed toes complete his costume, and these he usually takes off while running, stowing them away in the capacious bosom of his upper gown. In his hand he carries a short staff, and as he runs on in advance of the horses, he shouts and strikes at all persons impeding the way, with a warning cry of "*Oa yen ragl!*" "Get out of the way, O man!"—"Oa yen bint!" "Get out of the way, O woman!" enforcing his warning by the liberal use of his staff—for the servants of those who ride consider themselves privileged to take liberties with less fortunate pedestrians—unless they be Franks, whom they are shy of meddling with, through fear of *bastinado*. A running *sais* will move on in advance of your horse in a long, swinging trot for hours, without apparent fatigue, or showing a drop of moisture on the dusky skin, being trained from their earliest youth, and becoming practised gymnasts in this kind of exercise, every man of them.

Our two precede us, until, stopping suddenly at a high wall, one of them strikes with his staff on the gate sharply, crying out, "*Efta el bab!*" "Open the gate." No attention being paid to his summons, he strikes again, more sharply, shouting, "*Boab efta!*" "Door-keeper, open!" and then a response comes from the other side: "*Da deh?*" "What is it?" "*Effendi foak?*" "Is the master at home?" "*Aioah foak!*" "Yes; he is at home!" During this parley, the gate is slowly opened, and reveals the head of an ancient, white-bearded Berberi, with dark-blue robe and white turban, who, repeating "*Effendi foak!*" again squats down on his *caffass*, or wooden seat, not unlike

a hencecoop, which serves as his chair by day and bed by night, and tranquilly resumes the interrupted smoke of his long *chibouque*.

His sole duty is to sit at that gate, day and night, to open or close it, and he seldom stirs from it. As a general thing, he is not a man of family, and, if he has any, it is invisible, for "his being is a thing apart." He is the emblem of solitude, the remote ancestor of that busy being, the French *concierge*, the most terrible tyrant over the French household—at once spy, scandal-monger, and domestic nuisance. But the Boab, like Gallio, "cares for none of these things," and passes most of his existence in alternate smoking and slumber.

Admitted by this grisly janitor, we find ourselves in a square courtyard, open to the sky above. A pet gazelle, with symmetrical form, soft dark eyes, and dangerous, dagger-looking horns, starts up and surveys us shyly. A cynical-looking white donkey, tethered in a corner, greets us with a prolonged and resonant bray of welcome; several slaves, of various colors, sit in a circle, making cushions for divans; the space around them strewn with wool and other materials. On all four sides of the court rise up the high walls of the palace, no windows below, but high up latticed wood-work trellises are seen through loop-holes, at which an occasional human eye is perceptible.

We dismount, our *sais* holding our stirrups, and taking the bridles, and a black Nubian slave, suddenly appearing, salutes us, and leads the way to a small door, and we pass up a flight of marble steps into the interior of the palace. At the head of this flight we find a long suite of apartments, splendidly furnished in Eastern style; long, low, broad divans covered with silk, and with pillows strewn over them, constituting the chief furniture. The floors are of wooden mosaic-work, inlaid in squares like a checker-board, with long narrow strips of carpeting running through the centre, over which we follow our sable guide.

At the end of this long suite, squatted on his divan, we find the Egyptian gentleman on whom we have called. He rises up, courteously salutes us in Oriental fashion, touching with his right hand his brow, lips, and heart, and motions us to take seats at his side.

We see a man of fair, ruddy complexion, closely-clipped reddish beard and mustache, with shaven head, wearing a red fez cap, but otherwise attired in European costume. When he speaks, his French is as pure as that of a Parisian, and the ease and elegance of his manner truly princely. We glance around the room, and find it furnished chiefly in French style, with highly-gilt chairs and ottomans; in the centre of the room is a marble fountain. By the time we have seated ourselves, attentive slaves present us with the long *chibouques*, with amber mouth-pieces, inlaid with precious stones, and with egg-shell coffee-cups of porcelain resting in silver *zarfs*, incrustated with precious stones. We smoke and sip, and the prince converses freely with us on his *souvenirs* of Europe, and especially on his travels through Italy, precisely as an educated European might do.

Nothing in his appearance, manner, or conversation, would induce you to remember that you were talking to a man of another race and religion from those of Christendom; or that in character, life, and manners, this courteous gentleman was your very antipodes; yet in truth such is the case. "Scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar!" said the first Napoleon, and the remark may as justly be applied to the modern Turk or Egyptian, conforming, as he now often does in public, to the external forms of our civilization, but loathing them in his heart, and utterly repudiating them in private. For all this affectation of dress and manner before Europeans is but a masquerade. The real inner life of the sons of Othman is the same as it was in the most palmy days of the pride and power of his race, for the social system of the East has undergone no change, and society is moulded by the domestic life of every people. The prince we visited was Ismail Pacha, now Viceroy of Egypt, an educated, even a cultivated man, but as thorough a Turk at heart as any of his ancestors who wore the turban; for the other wing of his palace was dedicated to his harem, which could boast of more female occupants than Brigham Young's block of brick houses; and in that harem the prince forgot the costume and the customs of the Franks, and lived his real life in true Oriental fashion. That life is as different in all respects from ours as the East is from the West, in its natural products, in its skies, and in its people.

Reverse all your own ideas and prejudices, and you have those of the Turk; and of this many curious exemplifications could be cited even in ordinary habits. Thus, on entering a place of worship, or visiting a superior, as a mark of reverence, the Oriental takes off his shoes, and keeps his head carefully covered. If you are dining with

him, the greatest attention he can show you is to roll up a morsel in his fingers and pop it into the mouth of his guest. He writes and reads from right to left, reversing our system. When he admits you "into the bosom of his family," it is only on his side of the house, and it is a breach of etiquette even to inquire after the females of the family. The nearest you can come to it is to inquire after "the health of his house."

The Egyptian gentleman is hospitable, and not only insists on your smoking and sipping coffee every time you visit him, but asks you to dinner frequently if intimate, and that dinner is a good one always. But his hospitality is confined to his own side of the house. If he gives you music or dancing, it is from paid performers of very unequivocal character, and he never thinks it time to "join the ladies upstairs." But, if you do not see the women of his household, they see you, while you dine or smoke, through peep-holes, contrived to gratify their curiosity, but the most you may see is a bright eye peeping through the lattice, as you ride away. This constitutes the peculiar feature of social life in the Orient, and gives to its character its exceptional form. Let us then lift the curtains of the "closely-veiled harem," and without our host's permission, as he drowsily nods on his divan, take a peep at its inmates. For behind those curtains is formed, in childhood, the character of the Egyptian youth; and here, in manhood, does he find his only real home.

THE GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IN May, a year ago, the steamer *Germania*, with a small schooner, the *Hansa*, as tender, sailed from Bremen to explore the Arctic Sea, and push as far as possible toward the North-Pole. The two having parted in a boisterous gale of wind, the *Germania* wintered in latitude 74° north, on the coast of East Greenland, and sent out sledge-parties which travelled up the coast to 77° north, obtaining additions to geographical science. The ship returned last September to Bremen, all well.

The same good fortune did not attend the *Hansa*. After parting company with her consort, she was steered to the north in pursuance of instructions, and in endeavoring to force a passage through the ice became beset, and on the 19th of September was completely frozen in, in latitude 73° 6' north, longitude 19° 18' west. Amid news of battles, sieges, and painful diplomacy, this last-finished adventure in Arctic discovery will scarcely be noticed, and yet it involved conflict with danger and heroic endurance, which, simply told in the journals of Dr. Gustav Laube, of the University of Vienna, and Dr. Buchholz, of the University of Griefswalde, both of whom were attached to the expedition for scientific purposes, command admiration. Anticipating the publication of these journals in another of the many books that make up the library of Arctic expeditions, let us translate, from Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, a sketch of the last adventurous voyage undertaken to explore hitherto inaccessible seas and shores.

The sledge-parties from the *Germania* were perpetual through last winter. They were absent on their respective tours from six to eighty days, travelling from forty-four to seven hundred and sixty miles. Often a bear, a wolf, or musk-ox, attracted attention around, while remarkable parhelia glittered aloft in the heavens. Mock-suns—arcs concentric or inverted—and segments of inverted arcs, showing the brightest of prismatic colors, are described in the journals with mathematical precision. These phenomena were most brilliant when the cold was most intense. An observant English tar, who seems to have been the Sam Weller of the *Germania*, remarked upon these coruscations, that "when them 'ere sun-dogs shows themselves we always gets double allowance from Jack Frost." The men cheerfully faced the biting gale and sturdily advanced against the snow-drift. Often the snow lay deep and soft, with a crusted surface through which the entire party sank. Again, the route was over long waves of suddenly-frozen ice, studded with hemispherical icy mounds. Some of the parties were frost-bitten; others had snow-blindness in one or both eyes; and all suffered from aching limbs. Yet no man's heart shrunk from the encounter with cold, pain, blindness, and peril of life. In drawing the sledges, the snow-blind were placed in the rear, as vision only was needed in the leaders to see the way. Wine of opium was applied to the eyes of the sufferers with good effect, though it caused excruciating pain. Often, in drinking, the lips adhered to the edge of the vessels, and the accumulation of ice on the beard continually irri-

tated the mouth. Washing being impracticable, every face acquired a dark complexion, begrimed with dirt and soot. The big toe on the left foot of every one was frost-bitten. One poor fellow, refusing remedies, who kept bravely dragging at a belated sledge all night, succumbed the next day, and now rests in a grave beneath the chilled surface of Griffith Island. At one time, when the whole party of nine men and sixteen dogs were cramped together in a tent, pressed in by accumulation of snow, the growl of a white bear was heard close by. The dogs seemed paralyzed with fear. Bruin poked his nose upon the poles and brought down the canvas on top of dogs and men together. The position was imminent. The dogs escaped, howling. Cramped by clothing and skins, the men with difficulty crawled out from the smothering surrounding. All ended safely, however, and it is satisfactory to know that the beast paid for his temerity with his life.

The most remarkable of these journeys was made by Dr. Buchholz, with a party of ten sailors and twenty-eight dogs, who reached one of the western points of Melville Island, distant from the *Germania* three hundred and sixty miles in a direct line, which it took eighty days, going and coming, to accomplish. The indomitable spirit of the doctor's associates is well illustrated by his own statement, that the most disagreeable duty he had to perform was to enforce the return to the ship of those men who had received injuries, much greater than they themselves were aware of, and who evinced the strongest desire to proceed, even endeavoring to conceal from each other their frost-bites and the pain which labor occasioned them.

To understand the value of these sledge-expeditions, it is necessary to remember that the eighty-third parallel bounds our knowledge. All beyond is a blank to geographers. Parry in 1827 barely reached 82° 45'. Kane in 1864 touched only 81° 22', sighting at the same time a lofty mountain which he estimated to be in 82° 30'. What lies beyond is the problem to be solved. Is it an unbroken wilderness of ice? Is the great ocean around the North-Pole forever stiffened into a shapeless mass of unthawed hummocks and unchanging icebergs? Or, far beyond where civilized man has penetrated, is there, as all authentic evidence goes to prove, a bound to the ice, an open ocean, and an outlet to the mysterious channels beyond?

The *Germania*, as has been said, returned safely to Bremen last August. She brought no news of her consort, the *Hansa*. The two ships had parted company in August, 1869. Nothing had been heard afterward of the stanch little tender. She was last seen making her way in the midst of a driving snow-storm through floes and fields and bergs, her head bravely facing the northwest. Nothing more. "Quick! quick! bear a hand everywhere and with every thing!" had been all that under Providence had saved the *Germania* from being crushed between the floating masses on that fearful August night. The *Hansa* disappeared, perhaps to go down in the gale, perhaps to be driven into the unknown west which swallowed up Franklin and his one hundred and thirty-nine picked seamen. Friends of the absent began to be alarmed. The University of Vienna, which had lost its Dr. Laube, were urgent to dispatch a ship of rescue. The committee of management, hampered by the unexpected war, were at their wits' ends what to do. In the midst of the excitement news came from Copenhagen of the safety of officers and crew, and in October the missing mariners were all landed, not one lost, at Bremen. Their story may be shortly told.

The *Hansa*, after parting company with the *Germania*, was steered northward. In endeavoring to force a passage through the ice, she became beset, and on the 19th of September, 1869, was completely frozen in. This was the beginning only of tribulation. Ice accumulated around the vessel. Immense pressure from floating masses in the sea beyond increased. Her timbers began to crack. The drift of the whole body of ice perpetually changed her position. Like wedges driven in one after the other, the floes pressed upon her keel, until nipped beyond all her timbers could endure, she went down, a shapeless wreck.

The officers and crew, fourteen persons in all, escaped. They were twenty miles from land. Provisions, cordage, and stores, had been previously taken out of the ship. It was the last of October. On the huge floe they made themselves a home. There they built a house with planks and sails; enclosed it with blocks of ice and snow; stacked around it their barrels of provisions; heated it by a huge fireplace; contrived to ignite the blocks of coal that had been saved; made of mattresses and blankets, buffalo-ropes and skins, a common sleeping-place; organized themselves into regular watches; formed a compact

that no one of their number could break without consent of the whole; and so passed the winter, trusting to the southerly drift on which the Arctic ice is slowly borne. No discipline was ever more severe than that to which these fourteen men voluntarily agreed. They formed a community more perfect than Lebanon or Oneida. The word of command from the head became law to all. Even the bears and foxes that visited them were not molested without previous concurrence.

At the end of December observations taken four times daily showed that they had drifted more than five degrees. They had been nipped at 73° 6'; they had been carried down to 68°; a distance, in virtual midwinter, on a solid area of ice, without perceptible motion, of more than three hundred miles.

About the middle of April, in storm and mist, greatly to the surprise of all the party, the floe began to break up. Loud noises, sometimes resembling thunder, sometimes successive and sharp as volleys of musketry, were heard all around them. Hummocks were observed to settle. Fissures like Alpine *crevasses* were observed. Motion became apparent. The area around, which in October had comprised many square miles, was reduced to rods. Their house was destroyed, and, taking to their boats, illy clad and short of provisions—so suddenly at last had they fled from their insecure shelter—they awaited for five days and nights the final destruction of the floe. The southerly drift continued, and the voyagers were swept along with it. On the 7th of May the observations taken showed them to be at 61° 12'; Cape Farewell could not be far distant; steering out therefore into the dangerous sea, with leaky boats, scant cordage, and one unshipped rudder, with half rations and brackish water, they battled their way through and over the ice to the shore. On the 13th of June, they entered a bay and found themselves at the Friedrichstal Mission Station, where their weary and perilsome voyage came to an end. From the mission the adventurers went on to Julianshaab, where they found passage to Copenhagen, and landed in that port September 1st.

There are novel points about this expedition which will be studied with interest by those who are contemplating as well as those engaged in fitting out another Arctic expedition. The time and distance of the drift are, it is believed, the greatest on record. Much has probably not been gained for geography by either of the voyages. But the observations made by the scientific men on board both vessels—the meteorological data collected—and the narrative of perils encountered by the heroic little band of the *Hansa*, every individual of which (to the amazement of the Esquimaux that any one survived such a weary drift upon a field of ice), arrived safely home, will add an interesting volume to Arctic-voyage literature.

N. S. DODGE.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, member of the French Academy, senator, the accomplished scholar, the elegant and witty writer, whose productions have charmed the lovers of French literature for the last forty-five years, recently died in his villa at Cannes, on the shores of the Mediterranean, after a lingering illness of several years, at the age of sixty-seven, leaving a blank behind him which few of his contemporaries are qualified to fill.

Having studied for the law, he was received by the faculty as an advocate, but never exercised his forensic capabilities—the fields of literature, over which he delighted to roam at will, proving too great an attraction for his talents and genius.

After the Revolution of 1830, the Count of Argout, then minister, selected him as secretary for his cabinet, and afterward appointed him secretary of the Board of Trade, and head-clerk of the Admiralty-office. In 1831 he succeeded M. Vitet as the inspector of the ancient historical monuments of France, a post which he retained until the time of his death, and in which he acquired his reputation as a distinguished antiquarian and archæologist. In 1848 the provisional government selected him as one of the commissioners charged to take the inventory of the possessions belonging to the Orleans family. Some time afterward, when the tribunals gave judgment against M. Libri for adhering to the Orleans interest, the fidelity of M. Mérimée to the same cause led him to recriminate against the decision of the judges in two letters inserted in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for which he was fined and imprisoned for fifteen days. In 1844 he succeeded

M. Charles Nodier in the French Academy; in 1853 he was nominated senator and free member of the Academy of Inscriptions; in 1860 he was made commander and in 1866 grand-officer of the Legion of Honor.

The wide range of M. Prosper Mérimée's attainments enabled him to obtain distinction in the domains of archæology, history, and romance. At the outset of his literary career he gained celebrity by his two apocryphal works, by imaginary authors—"The Theatre of Clara Gazul, a Spanish Comédienne" (1825), and "Guzla," a collection of Illyrian songs, attributed by him to Hyacinthus Maglanowich. "The Theatre of Clara Gazul," one of the most perfect examples of literary mystification, precipitated the romantic revolution in France, and, according to the expression of a well-known critic of the time, M. Mérimée was the Mazeppa of an army of which Victor Hugo was the Charles XII. He published afterward, anonymously, the "Jacquerie" (1828), depicting feudal scenes, followed by "The Carvajal Family" and the "Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX." (1829.) After this date he ventured to attach his signature to his literary productions, of which the following are the principal: "Tamango," "The Capture of the Redoubt," "Venus of Ille," "Souls in Purgatory," "The Vision of Charles XI.," "The Plague of Toledo," "The Game of Trictrac," "The Etruscan Vase," "The Double Mistake," "Arsène Guillot," "Matteo Falcone," "Colomba." These charming stories were published between 1830 and 1840, in the *Revue de Paris* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and afterward collected in volumes. "Carmen" (1847), "Episode of the History of Russia" (1852), "The Two Heritages" (1853), "The Inspector-General" (1853), "Outset of an Adventurer" (1853), are little novels, full of life and interest, and distinguished for their sobriety of style and elegance of language.

His archæological works are the following: "Travels in the South of France" (1835), "Travels in the West of France" (1836), "Travels in Auvergne and Limousin" (1838), "Travels in Corsica" (1840), "Historical Monuments" (1843), "Paintings of the Church Saint-Savin" (1844), in which the wonders of Nature, the marvels of art, and the relics of history, are presented to the reader in the most attractive forms, which seldom fail to excite his interest and sympathy.

His miscellaneous works are: "Notice on the Life and Works of Michael Cervantes" (1828); "Essay on Social War" (1841); "History of Don Pedro I., King of Castile" (1843); "The False Demetrius" (1854); "Historical and Literary Fragments" (1855); "Introduction to the Stories and Poems of Modern Greece de Marino Vreto" (1855); and numerous articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Salon* of 1839, the *Archæological Review*, *Revue Contemporaine*, *Plutarque Français*, the *Globe*, *Constitutionnel*, *Moniteur*, *History of the Villes de France*, etc., equally distinguished for their sparkling wit, graceful humor, elegance of language, breadth of views, and soundness of judgment.

ANCIENT AND MODERN DIVISIONS OF TIME.

IT is not generally known that, a little more than a century ago, New-Year's was celebrated on the 25th of March throughout the British dominions, including America.

The following enactments, adopted by Parliament, entitled "An Act regulating the Commencement of the Year, and for correcting the Calendar in use," were passed in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of George II.:

"PREAMBLE.—Whereas, the legal supputation of the year of our Lord—according to which the year beginneth on the 25th day of March—hath been found by experience to be attended with divers inconveniences," etc.

"Enactments.—That throughout his majesty's dominions in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, the said supputation, according to which the year of our Lord beginneth on the 25th day of March, shall not be made use of from and after the last day of December, 1751; and that the first day of January next following the said last day of December shall be reckoned, taken, deemed, and accounted, to be the first day of our Lord, 1752, and so on from time to time. The first day of January in every year which shall happen in time to come shall be deemed and reckoned the first day of the year," etc.

The act further corrects the calendar thus:

"And that the natural day next immediately following the 2d day of September shall be called and accounted to be the 14th day of September, omitting for that time only the eleven intermediate nominal days of the common calendar."

We believe that in the State of Rhode Island to this day all farm and other leases date from the day of the ancient New Year, namely, the 25th of March.

The ancient divisions of the day differed widely from the customs of our own time.

The Chaldeans, Syrians, Persians, and Indians, began the day at sunrise, and divided the day and night into four parts. This division of the day into quarters was in use long before the division into hours.

The Chinese, who begin their day at midnight, and reckon to the midnight following, divide the interval into twelve hours, each equal to two of ours, and known by a name and particular figure.

In Egypt the day was divided into unequal hours. The clock, invented by Ctesibius of Alexandria, B. C. 250, was so contrived as to lengthen or shorten the hours by the flowing of water.

The Greeks divided the natural day into twelve hours—a practice derived from the Babylonians.

The Romans called the time between the rising and the setting sun the natural day; and the time in the twenty-four hours the civil day. They began and ended their civil day at midnight, and took this practice from their ancient laws, and customs, and rites of religion, in use long before they had any idea of the divisions into hours.

The first sun-dial seen at Rome was brought from Catania, in Sicily, in the first Punic War, as part of the spoils of that city; and, after this period, they divided the day into twenty-four hours. An officer, called *accensus*, at one time proclaimed the hours, and at the bench of justice announced every three hours the time of day.

In the Turkish empire time is reckoned by certain portions of the natural day, resembling the "watches" of the ancient Jews and Romans. Public clocks not being in use, these divisions of time are proclaimed from the minarets.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M. P., F. R. S.

THE examples of men engaged in regular mercantile business, who give their surplus time and thought to any serious subject with a view of contributing to its original elucidation, or of in any way promoting the real intellectual interests of the community, are so rare, that, when one appears, he is looked upon with astonishment. The common excuse for this is, that business labors are so exhausting that no surplus power is left for solid or systematic mental work in the hours of release from office-duty. But a great deal more is made of this than the facts will warrant. The anxieties of an insecure business may harass the feelings, but the current talk about using up the intellect in commercial transactions is simply nonsensical. The mental effort here required is generally of the lowest and simplest kind—mere automatic, mechanical routine, with hardly enough of real mental excitement to keep the mind from lapsing into stupidity. That the health of business-men often gives way, is true; but it is generally more due to inaction, bad eating, and bad breathing, than to excessive brain-work.

It is pitiable to see a man of good capacity narrowing down his mental action to petty counting-room details, and then offering the need of recreation to an overtasked intellect as an excuse for wasting all the rest of his time in the empty frivolities of sensational literature, pleasures, and social gossip. For farmers and mechanics, who labor regularly with their hands, and in whom muscular exertion draws powerfully upon nervous vitality, there is more excuse for mental inaction; but for the neglect of serious mental work, on the part of men of business, there is no such apology. No doubt, our vicious, classical education, which fails to enforce the duty of mental preparation for useful substantial ends, and makes mental pleasure the end of culture, is largely responsible for this result; but it is none the less deplorable on that account. Let us see what example has been set to us by an English man of business, now but thirty-six years of age, who had every temptation to an empty and aimless life which affluence and high social position can create.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK was born at Eaton Square, London, in 1834. He is the eldest son of Sir John William Lubbock, the third baronet of that name, and who won a distinguished reputation as a mathematician and astronomer. He wrote on the "Lunar Theory," on the "Perturbations of the Planets," and "Researches on the Tides." Among his numerous scientific productions was a little work on

"Probabilities," which anticipated by many years the now well-known work of Quetelet. It was published anonymously, and long ascribed to Mr. De Morgan.

The subject of our sketch was sent at an early age to Eton, and in 1848, when but fourteen years old, he entered the well-known banking-house in Lombard Street, of which his father was then the leading partner, and in which, during the last two-and-twenty years, he has been an indefatigable worker.

Young Lubbock early developed a fondness for natural history, devoting himself specially to entomology and the study of the structures and changes of the invertebrate animals. His patient, persevering, and careful researches and discoveries in this field, and his

admirable descriptions of his observations, have achieved for him an enviable reputation in the foremost rank of scientific biologists.

But it is in the department of archæology, or the investigation of the most ancient vestiges and remains of man, that Sir John Lubbock has most distinguished himself. His preparation for this field of inquiry was specially fortunate. In the pursuit of ethnology, the advantage of a thorough and direct acquaintance with biological principles, and the benefits of a methodical training in practical scientific investigations, can hardly be overestimated. Thus qualified, Sir John Lubbock has devoted himself to the study of primeval man, by original researches through the whole range of the investigation. In those elucidations he has not only drawn upon all

available sources of information, but he has himself examined the gravel-pits, from Amiens to the sea, in search of all the signs and tokens of prehistoric humanity; he has explored the bone-caves of the Dordogne, the peat-bogs and shell-mounds of Denmark, the lake-habitations of Switzerland, and countless museums, public and private, which are scattered all over Europe. The results of all these laborious inquiries he has given to the world in his splendid volume, entitled "*Prehistoric Times*," of which a new and revised edition will soon be offered to the American public by D. Appleton & Co.

Sir John Lubbock has published numerous original memoirs, of a scientific character, in the "*Transactions of the Royal Society*," of the *Ethnological* and *Linnæan Societies*, and in the *Scientific Review*. His last important work, however, is "*The Origin of Civilization* ; or, the *Primitive Condition of Man*," which has just been reprinted in this

country. How the work is appreciated is shown by the fact that the first edition disappeared in a few days after its issue. Of the character of this volume the London *Athenæum* speaks as follows :

"Such is the summing-up of a work which is most comprehensive in its aim, and most admirable in its execution. The patience and judgment bestowed on the book are everywhere apparent; the mere list of authorities quoted give evidence of wide and impartial reading. The work, indeed, is not only a valuable one, on account of the opinions which it expresses, but it is also most serviceable as a book of reference. It offers an able and exhaustive table of a vast array of facts which no single student could well obtain for himself, and it has not been made the vehicle for any special pleading on the part of the author."

Sir John Lubbock belongs to the school of Darwin, and holds to the hypothesis of development as applied not only to the inferior world of life, but also to man. He believes that the law of humanity is not degeneracy, but progress; not the falling away from a primitive state of perfection, but the gradual amelioration and advance toward a higher and a better condition. His writings upon this subject are pervaded by an elevated and hopeful spirit, of which the following passage, from "*Prehistoric Times*," may serve as an illustration:

"It will, I think, be admitted that, of the evils under which we suffer, nearly all may be attributed to ignorance or sin. That ignorance will be diminished by the progress of science is, of course, self-evident; that the same will be the case with sin, seems little less so.

Thus, then, both theory and experience point to the same conclusion. The future happiness of our race, which poets hardly ventured to hope for, science boldly predicts. Utopia, which we have long looked upon as synonymous with an evident impossibility—which we have ungratefully regarded as 'too good to be true'—turns out, on the contrary, to be the necessary consequences of natural laws; and once more we find that the simple truth exceeds the most brilliant flights of the imagination. Even in our own time we may hope to see some improvement; but the unselfish mind will find its highest gratification in the belief that, whatever may be the case with ourselves, our descendants will understand many things which are hidden from us now, will better appreciate the beautiful world in which we live, avoid much of the suffering to which we are subject, enjoy many blessings of which we are not yet worthy, and escape many of those temptations which we deplore but cannot wholly resist. . . . It may be said that our present sufferings and sorrows arise principally from sin, and that any moral improvement



SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

must be due to religion and not to science. This separation of the two mighty agents of improvement is the great misfortune of humanity, and has done more than any thing else to retard the progress of civilization. . . . Fully satisfied that religion and science cannot be at variance, I have striven in the present publication to follow out the rule laid down by the Bishop of London (now Archbishop of Canterbury) in his excellent lecture delivered last year (1864) at Edinburgh. 'The man of science,' says Dr. Tait, 'ought to go on honestly, patiently, diffidently, observing and storing up his observations, and carrying his reasonings unflinchingly to their legitimate conclusions, convinced that it would be treason to the majesty at once of science and of religion if he sought to help either by swerving ever so little from the straight rule of truth.'"

Well, is this earnest devotion of thought to the later and larger questions of science incompatible with the duties and cares of business? Far from it. Sir John Lubbock is as successful a man in his bank as in his library. But it is because his training has not been uncongenial with his business. We have yet to learn the vast advantage of a true scientific education as a preparation for practical life. The man of business has to deal with facts, with operations which are governed by laws, otherwise it would be impossible for him to reason from past experience to a future policy. But it is the one great business of science to deal with fact and law, and of scientific education to train the mind to this method of thought. We are, therefore, not surprised to learn, not only that Sir John Lubbock manages his own financial affairs successfully, but that he has introduced comprehensive measures of improvement in the English banking system. In 1865 he published a valuable paper in the "Journal of the Statistical Society," solving two questions to the great importance of which Mr. Babbage had called attention. The first of these had reference to the proportion of the transactions of bankers which passed through the clearing-house to that which did not. Taking an amount of one hundred and fifteen million dollars which passed through the hands of his own banking firm during the last few days of 1864, Sir John analyzed the respective items of clearing-checks, bills, bank-notes, and coin, and found that out of each million more than seven hundred thousand dollars passed through the clearing-house. It was to facilitate this large element of monetary transactions that Sir John Lubbock worked out, and by indefatigable exertions succeeded in carrying into effect, the plan known as "the country clearing," by which great public benefit was secured. The fact that Sir John Lubbock is the chairman of the Association of Bankers, and that he was selected by government to serve on the commission appointed to consider the question of an international coinage, shows what value is attached to his judgment in the monetary world.

Sir John Lubbock is magistrate for the county of Kent, president of the Entomological Society, and vice-president of the Linnean and Ethnological Societies. He has also been appointed by government a member of the Public Schools Commission and of the Royal Commission for the Advancement of Science.

In 1868 he was nominated as a candidate for Parliament from the University of London, backed by a committee consisting of such men as Huxley, Babbage, Tyndall, Airy, Lyell, Darwin, Max Müller, and others. He was beaten; but, in 1870, he was the successful candidate of the Liberal party from Maidstone. He was married, in 1856, to Ellen Frances, only child of the Rev. Peter Harndern, of Lancashire. He succeeded his father to the baronetcy in 1865.

SIEGES OF PARIS.

WHEN Cæsar came first to Gaul, Lutece, or Paris, had no walls, and was merely a cluster of poor huts, defended by a river that wound its way between forest and marsh. In the great insurrection, when the wild Gauls refused any longer to contribute cavalry to the Roman armies, Cæsar, before his defeat in Auvergne and his retreat to Champagne, sent Labienus, his lieutenant, to attack the Parisians. The barbarians on his approach burned their fortresses, destroyed their bridges, forsook their woods, and encamped to the north of the town. In the battle that ensued the Gauls were routed, and their chieftain, Camulogene, slain. In 356 Julian the Apostate cleared Paris and its environs of the hordes of German barbarians who had overrun it for five years, gave the town a municipality, and built the Palais des Thermes (now the Hôtel Cluny). The Roman camp then stood on part of what is now the garden of the Luxembourg.

Lutetia—the favorite city of Julian the Apostate, the pleasant capital of Roman Gaul—was much tormented by those rapacious Danes, who, in the ninth century, came down in hungry swarms from their Northern pine-forests upon the unhappy countries of their choice. In 842, fresh from burning Nantes and spoiling the Saracens of Spain, the Danes rushed on Paris. The river was wider then, and there were but two bridges to the city island, and probably only one gate. The Palais des Thermes was still a noble structure, the great monasteries of St.-Germain l'Auxerrois, St.-Germain des Près, Ste.-Geneviève, and St.-Victor, were castellated fortresses, used as strongholds in such hours of need. On the approach of Regner Lodbrok and his horde, Charles the Bald concentrated his army at St.-Denis, before the abbey (St.-Germain des Près), and opposite to an island of the Seine. The Danes did not attack, but spread over the country, burning and ravaging. The frightened inhabitants abandoned Paris, and on Easter Eve the Danes entered it. The monks had fled with their shrines' relics, the citizens had borne away or hidden their valuables, so the Danes carried off only the iron gates and the roof-beams of St.-Germain, to show as trophies to King Eric of Denmark, and, when the too free use of wine brought on dysentery in their army, they consented to depart on Charles the Bald paying them the enormous subsidy of seven thousand pounds of silver, a sum equal, say the Academicians, to five hundred and twenty thousand livres.

In 857 these pirates were again on the Seine. The monasteries, heretofore sacked, were now destroyed. St.-Denis was burned, and a heavy ransom demanded for the abbot, Charlemagne's grandson. Notre-Dame (then St.-Etienne) and St.-Germain des Près alone escaped. The savages also broke open the tombs of the Merovingian kings, and scattered the bones of Clovis. Even till the era of Louis XIII., a clause was retained in the Ste.-Geneviève Litany, "From the fury of the Norsemen, good Lord deliver us."

These sea-robbers came again in 885. Rollo had then reoccupied Rouen, and advanced on Paris; Sigfried leading their host of forty thousand men in boats and barges that covered the Seine for two leagues. The city was now fortified, a painted bridge stopped their vessels, and the Grand Chatelet was defended by Eudes, son of the Count of Paris. This is the defence that Ariosto has immortalized in his gay and chivalrous verse. A treaty refused, on Ste.-Catherine's Day the Danes fell to it, trying to storm the Grand Chatelet, and wounding Bishop Gauzelaine. The siege lingered on for four years, but the Danes made no great way. One spring the Seine swelled, carried off several piers of the Petit Pont, and opened a way to the Danish vessels, but Bishop Gauzelaine instantly repaired the bridge, and manned an adjoining tower with twelve brave citizens of the merchant forces. The Danes tried to burn the painted bridge with fire-ships, but the bishop sunk them; the tower, however, they burned, and butchered the defenders, who surrendered. Bishop Gauzelaine dying of vexation, the emperor sent a grand army to raise the siege, but the Danes caught the leader, Count Henry, in a pitfall outside their camp, and killed him. Eventually Charles came and gave them a subsidy of fourteen hundred silver marks and Burgundy, which had recently revolted from him. Sigfried was soon after killed in a foray in Holland. The Parisians refusing to allow the Danes to ascend the Seine, the Northmen dragged their vessels round overland; and about fifty years since, says Sir F. Palgrave, a curious Danish boat, hollowed out of a single piece of timber, that had been swallowed up by the silt, was dug up near the Champ de Mars. The Danes lingered for a year or two round Paris, till every stiver of the black-mail was paid.

Paris had then some little rest, nearly a century's repose, till 978, in fact, when the Emperor Otho attacked Lothaire, one of the last of the Carlovingian race, with sixty thousand steadfast Germans. The French refused to fight, all except one knight, who slew a German ritter who rode up in defiance to the Chatelet gate. Enraged at this reticence, Otho ascended the heights of Montmartre, and there sang exulting hallelujahs over the city, having first ridden to the Chatelet, and contemptuously stuck his lance into the door.

The great wars between France and England in the reign of Edward III. originated in Edward's claim to the French throne on the death of Charles IV. Philip of Valois derived his title by being cousin-german to the deceased monarch, while Edward claimed it as nephew of Charles, ignoring the Salic law, which forbade women to ascend the throne, and which debarred his mother, a sister of Charles, from any right. Edward also espousing the cause of a fugitive Count

of Artois, and of Artevelt, the rebel brewer of Ghent, an enemy of France, furnished fresh causes of quarrel where none were needed. As a climax to these sources of hatred, King Edward added this also, that the Emperor Louis, at a diet at Coblenz, put Philip under the ban, and appointed Edward vicar for all lands held by France on the left bank of the Rhine. Chivalrous Sir Walter Manny broke the first spear by attacking Montaigne; the French retaliated by landing at Southampton and pillaging the town. About St. John the Baptist's Day, 1346, says Froissart, King Edward, leaving his brave wife in the care of her cousin, the Earl of Kent, embarked with his men-at-arms and archers at Southampton. The English were to have landed in Gascony, but afterward decided on Normandy, as being fuller of rich towns and handsome castles. The army landed at La Hogue, and took Caen, sacking the place, and obtaining great plunder of rich robes, jewels, and gold-and-silver plate. The English then took Louviers and burned Gisors, Mantes, and Meulan, and pushed forward to Poissy, only seven leagues from Paris. The bridge here being broken down, the patient army remained five days while it was repairing, the knights in the mean time solacing themselves by burning St.-Germain-en-Laye, five leagues from Paris, St.-Cloud, Boulogne (Bois de), and Boissy la Reine. "The Parisians," says the chronicler, "were much alarmed, for Paris at that time was not enclosed." Still the invaders hesitated about marching on, and King Philip, beginning to stir, pulled down all the pent-houses in the city, and went to St.-Denis to meet the King of Bohemia, Lord John of Hainault, the Duke of Lorraine, the Earl of Flanders, the Earl of Blois, and others of his allies and vassals—barons, knights, and lords. The Parisians, hearing he was leaving the city, came and fell on their knees, and said, in the simple-hearted language of those times:

"Ah, sire and noble king, what are you about to do? To leave your fine city of Paris? Our enemies are only two leagues off. As soon as they know you have quitted us, they will come directly, and we are not able to resist them ourselves, nor shall we find any to defend us. Have the kindness, therefore, sire, to remain in your good city of Paris and take care of us."

The king replied: "My good people, do not be afraid; the English will not approach you nearer than they have done. I am going to St.-Denis to my army, for I am impatient to pursue these English, and am resolute to fight without delay."

Soon after this came the English march into Picardy and the great victory at Crécy, where the English heralds counted among the French dead eighty banners, eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and thirty thousand common soldiers.

In 1357 Paris was enclosed for the first time. The Provost of Paris fortified it with walls and a ditch—employing three hundred masons for a whole year. And the time soon came to test the new walls. The Duke of Normandy, Regent of France, collecting three hundred lances, besieged Paris, on the side of the Faubourg of St.-Anthony, his headquarters being at Charenton and St.-Maur. He held both the Marne and the Seine, allowing nothing to enter the city, and burned all the suburban villages. The city was defended by the King of Navarre, the Provost of Merchants, and some Navarrese English archers. Peace was at last proclaimed, but the provost still intrigued for the King of Navarre, who remained at St.-Denis, and allowed his English soldiers to brawl and riot in the city, where sixty of them were killed in one fray alone. The Parisians arming to retaliate, the English were set upon as they were returning by the gate of St.-Honore, and six hundred of them slain. The provost at last planning to let in the English to sack the city and kill all the regent's adherents, some citizens set upon him on the steps of the fort of St.-Anthony, struck him down with a battle-axe, killed six of his fellow-conspirators, and brought the Duke of Normandy in triumph from Charenton to the Louvre.

In 1359 Paris was again besieged by the English, who had sailed from Dover two days before the feast of All Saints with cries of "God and St. George!" Marching through Picardy and Rheims, they in due course arrived at Monthéry (seven leagues from Paris), and thence sent to Paris heralds to offer battle to the regent, who, however, refused to come outside the walls at a disadvantage. It was at this time that the good knight Sir Walter Manny, eager for lance-breaking, requested the king to let him venture with some new-made knights as far as the barriers of Paris. The son of Sir Nicholas Dambreticourt, a squire of the body, the king had wished to be of the party, but, as the chronicler sarcastically perhaps mentions, the young man excused himself

by saying he could not find his helmet. In these skirmishes many hard blows were exchanged, which ended by a French knight being captured by a stratagem, before the English retreated. An eye-witness says: "No living being to be seen from the Seine to Etampes; all have sought refuge in the three faubourgs of St.-Germain, St.-Marcel, and Notre Dame des Champs. Monthéry and Longjumeau are on fire—all round we see the smoke of burning villages rising to heaven. On Easter-day I saw the priests of ten communes officiate at the Carmelites, the next day orders came to burn down the three faubourgs. Some wept, others laughed. Near Chanteloup twelve thousand persons, men, women, and children, threw themselves into a church, which was burnt by the English, and not three hundred escaped." "I learned," says the eye-witness, "this lamentable event from a man who had escaped through our Lord's will, and who thanked God for it." Paris was in great distress, for Burgundy sent up no more fire-wood, and fruit-trees had to be used for fuel. The English king at last drew off his forces toward the Loire, promising to return to Paris at the vintage. In May, 1361, he made peace on receiving Aquitaine, and a ransom for King John, of three million gold crowns, six hundred thousand to be paid before he left Calais. Paris went frantic with joy at this treaty that saved them, and even presented the English ambassadors with some thorns from the real crown at the Sainte Chapelle. "All rejoice," says the chronicler, "but the armorers. The levied towns and provinces were alone miserable, the Rochelle people saying they would rather pay half their incomes; and adding, 'we may submit to the English with our lips, but with our hearts—never.'"

In those cruel wars which devastated France in the reign of Charles VII., when Burgundians and Armagnacs were more dreaded in Paris than even the English, Joan of Arc, after saving Orleans, making the redoubtable Talbot prisoner, and crowning Charles king of France at Rheims, experienced her first reverse at Paris. Against her wish (for poor Joan after the coronation had fallen at the king's knees and begged him to let her go back to her father and mother, to once more guard their sheep and tend their cattle), the Pucelle led the French troops in August, 1430, to wrest Paris from the English by a *coup de main*. Her angelic voices had warned her to go no farther than St.-Denis. At the first attack she carried an outpost by a rush. She crossed the first fosse, and even the mound that separated it from the second. Finding the second fosse full of water, amid a storm of arrows she called for fascines and began sounding the water with her lance. Just then, as she stood there conspicuous, an English arrow pierced her thigh; she strove to resist the pain and to urge the troops to the assault, but, faint with loss of blood, she at last sought the shelter of the first fosse, and late at night was persuaded to return to the camp. But fifteen hundred were killed or wounded in this attack, and the army accused La Pucelle of imprudence, and believed her justly punished for her impiety in giving the assault on the anniversary of the nativity of Our Lady. Soon afterward the brave girl was stricken from her horse at the siege of Compiègne, sold to John of Luxembourg, and cruelly burnt alive. It was not till April, 1436, that the brave Breton Constable of France, Count de Richemont, and the gallant Dunois, immortalized by both Shakespeare and Schiller, took Paris from the English, and put the garrison of rough invaders to the sword.

Another lull till 1465, when the proud and warlike Count of Charolois, afterward Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, whom Sir Walter has sketched in such a masterly way in "Quentin Durward" and "Anne of Geierstein," invested Paris, in order to bring his deadly and wily enemy, Louis XI., to terms. Commynes, who was with the duke, computes his army of German cross-bow men, Neapolitan horse-men, and Swiss halberdiers, at one hundred thousand men. They routed a handful of French archers at Charenton, and, passing over the bridge there, encamped at Conflans, beside the river, enclosing their army with wagons and artillery. While the scared citizens were still hesitating about an armistice, the subtle king slipped into Paris with two thousand men-at-arms and half the nobility and volunteers of Normandy, and lent new vigor to the sallies on the Burgundian foragers. The enemy not having blocked the three rivers, Marne, Yonne, and the Seine, provisions were plentiful in Paris. "In a word," says Commynes, "Paris is surrounded by the finest and most plentiful country I ever yet beheld, and it is almost incredible what vast quantities of provisions are brought to it." The Parisians made frequent sallies, and in many a warm skirmish drove

back the Burgundian outposts of fifty lancers at Berey. The ladies of Paris, being spectators, roused the chivalry of the twenty-five hundred men-at-arms who helped to defend the city. One day, particularly, four thousand of the king's Franc archers (young Quentin Dureward was perhaps among them, and certainly grim old Balafré) came to Charenton, threw up a barricade, dug a trench, and began to cannonade the Duke of Calabria's quarters on the opposite side of the river, even killing a trumpeter who was bringing up a dish of meat to the Count de Charolois. The Burgundians instantly mounted their cannon (all but their cumbersome bombards) along the river wall, and gave tongue, having either sheltered themselves in a convenient stone quarry, or dug pits before their tents. During this temporary success, half Paris came out to have a safe peep at the enemy. The Burgundians then made a bridge of planks laid on barges, broad enough for three men abreast, and at daybreak passed over; but on a sudden the men in the trenches shouted, "Farewell, neighbors, farewell," and, setting fire to their tents, drew off in a huge cluster toward Paris. The king, says Commynes, did not dare attack in force, being suspicious of some of his officers, having indeed one night found the gate of the Bastille (of St.-Antoine) toward the fields left open. At the grandest sally there were to be three attacks; one a general sortie, the second at the bridge of Charenton, the third with a brigade of two hundred men-at-arms from the wood at Vincennes. At daybreak, when the attack opened, the Burgundian army sprang in a moment to arms, and a hot cannonade began on both sides, though the walls of Paris were a good two leagues off; the count's scouts in the mist mistook a field of tall thistles for the king's lancers advancing in force, much to the amusement of the rear-guard. Peace was soon after proclaimed; Louis, for two hundred thousand golden crowns, giving up to the duke Amiens, Abbeville, and other fortresses on the Somme. The Burgundians were, however, again shaking their lances at Paris in 1465; they attempted to surprise the gate of St. Denis, but, being repulsed at the barriers, they cannonaded the town; and during this attack, says Jean of Troyes—the supposed author of the "*Chronique Scandaleuse*"—a cowardly rascal of a bailiff frightened the citizens almost into fits by running up and down, shouting at the top of his voice, "Get into your houses, O Parisians, for the Burgundians have entered the town!" Louis, arriving just as the count had stormed St.-Cloud, fell on the Burgundians at Mont Chery, defeated their vanguard, and captured their baggage. The Bretons and Burgundians, during this siege, cut down ruthlessly all the vines at Clignancourt, Montmartre, and St.-Courtille, and made wine of the green grapes; and the Parisians, to save the fruit, did the same to all the other vineyards. During this danger the citizens of Paris barricaded their streets with chains, as the Provost Marcel had first done during the Armagnac and Burgundian troubles of 1356; great bonfires were burnt nightly in every ward, and watch was kept all night at the Hôtel de Ville. Louis XI. again temporarily bought off his enemies by concessions of money and territory, and so the war ended. According to Dulaure's calculation, there were at this time only about one hundred and fifty thousand souls in Paris.

After Henry IV. had stricken down the insolent Spaniards and the fanatic Leaguers at Ivry, he invested Paris. Choosing a dark night, he told off twenty divisions, to carry at the same time the suburbs of St.-Antoine, St.-Martin, St.-Denis, Montmartre, St.-Honoré, St.-Germain, St.-Michael, St.-Agnes, St.-Marceau, and St.-Victoire, in order to cut off all supplies from Paris. "I wish for peace," said the king; "for a battle I would lose one finger; for a general peace, two. I love my city of Paris: she is my eldest daughter. I am jealous of her. I am desirous of doing her service, and would grant her more favors than she demands of me; but I will not be compelled to grant them by the Duke of Mayence or the King of Spain." Henry, attended by his wise favorite Sully, who had been severely wounded at Ivry, and by his secretaries and physician, sat at one of the windows of the Abbey of Montmartre, and watched the two hours' cannonade, and the flames that sprang up with horrible rapidity in a hundred different directions. The Duke de Nemours, who defended Paris, defended it well, nevertheless. Thirty thousand poor wretches died of hunger in the space of a month; mothers fed upon the flesh of their children, and, by the advice of the philosophic or fanatical Spanish ambassador, the citizens even dug up dead bodies, and pounded the bones into a kind of horrible dough, which generally caused the death of its consumers. The half-starved people fought with fury; even the Capuchin and Carthusian monks put on armor over their frocks, and fought be-

side the citizens. Sully, however, says the city could never have held out if the king's officers had not allowed provisions to pass in exchange for scarfs, plumes, silk stockings, sashes, gloves, and beavers, that they wanted from within. Eventually, either owing to hopelessness or fear of the cruelty of his Huguenot soldiers, Henry IV. raised the siege, and retired to Challes, a town between Paris and Meaux, where the Duke of Parma (grandson of Charles V.) was encamped, and soon after retired to the castle of Creil, on the Oise.

This was, no doubt, a discomfiture, though Sully colored it over: but in 1594, Henry fairly bought his capital of the League governor, the Count de Brisac, for one million six hundred and ninety five thousand four hundred livres. The royal troops were admitted by the Porte Neuve, at the Quai du Tuileries, which had been banked up, the Porte St.-Honoré, and the Porte St.-Denis. The cannon on the ramparts were at once turned on the city. Soldiers from Corbeil and Melun landed at the Quai de Celestins. Some German soldiers who resisted at the Quai de l'École, were killed and thrown into the Seine. The Leaguers in vain endeavored to save the Temple. The agitators excited the people in the University quarter, but a lame-legged captain, falling down and breaking his wooden leg and musket, covered with an air of ridicule the whole *émeute*. From a window near the Porte St.-Denis, the king himself shouted to the Spanish soldiers as they left the city, "Gentlemen, commend me to your master, but never return here."

But the siege that after all more nearly concerns us, and was attended by events that bear more resemblance to what may soon happen, was that conducted by the allies in March, 1814. A short narrative of this one day's siege will have a special interest to most of our readers at this moment. The allies, eager to revenge the losses of Marengo, Jena, and Smolensko, took an ungenerous but not unnatural advantage of those disasters of Napoleon that had culminated at Beresina and at Leipsic, and crossed the Rhine, mustering with their reserves scarcely less than half a million of men. The emperor, with a genius soaring above all dangers, concentrated eighty thousand men at Chalons, and ordered a levy of two hundred and eighty thousand fresh conscripts, intending to form three camps, one at Bordeaux, a second at Metz, and a third at Lyons.

The grand running fight which the emperor carried on through Champagne ended in his being frequently overpowered by his relentless enemies. Unwilling to be crushed between Blücher's and Schwartzberg's divisions, he at last retreated, hoping to be joined by Suchet's army from Catalonia, and Augereau's regiment from Lyons, and then to hurry back and defeat his enemies under the very walls of Paris. In the mean time, as Marmont and Mortier fell back to the capital, the allies approached the gay city by three routes, Meaux, Lagny, and Soissons. The preparations in Paris for real defence had hitherto been but slight. Napoleon had either never relied on the luxurious and excitable people of the capital, or, what is more likely, had, like his nephew, been afraid to trust them with arms. There were two hundred cannon at Vincennes intended for the heights, but they were not yet mounted. No barricades had been thrown up in the streets near the Octroi wall. Of the thirty thousand National Guards, not more than six thousand had been provided with muskets. The redoubts before the gates were mere "tambours" of palisades, and without moats. The fifty or sixty thousand volunteers with fowling-pieces that could have been mustered had not been called upon. Paris was not yet fortified, and all was excitement, confusion, and distrust, while the actual reliable soldiers did not number more than twenty-five thousand men.

On the 29th of March the allied sovereigns met at the Château of Bondy; and, dreading the tiger-like rush of Napoleon, resolved to at once storm Paris, and by the right bank of the Seine, so as not to have to recross the river if repulsed. There were to be three simultaneous attacks. On the east (the German side), Barclay de Tolly, with fifty thousand men, was to march by Passy and Pantin, and carry the plateau of Romainville; on the south, the Prince Royal of Würtemberg undertook, with thirty thousand Germans, to break through the wood of Vincennes, and to reach the barriers of Charonne and du Trône; the third attack, on the north (the English side), was to be led by grim old Blücher himself, who was to force his way through Mortier's grenadiers and over the plain of St.-Denis.

On the French side, Marmont took Vincennes, the Barriers du Trône and Charonne, and the plateau of Romainville as far north behind this plateau as Près St.-Gervais; while Mortier defended the plain

of St.-Denis and the space round the Canal of the Ourcq. The Russians won the first move. Misled by an officer, Marmont was mortified to find the Russians already in possession of Romainville. With twelve hundred men of the Lagrange division, however, he threw himself on their rear-guard, and drove them hotly back on Pantin and Noisy. At the same moment the Ledru des Essarts division swarmed hotly into the wood of Romainville, whose heights border the plain of St.-Denis. Marmont then distributed his troops. The Duke of Padua placed his men on the extreme edge of the plateau of Romainville, in the tallest houses of Bagnolet and Montreuil, where the gardens slope down toward the city. In the centre of the plateau Marmont drew up the Lagrange division, backed by the houses of Belleville, while the Ricard division was in the wood of Romainville on the left, and to the north the division of Ledru des Essarts. At the foot of the plateau, in the plain at Près St.-Gervais, stood the Boyer de Rebeval division, while the Michel division guarded La Grande and La Petite Villette. The cavalry was posted between Charonne and Vincennes. About eight o'clock, Joseph, posted safe like Jupiter in Montmartre, heard the musketry begin to rattle.

The brave Livonian, Barclay de Tolly, vexed at being pushed out of Romainville, called up his reserves to retake it. Paskiewich's grenadiers were to scale the heights on the Rosny side, while Count Pahlen's cavalry attacked on the south from Montreuil. At the same time Prince Eugene of Würtemberg was told off to attack Pantin and Près St.-Gervais to the north, and to contribute to the recovery of the important post of Romainville. The Russian attack prospered. General Meyerzoff, who had been repulsed in the morning, forced back Lagrange, and wrested from him the heights. The Russian brigade also turned the plateau by Montreuil and Bagnolet, and the Duke of Padua, being outflanked, was driven slowly but surely backward. At the same time the Russian cuirassiers, storming along the plateau, charged the French infantry, but were repelled by the drifting fire. At Belleville, too, the narrower plateau gave the French, by concentration, greater strength. The tirailleurs threw themselves for cover behind the houses of Bagnolet, and found shelter in the wood of Romainville. The French batteries, though served for the most part by mere lads from the Polytechnique, kept up a relentless fire that drove the gray-coats backward, at the same time Ledru des Essart's Young Guard won back, tree by tree, the wood of Romainville, and outflanked the Russian force. At the foot of the plateau, the French still held Pantin and Près St.-Gervais, and repelled all efforts of the Prince of Würtemberg to win them back. If the French had now got but eleven thousand more men, their historians say, the allies might have received a severe check; but they had not.

The other attacks were now commencing. Blucher was on the plain of St.-Denis. Langeron had driven through Aubervilliers nearly to the Bois de Boulogne. He then sent his Prussian and Baden guards to help Prince Eugene to carry Pantin and Près St.-Gervais. The Prince Royal of Würtemberg was also moving forward to the south by Neuilly and the forest of Vincennes.

The allied forces were now in line. To the north Prince Eugene, backed by Prussian bayonets, fell fiercely on Pantin and Près St.-Gervais, and tried his best to drive out the Boyer de Rebeval divisions and the Young Guard. Slowly but surely Romainville was won. The Russians, though at first repulsed, at last seized Montreuil and Bagnolet, and took possession of the nearest houses of Menilmontant, and the Duke of Padua was outflanked on the French left. The Ledru des Essart division was beaten from tree to tree out of the wood of Romainville, which they had so lately conquered. Pressed on both flanks and enveloped in fire, Marmont struck a brave blow for life and for victory. Throwing his troops rapidly into four massive battalions formed in column, he rushed like a sword-fish at the Russian centre. Twelve cannons loaded with grape welcomed the fierce assailants, and at the same moment the Russian grenadiers pressed upon his front, while Miloradovitch's heavy cavalry hewed at his flank. The French columns bent, wavered, and retired before these myriads; but a brave fellow, named Ghesseler, breaking with two hundred men from a wood, gave time to Marmont to retreat toward Belleville. The game was all but played, the struggle all but over. Everywhere the French were outweighed and retiring. The wood and plateau were now both lost. The centre stood near Belleville, maimed and enfeebled. The Padua division was at Menilmontant. The Michel and Boyer divisions battled still, but almost hopelessly, for Pantin. In the plain, too, there was tough fighting; La Villette and La Chapelle were both assailed.

General Billiard's cavalry was keeping Blucher's dogged squadrons at bay. It was at this crisis that General Dejean arrived from Napoleon, and cheered on the men for a last rush by the enormous and reckless lie that the emperor was almost in sight, with a force of six hundred thousand men. There was some hope still at Vincennes. A battery, nobly worked by Polytechnique lads, advancing too far from the Barrier du Trône to play on Pahlen's cavalry, got cut off by some German cavalry, and were only saved by their own steadiness and a dash of some national guards and dragoons, who would not leave them to perish. Belleville, the key of the height, still held out; and there Marmont had concentrated his field-artillery and the wrecks of his shattered divisions, sending word to scared Joseph, like an obstinate old soldier that he was, that as yet he saw no reason for surrender.

But the end was now near. Schwartzenberg, dreading every moment to see the flash of Napoleon's bayonets on the eastern horizon, ordered a general attack. Five columns (north and south) were to cut off Belleville from Paris. Brigadier Paisch, with eight heavy guns at Menilmontant, four more at Belleville, and eight on the Butte de Chaumont, received them with a mowing fire, but nothing could stop such deluging masses; they were everywhere superior, and Belleville fell. Mortier, afraid of being cut off, then collected all his forces, charged on the Russians, already entering the Temple Faubourg, drove them out, and resumed the defence of the Octroi wall. In the mean time another division, fighting desperately on the plains of St. Denis, was jostled back to the barriers, while Langeron took the now undefended Montmartre, and marched on the Clichy barrier, held bravely by Marshal Moncey. Marmont, unwilling to see the city destroyed in a useless defence, now proposed terms, and surrendered the city to the allies. Thus, with a total loss of sixteen thousand men, fell Paris after one day's hard fighting.

Paris is now far stronger than in 1814; and, instead of a few contemptible redoubts and one hundred guns, has twelve leagues of wall and sixteen citadels. Instead of thirty thousand men, she has at present, by the most trustworthy accounts, sixty thousand soldiers, one hundred thousand Gardes Mobile, one hundred and ninety thousand National Guards, nine thousand volunteer Franc-Tireurs, and ten thousand auxiliaries from the municipal services. The reliable defenders of the city are computed by General Trochu, a cool and determined man, at four hundred and ten thousand armed men, and much may be expected from the rage and despair of such a multitude, even though two-thirds of them are young recruits. Still we do not think that Paris will rival even Sevastopol, much less Troy, Numantia, or Saragossa. Yet there are certainly elements of strength unknown in 1814. The population, then only seven hundred thousand, is now one million six hundred and ninety-six thousand. The whole twenty-two miles of ramparts only require one hundred and fifty thousand men to man them; and, if the total number of guns required, thirty-six hundred and forty (the allies of 1814 only took one hundred), have really been mounted, and the thirty-six entrances hitherto left open have been well fortified—if there is no treason, internal insurrection, or panic—Paris may still make a bloody resistance, and many thousands of Prussians may perish before its bastions, even in the few days of storm that we expect. The rain of fire and iron must soon, we fear, descend upon the fair siren of cities. God grant her days of suffering may be short, and that the sunshine of peace may follow speedily the cruel tempest!

WALTER THORNBURY.

SONNET.

AS some lone hermit of the days of old,
Couched in his cave, through fancy's brief excess,
Might once have dreamed of far-off loveliness,
Sheen of bright eyes, and veils of woven gold,
Thus, from my desolate Thebaid I behold
The flower-like dawn of this, thy wedding-day,
Which keen October turns to maiden May,
Her sweet lips tremulous with a bliss untold;
Thine eyes, O friend, are touched to tender tears,
While wingéd hopes and blessings fly to place
Aërial garlands on her brow of grace,
Whose love binds up thy bloomless broken years,
Till life made whole, all pure of pain and fears,
Beams in the sunshine of her heavenly face.

TABLE-TALK.

OUR best American artists complain indignantly of the incapacity and impertinence of most of the art-critics who write in the newspapers. They allege that these critics are generally wholly incompetent to judge of the merits or demerits of the works which they praise or condemn with such a lordly air of superiority, and that, with all their skill in the use of words, they have little or no conception of the means employed by the painter, or of the legitimate objects and aims of art. This being the settled opinion of the whole profession, it seems to be clear that there must be foundation for it. The artists themselves are certainly the best judges of works of art, and in their opinion the criticism of the newspapers is contemptible, because ignorant or malicious. At least, so far as we have had an opportunity to observe, this is the unanimous verdict of the studios, which would hardly be the case if the critics were really competent judges. We believe it is only in New York and Boston that art-criticism is written by men who have never practically studied painting or sculpture; and it is only in newspapers that non-professional criticism is dreaded, or has the least effect. All the best French and English art-critics have studied painting as painters, or they have passed the best part of their lives in the society of painters. Hazlitt was for several years a painter, so likewise was Gautier; and Hazlitt, in England, and Gautier, in France, have written the best about painting. We are led to make these remarks by the reception which the newspaper press has given to the fall exhibition of the Academy of Design in this city. A leading journal, for instance, devoted considerable space to a criticism of the exhibition, and yet its critic failed to mention, and probably even to observe, that one of Jules Breton's pictures, the one best known by artists and the least known by the public, was to be seen in the large gallery. It is a picture from which to date a new style in art, and is universally recognized by painters as a natural and delightful work, broad and sunny in effect, bold and firm and fine in style, and admirable in action and color. A peasant-woman walks by the side of a little wagon which holds her child, while her boy tugs it along the road; back of the group the ripened grain ripples against the sky, and, in the distance, the tower of a church makes a gray spot against the light. This is just one of those admirable specimens of the art of painting by the side of which all spoken or written expression seems faint and dull. With such a picture, how can the exhibition be said to be poor? But this is not all that is to be seen there, though it is alone enough to compensate one for an hour spent at the Academy galleries. Whoever may be interested in powerful brush-work, whoever cares for painting, will find much to interest and instruct the eye at the Academy. American art is more or less well represented by Inness, Page, Brevoort, Gay, Coleman, La Farge, Homer, Gray, and Huntington. These names indicate in part the measure and character of the interest of the exhibition. The pic-

tures of May, Bougereau, Wappers, and Reingnault, must suggest the best that comes to us from Europe. We find exaggeration and power in the foreign pictures. They are superb as mere pieces of painting; they burst out upon the spectator, and, among the tender flutones of American art, seem like the blare of trumpets expressing tumult and fury. Yes, even at the Academy, that dull and monotonous place according to some, enough bold and fine, if not beautiful art may be seen to awaken a glow of sensibility, and stir the imagination with the expression of Life and Nature. Reingnault's superb example of powerful use of the brush, and Bougereau's dramatic group, "Orestes pursued by the Furies," can hardly face an indifferent spectator; the latter picture, we believe, has excited general attention. And naturally enough, for it is horrible and awful in contrast with the mild and undramatic forms affected by American art. It is not a creation; it bears too many traces of the studio-model to win the highest tribute, the tribute it would compel had the subject been presented by a Delacroix. But, as a powerful example of academic art, treated in a naturalistic, and, in some respects, a realistic spirit, it must be accepted as one of the most remarkable pictures ever seen on the Academy walls. It is singularly strong in expression, and, though earthy and materialistic, it is, pictorially speaking, tremendously expressive of the subject. American artists have very little to do with antique subjects, and, owing to the geographical position of most of them, it is well they do not attempt to treat such subjects, although it was the fashion among them to do so a quarter of a century ago. France has paid the best tribute to the myths and legends of the ancient world, and has done the most to revive the Greek and Roman types now sheltered in museums and libraries. It is worth while, however, even for us, in our purely modern life, to think of and see the typical and tragic forms that were as familiar to the ancients as Rip Van Winkle is to us.

— Alexandre Dumas, the famous French author, died at Dieppe, about the middle of December, at the age of sixty-seven. His grandmother was a full-blooded African, and his father a mulatto, born in Hayti, but educated in France, who entered the army and rose to the rank of general. Alexandre began his literary career by writing poetry and plays. Some of his dramas were very successful, and are popular on the stage of every country in the civilized world. He began to write novels in 1835, and has published more than we can remember, his best being "Monte Cristo," "The Three Guardsmen," and "Margaret of Valois." The most striking peculiarity in the character of this singular personage was his sublime egotism. Ten years ago, said he: "There are three men who stand at the head of French literature—Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and myself." In this sentence we can only find one thing to wonder at, and that is that he did not put the *moi-même* first. On this occasion the authorities had forbidden the representation of one of Dumas's dramas; but, far from wounding the feelings of the dramatist, the edict only had

the effect of drawing out a witty and presuming letter, which created such a sensation that in the end the injunction was removed, and the play made an immense and astonishing success. To Americans, such gross egotism is not only repugnant, but absurd. Here, in short, self-assertion is self-condemnation. But from the pen of a Frenchman—above all, from the pen of M. Dumas—the expression was in keeping with the French character and the character of the man. The successive schools of literature of France were like those of England. The age of Louis XIV. may be placed side by side with the age of Queen Elizabeth, in the richness of its mine of letters. There naturally followed a decline from so much literary grandeur; for Corneille, Racine, and Molière, had worn out the resources of the time, and left to those who followed them compositions which could only be imitated, not approached. A new era was begun with the Revolution. De Staël and many others sprang up. But, in the language of the author of "Les Misérables," a political revolution must produce a revolution in letters. The end of the Reign of Terror brought to completion the absolute change which began with Madame de Staël. Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, Edmond About, and Michelet, headed the school of romance; Béranger, Hugo, and Lamartine, the list of poets; Thiers, Lamartine, Michelet, and others, the roll of historians. Much has been said of Dumas's "Antony." It came out of the Revolution. He was professedly a liberalist in politics, and so did not fail to embody his ideas in his works. Yet the "Catiline," which was brought forth afterward, contrary to expectation, achieved a success greater still. What he anticipated accomplishing in this, and in all the works, in fact, of similar tendency, is shown in the preface to "Caligula." He observes "that antiquity, as it is displayed in the tragedies of Voltaire's school, had fallen into such utter discredit that the sense of weariness with which it affected us had become proverbial. It was nothing at all new that I was about to attempt; it was simply a restoration." At the time much was said of the ingenuity with which Dumas treated the arch-conspirator of the old Roman republic. Full thirty characters were introduced on the stage, by which he intended to typify the leading public men of his own period, and he did not hesitate to acknowledge that the tragedy was *altogether* a portrait of modern French opinions, principles, and parties. Sylla was Napoleon; Cato and Cicero, conservatives; Cæsar, the *éminent* of the day, and partisan double-dealer; Lucullus, the *bourgeois* office-seeker. There were also other appropriate *dramatis personæ*, to represent the Parisian *lorette* and her followers. The character of Catiline was done by M. Méligne, who was, in stage-phrase, at that time "leading man" at the Théâtre Historique. The most successful dramatic works of M. Dumas, since the last thirty years, were "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle," in which Mademoiselle Mars, the Déjazet of that period, appeared, undertaking at the age of sixty-five the part of a girl of twenty; the "Mariage sous Louis XV.," the "Demoiselles de St.-Cyr," the "Comte Hermann," and "La Conscience."

— In a novel now publishing in a Boston periodical, one of the characters, an American, addressing Americans, speaks as follows: "I can't account for the sparseness of our crop of great intellects. I sometimes fear that our long backwoods life has dwarfed the national brain, or that our climate is not fitted to develop the human plant in perfection. Our painting can't get into European exhibitions. Our sculpture has only done two or three things which have attracted European attention. Our scientific men, with three or four exceptions, confine themselves to rehearsing European discoveries. Our histories are good second class; so are our poems, the best of them. Even in novels—one would think we might do something there; we have a wealth of stirring incidents and curious characters—but what is the result? The American novelist either can't draw a character, or he can't make a plot. In general he is as dull and dry as a school-geography. I don't understand it." These utterances come from one who is described as "well-balanced," and "chilling" his companions by his "rational conversation and sound example." Hence it was not written as the extravagant expression of a loose talker, but is given as the sound opinion of a dispassionate mind. There is some small show of truth in it, it must be admitted, but its exaggerations and errors would not be worthy of attention were it not for certain significant omissions which may, with good advantage, be pointed out. This "sound" and "rational" depreciator of American genius is utterly silent upon that branch of effort in which our national intellect has attained its greatest triumphs. In jurisprudence American writers have a reputation second to none in the world, and in some branches of this science they have foremost rank. The fame of Story, Kent, Wheaton, and a few others, is very high in Europe; and the whole body of our Commentaries is in nowise inferior to the similar productions of other countries. A little analysis will show that our national intellect is not inferior, but that circumstances have directed it into special channels. With us literature is not yet a regular pursuit. In almost every family young men of marked talent are encouraged to adopt the study of law, for this profession, above all others, offers opportunities for men of ambition and genius. And then our national talent is in this direction. As early as 1775 Edmund Burke pointed out the fondness of the American mind for the study of law; and, from that early period to this, our practitioners as well as our legal writers have exhibited a skill that has made them famous. The rewards of literature or art are precarious, and usually with us almost the last thing a man would educate his son for would be either of these professions. Literature is commonly pursued incidentally to something else. If its emoluments were as great, and its position as fixed and certain, as law or any of the recognized professions, it would be more cultivated, more studied, more systematically pursued, and, of course, with greater results than now. The measure of the intellect of a country is not the measure of what it has accomplished in certain arbitrary directions, but the measure of what it

has wrought in those fields to which the character of its genius tends.

— Engraving on steel in pure line is an art almost passed away. Among the numerous prints gathered in such art-rooms as Goupil's or Schaus's, the visitor can discover only occasionally one that is not at least in part executed in mezzo-tint, stipple, or by some other rapid or inexpensive method. Landscapes are commonly etched, and this process is suitable and proper for subjects of this character. But figure-subjects, or portraits, have a special value engraved in line. In America, of all the innumerable portraits on steel that are issued from the press, we know of but very few, with the exception of the heads on bank-notes, which are executed in line. Some dozen years ago, the most accomplished of engravers on bank-note heads was Mr. William E. Marshall. Encouraged by the applause with which his efforts in this way were received, he engraved a portrait of Fenimore Cooper, of a size about four times that of the bank-note heads. This was a success. Fired now with ambition, he determined to attempt at once a large head, and the result was that portrait of Washington now known all over the country as "Marshall's Washington," and which has received the approbation of the best critics in the world. These were followed by heads of Lincoln and Grant, both standing acknowledged as not merely the best portraits of these eminent persons, but as works of art of the very highest execution, such as no European burin has excelled. These triumphs have not satisfied Mr. Marshall. He is now devoting all his energies to the execution of a head of Christ, which he hopes to make the acknowledged greatest work in line the century has produced. The size will be large, covering something over five hundred square inches. He has already been two years upon the work, and has given the profoundest attention to the character of the head. To produce a portrait that shall express the gentleness and yet the strength, the ideal purity and yet the human sympathy of the character, so that all men may say, "This is the Christ," has been his enthusiastic purpose. The drawings and sketches for this ambitious work, which we have been permitted to inspect, impress us as giving promise of a great triumph. Mr. Marshall's execution of his work would be sure to be admirable; it was only necessary that the conception of the face should meet with the exacting demands of such a subject. To our minds, this has been done; for, while no doubt a difference of opinion as to many points will be certain to ensue, yet we believe that it is a face coming very near, indeed, to the ideal of Christ, and one which will stir the admiration, freshen the love, and profoundly move the emotions of every one looking upon it.

— A European correspondent of the JOURNAL, a man of scientific note, sent to us, a few weeks ago, some curious citations from the writings of eminent European naturalists on the interesting question of the mixed races of mankind, in which views were expressed differing from those entertained by most American writers on ethnology. These views, however, seem to be formed from theory, and not

from practical observation, and, at any rate, apply only to the tropical regions of Spanish and Portuguese America, to which we should hardly look for the best specimens of the white race. In our own country, those who have had the best opportunities of observation are, with scarcely an exception, decidedly of opinion that the European notions on the subject are erroneous. Such, at least, is the conclusion of a correspondent in Georgia, who has paid particular attention to this question, and who gives, as the result of forty years experience of the Southern mulattoes, the following statement: "In nine cases out of ten the hybrid proved totally unfit for field-work, the females invariably so. They could not stand excess of heat or cold, were liable to headaches and inflammatory diseases in winter, and were exhausted and worn out long before the muscular vigor of the pure African was at all impaired. In fact, to the latter they were constant subjects of ridicule and contempt. It is generally supposed that they were superior to the negro in intellect; but I doubt it. That they furnished any apparent evidence of superiority is owing, I think, to the fact that, from necessity as well as choice, we took them into our families as body and house servants, and thus, from constant contact with persons of intelligence, they were able to exhibit a little superiority over those who did not possess such advantages."

— Dr. John Lord, who for a quarter of a century has enjoyed a very high reputation as an historical lecturer, purposes to give, this winter, a series of twenty-five lectures "On the Men and Women who for the last Five Hundred Years are most identified with the Progress of Society." The series will be given in the mornings at the Association Hall, and are designed for people generally of leisure and culture, but more especially for young ladies, who, having completed their ordinary education, may be desirous of pursuing a course of historical reading. We commend this series of lectures, particulars of which can be learned at Mr. Putnam's book-store, Association Building, to the attention of all ladies and gentlemen of cultivation.

Literary Notes.

WE have a new volume of poems, by Jean Ingelow, entitled "The Monitions of the Unseen, and Poems of Love and Childhood." For sweetness, grace, and delicacy, Jean Ingelow leads all her contemporaries, and, even if her reaches of philosophy are not the highest, there is in all her teachings the beauty of wisdom and the tenderness of human sympathy. "The Monitions of the Unseen," the leading poem of this volume, is ambitious in purpose; it tells of a curate who, impatient at the little good his earnest efforts seem to avail in his struggle with the wickedness and suffering around him, rebels that—

"God, who loves the world, should yet
Let it lie down in sorrow, when a smile
From Him could make it laugh and sing."

and is visited by the vision of a child, from whom by various ways he at last learns that he is—

"not bound to make the wrong go right.
But only to discover, and to do
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints."

Of the minor poems in the collection many are admirable, and all have some special grace or felicity. The volume is handsomely issued by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

"School-days at Mount Pleasant," by Ralph Morley, is a book of school life and adventures, similar in design to the famous "Tom Brown at Rugby." Mount Pleasant is a military school at Sing Sing, on the Hudson. The narrative carries the reader among the Highlands, and to many localities famous in song, story, and history. The exploits, the escapes, the mishaps, the adventures, jocular and serious, of the young cadets at Mount Pleasant are agreeably and often spiritedly told. Stories of school-life, if at all well related, have a singular fascination to most readers, and this narrative will recall many experiences, and renew, in imagination, not a few of those boyish delights that to so many of us are now gone forever.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have published a translation of Victor Hugo's "The Destroyer of the Second Republic, being Napoleon the Little," which was first issued in 1852. The work is now timely, and will be read with vivid interest. It is characterized by the author's merits and faults. It is often eloquent, always dramatic and stirring, sometimes a little blasphemous, and, as in all of Hugo's productions, is marred by excessive egotism and not a few absurdities. Many of its predictions, that would have seemed ridiculous six months ago, are now verified by recent events.

"Our Poetical Favorites" is a new collection of some of the best-known minor poems in the English language. There is no attempt at classification, but the poets have been drawn upon freely and without order for their favorite verses. The collection is made by Professor Kendrick, of the Rochester University, who is himself a poet, as well as one of the most accomplished of American scholars.

Miscellany.

Buckstone's March to London.

WE might seek far ere we found a better illustration of the vicissitudes of an actor's life than that supplied in Mr. Buckstone's march to London in search of fame and fortune, a story best told as it was told by his own mouth: "I once walked from Northampton to London, seventy-two miles, on fourpence-halfpenny. I had a companion in the same plight; and, on comparing our pecuniary resources, we discovered ourselves to be masters of the sum of ninepence—fourpence-halfpenny each, according to Cocker. My costume consisted of a threadbare whity-blue coat with tarnished metal buttons, secured to the throat, because I wore beneath what we call a 'flowered' waistcoat, made of glazed chintz of a very showy pattern, generally adopted when playing country boys and singing comic songs—which at that time was my vocation. I will not attempt to describe my hat; while my trousers must only be delicately alluded to, as they were made of what was originally white duck; but as they had been worn six weeks, and had been much in the fields, there was a refreshing tint of a green and clay color about them, which imparted to that portion of my attire quite an agricultural appearance. I carried a small bundle. I will not describe its entire contents, but may mention that it held a red wig and a pair of russet boots. Under my arm was a portfolio containing sketches from Nature, and some attempts

at love-poetry; while on my feet, to perform this distance of seventy-two miles, I wore a pair of dancing-pumps, tied up at the heels with packthread. Thus equipped, I started with my companion from Northampton, and before breakfast we accomplished fifteen miles. When we sat down to rest ourselves under a hedge by the roadside, we felt very much inclined to partake of the meal in question, but were rather puzzled how to provide it. Presently a cow-boy appeared, driving some lazy, zizzag-going cows, and carrying two large tin cans containing skimmed milk. We purchased the contents of one of the cans for a halfpenny; a cottage was close at hand, where we procured a very nice, though rather stale, half-quarter home-baked loaf for a penny. The cow-boy sat by us on that roadside waiting for his can. The cows seemed to regard us with a sleepy look of mingled pity and indifference; while with the bottom crust of that loaf, and three pints of skimmed milk, I enjoyed the roadside breakfast of that summer morning more than I have enjoyed the banquet of this evening. On the first day, we walked forty miles, for which my pumps and what they covered suffered some. Our bed for the night was in one of those wayside hostleries called lodgings for travellers, for which accommodation we disbursed twopence. Late in the evening of the next day, we completed the remaining thirty-two miles, and found ourselves at the *Mother Redcap*, Camden Town, with enough in our pockets to procure half a pint of porter."

Bourbon Folly.

At the time of the Emperor Napoleon's exile to the island of Elba, among other small means to which the Bourbon king resorted in order to stay up his tottering throne, was the passage of a stringent law that no picture, statue, statuette, figure, or resemblance of "General Bonaparte," as he was called, should be suffered to remain in any place, public or private, among any residents, native or foreign. Consequently there was a sudden disappearance of every thing of the kind, from the bronze statue on the top of the pillar made from cannon taken at Austerlitz, which statue Louis Philippe had the good sense and discretion to restore, to the mere toy or thimble-case bearing Napoleon's profile upon its outline. Every house was to be visited and examined, to see that the order was strictly obeyed, and all offending articles were to be seized.

Mr. Wilder, an American residing in Paris, owning a particularly fine and correct bronze statuette of the emperor, buried it, with other things of the kind, in his cellar. His turn for inspection by the police came. In walked into his counting-room the officer, with his secretary and other attendants, who said in a pompous and semi-contemptuous tone, "Have you any statue, image, or likeness of any kind, of that man?" "Of what man?" said Mr. Wilder. "You know, sir, very well, who is meant," said the officer, impatiently; "that man—that usurper." "What man? what usurper?" said Mr. Wilder; "I am a stranger here." "Why do you keep me? You know whom I mean; that usurper—that Bonaparte, if you will have it," said the officer. "Have you any likeness or representation of him?" "Certainly I have," said Mr. Wilder; and, turning to a clerk, "Gougain, bring me a bag of Napoleons." Then, pouring them out on the desk before him, "Here they are, sir." The police official stared. At first he could make no answer; but then said, "That money is not what I want. You can keep that." "Go and tell your master," said Mr. Wilder, "that the whole specie currency of the realm must be called in before he

can keep from the eyes of the people the features of the Emperor Napoleon." "You are right," said the officer, now leaving, but continuing aside to his comrades, "it is ridiculous, truly, this business we are on; but the Bourbons cannot see it."

The Snake-Charmers.

Among the sights bordering on the marvellous which attract the traveller's attention in Egypt, beyond even the mysterious proceedings of the Cairene magician who professes to summon the dead to life, may be mentioned the interesting performances of the snake-charmers. These men belong to the order of Riface Dervishes. They profess to discover the presence of any venomous snakes which may be concealed in the house, a very common occurrence in the warm climate of Egypt, and, if there be such snakes, to allure them from their hiding-places.

The first measure usually resorted to by the wary spectator is to cause the performers to be thoroughly searched in the court-yard previously to their being introduced into the interior of the house, lest they may have snakes hidden either in the folds of their "cafans," or long flowing robes, or in those of their *libis*, or baggy trousers. Sometimes they are forced to deposit their voluminous garments in some corner of the court-yard, and, as an additional precaution, they are made to tuck up the loose sleeves of their *kamis*, or shirts, after these have been as closely examined as the rest of their clothes.

When all possible precautions have been taken, the snake-charmers are allowed to enter the house. Immediately on admission they assume an air of mystery, strike the walls and floor with a short palm-stick, whistle, make a chuckling noise with the tongue, and spit on the ground, exclaiming, "I adjure ye, if ye be above or below, that ye come forth;" "I adjure ye, by the most great name, if ye be obedient, come forth; and, if ye be disobedient, die! die!" However close may have been the previous search in every corner of the apartment, and in every piece of furniture and hanging drapery, in about ten minutes, generally speaking, after these exclamations, a snake is dislodged from one of the projecting cupboard doors with which most rooms are lined, or drops from the wood-work of the ceiling. The result of any incredulous expression on the part of the spectator, who may imagine the snake to be harmless, is to make the snake-charmer excessively indignant. He generally seizes one of the snakes by the neck, and, after displaying his fangs, tears him to pieces with his teeth, spitting out the bits on the ground with an excited, defiant air.

The only solution of this mystery is, that as these dervishes make it a practice to tame snakes, live habitually with them, and are not very cleanly in their habits, their bodies and clothes become deeply impregnated with the pungent oil which collects on the surface of the snake's skin, and thus the latter reptile, being gifted with strong olfactory nerves, is immediately made aware of an odor which appears to indicate the presence of members of his family, and comes forth from his hiding-place to greet them.

Dynamite.

Nitro-glycerine was discovered in the year 1847, by an Italian, named Ascegne Sobrero; but its practical application is entirely due to the researches of Alfred Nobel, a Swedish mining engineer. It does not explode when brought into contact with fire, and remains unchanged even when raised to the temperature of boiling water; but, at about forty degrees Fahrenheit,

it becomes converted into an icy mass, which merely requires friction to develop all its explosive qualities. This peculiarity had been the cause of many lamentable accidents, when M. Nobel commenced a series of experiments with the view of rendering its employment comparatively safe. After some time, he found that mixing it with about ten per cent. of wood-spirit rendered it practically harmless, and this method is now generally adopted. When required for use, the wood-spirit can be removed, and all the properties of the nitro-glycerine restored by the simple addition of water, which, mixing with the spirit, sets free, as it were, the nitro-glycerine. The only drawback to this plan is that, when the nitro-glycerine is reconverted into its original state, it is of course quite as dangerous as ever.

To obviate this, M. Nobel has invented a new mixture, which he terms "dynamite." It consists of seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and twenty-five per cent. of very fine sand, and is a brownish-looking powder, something like saw-dust, only greasy to the touch. It burns without explosion when placed in a fire, or brought into contact with a lighted match. If struck with a hammer on an anvil, the portion struck takes fire without inflaming the dynamite around it. As a proof of the perfect security with which it may be handled, we may mention that M. Nobel has placed a case containing about eight pounds of it (equal to nearly eighty pounds of ordinary powder) on a brisk fire, and that the dynamite was consumed without noise or shock; while a similar case was flung from a height of sixty-five feet on to a hard rock without producing the slightest explosion. A weight of over two hundred pounds was then let fall from a height of twenty feet upon a box of dynamite; the box was smashed, but again there was no explosion.

The usual method of firing dynamite is by means of a copper capsule containing fulminate of silver—the latter being inflamed either by the ordinary slow-match, or by the electric spark. The employment of this capsule and detonating composition is absolutely essential for the explosion of dynamite. In order to give some idea of the force developed by such an explosion, it may be mentioned that a specimen of it placed upon a block of quartz, covered with bricks, and fired, caused the quartz to be broken up into pieces about the size of a pea, and reduced the bricks to powder. Like nitro-glycerine, dynamite congeals at a comparatively high temperature; but, to restore it to its proper condition, it is only necessary to put it in a warm place, or, if it is contained in closed cartridges, to plunge it into warm water.

In mining operations, dynamite possesses many advantages over nitro-glycerine, besides those already mentioned.

A Chinese Story.

Some years ago, when the Tai-ping rebels were devastating the most fruitful provinces of China, a novel plan was invented for discovering the money and other treasure concealed by the terrified merchants and people on the first warning of the approach of the rebels. Some ingenious Tai-ping thought within himself that, as men are all devout worshippers of gold and silver, something composed from man would, in all probability, be more efficacious than any thing else in discovering hidden treasures, without putting men to the pains of pulling down each separate brick of any suspected place, to get at the coveted hoard. He therefore seized the first prisoner he could lay hands on, and quietly proceeded to cut him up and put him into a large caldron, wherein he

was allowed to simmer until a sufficient containing of oil had collected on the surface; this was carefully skimmed off, and then a roll of cloth was spread out and soaked in the human oil, after which it was tightly rolled up and converted into a torch. The rebel then lit his torch, and, in a fever of expectation, started in quest of a likely house. Having found one to his taste, he entered, and slowly waved the torch in all directions, intently watching the flame, which shortly commenced flickering—like a man's fingers clutching at gold! The rebel was overjoyed at this sight, and felt sure that this was a sign that treasure was concealed exactly where the torch flickered; he accordingly set to work and pulled down that part of the wall, and sure enough there discovered a goodly hoard of silver. This plan was afterward universally adopted in the Tai-ping camp, and became so notorious that, on an imperial officer—in whose suite was my informant—taking one of the rebels prisoner, he questioned him as to the truth of the report, remarking, at the same time, that he could not possibly believe it. The prisoner declared that such was their method of discovering hidden treasure. Whereupon the officer replied that, as the prisoner persisted in vouching for the truth of the report, he would do himself the pleasure of testing its truth or falsehood on his person. The prisoner was immediately killed, cooked, and converted into a torch, and used with the greatest success!

The Long White Seam.

BY JEAN INGELow.

As I came round the harbor-buoy,
The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-locked harbor stirred,
The crags were white as cream;
And I marked my love by candle-light
Sewing her long white seam.
It's aye sewing ashore, by dear,
Watch and steer at sea,
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage-door;
Oh, sweetly my love sings!
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,
My soul to meet it springs
As the shining water leaped of old,
When stirred by angel-wings.
Aye longing to list anew,
Awake and in my dream.
But never a song she sang like this,
Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbor lights,
That brought me in to thee,
And peace drop down on that low roof
For the sight that I did see,
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear
All for the love of me!

For oh, for oh, with brow bent low
By the flickering candle's gleam,
Her wedding-gown it was she wrought,
Sewing the long white seam.

Robes de Chambre.

The Historical Museum in Munich has recently been presented with a new and certainly very curious article; it is the *robe de chambre* of the late King of Bavaria, Ludwig I., the same who made the famous Lola Montes a countess. The letter which accompanies this present states that the monarch wore this garment for sixty consecutive years. It is to be hoped that it has undergone a thorough scouring previous to being placed among the other curiosities of the Museum.

The idea of exhibiting *robes de chambre* in historical museums is not new; the *Musée des*

Souverains in Paris contains several of them, but they are not all as interesting as that of Ludwig I. This museum is considered by many a very useless institution. How many, among the present generation, care for most of the sovereigns? Yet the crown of Charlemagne, the panoply of Francis I. and that of Henry IV. are worth being preserved; so are the small hat, and the gray coat of Napoleon I. But among these interesting curiosities, the most worthy of attracting our attention is the precious little slipper made of black silk, worn out and patched, a mere rag, whose miserable appearance forms a strange contrast with the gaudy rags around.

This shoe is poor Marie Antoinette's. It slipped from her foot when her mutilated body was taken down from the scaffold. Picked up by a child, it passed into the hands of a royalist family, who kept it religiously for a long time, and afterward bequeathed it to the *Musée des Souverains*.

Its elegant shape, the delicate texture of the material, the perfection of the workmanship, show that it is the same which the unfortunate woman wore when she left the Tuileries for the prison of the temple. During all the time of her captivity she could not get any other, and was reduced, poor queen, to mend it herself. This waif tells more of the sufferings of Marie Antoinette than all the accounts of historians.

Canes.

In the manufacture of canes great quantities and varieties of materials are consumed. There is scarcely grass or shrub, reed or tree, that has not been employed at one time or another. The blackthorn and crab, cherry-tree and furze-bush, sapling oak and Spanish reed, are the favorites. Then come supple-jacks and pimentoes from the West Indies, rattans and palms from Java, white and black bamboos from Singapore, and stems of the bambusa—the gigantic growth of the tropics—from Borneo. All these must be cut at certain seasons, freed from various appendages, searched to discover defects, assorted into sizes, and thoroughly rid of moisture. A year's seasoning is required for some woods, two for others. Then comes the curious process of manufacture. Twenty different handlings hardly finish the cheapest cane. The bark is to be removed after boiling the stick in water, or to be polished after roasting it in ashes; excrescences are to be manipulated into points of beauty; handles straightened and shanks shaped; forms twisted and heads rasped; tops carved or mounted, surfaces charred and scraped, shanks smoothed or varnished, and bottoms shaped and ferruled. Woods, too, have to be studied, lest chemical applications that beautify one might ruin another kind. Some are improved under subjection to intense heat, others destroyed. Malacca canes have frequently to be colored in parts so that stained and natural surfaces are not distinguishable; heads and hoofs for handles are baked to retain their forms; tortoise-shell raspings are conglomerated by pressure into ornamental shapes, and lithographic transfers, done by hand, are extensively used upon walking-sticks for the Parisian market.

Some of Dickens's Characters.

Mrs. Bardell was a Mrs. Ann Ellis, who kept an eating-house near Doctors' Commons; a blustering Sergeant Bumpus was the original of Sergeant Buzfuz; and Mr. Justice Starecigh was a caricature, by no means extravagant, of Sir Stephen Gaselee. Mr. Fang, the truculent Bow-Street magistrate in "Oliver Twist," was a faithful portrait of Mr. Laing, a London police magistrate, whose conduct had long been a subject of bitter criticism in the newspapers.

"Oliver Twist" caused his removal. Traddles is said to have been Sir T. N. Talfourd; Esther Summerson a Miss Sophia Iselin, sister-in-law of Moxon, the publisher; and Detective Buckett, the well-known Inspector Field, with whom Dickens made several interesting tours of observation. In "Dombey and Son," several characters are said to have been drawn from life. Mr. Dombey is supposed to represent Mr. Thomas Chapman, ship-owner, whose offices were opposite the Wooden Midshipman. As if to make Mr. Chapman undoubtedly identical with Dombey, we have, as messenger of the commercial house of "Dombey and Son," one Perch, actually taken from a funny little old chap named Stephen Hale, who was part clerk, part messenger, in Mr. Chapman's office. Old Sol Gills was intended for a little fellow named Norie, who kept a very small shop in Leadenhall Street, exactly opposite the office of John Chapman & Co., in which "the stock in trade comprised chronometers, barometers, telescopes, compasses, charts, maps, sextants, quadrants, and specimens of every kind of instruments used in the working of a ship's course, or the keeping of a ship's reckoning, or the prosecuting of a ship's discoveries." In front of this small shop stands a figure carved in wood, and curiously painted, of a miniature midshipman, with a large quadrant in his hand, as if about taking an observation. What is more, the little shop and the Wooden Midshipman may be seen by the curious, adorning Leadenhall Street to this very day. Captain Cuttle was one David Mainland, master of a merchantman.

Wordsworth.

Wordsworth's favorite poet was Milton, as Southey's was Spenser, and I suppose that these poets to a certain degree served as models to them. It is curious to observe how Milton's genius triumphed over political prejudices in a mind so strongly imbued with them as that of Wordsworth. His veneration for Milton was so great that, if that poet used a particular word in a particular sense, he would quote his authority to justify himself when his wife or daughter objected to its employment in his own poems. The fact of Milton preferring Euripides to the other Greek tragedians, served to raise that dramatist in his opinion. Perhaps he was almost as much attached to Milton as he was to his own lakes and mountains, in which he could never see a fault. With respect to the latter, I doubt whether he thought they were equalled by any scenery in the world, and whether he would not have given them the preference even to Switzerland. In comparing them to Killarney, he admitted that there was one view there—I think it was the view between the upper and lower lake—which was superior to any in Cumberland or Westmoreland; but, as a whole, he thought Killarney inferior to the English lakes.

Wordsworth was never, as far as I know, addicted to field sports or other manly exercises; I doubt whether he was ever on a horse in his life. For I recollect that Hartley Coleridge, in criticising one of his poems—"Lucy" I think—said that a certain verse, in which the poet described himself as riding, was spoiled for him (H. C.), because the idea of Mr. Wordsworth on horseback was utterly incongruous. The only feat I remember his performing in the way of sport, was endeavoring to catch what he thought to be a trout, by tickling it, but which, when he hauled it on shore, to his horror proved to be a toad!

Habits of Robert Burns.

The family breakfasted at nine. If he lay long in bed awake, he was always reading. At

all meals, he had a book beside him on the table. He did his work in the forenoon, and was seldom engaged professionally in the evening. Dined at two o'clock, when he dined at home. Was fond of plain things, and hated tarts, pies, and puddings. When at home in the evening, he employed his time in writing and reading, with the children playing about him. Their prattle never disturbed him in the least. Had but rarely company in the evening. Was much occupied composing his songs, most of which he wrote several times over. "Had plenty of excise-paper, and scrawled away." Mrs. Burns thinks he chiefly composed while riding and walking, and wrote from memory after he came in. Was not a good singer, but had a very correct ear. Could "step a tune" rudely on the fiddle, but was no player. Sometimes took this method of satisfying himself as to the modulations of a tune. Was very particular with his letters, when of any consequence; and uniformly wrote a scrawl before the principal. Went to bed generally at eleven o'clock, and sometimes a little sooner. Went to church frequently in the afternoon; went often to Mr. Inglis's, the Dissenting clergyman. Never took supper, and never drank by himself at home. The drink then was chiefly rum and gin; very little whiskey was used. Burns never spoke English, but very correct Scotch.

Lovers' Stratagems.

Talking of lovers' intercommunications, modern courtship finds expedients that surpass Ovid's powers of invention. Two such come to mind. One was described to me by a party to it, a droll French *barbier* full of anecdote, who used to operate upon my *chevelure*, and nearly made me bald with his stories; for while I listened he talked, and while he talked he cut. He had kept a shop in a native country town, and thither used frequently to go a young demoiselle closely watched by her duenna. Her hair was curled in papers, which were letters to her lover. The hair-dresser took these out and laid them aside, replacing them when necessary with others, which were letters from the forbidden youth. This curl-paper love-making went on for months; the end of it does not concern us. The second expedient was witnessed in Seville. At dark, a young don stole beneath a lofty window, unscrewed the handle of his walking-stick, drew out length after length of its tubular interior, and fitted the parts like a fishing-rod; he put a mouth-piece at each end, and raised one end to the envied lattice. A head appeared; and as long as the spectator's patience lasted he saw lips and ears above and below alternately applied to the soul-communicating pipe. Johnson's fishing-rod—"a worm at one end and a fool at the other!" Which was which?

House-Servants.

A writer in *London Society* says: I remember a lady being at the Botanical Gardens one day, and, while looking at the swans in the ornamental water, she accidentally touched the foot of another lady similarly employed. She immediately apologized, and the stranger, turning to bow, revealed her own house-maid. The girl was really elegantly dressed—better dressed and better looking than her mistress. The latter commenced a severe and angry lecture; but the house-maid took it very calmly, and told her mistress that she might provide herself with another house-maid by the end of the month. I believe there are certain houses in town to which servant-girls resort to doff their ordinary attire and don their ladylike raiment. I know a Frenchwoman who told her mistress that she meant to stay at home for a time to "compose herself and get her hands white."

Those who can read take a lively interest in the correspondence of the family. I know a family who were extremely annoyed by some piece of unpleasant family news becoming circulated in the neighborhood. They were careful people, and took pains either to lock up or destroy their letters. But it seemed that they tore up their letters into "spills," which they put into a vase on the drawing-room mantelshelf, and a servant had actually sewed together these "spills," and read off the contents of their letters.

Why they went to War.

A certain king, it is said, sent to another king, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—" The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied, "I have not got one; and if I had—" On this weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well to consult about the preliminaries of peace; but, before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which formed the ground of the quarrel. "What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—?'" "Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color. But," retorted he, "what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—?'" "Why, of course, if I had, I should have sent it." An explanation which was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly.

Aristotle.

Aristotle had nothing of the austerity of the philosopher, though his works are so austere. He was open, pleasant, and even charming in his conversation, fiery and volatile in his pleasures, magnificent in his dress. He is described as fierce, disdainful, and sarcastic. He joined to a taste for profound erudition that of elegant dissipation. His passion for luxury occasioned him such expenses when he was young, that he consumed all his property. Laertius has preserved the will of Aristotle, which is curious. The chief part turns on the future welfare and marriage of his daughter. "If, after my death, she chooses to marry, the executors will be careful she marries no person of an inferior rank. If she resides at Chalcis, she shall occupy the apartments contiguous to the garden; if she chooses Stagyræ, she shall reside in the house of my father, and my executors shall furnish either of those places."

Varieties.

PRINCESS LOUISE is to have eight bridesmaids, seven of whom have been selected: Lady Constance Seymour, daughter of the Marquis of Hertford; Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Duke of Argyll; Lady Florence Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Florence Loveson-Gower, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland; Lady Mary Butler, daughter of the Marquis of Ormonde; Lady Alice Fitzgerald, daughter of the Marquis of Kildare; and Lady Florence Montagu, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich.

Recollecting the unhappy fate of the library at Strasbourg, which was completely burned during the siege, it is some consolation to lovers of books that Metz escaped a bombardment so that her library and museum remain still intact. The library consists of about thirty thousand volumes of printed books and eleven hundred and fifty-seven manuscripts, many of which date as far back as the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. Some are beautifully illuminated, and others are his-

pecially valuable, such as the chronicles of Paul Ferry and Philippe de Vigneulles.

Persons who prefer oysters cooked in their own liquor may be interested in knowing what the fluid contains. The *Journal of Microscopy* says: "Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and, if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells and swimming nimbly about—one hundred and twenty of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalcula and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light represents a bluish star about the centre of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room."

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* makes the following correction of an error which occurred in its publication of the President's message: "A topographical error of importance occurred in that portion of the message, published yesterday, which said that the course pursued by the Canadian authorities toward the Irishmen of the United States has not been marked by friendly feeling." The word Irishmen should be fishermen."

An enterprising agriculturist in Nebraska has planted one hundred acres with walnuts, and anticipates a very remunerative harvest in twenty years. Each acre will have six hundred and fifty trees, he says, which will be worth two hundred thousand dollars. He proposes next to try the pine, which will be marketable in fifty years. This sounds a little like the man who caged an eagle to ascertain whether it lived one hundred years.

Here are two small jokes about the river, which gives its name to the port of Liverpool: A wag, crossing to Woodside Ferry, and observing the muddiness of the water, remarked that Shakespeare was quite correct in stating that "the quality of *Mercy* is not strained." A Liverpool pilot, adrift in the Irish Sea during a dense fog, is said to have fervently uttered two lines from a well-known hymn:

"That Mersey I to others showed,
That Mersey show to me."

An ingenious confidence-scamper called on the wife of a Boston physician the other day, citing the absence of her husband, and, representing that he owed the doctor twenty-five dollars, tendered a bogus check for thirty dollars, and received five dollars in change. The same trick was tried a few days afterward elsewhere, but the publicity given the first transaction frustrated the game.

The Manchester papers describe a new instrument of torture which has been set up at several works, and is intended to arouse the workmen from their slumbers. This "American devil," as the English workmen call it, is set to work at half-past five every morning, and it wakes every one within two miles. The "American devil" is known to its friends as a "steam-gong."

The Prussians let loose hawks, whenever suspicious-looking birds are seen on the wing about Paris. The attacks which these birds of prey make upon the weaker birds is doubtless an explanation of the report that but a small number of pigeons carried away from Paris ever return. The hawks are called uhans of the air.

Vicount Vilain XIV. has been reflected on by the Chamber of Representatives in Belgium. As the title of Vilain XIV. goes from father to son without ever becoming XV., it should be stated, to explain the apparent anomaly, that the addition of XIV. was conferred by Louis XIV. as a permanent distinction in allusion to his own title.

The two official documents which issue from the pope are distinguished as the bull and the brief. To the bull is attached the papal seal, or *bullo*, from which it derives its name, while a brief is sealed with the "Ring of the Fisherman," or a seal on which is engraved the image of St. Peter in a boat.

"We regret," says the London *Army and Navy Gazette*, "that, in the face of the alarm of the Eastern difficulty, recruiting has practically come to so near a stand-still that

the standard of height was officially lowered this week by a private order to five feet four and one-half inches."

There is sometimes wit in an unwitting answer, as in the reply of the lady who, when asked "What's the difference between the North and South Pole?" unconsciously replied, "Why, all the difference in the world."

The milling of coin, which Queen Elizabeth established to prevent clipping, has retained its efficacy until the present inventive era, and now two men have been caught in San Francisco shaving fifty and sixty cents off of twenty-dollar gold-pieces, and then remilling them.

Hans Christian Andersen is described as tall, rather round-shouldered, with iron-gray hair. He is not handsome; but, when he smiles, it makes one love him, it is so genial and pleasant. He is perfectly simple and childlike in his manner, and is a bachelor of sixty-five.

A colored mail-carrier in Virginia was recently well shaken by a man for kicking his dog. "Look-a-here, massa," said he, "you'd better be careful how you shake dis chile! 'Cos when you shakes me, you shakes the whole of the United States; I carries de mails."

A new ticket-printing machine, which has just been patented in England and Prussia, prints railway-tickets on both sides, perforates them, and numbers them consecutively, by one process, and does all this at the rate of two hundred a minute.

A letter from Paris says: "It is strange and painful to see groups of well-dressed women looking in the windows of pork-butchers and tripe-shops with the same eager curiosity with which they used to gaze at ribbons and bonnets."

A Peoria lady of fashion has ordered a gorgeous coffin and funeral trappings, and proposes to have all her friends and acquaintances, without partiality, invited to attend her obsequies, by notices printed on the choicest paper. She has not fixed the date.

It is five years since nitro-glycerine came into use. The one thousand seven hundred persons whom it has killed or maimed for life, and the millions of property which it has destroyed, may be styled recommendations of its efficiency.

Emily Pitts Stevens proclaims to a suffering world that, when women vote, "poverty, idleness, drunkenness, broken-down constitutions in young men and young women, and infant-slaughter, will not be perpetuated or tolerated even."

It is a pleasant thing to reflect upon, says Dickens, and furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneration of the human species, that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last.

The American Tract Society has issued four thousand different publications, in one hundred and forty-three different languages. Every day their presses throw off five thousand books and fifty thousand tracts.

The Superior Court in Cincinnati decides that a wife has a vested right in her husband's society and companionship, and can maintain an action for damages against any person who tempts him to stay away from home.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business, and the second that they have no mind.

Mr. Gladstone spoke one hundred and seventy-eight times during the late session of Parliament, and the speeches occupy eighty columns of the *Times*.

A little girl wants to know if fleas are white, because her uncle told her that "Mary had a little lamb with fleas as white as snow."

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances in life, he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

Eight of the foreign diplomats at Washington are married to American wives.

The Chinese at North Adams, Massachusetts, have a Sunday-school. They are very eager to learn, and the classes are always full.

The French balloons, with a fair wind, go about as fast as the express-trains on American railroads.

The widow and two daughters of Nathaniel Hawthorne are now living in Kensington, the "old court suburb" of London.

There are now more than a score of republics in the world.

Five women run and own boats on the Erie Canal.

A Chicago girl, who has lost a leg, advertises for a husband similarly afflicted.

Out West raw potatoes are administered as a cure for intoxication.

London has thirty-two slang synonyms for drunkenness, and seventeen for money.

California boasts of acorns as large as horse-chestnuts.

The ship that everybody likes—Good fellow-ship.

One poultry fancier in California has ten thousand hens.

There are four hundred and thirty-seven lakes in Oakland County, Michigan.

Sincerity is the leading characteristic of a really heroic life.

Western adaptation of the words of the poet: "Loathe the poor Indian."

The Museum.

IN continuation of our geological series, we present this week an ideal landscape of the Miocene Period, the second subdivision of the Tertiary Epoch. Our illustration exhibits some of the remarkable mammals of this era. In the foreground, to the right, is the dinothierium, lying in the marshy grass, to the left is the rhinoceros, and behind it the mastodon. An ape of great size, the dryopithecus, is seen hanging from the branches of a tree. The vegetable kingdom is for the greater part analogous to those of our days. Oaks grow side by side with palms, the birch with bamboos, elms with laurels.

The dinothierium is the largest terrestrial mammal that ever lived. This colossus of the ancient world somewhat approaches the mastodon; it seems to announce the approach of the elephant, but its dimensions were vastly greater than those of living elephants, and superior even to those of the mastodon and of the mammoth, both fossil elephants. From its kind of life the dinothierium scarcely merits its formidable name (from *δεινός*, terrible; *θηρίον*, animal). Its size was, no doubt, frightful enough, but its habits seem to have been harmless. It is supposed to have inhabited freshwater lakes, or the mouths of great rivers and the marshes bordering their banks, by preference. Herbivorous, like the elephant, it employed its proboscis probably in seizing the plants which hung suspended over the waters, or floated on their surface. We know that elephants are very partial to the roots of herbaceous plants which grow in flooded plains. The dinothierium appears to have been organized to satisfy the same tastes. With the powerful natural mattock which Nature had supplied him for penetrating the soil, he would be able to tear from the bed of the river or lake feculent roots like those of the nymphaea, or even much harder ones, for which the mode of articulation of the jaws, and the powerful muscles intended to move them, as well as the large surface of the teeth, so well calculated for

grinding, were evidently intended. For a long time the imperfect remains discovered of this animal induced Cuvier to place it among the tapirs, but the discovery of a lower jaw, nearly perfect, armed with long defensive tusks descending from it, demonstrated that this animal was the type of an altogether new and singular genus. In 1836 a head, entire, of this

creature was found in the Grand-duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt. It was a yard and a half long and above a yard wide.

The mastodon was, to all appearance, very nearly of the form of our elephant—his body, however, being somewhat longer, and his limbs, on the contrary, a little thicker. He had tusks, and very probably a trunk, and is

chiefly distinguished from the existing elephant by the form of his molar teeth. The name means teat-like toothed animal. In 1796 remains of this animal were found at Albany, but it was not till 1801 that a nearly perfect skeleton was discovered near Newburg, on the Hudson. Only fragments of the mastodon have been found in Europe.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal Landscape of the Miocene Period.

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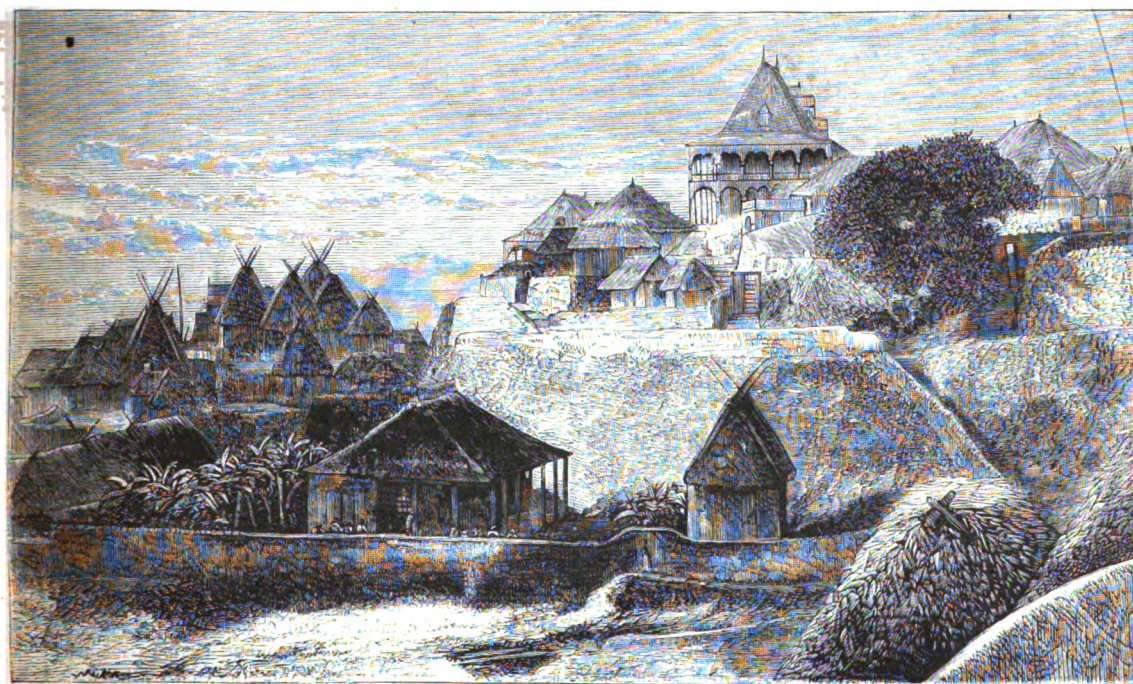
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WITH SUPPLEMENT.

THE MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR.*

THE magnificent island of Madagascar, one of the largest in the world, lies in the Indian Ocean, off the eastern coast of Southern Africa, from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel, three hundred miles broad. The island is nearly a thousand miles in length from north to south, with an average breadth of two hundred and forty miles, and its area is, therefore, twice as large as that of

acknowledgment and homage, if not tribute, as the rulers over the entire country. The capital of the kingdom is Tananarivo, a large town nearly in the centre of the island.

The earliest embassy of friendship to the central regions of Madagascar was sent by the English in 1816 to the first Radama, ruler of the Hovas, and then in the twenty-fourth year of his age. This young



VIEW IN TANANARIVO.

the British islands, or nearly five times that of the State of New York. The population is estimated at four million, comprising several races, some of whom are negroes, while others are of Malayo-Polynesian origin. Among these last are the Hovas, who occupy the elevated and central part of the island. This race, though themselves formerly tributary to the more numerous Sakalavas in the southwest, have, since their alliance with the English, subjugated the other races, established their military posts in every province, and now receive

prince, the most enlightened ruler ever known in Madagascar, joyfully welcomed the envoy, and treated him with assiduous kindness.

Compared with Europeans, the Madagascans were uncivilized, though in some respects they were greatly in advance of the tribes inhabiting the adjacent coast of Africa, the natives of Australia, or the South-Sea Islanders; and they had already attained some of the important elements of a higher civilization. Most of the races had an organized civil government. They were a nation of agriculturists and herdsmen. The flesh of the ox constituted their chief animal food, and though some of the tribes cultivated arrow-root, or a species of pulse, and though fruits were abundant, rice was with most of them

* THE MARTYR-CHURCH: A Narrative of the Introduction, Progress, and Triumph of Christianity in Madagascar. By Rev. William Ellis, London, 1870.

the staff of life, and constituted their daily food. Oxen and rice were also, after the abolition of trade in slaves, their most important articles of export.

The climate of Madagascar is warm, yet all the inhabitants, above the very poor, are decently, and some of them now richly clothed. Large herds of cattle feed on their plains, or are fattened in their pens or stalls, though the people never clothe themselves with their skins. Caterpillars or worms of different kinds feed on the leaves of indigenous or exotic plants, and spin delicately fine or coarse silk, which is cleaned, and colored with native dyes. This silk is spun in simple looms, of Indian or Arabian origin, woven not unfrequently with beautiful and curious patterns into rich and gorgeous dresses for the nobles of both sexes, and for the higher classes in Madagascar generally. Cotton is grown throughout the country, and a species of nettle yields a tenacious fibre resembling hemp, which is also manufactured into strong and durable woven cloth, worn by the farmers and middle classes, wrapped round the body by day, and spread over them at night.

The morals of the people, before the introduction of Christianity,

more lives and inflicted greater suffering than any other single cause in Madagascar.

But the most direct power over the people was the *sikidy*, or divination, which, in different forms, prevailed throughout the island. Believed to have been received from a supernatural source, and regarded as the will of God, the influence of the *sikidy* extended over both worlds, affecting gods and men, as well as the unquiet ghosts which left their graves to disturb the living. The most baneful influence of the diviners was their pretending, by calculations based on the age and position of the moon at the period of birth, to reveal the destiny or *vinana* of every newly-born infant, thus deciding, whatever its rank or parentage might be, whether its life should be preserved or destroyed. The decisions were believed to be those of God, and, though determined by a table of divination which might be worked almost like a game of chess, were received by the people as their fate.

This brief notice of the social and moral condition of the people; and of the superstitions and idolatries of the country, will enable us to form a more correct opinion than would otherwise be possible of the



AMBODINANDOHALO.

were very bad. Truth and honesty were rare, and chastity was little regarded by either sex. Idolatry prevailed, though there seems to have been some idea of the existence of a supreme and spiritual deity. Every family possessed its household god; and the sun and other heavenly bodies, certain valleys and mountains, in which idols were kept, or in which renowned men had lived, were deemed sacred and worshipped. The spirits of their ancestors, and those of the ancestors of the reigning sovereign, were objects of the highest religious regard.

The national idols were of comparatively modern origin, being an extension of the principle of household worship, introduced from political motives by successive rulers representing themselves as the fathers of the people. There were fifteen of these in Ankova, the land of the Hovas, two of which were supposed to preside over the entire kingdom.

The belief in fetishism, sorcery, or divination, was a fertile source of misery and crime, and often enjoined the iniquitous and deadly poison ordeal, which was deified and invoked as the trier of innocence or guilt under the name of Rai-ma-na-man-ga, and probably destroyed

encouragements, as well as of the appalling antagonism, by which Christianity was confronted on its entrance into Madagascar. It will also show the combined and organized forces which so fiercely disputed every step in its advance, and enable us more clearly to comprehend the marvellous victory which God, by the Gospel, has achieved among the people, and which ranks among the most remarkable triumphs of Christianity in the nineteenth century.

The conversion of Madagascar began in 1820, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Jones, the first missionary, with the approbation of King Radama, began his great work of teaching with three scholars, who had multiplied to thousands when Radama died, in 1828. His successor, Queen Ranavalona, was a zealous pagan, and soon began to persecute the Christians, partly, however, for political as well as religious reasons. The missionaries were forbidden to teach or to preach, but were for some time allowed to continue the work of translating and publishing the Scriptures in the native language.

In a year or two, however, through English influence, greater liberty was allowed, and in 1830 several hundred youths were under



NATIVE PASTORS AND DEACONS OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

instruction, and five thousand copies of the New Testament were printed and circulated. In 1831 the queen gave permission to her people to be baptized, to commemorate the death of Christ, and to be married in the Christian manner. On the 29th of May of that year, twenty of the first converts were baptized, and in the following August a church was organized at Ambodinandohalo, the place of which we give a view. The church was formed in a building behind the large trees, on the left of our view. Shortly afterward another church was organized at Ambatonakanga, of whose native pastor and deacons we give the portraits.

The favor of the suspicious queen soon passed away, and various edicts were issued against the Christians, whose numbers were increasing rapidly. At the end of fourteen years, from the commencement of



NATIVE CHRISTIANS OF VARIOUS RANKS.

the mission, it was estimated that there were at least thirty thousand native readers of the Scriptures. By the heathen party the doctrines of Christianity and the designs of the Christians were grossly misrepresented. The queen was made to believe, or pretended to believe, that the Christians were traitors not only to the national gods, but to the sovereign herself. Jehovah and Jesus were said to be English kings, by whom Madagascar would be invaded, and to whom the Christians had sworn allegiance, regardless of the rights of their native ruler. One of the principal chiefs, after attending a Christian meeting, went to the queen and reported that the converts were changing the customs of their ancestors, despising divination and the idols of the queen. "They hold," he added, "assemblies in the night, and deliver speeches, without per-

mission from the queen. Beyond this, they urge all present to serve Jehovah and Jesus Christ; and these meetings are carried on by slaves. We cannot see the end of these things. The queen knows, and she alone, what is best to be done; but we fear these people, who have become so friendly with the English, will attempt to transfer the kingdom of the queen to them."

Ratsimanisa, the chief minister, laid this accusation, with his own confirmation of its charges, before the queen on the following day, when, it is said, she burst into tears of grief and rage, and wept for a long time. She then swore, by the name of the highest spiritual power to whom she could appeal, that she would put a stop to these things with shedding of blood.

On the 1st of March, 1835, a national assembly, called by the queen, was held at Tananarivo, at which it was estimated that at least a hundred thousand persons, fifteen thousand of them disciplined soldiers, were present. The object of this gathering was to strike terror into the Christians, and to promulgate, in the most solemn manner, a royal edict prohibiting baptism, church meetings, the observance of the Sabbath, and other tokens of Christian belief. For a while no blood was shed. Four hundred officers of the army, convicted of adher-

yielding to the advice of their native friends, withdrew from the country.

Among the native converts was Rafaravavy, a woman of rank and position, the wife of a colonel in the army.

Before the suppression of Christianity she had obtained one of the largest houses in the capital, which she appropriated to Christian worship; and her simplicity of character and earnestness induced many to attend the preaching of the Gospel.

Notwithstanding the punishment threatened by the queen, Rafaravavy and a few female friends occasionally met in her house on Sunday evenings to read and pray. On the 17th of June, 1835, three of her slaves went to the judge and accused her of these practices. A Christian who heard the accusation hastened to inform her of it. She immediately placed her Bible and other books in a place of security, while her father, on hearing what the slaves had done, had them

confined in irons. Rafaravavy, however, ordered them to be liberated, sent for them, forgave them, wept over them, and spoke to them of the mercy and forgiveness of God through Christ. Two of them afterward became Christians, and one of them died for her faith.

The judge demanded the names of her companions, and, on her



HOME OF ANDRIAMANANTENA, ONE OF THE CHIEF MARTYRS.



CHRISTIAN VILLAGE OF LAZAINA.

ing to the new faith, were reduced in rank, and two thousand other persons were fined. The majority of the converts stood firm, and accessions to their numbers were constantly made. The government, however, gradually grew more severe, and, in a few months, the missionaries,

refusal to give them, reported her offence to the queen, who, in great wrath, exclaimed, "Is it possible that any one is so daring as to defy me? And that one a woman, too! Go and put her to death at once!" Two of the queen's high officers, and a woman of rank and influence

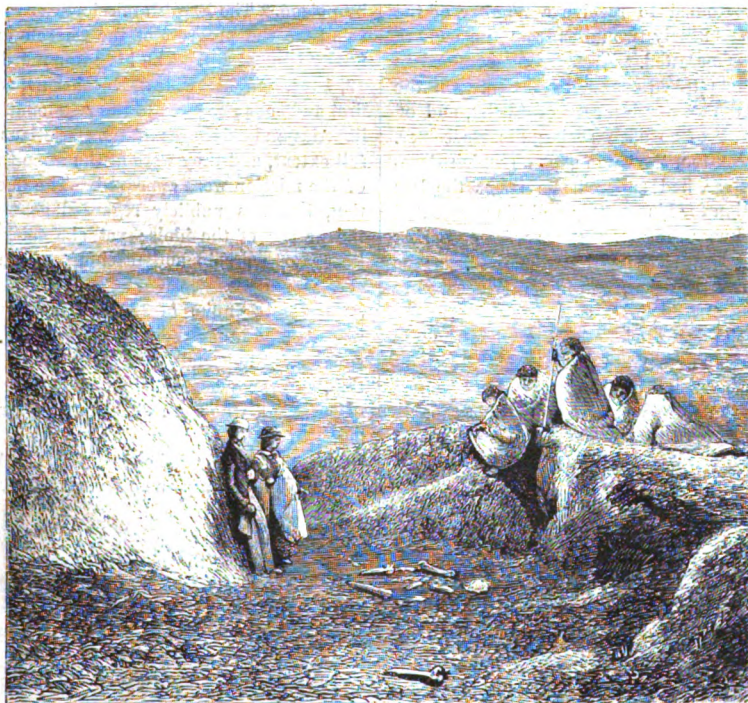
with the queen, pleaded for the life of the accused, on account of services which her father and brother had rendered to the state, and the sentence was deferred.

Two years later, in 1837, Rafaravavy was again denounced, with ten other Christians, for meeting on Sunday for prayer and worship. The chief officer of the queen, to whom the judges carried the accusation, declared, with an oath, "Then they shall die! for they despise the queen's law." They were all immediately arrested except Rafaravavy, whose family influence for a time protected her. She was interrogated by the officers, however, to discover her associates, but she refused to disclose their names. They then brought one of her companions who had confessed that she prayed with her, and, when confronted with her, Rafaravavy said, "We have prayed together; we do not deny it;" and, when further asked, "Where have you prayed?" she replied, "In our own houses, and in many other places. Wherever we went we endeavored to remember God, and pray to Him." On being asked if they had not met for prayer at Akatso, a mountain, they answered, "Yes, but not there only. Wherever we went we remembered God, in the house and out of doors, in the town and in the country, or on the mountains."

The officers then proceeded to the other Christians already in prison, chiefly for the purpose of inducing them to name those not yet accused. They falsely told a young woman whose name was Rasalama, that the others had already given the names of all the Christians, so that it would be of no avail for her to refuse to mention those she knew. Influenced by this specious



READING THE SCRIPTURES TO A CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE.



THE PLACE OF MARTYRDOM.

declaration, Rasalama mentioned the names of seven who had not before been impeached, and these, among others esteemed and beloved, included Raintscheva, the diviner, known among the Christians as Paul. The seven were immediately apprehended, and the declarations—confessions, as they were called—of the whole were then laid before the queen.

Fourteen days later Rafaravavy was arrested, put in fetters, and carried to Ambobipotsy, the place where criminals were usually put to death. Rasalama, the Christian woman who had been deluded into revealing the names of seven other Christians, was now ordered for execution the next morning, and on the previous afternoon was put in irons, which, being fastened to the feet, hands, knees, and neck, confined the whole body in a position of excruciating pain. In the early morning she sang hymns as she was borne along to the place of execution, expressing her joy in the knowledge of the Gospel; and, on passing the chapel in which she had been baptized, she exclaimed, "There I heard the words of the Saviour!" After being borne more than a mile farther, she reached the fatal spot, a broad, dry, shallow fosse, or ditch, strewed with the bones of previous criminals, outside of what was formerly a fortification, at the southern extremity of the mountain on which the city stands. Two or three hundred feet below this Golgotha stretches the wide plain, spotted with villages, verdant with rice-fields, and irrigated by streams from the Ikiopa, which, issuing from the lofty Ankaratra, almost encircles the capital in its course to the sea on the west.

Here, permission being granted her to pray, Rasalama calmly knelt

on the earth, committed her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer, and fell with the executioners' spears buried in her body. Some few of the by-standers, it was reported, cried out, "Where is the God she prayed to, that He does not save her now?" Others were moved to pity for one whom they deemed an innocent sufferer; and the heathen executioners repeatedly declared, "There is some charm in the religion of the white people which takes away the fear of death." So suffered, on the 14th of August, 1837, Rasalama, the first martyr of Madagascar.

After the death of Rasalama, the other Christians under arrest, to the number of two hundred, were sold as slaves. The aged Paul, who had been heavily ironed night and day, and guarded as a felon, became a slave of the chief minister, who sent him to field-work with four other Christian slaves. They were in the rice-fields all day and in irons all night, but had a hut to themselves; and the venerable servant of Christ proved a great source of consolation to his fellow-slaves, often repeating to them the forty-sixth Psalm, which he had committed to memory.

Rafaravavy, who had now been some months in irons, constantly guarded by soldiers, was, by an order of the queen, sold in the public market to the chief military officer; and he placed her in the charge of one of his aides-de-camp, who was a relative, and who treated her kindly, giving her liberty to go and come, so that her Christian work was not neglected.

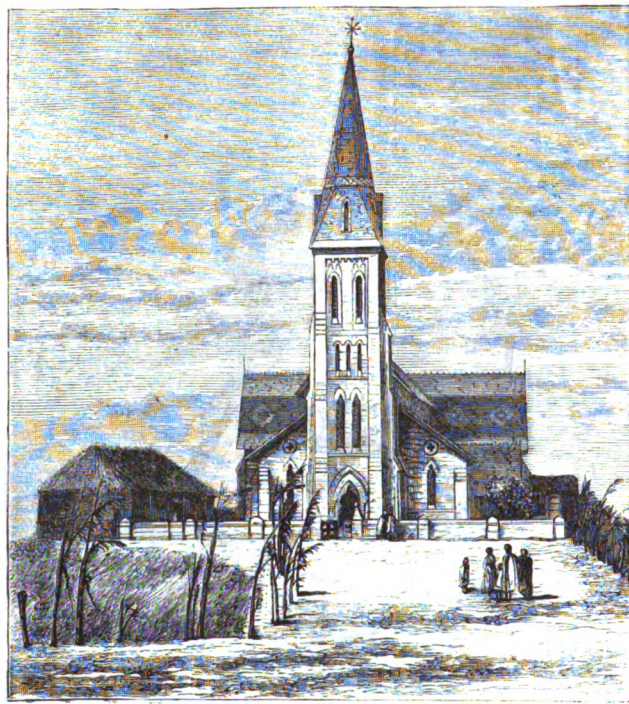
Rafaralahy, a young man about two-and-twenty years of age, who had accompanied Rafaravavy herself, when it was supposed she was being carried forth to execution, who had witnessed the tranquil death of Rasalama, and had been accustomed to receive a number of the Christians at his house, which was nearly two miles from the capital, for reading and prayer, was next arrested. After being confined in heavy irons for three days, he was taken out for execution. On the way he spoke to the officers of the love and mercy of Christ, and of his own happiness in the prospect of so soon seeing his Redeemer. Having reached the place of execution, the same spot on which Rasalama, nearly twelve months before, had suffered, he spent the last moments of his life in supplication for his country and his persecuted brethren. As he rose from his knees the executioners were preparing to throw him on the ground, but he told them that was needless; he was ready to die; and, laying himself down, was instantly speared to death.

Orders were now issued for the death of Rafaravavy, but she was warned in time, and made her escape from the capital, and, after wandering for several months in the forests of the interior, everywhere closely pursued, reached at last the sea-coast, and took refuge on an English ship, which carried her to Mauritius. Thence she proceeded to England, where she was warmly welcomed by the friends of missions.

The third martyr was a young woman named Ravahiny, who was compelled to drink the fatal ordeal-poison called *tangena*. The next execution was on the 9th of July, 1840, when nine martyrs fell beneath the spears of the executioners, among them Paul the diviner, and Joshua the preacher. Two more were put to death June 19, 1842. After this, for several years, there were few executions, though many Christians were sold as slaves, and otherwise maltreated. But, in 1849, a heavy storm of persecution burst upon the Madagascar Church. Sixteen persons, among them four nobles of the highest rank, were put to death, some of them by burning, while one hundred

and seventeen were publicly flogged and condemned to hard labor in chains for life. Many others were imprisoned and heavily fined. The total number of those on whom one or other of the sentences was pronounced on this occasion amounted, at the least computation, to nineteen hundred and three, but by some accounts it is nearer three thousand. The martyrs who were burned died bravely in the sight of a vast multitude, singing Christian hymns and praying for their persecutors, who in vain sought to silence them by the roar of cannon and the incessant beating of the drums of the army.

It is a remarkable fact that, while the queen was the bitterest enemy of the Christians, her son and heir, Radama II., was, from the age of sixteen, attached to their doctrines and a frequent attendant on their meetings, and his influence seems to have been one of the chief agencies in lulling the storm of persecution, which gradually subsided, until, in 1853, the Christians ceased to be molested, though the profession of their religion continued to be illegal. In 1857, however, a French conspiracy for the dethronement of the queen being detected, a fresh persecution of the Christians ensued, in which more than two hundred were severely



CHURCH OF THE MARTYRS.

punished, and about fifty put to death. This was happily the last persecution. The pagan queen died July 16, 1861, and Radama II. succeeded to the throne. Though the new king could hardly be called a Christian, he was friendly to those who held the Christian faith. One of his earliest edicts proclaimed liberty to all religions, another recalled the Christian exiles and released the Christian captives, while still another abolished sorcery and the ordeal by poison. The English missionaries returned to the island, and from this time the progress of the Church in Madagascar was rapid, and finally triumphant. The king was murdered by conspirators, on May 12, 1864, and his widow, Rasoherina, was made sovereign. At the first audience she gave to the missionaries, the queen stated that the liberties and privileges of the Christians would be preserved in their full extent, and they were at the same time assured that the objects of the mission were approved. The queen herself was not a Christian, but was publicly regarded as the head of the heathen and the patron of the idols; yet she faithfully preserved inviolate the liberty of worship and teaching to the missionaries and their converts.

In the beginning of 1867 a large church, of which we give a view, was erected in memory of the martyrs on the spot where they had suffered. Thousands of Christians assembled to witness its dedication, and the queen sent in state seven of the highest officers of the government, who were Christians, to testify her approval of the building.

By the close of the year the number of native Christians was computed at twenty-one thousand, of whom five thousand were communicants.

Queen Rasoherina died April 1, 1868, and was succeeded by her sister, who took the name of Ranavalona II., and who is still on the throne. She is remarkable for her gentle and amiable character, and, since her accession, has publicly professed Christianity. The latest intelligence that we have seen from Madagascar states that, a few months ago, the queen ordered the idols to be burned, and teachers of Christianity to be sent to every village in the island, the whole population of which is rapidly becoming converted to the faith in Christ.

DAISY'S TRIALS.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

AFTER she had opened her casement to the fresh air of dawn, Daisy fell asleep. She slept late, and woke to a morning of exquisite brightness.

Night had not brought wisdom, nor darkness counsel, but morning brought hope—of what?

Of a pause in her troubles, of a few quiet days.

Daisy was selfish and cowardly; but there was excuse to be made for her. She had suffered so much, while she was still unripe for suffering well and wisely, that she had suffered with mere animal endurance, getting, therefore, the bane and not the blessing of suffering. While the dawn, the bloom, the dew, had been still upon all her girlish imaginings, she had been suddenly subjected to the rudest disillusion, buffeted by the most outrageous shocks of knowledge, not of good and evil, but of evil only. It was, indeed, as if an unawakened maiden soul had been seized and plunged into hell for its awakening.

It seemed to Daisy that it had been with her as with the fated ship, which, in a rude engraving that had exercised a horrible fascination over her as a child, was being sucked into the vortex of a whirlpool.

Nevertheless, so much of elasticity remained, that the brisk brightness of the spring to-day almost enabled her to forget the misery of yesterday and the hopelessness of to-morrow.

A wood-fire was burning cheerily on the hearth when she came down to the breakfast-room. The table was set near the open window, and the sunshine fell upon its snowy cloth, bright silver, and delicate china. Out-doors a fresh, but soft, southwest wind was chasing April shadow and April shine across lawn and flower-border, rippling the bed of many-colored anemones, and filling the golden cups of late crocuses.

In the orchard, which was full in sight, were some grand old pear-trees, now one mass of blossom; the boles of the elm-trees, which, on another side, sheltered the garden, were just a-flutter with fresh-degged leaflets. It was a world of life and motion, of shimmer, and shine, and glitter, and gleam, and the time of the singing of birds was, indeed, come.

Daisy stood at the window.

"How beautiful the world is! Surely, somewhere in it is some place meant for me to be happy in," was her childish thought. And then she stood there in a dream, till the servant, coming in with the coffee, roused her, and she turned to the table.

Three or four letters lay beside her plate; but Daisy never had letters of any interest, and they roused no curiosity. As she sat there with fresh morning face, in her fresh morning dress, a glass of flowers beside her, every now and then stretching her head into the sunshine, feeling it sweet, the belief was strong upon her that some sweetness, some sunshine must, somehow, be meant to fall upon and enter into her life.

Foolish Daisy! She might have known how empty was all this momentary content. If the parting of last night had been, indeed, "good-by," and not "good-night," the soft, fresh wind might have blown upon her, the sun might have shone upon her, the flowers have sent forth their fragrance, and the birds their song, and all the beauty and sweetness of life would have been as nothing to her, or even as worse than nothing.

Presently came a click of the latch of the garden-gate, a step upon the winding, gravelled way, and then, as she knew before she saw, a face at the open window.

"I couldn't help coming to look at you; I had such a horrible dream about you last night."

"Don't tell it me! On such a morning one doesn't wish to hear of horrible things."

"Indeed, Daisy, I had no thought of telling it to you."

"I wonder what it was like, Kenneth?"

"As unlike you as possible, and it is a blessed thing, Daisy of daisies, to look upon you sitting there with your fresh morning face, and to know my dream was only a dream."

"He could dream nothing about me so bad as what is the truth," thought Daisy; but she said:

"What a morning it is, Kenneth! I feel as if I could be happy in the way the birds are, sitting singing in the sun, not conscious of yesterday, or caring for to-morrow."

He smiled. "Will you give me a cup of tea?" he asked.

"Indeed, I will. You look as if you wanted that, or something."

"I do want that, and something."

"Will you have it there, or will you come in?"

"I should be glad to sit down, I'm tired, so I will come in."

He left the window to enter the house.

"Just happy to-day, at least to-day," was what she whispered to herself, as she rang to order a cup and plate for Mr. Stewart. Mr. Stewart was so habitual a visitor at the cottage that his presence there, at any time, as yet, provoked no remark.

"Why, what a lot of letters!" commented Mr. Stewart, half jealously. "I didn't know you had any correspondents."

"I haven't opened them—I know by the outsides what they are. You shall know, too, if you will. This is from my dress-maker—this contains a packet of flower-seeds—this is about some books—and this," she paused, examined the postmarks, of which there were many, then tore that letter open—her face sharp with sudden agitation.

"Well?"

The expression with which she looked up was at once puzzled and relieved.

"A most perplexing letter! Surely not meant for me. It begins, 'My dear unknown aunt,' and ends," turning the letter over, "'your prepared-to-be-affectionate niece, Myrrha Brown.' I didn't know I had a niece. How can I have a niece? Surely it's some mistake altogether."

"Brown—Myrrha Brown!" Mr. Stewart meditated; then a sudden light broke upon him. "I think I can guess, Daisy, who she must be. The name, Myrrha, is as uncommon as it is, I think, ugly. It was, I remember, the name of your father's daughter by his unhappy first marriage."

"I had forgotten, perhaps I hardly knew, that papa had been married before he married mamma. I was so young when he died."

"Yes, and he was a reserved man, not likely to speak before you of such things. But he had a daughter, and her name was Myrrha, and she made a clandestine marriage, of which he strongly disapproved, running away from the French school at which he had placed her when he married your mother. I don't know that I ever heard the name of the man she married—he was an American, I remember, and they went to live among the French colonists in America. No doubt his name was Brown, and this correspondent of yours is their daughter."

"But, Kenneth, how could this girl possibly find me out?"

"That would be easy enough, Daisy, to any one knowing how to set about it. It is very possible that your father kept up some sort of communication with them, the Browns, while he lived: no doubt they had the address of his lawyer. I don't know that I should have any so distinct recollection of the name of Myrrha, had it not been for a most lovely miniature of that Myrrha, which used to hang in your father's dressing-room, when I was a boy and you were a baby. In later years it wasn't there. It represented a girl of about, I should think, seventeen, with a profusion of very fair, fine hair, with gleeful-looking blue eyes, and an exquisite complexion, rather pale, but tinged with a delicate shell, or wild-rose, pink. If the daughter is like the mother, she is a pretty creature. But what does she write to you about, Daisy?"

"I haven't been able to find out, Kenneth."

"May I try?"

"Of course you may."

Meanwhile he had taken up and was examining the envelope.

"It has been a good while on the road," he said; "it has been, among other places, to your old home, Daisy. What place is this—Littlehampton—where is that?"

"That is where nurse lives."

"Littlehampton is where nurse lives." Then he asked, eagerly, "Where is Littlehampton? How do you get at it? I should uncommonly like to see nurse again some day."

Daisy turned from crimson to white, then red again.

"I mean," she said, "that is where she did live when she was first married. I forget the name of the place she lives at now."

"I wonder why Daisy is telling me a falsehood? I think it would be better and more like Daisy to be truthful, and to trust me."

"Kenneth!"

Daisy was, at once, ashamed, pained, startled, and angry. But Mr. Stewart, who had spoken with an affectation of only thinking aloud, took no notice of Daisy's explanation, but appeared intent upon the reading of Myrrha Brown's letter.

"A clever young lady, I should say! I suppose you read the postscript?"

"I didn't know there was a postscript."

"Oh, yes, there is, and it contains the gist of the letter. It informs you that your prepared-to-be-affectionate niece, Myrrha Brown, is on her way to pay her dear unknown aunt, Daisy, a visit."

"To visit me, Kenneth?"

"To visit you, Daisy."

"I won't have her. I can't. I don't know her. Even if I did, I couldn't bear to have any one always about."

"It might be good for you, Daisy; she may be a nice girl, and you are too much alone."

"Good for me! It would be intolerable to me, Kenneth!"

"You'll get used to it, you shy little soul. For my part, I shall welcome Miss Myrrha Brown; her coming seems to me most opportune."

"Do you mean I must let her come?"

"I most decidedly mean you must let her come."

"Oh, Kenneth!"

"I don't think you could help letting her come. I think it probable she will be here before you could tell her not to come. The letter has been a good deal delayed. I should not be surprised if she were here to-day."

"Here to-day!" Daisy repeated.

Not ten minutes had elapsed, and they were still discussing Miss Brown, when "Behold she comes!" Mr. Stewart cried, pointing with a tragic air to an open vehicle, a "fly" from the small country-station, coming down the lane.

Daisy looked into Mr. Stewart's face with such unmistakable dismay in her own, that, instead of laughing at her, he laid a kind hand on her shoulder, saying:

"Courage, little woman! I will help you all I can. Don't let this young person think herself alarming enough to put Aunt Daisy in a flutter."

By this time the fly had stopped at the garden-gate, and there stepped out of it a tall, slight, young lady, elegantly "got up" in the style of the period; that is to say, with a picturesqueness somewhat theatrical, but still, on a graceful and piquant creature; so graceful and piquant, that one needs to be a somewhat stern moralist (or, what comes to the same thing, a crabbed old bachelor, whom no girl dresses to please, a sour and ill-favored old maid, whom conformity with such fashion would make ridiculous, or the father of many daughters, smarting under the too frequent and too heavy attacks upon his purse) to cavil at and condemn. Of course, there is a higher ground on which this style of dress may be considered objectionable; it is too evidently designed, not merely to please, but to attract, to be in harmony with any ideal of what woman's dress should be.

"What can I do with such a visitor in such a place?" Daisy exclaimed, as she went down the garden-path, followed by Mr. Stewart.

Miss Brown rushed upon her unknown aunt impulsively; demonstrations of affection, apologies, and explanations, followed each other with a rapidity that took Daisy's breath away. Then the visitor ran back to the gate to superintend the dislodging of her luggage.

Her "large box," as she called it (it was indeed large!) had been secured behind the vehicle in some wonderful and ingenious manner, and was now the subject of animated dispute between her and the driver.

Daisy had a gardener, but he was old and crippled; Mr. Stewart assisted the flyman in getting the "large box" through the garden-gate, and up the garden-path. In her excitement concerning her luggage Miss Brown had not yet paid that attention to Mr. Stewart which any man, as a man, generally received from her; she had jumped at the conclusion that he was Aunt Daisy's "butler, or something;" and Daisy was both mortified and amused to notice that she addressed and directed him with the same mixture of familiarity and imperious command she used toward the fly-driver.

"You can't think how glad I am to see a prospect of getting something to eat, Aunt Daisy. I'm most uncommonly hungry!" was Miss Brown's remark, as they went into the breakfast-room.

She dashed off her hat, and ran her fingers over her most picturesque dishevelment of hair, and then, putting her hands patronizingly on Daisy's shoulders, she said:

"Why, what a little young thing you look! I expected to see a gaunt old maid. Of course, if I had thought, I might have known

that you could not be old; but thinking is a folly that I'm not often guilty of, Aunt Daisy."

Then she turned her attention upon Mr. Stewart, whose easy attitude and amused smile had shown her he was not a servant. The air with which she regarded him would have been supercilious if her regard had been turned upon a woman; but no man was held by Miss Brown as quite unworthy some amount of complaisance.

"You have not done me the honor of introducing me to your niece," Mr. Stewart said to Daisy.

Daisy went through the ceremony.

"I'm sure I beg Mr. Stewart's pardon. In the bustle and confusion about that ridiculous big box—which I hope, by-the-by, hasn't terribly alarmed you as to the proposed length of my stay, Aunt Daisy—I took Mr. Stewart for your butler. I didn't look at him, mind you. I hope you aren't offended, Mr. Stewart?"

"Not in the least, Miss Brown; I should feel honored to serve your aunt in any capacity."

"That is very pretty, I'm sure, Aunt Daisy."

Here Daisy said a few words, explaining that she had only just had her niece's letter; that, therefore, nothing was prepared for her.

"Don't mind me, Aunt Daisy; I don't want to be made a stranger of; there was no need of preparation," Miss Brown was so good as to say.

Daisy left the room to give some hasty instructions to her servants. When she came back she found Myrrha chattering away to Mr. Stewart, questioning him about the neighborhood, and telling him of her journey; talking to him as to a familiar friend. It seemed she had come from no farther than London, where she had been staying some time.

"Mr. Stewart is just going to take me round the garden, Aunt Daisy; I suppose he may: he seems quite at home here."

Myrrha's glance was saucy and investigating. This was a case of old maid and old bachelor courtship, she decided; she thought that, possibly, some "distraction," some "fun," might be got out of interfering with it, if there should seem to be great dearth of amusement in the place. Besides, in Mr. Stewart's expression there was something that provoked her to wish to add him to the number of her "conquests;" he looked "stuck up," she thought, and his regard of her seemed to have in it more of curiosity and criticism than of admiration, as yet! After going outside with Mr. Stewart, Myrrha dashed back to say to Daisy:

"Is he your doctor, your parson, or your lawyer, Aunt Daisy? I ask, that I may know what to talk to him about."

"He is neither."

"What, besides you, is he much interested in?"

"He is interested in most things. He is fond of gardening, for instance."

"Dear me, and I don't know much about it. How unfortunate! but then I can ask him to teach me." And she danced down the garden-path to where Mr. Stewart was waiting for her.

Daisy's chief servant and manager, who had been her cousin's more than servant all her suffering life, having just encountered Myrrha, as she came in to rearrange the breakfast-table, stood aghast.

"Well, ma'am, I never; do tell now, is that how all the young creatures are done up in her country?"

"She's an English girl, Mrs. Moss, though I don't think she has lived much in England."

Mrs. Moss, still gazing after Myrrha, catalogued the peculiarities with which she was most struck.

"Half her hair right a-top of her head, the rest trailing down her back; no gown to speak of, nothing in one piece, all flounces and furbelows, petticoats puffed out behind, such stockings, and shows 'em pretty well, too! Law, ma'am, it's queer. I shouldn't like to see her in a very high wind; it appears to me her clothes would soon be flying off her." Then Mrs. Moss turned from the window, and attended to her own business.

The breakfast, for which Myrrha had professed herself so hungry, had time to be perfectly ready, and to get almost cold before they came into the house.

Myrrha had found a cluster of early apple-blossom, had broken it off, and stuck it in her hair.

She came and knelt down before Daisy.

"Does it do well there, Aunt Daisy? I know it does, though I haven't looked in the glass. Mr. Stewart seemed to grudge my pick-

ing it. Do you grudge it me, Aunt Daisy? I always wear flowers in my hair when I'm in reach of them. Roses suit me best, I think, wild-roses, or white garden-roses. Oh, I know what would become me better than this." She pulled out the apple-blossom and threw it on the table, and, making a dash out-doors, picked two or three purple wind-flowers.

"There, they bring out the yellow in my hair, don't they?"

"But then," Mr. Stewart objected, "they take the purple out of your eyes." At that she made a pouting grimace.

While she was outside, Mr. Stewart had said to Daisy:

"She has been trying very cleverly to find out who I am. She evidently can't accept me as just a gentleman—I mean as quite, in her sense, a gentleman. First she assumed me to be an artist, then an author: don't enlighten her, Daisy!"

"Now," said Daisy, "Mrs. Moss will be in despair if you don't do justice to the breakfast."

"Shan't I just do justice to it! I expect to astonish you, Aunt Daisy. I'm not one of those ethereal beings who can exist without mortal sustenance. Won't you call it lunch, and take something, Mr. Stewart? I'm really very hungry, and shall be ashamed to eat half I wish to eat if I have to eat alone."

Finding every thing "delicious" and "lovely"—cream, butter, bread, honey, chicken, ham, coffee, preserves—Myrrha ate and talked rapidly and largely, but managed, too, to do nothing ungracefully.

"Do you ride, Miss Brown?" Mr. Stewart asked, when Myrrha had been questioning him about the stretch of uplands visible from the window, asking whether there was good turf there.

"Always, when I can get any thing to carry me. Have you any horses, Aunt Daisy?"

"No, your aunt has no horses."

"You don't keep any thing a lady could ride, I suppose, Mr. Stewart?"

"Well, I can generally procure the use of a lady's hack when I wish."

"Oh, Mr. Stewart, I don't know what I won't do for you if you manage to get me some nice rides!"

"Bribed in such a splendidly indefinite manner, you may depend upon my exerting myself!" And now, Mr. Stewart took his departure, saying: "I must indulge in no more of this pleasant idleness, or I shall get into disgrace."

"With whom?" Myrrha asked inquisitively.

"With my master."

"Who is he? Who is your master?"

"Ask your Aunt Daisy."

To Myrrha's question Daisy only answered: "I should think Mr. Stewart is pretty much his own master."

Miss Brown, breakfast over, and Mr. Stewart gone, suffered a temporary collapse. She threw herself into an easy-chair, and yawned. She was silent, and looked quite thoughtful, for perhaps five minutes.

"After all," she said, "travelling at night does use one up rather. I dare say you wonder why I did travel by night, Aunt Daisy. The truth is, I had to leave where I was suddenly; the place got too hot to hold me. Can I help it, Aunt Daisy, if men will fall in love with me? And yet I'm always treated as if the fault was entirely mine."

"Were you staying with friends in London when this misfortune happened to you?"

"Yes, Aunt Daisy—at least, I may as well be frank with you—I was expected to talk French to the young people. You understand, I was not a governess, or a companion, it was a sort of 'mutual accommodation' arrangement."

"Oh yes, I understand."

Myrrha yawned.

"Would you like to lie down and sleep a little?" asked Daisy. "I don't think your own room can be quite ready; but won't you go to mine?"

"Presently, Aunt Daisy. Aunt Daisy, do you think he meant it about the rides?"

"Mr. Stewart generally means what he says."

"But is he a person who can spare the time?"

"I suppose he thinks he can."

"Then," with sudden animation, "I must rout out my habit and see into the state of it. I haven't worn it very lately. I'm afraid it will be in an awful tumble; my things were so horribly ill-packed.—Aunt Daisy, what a charming place you have here! It's a very small house, certainly; but then every thing is so pretty! I made Mr.

Stewart take me all over the garden, the orchard, and the meadow. Do you know, Aunt Daisy, I like Mr. Stewart uncommonly, though he is so queer-looking. Couldn't he afford to dress a little better? I hope he will when he takes me for those rides. All his clothes look so rough! It's a pity he shouldn't dress a little better, for he seems almost a gentleman."

"Mr. Stewart is quite a gentleman."

"Oh, of course, in one sense," suppressing a yawn; "but I meant conventionally speaking. Do you think he likes me, Aunt Daisy? I generally know directly whether people like me or not; but he puzzled me a little: once or twice I fancied he was laughing at me. Do you think he admired me?"

"I fancy, Myrrha, you are tolerably well aware that you're a pretty creature whom all men admire. As to liking—I don't suppose Mr. Stewart likes or dislikes you yet. He's not quick in his likes and dislikes."

"Most men do admire me, certainly; but not quite all. Shall you like me, Aunt Daisy? If so, I might stop with you always—at least, I mean till I marry—that would be awfully jolly. Do you know, Aunt Daisy, I'm not quite sure I will marry. It must be, in so many ways, an awful bore. If I could keep always young and pretty, I'm sure I never would; but when one gets old"—she was now leaning forward, elbows on knees, and quite in earnest—"when one gets to be neglected, and called an 'old maid,' and all that—well, I suppose that is not pleasant, Aunt Daisy, and that then one begins to wish for the dignity and position of a married woman. So, on the whole, I suppose I had better marry, by-and-by. Don't you think so, Aunt Daisy?"

"It is generally considered (marriage, I mean) the more desirable estate."

"But there's no hurry, is there, Aunt Daisy? I don't mean to marry very young; I mean to enjoy myself while I am young—amuse myself. One of the chief reasons why I came away from home was to escape from my lovers (I got into the same sort of mess in London, but I could not help it). I'm the youngest, you know, of the girls at home, and the only pretty one, and it really isn't fair to Jean and Julia that I, who don't mean to marry for a long time to come, should have all the men at my feet, while they, poor girls, who do want to marry—who are in a dreadful hurry to marry—are neglected. They're ever so much older than I am, you know; there were half a dozen or more boys between. It's very hard for them, and trying to their tempers, and makes their poor noses get red. I'm always so sorry for people who are ugly, Aunt Daisy; so I thought it only kind to start on my travels, and try to find a home. I made mamma come out strong on my toilets; I thought that only fair; I've got some that will quite charm you. That old woman in London had the impudence to tell me my dress was quite unsuitable to my position! I don't want to marry a Frenchman, or an American, Aunt Daisy; and the English one meets abroad are such a scrubby set. I tell you what I should like of all things—an English country gentleman, with a house in town. I'd be the queen of a county, set the fashions, and all that. And I'd be good to the poor, and—have you a headache, Aunt Daisy? Ah! you are not used to such rattle; but I shall do you a world of good. I'm a little dull and tired to-day; but, when I'm rested and in good spirits, I shall keep you amused. You'll laugh more in ten days of my being with you than you've done for the last ten years of your life. You have such a sad, grave look, Aunt Daisy; you seem quite to have forgotten that you're not old yet; and you seem to wish other people to forget it, or you wouldn't dress and do your hair in such old-fashioned style! What nice hair you have, Aunt Daisy! I wish you'd let me dress it as I do mine. Mr. Stewart says mine is a happy mixture of the fashionable and the picturesque! You'd be surprised at the lot of compliments I got out of him. I had to work hard for them, though. Yes, I like him, Aunt Daisy, and I mean he shall like me."

"I don't suppose he will find any difficulty in liking you, or will need any making. But, if it were not his will and pleasure to like you, I don't think you would find it easy to bend him to your will and pleasure, as you have, I suppose, been in the habit of doing with younger and more frivolous-natured men."

"I assure you, it is not only by young and frivolous men I have been admired, but also by men quite old and very learned. I don't think I should find Mr. Stewart difficult to subdue, if I set my will to doing it."

"What age are you, Myrrha?"

"Just past nineteen, Aunt Daisy."

"And not engaged, as I gather from your talk—"

"Not exactly engaged."

"And you have never been in love?"

"Not exactly, but—"

"What does 'not exactly' mean?"

"It means, Aunt Daisy, that I am wiser than you think me. The fact is, there are so many of them—"

"So many with whom you are almost in love, to whom you are 'not exactly' engaged?"

"There are so many of them in love with me, I mean. And there is more than one with whom I have felt I might fall in love, if I didn't take care. I know I ought to be a rich man's wife. I wished to see what I could do in England before committing myself to any one—so I ran away. Wasn't that wise?"

"Quite wise."

"Aunt Daisy, I'm afraid your headache is getting much worse. Now, do lie down, and let me take care of you. Let me bathe your forehead with eau-de-cologne. You don't like eau-de-cologne? How strange! What do you do when you have a bad headache?"

"Keep quiet. Nothing more."

"Perhaps I've tired you, as you're not used to me; but I know I shall do you a great deal of good in the end. Do you think my room is ready? Because, if so, I should like to unpack some of my things and to change my dress. Which of the servants can help me?"

"Not either very well this morning. I have only two—Mrs. Moss, who is housekeeper and manager, and a young girl, Jane. Jane can help you in the afternoon. What help you need now, I must give you."

"Of course, Aunt Daisy, I couldn't think of troubling you." Then, with a blank look: "If you have so few servants, Aunt Daisy, who will do my needlework?"

"There's a very fair seamstress in the neighborhood."

"Oh, horror, a country seamstress! By my needlework, I don't mean making linen—that wouldn't matter. I mean little tasteful things—putting on laces, and running on ribbons, and altering trimmings, and that sort of thing."

"Can't you do those yourself?"

"I've never tried."

"Suppose you marry a poor man?"

"Aunt Daisy, I'm not a fool."

"I know, my dear, you don't mean to do that if you can help it, but if you should be so unhappy as to love a man who was not rich."

"I shouldn't marry him; but I don't believe in falling in love against one's will and conviction. My mind is, I hope, too well regulated for there to be any danger of my doing that." She said this standing, hat in hand, very erect, full of the sense of her own dignity and wisdom, the pretty, gleeful eyes fired with resolve.

"She is pretty," thought Daisy, as she admired the flower-like set of the head on its slender white stalk, the slight gracious figure, the lovely coloring. "Such a child, too, and evidently so badly brought up! There is no hidden harm in her, I should say; all the folly and wordliness are outspoken. I wonder if we can be of any use to her—Kenneth and I? Kenneth, if he got influence over her, might improve her." A heavy sigh. "How could I hope to improve any one? Let her be vain and worldly as she may, she must still be a more true and innocent creature than I am!"

MY ONLY ROMANCE.

I HAVE often wondered whether the four walls of the sleepy, solemn, old granite structure, towering far above all surrounding buildings, and facing the equally sleepy old square, have endeared themselves to the other inmates as they have to me. Every stone in them, from doorstep to pinnacle, is precious to me. Every breath of air that stirs the ivy-leaves, clinging with an almost human devotion to the ancient gray sides, and twining tenderly round the little Gothic windows, seems to murmur a fresh, sweet song to my ears.

I admired it first as a boy, when I used to go there for daily lessons, and, standing on the sidewalk, would look up to the roof, trying to

fancy how long the old pile would stand there after I was dead, and after others who should follow me were dead also. When the other streets about the deserted square should awake into busy life, echoing to the tread of hurrying feet, and the fine old residences be turned into gay shops, or be torn down, to make room for rows of costlier and more commodious storehouses, would it stand there still, wrapped in impenetrable dulness, quietude, and repose?

You see my liking for the place grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. Therefore, it was quite natural on reaching man's estate—the estate, in my case, consisted of a much-bedaubed pallet, a few brushes, and a quantity of canvas—and, deciding to make landscape-painting my profession, that, looking about for a shelter for my, as yet, nameless head, my thoughts should fix upon the roof which, in years ago, had so often covered my curly pate while listening to the dreary old professor endeavoring, with praiseworthy diligence, to instil into my unappreciative brain the elements of Latin and Greek. In two days after the idea entered my head, I was established with all my worldly possessions—a small trunk and an easel—in a delightfully musty, dark old room full of the weird charm that hangs over and penetrates even the very stones of the outer walls.

Another reason why I love the sombre and antiquated place I haven't mentioned yet. There my little romance, the one romance of my life, began, continued, but will not end.

I had lived an uneventful bachelor-life in the building for more than two years, vagabondizing during the warm months among the mountains, and along the coast with a few brother artists; and working hard in winter filling out, copying, altering, and improving, the summer sketches with which my portfolio was always laden to overflowing.

One evening at dusk, late in October, I had returned from a day's trip to the country. I had had a last look at the magnificent wealth of scarlet, and orange, and crimson, and green glory of the woods, where every leaf had danced and played, infiltrated through and through with the warm drops of golden light the sun was showering down. An autumn picture was on my easel, and I felt that, for a day at least, I must steep my senses in the intoxicating mystery of color before I could venture to add the last touches and pronounce it done.

I bade the janitor's wife good-evening, took my key off the nail in her small sitting-room, and started to go up-stairs, when I met with a great surprise. Not at all a disagreeable surprise, for it wore a soft, gray dress, a thick shawl, a round hat with a veil thrown back over the crown, and was toiling up the long staircase with a couple of bundles of wood in one hand, and a tin pail in the other. Numerous brown-paper bundles protruded in all directions from under its round arms, or rather what I immediately fancied were its round arms. A woman in that place was such a very rare vision that I was impelled to follow her, and raising my hat to say: "I beg pardon, madam, pray allow me to assist you."

Two large, startled eyes looked up into mine as I spoke, and then, seeming reassured, a sweet, modulated voice answered: "Thank you, sir; I will accept your kind offer, for I am continually stepping on my dress; and, at this rate, I shall never reach my room."

"Your room!" I involuntarily exclaimed, as I took the pail and bundles of wood. It was such a very odd idea that a lady should have a room in that out-of-the-way place.

"Yes, my room," she said. "I live in number twenty-eight, north corridor, third floor. My brother was too ill to go out to-night, so I am going to get tea for us there."

"Then we are neighbors; my room is number twenty-seven, same corridor," I remarked, more and more mystified.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "then you are the gentleman whose picture old Margaret praises so highly."

"Indeed," I said, laughing, "I had no idea our good janitress admired my poor work."

"You are her greatest favorite among all the artists in the building. But here we are at my door. If you will excuse me while I step in and put these bundles down, I won't detain you a moment longer."

I heard a weak and tremulous call inside the room: "Gervaise, is that you, dear? It seems," in a half-querulous tone, "a long time since you went out."

"Poor Bertie," the sweet voice I already knew replied, "I was just as quick as I could be, darling. I'll try not to be so long another time."

Then, as she opened the door wider to take her things from me, the

light poured out, and she cried: "Oh, oh, oh, how beautiful!" as she looked at a great bunch of gorgeous leaves I held, and which she had not observed in the dim halls. "Please step in one moment, and show them to my brother.—Bertie, this is Mr. Churchill, our next-door neighbor, who has very kindly helped me to bring up my many packages." Then, turning to me, she said: "You see, sir, we know your name very well. This is my brother, Mr. Dale."

"And I hope you will know me, as you do my name very well, some time," I answered, bowing to the sick man in the arm-chair. "I have been out in the woods all day, filling my brain and being with the marvellous beauty of the season; and I have, as usual, brought home twice as many branches as I need; for I could not leave them behind. I dare say I should have tried to bring a cart-load, had not my conscience warned me that it was positively inhuman to break off any more. I see you enjoy them as much as I do, and," turning so as to see her full face, "I am going to ask your brother to do me the favor of taking care of half these leaves. My bachelor establishment affords but one vase, which will hold only a few of them, and I was wondering what I should do with the rest."

A certain dignity in the manner of the young lady, while it was extremely gracious, repelled the slightest deviation from the most formal courtesy, and prevented me from offering the leaves to her. I feared she would decline them, and I had taken an odd fancy that it would be very satisfactory to know that my visit to the woods had given pleasure to some one besides myself. Indeed, it must have been almost the only time within my recollection that I had ever given any satisfaction to anybody; for my life then was almost wholly isolated. As I divided my woodland treasures, the invalid raised his long, slender hand, and, offering it to me, said: "I thank you very much, sir, for both my sister and myself. I am sure we shall enjoy them enough to repay you for the sacrifice of giving them away."

"But the gain is mine," I replied, smilingly; "for now, you see, I shall have the pleasure of knowing that these beauties will be properly cared for. Just look at that scarlet maple with the perfect gradation of color to the orange veins, and the sumachs; perhaps they and the golden beeches are the handsomest, after all. If I had kept them, they certainly must have withered in a few hours. In two days my picture will be finished. Will you and your brother do me the honor of looking at it before it goes to the exhibition?"

I turned so quickly toward her in saying this, that the lady was startled into accepting the invitation, though I believe to this day she intended to decline.

"Thank you," I said; "when it is ready, I shall call for you. Good-night."

When the door closed behind me, I struck a match, and, holding the little, quivering flame quite close to a small, white card, tacked upon the middle panel, read:

"G. DALE,
"Engraver on Wood."

Whether I had suddenly grown more fastidious and critical, or whether my practised fingers had all at once lost their cunning, I cannot determine; but I do know that the two days allotted in my mind to the completion of the autumn-scene upon my easel stretched out into three, four, five; and finally a week passed before I was willing to say "Finished!" and put it in the frame.

But one thing should be considered in extenuation of the delay. My brain had played me the most extraordinary tricks during those seven days. Would you believe that, on awaking from a highly-artistic and analytic reverie one afternoon, I discovered under a group of oaks and beeches, where a dwarf gum-tree should have been, a slight figure in a gray dress, shawl, and hat, with a veil thrown back over the crown?

I see, by your smile, you don't credit the story; but, I assure you, it is true. The picture was finished, however. I took it off the easel to hang it on the wall; pulled it down from there, and, bracing it up on the table with a pile of books, I at last replaced it on the easel, where it properly belonged, before I could be satisfied with the light. After all this, I found myself at number twenty-eight, ready to escort my visitors to my studio.

The slight color that flushed Herbert Dale's face told me, before his words, that he liked and admired my work; but I was not so sure of his sister's approval. For full five minutes she stood leaning over the back of her brother's chair, saying nothing, while I remained in

the background watching the flickering, western sunlight play over her soft, blond hair and delicate sweet face. At last, with a sigh as of mingled longing and regret, she turned and took the chair I silently moved toward her, saying: "It seems to me as perfect as any human hand can make it. You can't imagine how it makes me wish for the country and the woods."

Then she was silent again; but I think my eyes must have said more to her than my lips, for they only uttered, "I thank you."

Of course, we naturally began speaking of pictorial art in all its departments. She told me her brother and herself both drew, and that she engraved their pictures. And I gathered, though she didn't say so, that she supported the two in that way. My interest in this couple, who seemed as much alone in the world as myself, grew every moment they remained; and, long before she exclaimed, "Why, Bertie, dear, it is nearly dark! we must go home this minute," I determined to follow up the acquaintance which had begun so propitiously. Rising to help Herbert back to their room, I asked: "Miss Dale, have you ever seen the 'Seasons,' illustrated by Ludwig Richter?"

"No. I never have had an opportunity, though I have often read about them. I hope some time to be able to buy the set; for I think they would be very helpful to me."

"I think they would be very suggestive to you in many ways, while they are also exceedingly entertaining. When mine are returned by another friend"—I laid the slightest possible accent on the two last words, to see what effect it would have upon her—"may I bring them to you? I rarely open them now, for I know every line and every group by heart."

"Thank you; I should be very glad to see them," she replied, without seeming to notice my emphasis. And then I went out, and stood alone in the gloomy corridor, as I had stood a week before, on the evening when I first met Gervaise Dale.

In a few days my books came back, and I seized the first moment of leisure—it was in the evening—and carried them next door. The call was delightful. The loan of more books, the exhibition of a sketch or two, led to another and another visit; and at last it became a habit with me to spend three or four evenings a week with the Dales.

Up to the time I made the acquaintance of my new friends, my life had been utterly selfish. Every sensation and circumstance had been interesting to me only as it affected my own personality. Every thought and every hope centred in my own advancement and success. Therefore, the self-sacrifice and devotion of Gervaise Dale to her sick brother awoke in me a feeling of surprise and admiration that at the time was almost inexplicable. As a revelation of nobility of character, it appeared in my eyes superhuman.

Herbert and I became much attached to each other, as our acquaintance grew; and frequently, in the short winter afternoons, while Gervaise was out carrying home her work, I read aloud to the unfortunate youth.

One day we were sitting quietly watching the sun sink behind the leafless trees in the lonely park, when he suddenly burst out with:

"Mr. Churchill, I suppose you've often wondered why Gervaise and I should be alone here. I think you ought to know our history, or at least whatever will interest you in it, and I am going to tell it to you."

"Don't tell me any thing you would rather not speak of, Bertie," I said, laying my hand on his; for I knew how hard it is for sensitive natures to open their souls even to their nearest and dearest, and I could not bear he should think me vulgarly curious about their past life.

"I want to tell you. In the first place, Gervaise is an angel."

My heart echoed that, as I looked toward the table in the window where her blocks and pencils and little instruments lay, and thought how cheerfully and uncomplainingly she toiled there, hour after hour, and day after day, to provide for their small needs.

He continued:

"It is the old story of parents dying penniless who are supposed to be wealthy, and of children left to the charity of rich relatives who could hardly have been less generous to their bitterest enemy."

The hot blood rose in his wasted cheek, and burned in his smitten eyes, as he uttered the last sentence; and it spoke more strongly than a thousand words of the indignities put upon them in the home to which they were unwelcome.

"My uncle, who was left our guardian, is a passive, easy-going man, entirely under the control of his clever and unscrupulous wife. I have had hip-disease ever since I can remember, and so, of course, when we were taken to our guardian's house, I was looked upon wholly as a burden, to be endured, not enjoyed. But Gervaise, who was always well and strong, they made slave herself nearly to death, and she cheerfully submitted for my sake.

"Again and again I implored her to run away with me somewhere, if it were only to die in the street, for the sake of getting out of that house. Oh, you can't conceive how I loathed the place, how I longed to get away with Gervaise! That was the question which occupied our minds constantly. I don't know whether it would have been solved to this day, had not my uncle and his family decided to go abroad. Of course, we were left behind. I was glad of it, but Gervaise was not, for she thought travel would have benefited me.

"I knew then just as well as I do now—though I didn't tell her so—that nothing in this world could ever help me, and life in its best state has never been such a blessing that I would try to keep it if I felt it slipping away."

He smiled a sweet, melancholy smile that pierced my heart, and I could only press the thin fingers that lay in mine.

"My one sorrow is in leaving Gervaise all alone; but time heals almost any wound, and I hope some time she will be loved as she deserves by one who can be more than a brother to her.

"But to go back. My guardian's family went away, leaving Gervaise in charge of the house and to take care of me. We felt that that was the time to act, and we revolved a hundred plans by which Gervaise was to learn as many different means of making money.

"Yes, that was the bitter fact. I, the man, the natural provider, must sit with folded hands and wait. You may imagine how I cursed the malignant fate which made me impotent to support the darling girl I loved so well," he went on, vehemently; "you don't know how I have learned to sympathize with women since I've been sick all these years. Great Heaven! I wonder they will consent to live at all, for they must always be the watchers and waiters, and rarely the actors in life.

"Well, nothing that we thought of seemed feasible, and I was nearly desperate from disappointment, when the doctor who attended me suggested that Gervaise should go to the institute and learn wood-engraving. You see we were both already proficient in drawing, my sister especially; for, as long as our parents were alive, we had the best of instruction, and had natural talent for it besides. Of course we received the idea with delight, and after the doctor, who was and is our only friend besides yourself, had made the necessary arrangements, Gervaise began the lessons.

"Perhaps you know what a wonderful aid to all labor necessity is. If you do not, we do; and not many months elapsed before Gervaise could cut her own designs on the blocks with great skill. When she began to be paid for her work, I begged her to leave that house with me; but her sense of honor, which in that case I confess was greater than mine, would not allow her to consent; so we stayed till our guardian returned from Europe last spring.

"Gervaise, meanwhile, had become of age, and it was not very difficult to persuade my uncle"—this with a bitter smile round the thin, drawn lips—"to let her take me, a useless burden, off his hands. The doctor found this place for us—that little inner room, you know, is mine—where we could live absolutely to each other, and not be annoyed by curious eyes.

"At first I could help Gervaise a good deal in drawing; but I am slowly growing weaker, and less and less able to do so. And I can't go out to our meals as I used to. She thinks it is only the winter weather, and that when the robins and the violets come again, I shall be as well as I have been; but I know that the next violets will blossom on my grave, and the robins will sing my requiem."

After this we sat quiet a long time, till the red, western flames faded into yellow and then into gray, and at last Gervaise came in.

Bertie's little history had opened the door of my heart as with a magic key, and looking in I found there a great love for these two lonely and homeless ones, like myself, without ties. But the love for each was quite different. I felt for Herbert a strong, brotherly affection; but for Gervaise—ah, yes, for Gervaise!—the utterly longing, thrilling tenderness a true man feels for the woman into whose hand he wishes to lay the treasures he holds most dear—his happiness, his honor, and his name.

The days slipped by. I could see how rapidly Herbert Dale lost his hold on life; how swiftly he was sinking into eternity. My visits to them were more frequent than before. I was filled with a fierce desire to keep the truth about her brother's health as long as possible from Gervaise. If she suspected it, she did not speak. I felt that it was no time to tell Gervaise my love, to speak of another future. These last days of her life with Bertie, which I could see so well would be few, very few at most, should be wholly theirs. I determined to control my heart till she needed its tenderest ministrations in the days of darkness and sorrow that were certain to come.

A raw, gusty afternoon in February, Bertie and I sat again alone. He had been reading "Dombey and Son;" and, as the fading light grew dim, I closed the book after the chapter about Paul's death. We were filled with the sweet pathos, the tender grief of the scene, and perhaps tracing in our minds a resemblance between the loves of Paul and Florence, and Bertie and Gervaise, when he suddenly asked, laying his hand on mine, and searching my face with his eyes as if he would read my soul: "Charles"—you see he and I used each other's Christian names altogether then—"do you love Gervaise? Not as I love her, I mean, though Heaven knows how love could be greater than mine! but as a man loves the woman he wants to make his wife?"

Wondering if with all my care I had betrayed my heart-secret, I laid my hand over the thin, trembling fingers, and answered: "Who could see Gervaise as I have seen her, know her as I have known her, and not love her, Bertie? You know not how I long to make her my wife; to take her in my arms and fold her away from all sorrow and trouble for evermore. But how did you find me out, dear boy? I had resolved not to breathe it to her till—" checking the words upon my lips.

"Till after I am gone," said Herbert, finishing my sentence with a sweet smile. "Eyes less jealous than mine might have discovered the truth long ago, Charles, had they been watching you as I have. But I will tell you why I spoke first about it. It would be the greatest satisfaction to me if you and she could be married before I say good-by to you both. I should die absolutely happy if I left her your wife. A few weeks at most is all of life that remains to me. Go out and meet Gervaise, tell her your love—I am sure she returns it—and my wish. Go, Charles, now."

Stooping to kiss his pallid cheek, I whispered: "Thank you, Bertie, for sending me. I would not speak without your consent, but now I can hardly wait to find her."

The lamps were beginning to be lighted when I descried the little gray figure far down the street, and hurried toward it. My heart was full, my mind was full of the one thing I had come to say; but I began in the most commonplace way by offering my arm, and saying: "You are late to-night, Miss Gervaise."

"Rather," she replied, absently.

And then, speaking no more, we walked rapidly on. We had almost reached the old square when, plucking up courage, I said: "Gervaise, I came to meet you to-night, to tell you something which has been in my heart to tell you many a night before when I have come to meet you. But I fancied it was right it should remain unspoken until—until what I have to say would not make even the slightest barrier between you and Bertie. But now I have his consent to tell you of my love, and ask you to be my wife. Do you love me, Gervaise?"

We had wandered into the park by that time, and I drew her under one of the scattering lamps, and with both hands turned the sweet face upward to the flickering light, and read in the speaking eyes the answer I longed to hear.

After we had paused in silence—how eloquent that silence was!—under the gaunt, leafless trees, I told Gervaise, as gently and tenderly as I could, that Bertie's death was very near, and that he was as anxious to leave her my wife as I was to make her so, and pressed her to say when we should be wedded.

"Don't ask me to-night, Charles, please," she pleaded, clinging convulsively to my arm, "there is such a strange mingling of supreme happiness and bitter grief in my mind and heart that I cannot think. I have known so long, dear, that Bertie must go, and yet I have tried to deny the evidence of my own eyes, and to school myself to bear it at the same time. Let us go to Bertie. Every minute with him is precious to us both now."

Three days later, on a beautiful afternoon, when the glimmering

sunbeams fell lovingly on my darling's golden hair, we were united by the sweetest and solemnest of all ceremonies. Ere our wedded happiness was a week old, we were called upon to mourn over a gentle spirit, who, though dead to the world, will always live to me, and to her, I am as happy now to call my wife as on the day I first pillowed her blessed head upon my loving heart.

LILIAN GILBERT BROWNE.

THE EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN AT HOME.

BY THE ROVING AMERICAN.

III.

A PEEP BEHIND THE HAREM-CURTAIN.

AN English poet, whose "Palm-Leaves" contain the truest and most graphic pictures of the East, has embodied the imaginative idea of the Eastern harem-life and its theory in the country of its adoption:

"Behind the lofty garden-wall,
Where stranger-face can ne'er surprise;
That inner world, her all-in-all,
The Eastern woman lives and dies.
Husband and children round her draw
The narrow circle where she rests;
His will the single perfect law,
That scarce with choice her mind molests.
Their birth and tntelage the ground
And meaning of her life on earth—
She knows not elsewhere could be found
The measure of a woman's worth."

Such is, undoubtedly, the theory of the harem, that "woman's mission" is not to meddle with the business of men, but to devote herself strictly to her domestic duties as wife and mother; comforter and consoler of her rougher and sterner mate. This theory is carried out as far as the infirmity of human nature will permit, and it cannot be doubted that the Eastern women are not only contented but very happy in their ignorance of "woman's rights" and the "true sphere of woman," as defined by the most eloquent and determined of our strong-minded preachers in petticoats and their weaker brethren in pantaloons.

The woman's apartment, or harem, is, indeed, a secret and shrouded spot, and into it the foot of no man, save the master, may penetrate. The sultan himself, nor the Viceroy of Egypt, dares enter the harem of the meanest of his subjects, and even the officers of justice cannot penetrate its recesses. Hence, in a country where the rule is so arbitrary that neither person nor property is ever secure, the harem is a sanctuary, a place of refuge for its owner, so long as he is within its precincts. Here, too, he may secrete his valuables, and often the wealth of a man is to be found safely invested in precious stones, which adorn the persons of his wives.

Even his own brother is never permitted to see the faces of his wives, nor to pass the threshold of the harem; and his son, after ten years of age, is strictly excluded also, except from the apartment of his own mother. Much of the time of the Oriental is spent in the society of his women, who are absolute within their own domain, and, if Eastern gossip say true, hen-pecked husbands there are the rule, and not the exception. The influence of woman is very powerful there as elsewhere, in spite of this seclusion, and even in public affairs is strongly felt. If a man has many wives (and his religion allows him four, with a facility of divorce which even Indiana may envy, and as many handmaidens as were permitted to the patriarchs), each wife has her separate apartments. The Egyptian or Turkish gentleman, therefore, has several different families under his roof, with whom to while away his leisure, each separate family hating the others cordially, but all vying in their attentions to him.

The Prince Halim, uncle to the present viceroy, an educated and accomplished man, attempted to brave this prejudice against the unveiling of the female face at home by allowing his young daughter once to sit at table with uncovered face among some European guests. But the popular outcry which this incident created, even against a prince so well-beloved as himself, proved how deeply rooted that prejudice is at Cairo.

When, therefore, a foreigner and his wife visit an Egyptian family, they are separated at the door of the house, and rejoin each other

there afterward, having been respectively received and entertained by host and hostess on the separate system in different parts of the dwelling.

We have had many vivid pictures of the interiors of the harem from many female pencils, portraying all its lights and shades, and so little do habits change in the East that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's sketch, taken so many years since, is still as correct as when that lively lady wrote it. These "lights of the harem" are usually uneducated—one who can even read or write being an exception—but, as most of the men are as little literary, signing their names by a seal they wear on their little fingers, that does not matter much. There are exceptions; for the wife, or princess, of Said Pacha, the late viceroy, was not only an educated Circassian, but a poetess of no mean merit also.

But, from the most reliable accounts, the great majority belong to the party of know-nothings, and rejoice only in the unwritten chronicles of the bazaars, the baths, and the harem, where chat and scandal are as incessant as in more civilized circles. These "lilies of the valley"—white, black, and spotted—"toil not, neither do they spin." They shun all exertion of mind or body, except in the duties of maternity; for they are devoted mothers, and have devoted children. Never, in any part of the world, have I witnessed such reciprocal affection and reverential respect between parent and child as in the East. That system cannot be all evil which bears such fruits, utterly opposed as it may be to all our prepossessions. But indolence is bliss with the Eastern woman as with the man. We have no word to express what they call *kuff*, which denotes a state of perfect animal and intellectual rest, where all the senses seem steeped in the soft, luxurious languor of the lotos-eaters. The Eastern woman, therefore, is not "accomplished." She neither plays, nor sings, nor dances. She causes her slaves to exhibit all these before her, while she sits languidly inhaling the perfumed smoke of her nargile. To do any of these things herself would be to assimilate her to her slaves. Hence the high price demanded by the daughter of Herodias for her condescension in making such an exhibition when she danced off the head of John the Baptist.

Eating sweetmeats, drinking sherbets, smoking nargiles, and sleeping much, consume most of her time not devoted to the care of her children. She has no other household duties, unless she be too poor to have slaves or domestic servants, and the greater anxieties of European housewives, in relation to receiving and entertaining their husbands' friends, the Eastern women entirely escape. Their society is exclusively among themselves, and, when they meet at each other's houses or at the bazaars, veiled and guarded by eunuch or old woman, or on Fridays, when they spend the whole day at the public baths (*hammans*), they interchange gossip and scandal as freely as though they had weekly receptions or gave grand balls to Society (spelled with a large S). In fact, the foreign ladies who visit them are often astonished at the accuracy and extent of their information as to all that is going on out-of-doors, even among the European population, and are often more amused than edified by their revelations. So impossible is it to keep the softer sex from talking scandal! Equally impossible also is it to keep them from love-making, for even "bars and bolts cannot a prison make" which woman's wit cannot defy. It must be admitted that the Eastern woman has a perfect passion for intrigue, and agrees with the ancient Spartan that the guilt of a sin is in its being found out.

The air of Eastern towns seems redolent of intrigue, which occupies much of the thoughts and time of these caged birds, whose cages seem so secure, and whose male and female watchmen are apparently so vigilant. Yet these poor-spirited creatures, to whom not only the practices but even the precepts of Sorosis are utterly undreamed-of things, are actually proud of the precautions taken by their lords and masters to secure their fidelity and fetter their free will. They actually compassionate and condole with their freer Frank sisters on the masculine indifference which alone could permit them to go abroad freely, with unveiled faces, to be seen of and converse with all men! Sentiment (as we understand it) is a stranger to the mind or the breast of Eastern man or woman, for it is a hot-house plant, which requires for its growth the warmth of home-training and religious instruction, and the soil of a cultivated moral and intellectual nature.

The child of an animal mother, reared up in such an atmosphere, and amid such surroundings, intrusted from infancy to early puberty

to her control, and as destitute of moral or intellectual training as herself, how can he be other than the man he becomes?

This is the dark side. See the sunshiny one exhibited by the pencil of the poet of the "Palm-Leaves:"

"If young and beautiful, she dwells
An idol in a secret shrine,
Where one high-priest alone dispels
The solitude of charms divine;
And in his happiness she lives,
And in his honor has her own,
And dreams not that the love she gives
Can be too much for him alone.

"And when maturer duties rise
In pleasure's and in passion's place,
Her duteous loyalty supplies
The presence of departed grace.
So hopes she, by untiring truth,
To win the bliss, to share with him
Those glories of celestial youth,
That time can never taint or dim." *

But we have left our side of the house to wander over forbidden ground, the forfeit for which would be life, if detected, and so must escape. The reader must pardon us for taking him where female feet alone are permitted to tread, even by the most hospitable Eastern host. But it was necessary to unveil that portion of the life of the Egyptian gentleman he never voluntarily will show you, the curtain of which he will never raise for stranger-eye to penetrate.

Let us now return to the prince, and see how he usually passes his days at home.

INTER COENAM.

ALL the world is sunk in slumber
As I sit in my garret high,
While the solemn stars shine sadly
Far up in the midnight sky;
And I muse through the night's dark watches—
All the house so hushed and still—
With a meek slave standing silent,
To wait on my lordly will.

Then I say to my dumb slave straightway,
Go—set me the royal chair!
Go—bring me the lordly purple
That is fit for a king to wear!
Lo! swift as a viewless spirit,
He hath done my high behests;
And I sit in my garret-chamber
To welcome my royal guests.

Then up to the bare brown rafters,
And sweet through the misty gloom,
Float the scents of the golden summer
When the fields are all abloom;
And I hear on the world's great anvil
The clang of the heaven-forged swords;
With "Strike for the truth, O brother!
For the triumph is the Lord's!"

Then far from the vanished ages
Do the shining cohorts rise;
With him of the regal forehead,
And him of the sightless eyes;
There the lord of the Tuscan laurels,
With the bard of the boyish days;
While the mighty master, smiling,
Stands crowned with his English bays.

So, all through the solemn stillness
Do I drift with the drifting tide,
All alone with my soul's great comrades
And with one sweet dream beside;

* Their future union depends on his will, though not her future state of reward or punishment.

While we sit at the royal banquet
Where the vintage is divine,
And purples the golden goblets
That brim with the beady wine.

Slow the wondrous pæan rises,
As I chant with the mighty throng;
And I join with my humbler music
In the chorus of the song;
Till the notes ring grander, clearer,
While my lamp burns dimly down;
And I see in its dark penumbra
The gleam of a kingly crown.

So, drunk with the purple vintage,
I rise from the royal feast,
When the rosy tints of morning
Just brighten the drowsy east;
But still through the day's stern labor
With its doubts, and strifes, and pain,
Do I long for the night's great banquet
When my cup shall be crowned again.

Then how shall the rude world harm us
With its praises or its blames,
We, priests of the Truth's proud altars,
And peers of such lofty claims,
Who, crowned with the rosy chaplets
'Neath the sheen of angels' wings,
Sit quaffing the wine of welcome
At the banquets of the kings!

EDWARD RENAUD.

FREDERICKA BRION, GOETHE'S FIRST LOVE.

"HAPPY is he," says Schiller, "whom the gods love, even before his birth; whom, as a child, Venus cradles in her arms; whose eyes Phœbus anoints, whose lips Hermes touches, upon whose forehead Jove presses the seal of power. An exalted destiny shall be his, for, ere the beginning of the conflict, his temples are wreathed with bay."

Such a favored one of Heaven seemed Goethe, whom Germany recognizes as her greatest genius, and to whom the world might justly assign a place, among modern poets and dramatists, second only to that of Shakespeare.

The only son of a rich banker and imperial counsellor, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the year 1749. To this, her "Sunday child," her darling, Nature came laden with the choicest gifts. Beauty, wealth, genius, friends, station—all were his. Life was to be to him *no via dolorosa*, up which he must toil, bearing the cross of neglect and penury. The bitterness of feeling his best efforts unappreciated, of seeing his best thoughts fall cold upon the public ear, were never his. Poverty, which eats into the sensitive soul of genius like a canker, and is sure to sadden if it does not harden, he never knew. The upward path was made smooth for him, while proud, loving friends stood by to aid him in every earnest work, to cheer him on to every high endeavor.

Had he been less the grand, noble genius he was, he might have become the spoiled child of affluence and adulation. But he had aims in life higher than pleasure, broader than power, and he could not turn a deaf ear to the voice within, urging him on to grand and lofty things. Conscious of his splendid gifts, he heartily and exultantly set about his appointed work.

"Oh, his pride, his sacred pride in his beauty!" writes "the Child," Bettina von Arnim; and the outward casket was indeed worthy of the princely soul it enshrined. The form, above the medium height, was that of a stalwart Hercules, while the face and head had the ideal beauty of an Apollo. The brow was high and massive; the features were clear and finely cut, as in the models of classic art; the eyes large, deep, and lustrous; the complexion fresh and glowing. It is said that his personal appearance was so striking that, whenever he

entered a public place, even as a stranger, all eyes were at one fixed upon him.

In youth he was a wild, adventurous fellow, whose slight regard to worldly conventionalities greatly outraged his precise, pompous old father. With years his manners grew courtly and dignified, even haughty; but his haughtiness was not that of the *parvenu* or coxcomb. He could look beyond the surface, and his respect for men was not based upon the station the world assigned them. Worth and talent guided him in the choice of friends, and, to those he chose to fascinate, he was through life the most fascinating of men.

But this man, so favored by fortune, so exalted by genius, so idolized by his fellows, was, after all, a man with the usual weaknesses and frailties, and, among his greatest faults, was untruth to the better feelings of his own heart. Courtied and caressed by all, he was an especial favorite with women, and, being much in society, he could be neither blind nor deaf to their admiration. Of a susceptible, impulsive nature, from youth to middle life he was continually falling in love. As he loved readily, he forgot easily, and most of his attachments of this kind were very transient; but there was one deeper and more enduring—his first *real* love, and his best. Of this we purpose to speak briefly.

In his twenty-second year young Goethe went to Strasbourg to complete his law-studies at the university. One pleasant October day he was invited by his friend Wieland to ride over to Drusenheim, a lovely country-village, lying in one of the most delightful regions of Alsace, and pay a visit to Pastor Brion, the spiritual shepherd of that rural community.

The Brions, in their simple, refined, cheerful home-life, forcibly reminded the young student of the charming family in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." In Pastor Brion and his excellent wife, he saw the good vicar and his spouse; Salome, the elder daughter, he called Olivia; Fredericka, the younger, Sophia; and, when the only son and brother appeared, he could scarce help exclaiming, "Moses! and are you here, too?"

Fredericka, a romping young girl of sixteen, upon his arrival, was, as usual, absent on her out-of-door wanderings. After a while she came tripping into the room, apparently not at all awed by the presence of the aristocratic young gentleman from the city. She was a bright, blithesome young creature, and the fresh, piquant style of her beauty was greatly enhanced by the charming dress she wore—the old German costume, seldom seen outside the rural districts—a bodice tightly fitting the form; a short, full skirt, displaying the neatest of feet and ankles, and a black-silk apron.

"There she stood," says Goethe, in his "Wahrheit und Dichtung," "on the boundary between country beauty and city belle. Slender and airy, she tripped along as if she had nothing to carry, and her neck seemed almost too delicate for the luxuriant braids of flaxen hair on her elegant little head. A free, open glance beamed from her calm, blue eyes, and her pretty little turned-up nose peered inquiringly into the air with as much unconcern as if there could be nothing like care in the world. Her straw hat dangled on her arm, and thus, at the first glance, I had the delight of seeing her perfect grace, and acknowledging her perfect loveliness."

With his usual impetuosity, the young man fell in love with Fredericka at first sight, and every subsequent meeting only added fuel to the flame. Pastor Brion's house was but a few miles from Strasbourg, and Goethe's visits there became very frequent. During these visits he and Fredericka were inseparable companions, and soon came to be regarded by all as lovers.

Fredericka, a perfect child of Nature, was never so happy as when in the open air.

Goethe says of her: "She was one of those women who please us best out-of-doors. The loveliness of her manner harmonized with the flowery earth, the unclouded serenity of her face with the blue sky. A refreshing breath seemed ever to hover around her." After dwelling with rapture upon her grace, her beauty, and her goodness, he adds: "I knew no sorrow, no unrest in her presence. I was immeasurably happy when by her side."

The youth and the maiden were constant companions. They walked and rode, they read and sung, they talked and laughed together, and neither dreamed of any pleasure in which the other might not share. With the family and other friends, they took little jaunts into the country, went on excursions to the islands of the Rhine, and visited at the neighboring houses. Both, in their entire happiness, were the

gayest of the gay, and the life of every company; "but," says Goethe, "while we seemed to be living for those around us, we lived only for each other."

During absence they were still united in thought, and their letters were very frequent. In her correspondence Fredericka showed herself the same happy, unaffected child as in the intercourse of daily life. Goethe was already becoming known as a poet, and this young girl became the inspiration of his sweetest lays. He wrote many songs expressly for her, and set them to well-known melodies—"enough to fill a volume," he says, "had they been collected."

"My passion grew the more," he writes, "as I came to know the worth of the excellent girl, and the time approached when I must leave so much love and goodness, perhaps forever."

There had been no formal betrothal, and yet, in the sight of men and angels—by the election of their own hearts—these young lovers belonged to each other.

Goethe passed a highly-creditable examination, and received his degree as doctor of laws, an honor of which his father was not a little proud. The old gentleman had very high aspirations for his gifted son.

Before returning home to Frankfort young Doctor Goethe went to bid Fredericka adieu.

He writes: "Those were painful days, which I would gladly forget. As from on horseback I reached her my hand at parting, tears stood in her eyes, and I was also very sad at heart."

He had resolved upon leaving Strasbourg, to tear this passion for Fredericka from his heart, no matter how much agony it cost him. But this was no light task, for it was a love which had taken deep hold of all that was best and noblest in his nature. In absence, the image of the sweet young girl was ever before his eyes, and he pined incessantly for her. Had he followed the dictates of his heart, he would have returned to her to set the seal to their mutual affection by a formal betrothal. But worldly prudence with him was stronger than love, and he was a man who could yield up the sweetest dream of his life to ambition.

The disparity of station between the rich banker's son and the country clergyman's daughter was very great; it was an alliance to which the haughty old Frankfort aristocrat would never consent—yet still, in his inmost heart, Goethe knew that Fredericka was worthy of him.

The affection of the proud young student and man of the world had been put to a severe test when Fredericka and her sister, in their obsolete provincial costume, had come to visit some rich and fashionable Strasbourg relatives. Though Fredericka possessed a natural ease and grace of manner which made her at home in any society, still Goethe could not fail to note the contrast between his "woodland nymph" and the circle of high-bred ladies in which he moved.

Morbidly sensitive to the opinion of others, he could not endure to have his chosen one the object of invidious remark or criticism, and it was a positive relief to him when Fredericka returned home. Yet he very well knew that she would have the tact and good sense to adapt her dress and manner to the circles in which she would be introduced as his wife, and it is not probable that it was her inferior station or unacquaintance with high life, nor, indeed, fear of his father's displeasure, that induced him to break off the connection. He dreaded marriage as the grave of ambition, the frustration of a high career.

Soon after his arrival home he wrote the young girl a letter, bidding her adieu forever.

He says: "Fredericka's answer tore my heart. I now, for the first time, became aware of her bereavement, and saw no possibility of alleviating it. She was ever in my thoughts. I felt that she was wanting to me, and, worst of all, I could not forgive myself. I had wounded to the very depths one of the most beautiful and tender of hearts, and that period of repentance, bereft of the love which had supported me, was agonizing, intolerable. But man will live, and hence I took sincere interest in others, seeking to disentangle their embarrassments, and to unite those about to part, that they might not feel what I felt. Hence I got the name of the *confidant*. On account of my wanderings, I was also called the wanderer. I turned more than ever to the open world and Nature, and there alone I found comfort. During my walks I improvised hymns and dithyrambs. One of these, 'The Wanderer's Sturm-Lied,' yet remains. The burden of the song is, that a man of genius must walk resolutely through the storms of life."

No word of blame ever escaped Fredericka's lips, though Goethe himself says that his desertion nearly cost her her life.

Retired from the world, in the sweet solitude of her country-home, she passed a life beautiful in its unselfish devotion to others. While he to whom she had given her heart's first and only love stood upon the dizzy heights of fortune, splendor, and renown, she was the benefactor of the poor, the consoler of the sorrowing, the friend of all who were desolate and oppressed.

There were depths in her character, of which those who knew her only in her careless, happy young girlhood, little dreamed. She possessed a refined, sensitive nature; a tender, loving, womanly heart, which was worthy of a better fate. She was sought by others in marriage, among whom was Goethe's friend Lenz; but she declined all offers, saying, "The heart that has loved Goethe can belong to no other."

Eight years after their parting Goethe again went to visit the family once so dear, and the old scenes where the happiest moments of his life had passed. He was received cordially by all, even by Fredericka, who, he says, did not make the slightest effort to rekindle within him the old flame.

On the 5th of April, 1815, Fredericka Brion died in the little village of Sesenheim, which had been her home for many years. Her life had been tranquil, and her end was peace. The elder people of the village still remember and speak lovingly of the "good Aunt Fredericka," whose many virtues and acts of unobtrusive charity had endeared her alike to young and old.

She was laid to rest in the village church-yard, and, in accordance with her dying request, the only memorial above her grave was a simple black cross, placed there by the hands of those who had loved her. But the German youth, enraptured with the "Wahrheit und Dichtung" of their greatest poet, longed to behold the scene of the sweetest idyl of his life—to visit the spot where slumbered all earth could hold of her who had once loved Goethe so fondly—had been so fondly loved by him. And so the little black cross became the prey of relic-hunters, and for many years Fredericka Brion slept without any memorial save that recorded in loving hearts.

A few years ago the Rhenish poet, Hugo Oelbermann, and his friend, Frederick Gessler, visited the spot, and, through the *Gartenlaube*, the most widely circulated of German periodicals, solicited subscriptions for a monument to her who had been the first, best love of their great poet. The call met with a liberal and hearty response, and, on the 19th of August, 1866, the monument, a master-work of Honberg, was unveiled in the presence of a large assemblage.

The monument is simple yet noble, and, from a gold background near its summit, stands out in fine relief the bust of Fredericka. The features of the lovely face, perhaps somewhat idealized, glow almost with the light of transfiguration, and we marvel not that she was the first, perhaps the one true love of the great poet's life.

Beneath the bust is this inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
FREDERICKA BRION.

A beam of the poet-sun fell upon her so richly as to lend her immortality."

To the oft-repeated questions, "Why was Goethe so faithless to himself and her? Why did he not marry Fredericka?" the most fitting answer may be found in the words he puts into the mouth of one of his characters:

"Marry? What, marry just at the time when life opens to you! To coop yourself up at home before you have gone over half your wanderings, or accomplished half your conquests! That you love the girl is natural; that you promised her marriage is the act of a madman."

"There is more truth than poetry in these words," coolly remarks one of Goethe's apologists. "It is, at any rate, by no means evident to me that infidelity to his genius would not have been a greater crime than infidelity to his mistress!"

Says another: "Marriage was a phantom from which he shrunk. Eros, with folded bow and broken wing, was to him an image of fear!"

But marriage with Fredericka Brion, the woman who loved and appreciated and gloried in him, would have been no infidelity to his genius, no frustration of his high career.

His biographer, Lewes, says: "He knew little, and that not until

late in life, of the subtle interweaving of habit with affection, which makes life saturated with love, and love itself become dignified through the serious aims of life. He knew little of the exquisite companionship of two souls striving in emulous spirit of loving rivalry to become better, teaching each other to soar! He knew little of this, Fredericka, and the life of sympathy he refused to share with thee is wanting to the greatness of his works."

Had he early in life married Fredericka, he would have been saved from many an idle flirtation, and from that hopeless passion for Charlotte Buff, the heroine of his "Sorrows of Werther," who, being engaged to another, was beyond his reach. "Had she been free," says one of his biographers, "he would, in all probability, have left her as he did Fredericka."

Had Fredericka been the guardian genius of his life, that brilliant, fascinating, intellectual, but unprincipled married woman of the world, the Baroness von Stein, would not for twelve years have exercised such influence over him; he would also have escaped that unlawful connection with Christiana Vulpius, a woman in every respect unworthy of him, which, after long years, ended in a marriage whose wretchedness he vainly tried to hide from the world.

The great poet and royal councillor, amid all his worldly fame and honor, knew nothing of the delights of a well-ordered, peaceful home, to which he could turn from the world's turmoil for rest and happiness; he had no congenial heart to share his joys and sorrows, to glory in his success. And so, without having ever harbored malice against him who had blighted her young life, Fredericka Brion was avenged.

For seventeen years she had been sleeping peacefully in the little church-yard at Sesenheim when Goethe's summons came. In 1832, full of years and honors, his mind undimmed, his natural force unabated, the great poet died.

He died tranquilly, painlessly, leaving a name linked to immortality through those great works which have left their impress on his own age, and will help to mould the thought of all the ages yet to come.

But the great poet, the transcendent genius, and the sweet, gentle woman, unknown save that her humble name is linked to his, are equals in the sight of God.

FRANCES A. SHAW.

A PICNIC AMONG THE ESTERELLES.

IT was on a fine, bright day, about the middle of December, that a number of carriages might have been seen drawn up before the *porte cochère* of a small but aristocratic hotel in the town of Cannes, in Provence, south of France. That something more than a common drive was intended seemed evident from the preparations which one saw on every side; shawls, cloaks, and great-coats, were bestowed away in the corners of the vehicles, while several good-sized baskets, which seemed heavy and well filled, betokened an ample supply of creature comforts for the inner man.

Presently the company began to issue, to the number of some five-and-twenty to thirty individuals of both sexes and varying ages; the carriages were speedily occupied, and orders were given to the coachmen to direct their course to a little way-side inn which stands on the highest part of the main road that leads from Nice to Marseilles, right through the Esterelle Mountains. This little inn was to be the stopping-place for the carriages, and the general rendezvous for the party, the first stage in the day's expedition, and from that point the rest of the excursion was to be carried out according to the taste and inclination of each individual member.

Here, perhaps, some one might be tempted to exclaim against the absurdity of a picnic in the middle of December, and that, too, in the midst of a mountainous district, and to say that such an idea is preposterous.

You would be quite right, dear madam, or honored sir, to make such an objection, were the scene of the excursion laid in this country, and in such a climate as ours; for at that period of the year there would very likely be several inches of snow on the ground, and the idea of an excursion then to a mountain's summit, and, much more, of a picnic there, would only be suggestive of red noses and frozen fingers and toes.

But pray remember that we are here on the shores of the Mediter-

anean, quite at the southern extremity of France, in a climate which permits the orange, the lemon, the date-palm, the cassia, etc., to flourish luxuriantly in the open air—where frost and snow are hardly seen or felt during the entire winter; where, though the air may often be chilly at night, it is always cheered and warmed during the day by the rays of a sun that is never obscured by fog; where one may see gentlemen and ladies bathing in the open sea until the end of December; where many residents of the place wear during the whole year the Panama hats, which in other countries are only used as a protection against the rays of the sun during two or three months of summer. Remember this, and you will no longer consider it an absurdity to talk of a picnic to the mountains in December.

On the day in question, the sky was almost cloudless; the air was clear and exhilarating, and every thing combined to favor the enjoyment of the party.

It was somewhat cosmopolitan in its composition, for many countries and nationalities had contributed their quota. The majority consisted of English ladies and gentlemen, who had come to pass the winter in Cannes; but there were Americans, from the United States as well as from Canada; there was a Scottish gentleman, with his wife, who had become a settler and property-holder in Australia; there was an Irish gentleman farmer from Tipperary; there was a young Spaniard; while the members of a charming Russian family, and two or three French officers from the garrison of the little neighboring town of Antibes, helped to complete the variety, as well as to augment the mirth and conviviality of the occasion.

The Esterelles are a spur of the chain which, branching off from the great range of the Alpes Maritimes, and passing at some distance behind the town of Grasse on the road to Dauphine, turn somewhat after that, and throw themselves, at a distance of some ten or twelve miles from Cannes, across the main road which, skirting the shores of the Mediterranean, leads from Italy to Toulon, Marseilles, and thence on to Paris—projecting their huge bulk into the sea to some considerable extent, like a gigantic bulwark, and serving a very useful purpose to the country to the eastward by shielding it from the dreaded mistral, or northwest wind, which prevails at certain periods, and is the curse of fair Provence. The city of Marseilles is particularly liable to it, and afflicted by it; for there it rages, at times, with a fury that is almost inconceivable, carrying persons along the streets in spite of their resistance, and overturning carriages, so that it is hardly safe, while it blows, to venture out.

The Esterelles, however, act as a very effectual barrier against this dreaded wind, and thus contribute to create for Cannes that sheltered position which has given it so great a reputation, and made it the resort of invalids and persons of delicate lungs from all quarters of the globe. They are, besides, very picturesque in appearance, and their varied and swelling forms and wooded slopes add much to the beauty of the landscape, from whichever side it may be viewed; while, during the winter, when the sun sets directly behind their summits, there is a constant succession of beautiful and varying effects, which must be seen to be properly appreciated, and are an endless delight to the artistic eye.

Mont Vinaigre is the highest point of the Esterelles, attaining an elevation of something less than three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and to climb this peak was in the programme of the party on the present occasion—that is to say, of all those whom age or weakness did not incapacitate from such rude exertion. The young members of the company were full of ardor, and impatient to arrive at the spot where the climbing was to commence; and the seniors, while amused at their expressions of eagerness and delight, could not help themselves being carried away to some extent, and becoming once more young as the youngest.

I have said that the main road from Nice to Marseilles passes directly through or over the Esterelles; indeed, the latter throw themselves so completely across the country that the road-makers had no alternative but to tunnel through, and this latter course has been adopted to a considerable extent by the engineers who carried through that part of the Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles Railroad which is continued on to Nice and the Italian frontier.

This main road was the one pursued upon the present occasion, skirting the shores of the Mediterranean until, after passing the little village of Agay, it quits the sea and begins to climb the hills which conduct to the highest ground.

Here, as the road began to wind upward, each turn would present

some new feature of picturesque beauty. From time to time, one would get a glimpse of the sea—sublime, that day, in its stillness, as upon other occasions in its fury; but there were so many other elements as to constitute a panorama of considerable extent, and infinite variety and beauty.

The shore, from the Esterelles, as it approaches Cannes, gradually slopes inward, forming a long and majestic but not very deep bay, which terminates, some four miles beyond that town, at the highland which forms the eastern extremity of the Gulf Juan, and on which stands a lofty light-house; and the whole of this long expanse, for a mile or two back from the sea, is studded with large hotels, and handsome or modest chateaux and villas, which have been for the most part erected within the last few years for the accommodation of the numerous visitors to Cannes, among which one sees the less pretentious habitations of the farmers and other inhabitants of the country amid a mass of many-colored foliage.

To the right, about a couple of miles from the main-land, is the group of islands called the Lerins, of which the largest—*St. Marguerite*—served many years as the prison of the famous *Man of the Iron Mask*, whose identity has given rise to so much discussion; while the next in size—*St. Honorat*—possesses a very curious old chateau, and is now occupied by some priests who have under their charge a school for the reformation of young men.

To the left, a little behind Cannes, on ascending ground, and almost buried under the foliage of the oranges, the lemons, and the olives, which surround it, one may see the little town of Cannet, whither the celebrated tragic actress *Rachel* came to reëstablish her health, and where she died. More to the north is Grasse, the chief town of the canton, the residence of the *sous-préfet*, and famous all the world over for its perfumery, the manufacture of which is the principal business of the place; while far away to the eastward loomed up dimly the giant outlines of the summits of the Alpes Maritimes, covered with perpetual snow, and forming a glorious background to the picture.

Add to all this the infinite variety in the foliage—for, although at that season the fig-trees are bare of leaves, it must be remembered that the oranges and lemons are in their glory, their fruit ripening about New-Year; and that the olive is an evergreen, whose grayish and rather sad-colored hue makes an agreeable contrast with the brighter greens of the former, while the trunks, twisted and often bizarre in their forms, produce a most picturesque effect in the landscape.

At this stage of the road many of the party descended from the vehicles, for the sake of easing the poor horses, who were toiling up the long and sometimes steep ascents; and at last, some on foot and some in carriages, all safely arrived at the little inn which had been designated for the rendezvous.

The building itself is one of the most modest pretensions, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, without any pretensions at all; it is of some extent, but only part of it was occupied, as the doors and blinds of one end were fast closed. In former days, before any railroad had been constructed through the Esterelles, when diligences were passing several times every day, conveying the mails and passengers from Marseilles and Toulon to Nice, and when *chaises de poste* and private carriages were daily traversing the excellent road, which serves as the only means of communication with the world beyond the mountain, this inn had perhaps been a point of some importance, as it offered a convenient place to breathe the horses after the sharp ascent on either side; and, while the horses were resting, the masters and mistresses would often take some refreshment. But now, alas! its glory has departed. The days of diligences passed away with the opening of the railway, and the rich families who used to cross the mountains in *chaises de poste* now preferred the quicker and less troublesome route by rail, and were whirled through at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, without a moment's thought of all they lost in forsaking the old and picturesque mountain-road.

Now, visitors were few and far between, and the decline was no less marked in quality than in quantity; for, instead of rich English *milords*, with their valets and couriers, or French marquises and counts, or Russian princes, scattering gold around in profusion, and never disputing the amount of a bill, however exorbitant it might be, now their principal customers were the few teamsters who still continued to transport certain kinds of merchandise across the mountains, in spite of the ruinous competition of the railway. Even these

were diminishing, as the older ones died or retired from the business, as there was not much to tempt new ones to enter the field. Occasionally, some well-to-do farmer from the environs of Cannes or Grasse on the one side, or Fréjus on the other, a lawyer or a notary, on his way to visit some client whose residence was in or near the mountains, would come along on horseback or in his little country-cart, and would stop to take his *petit verre* and have a chat with the people of the house; but such visitors did not do much to increase the prosperity of the way-side inn.

The sudden arrival, therefore, of so large a party of hungry guests might well have taxed the limited resources of the family into whose hands the administration of affairs had fallen on the present day, had no provision been otherwise made for the necessities of the occasion; but our host in Cannes, well knowing by previous experience how little dependence could be placed upon the larder and cellar of the little inn, had insisted upon our taking with us all that was necessary, both in solids and liquids, for an abundant lunch; and the large baskets to which allusion was made at the commencement of this article furnished, at the proper moment, a store of good things sufficient to rejoice the eyes and gladden the heart even of an epicure.

Our first care was to find a guide who could conduct us to the summit of Mont Vinaigre; nor was this a matter of any difficulty, for one of the officers from Antibes immediately undertook to procure a competent one, and returned, after an absence of a few minutes, during which we heard peals of merry laughter issuing from the kitchen, accompanied by a good-looking young woman of some twenty-two or twenty-three summers, whose bright, black eyes, and dark but ruddy cheeks, seemed to announce that the air of the Esterelles must be highly salubrious.

This we found was the younger daughter of the landlord of the inn, she and an elder sister assisting their father and forming the whole household. Both the daughters were acquainted with the path to the summit, and were accustomed to act as guides as occasion required; but the younger was the better-looking of the two, and she and the young lieutenant seemed on such good terms that I immediately suspected it was not the first time he had seen her, and that his alacrity in offering to procure us our guide was not quite so disinterested as I had at first supposed, but that the desire to have the company of the pretty Marguerite might have had some influence in quickening his zeal. Indeed, he half admitted as much when we taxed him with it, and informed us that he had made her acquaintance when his regiment, some time before, on arriving at Toulon from Rome, where they had formed a part of the French army of occupation, was on its way from the former port to Antibes. They marched across the Esterelles, and stopped a few hours, for their noonday-halt, at the plateau on which the inn stands, where the landlord and his two daughters had been most attentive to the wants of the officers. He was certainly not sorry for an opportunity of renewing the acquaintance, nor did it seem to us that the young girl listened without pleasure to the gay remarks and complimentary speeches of the gallant soldier. But has it not always been thus? From time immemorial, has not Mars been always welcome in the court of Venus?

Be that, however, as it may, it did not prevent Marguerite from a faithful performance of her duty on the present occasion; and she led the way, closely followed by the lieutenant, across walls and ditches, through brambles and brushwood, over loose stones and rocks, up steep and sometimes precipitous ascents, with a sure and steady foot, and at a rate which made it difficult sometimes for the most active to keep up with her.

For a good part of the way there seemed to be no regular and well-defined path, or, if there were one, she disdained to use it; she seemed to find her way by a sort of instinct which never failed her, and so we went on, blindly following her lead, in scattering files, until, after some two hours' steady and toilsome climbing, the peak which was the object of our excursion came in sight, but still at some distance.

It was marked by a large pile of stones—a sort of cairn—on the top of which had been secured a wooden cross, some six or seven feet in height; and, the moment this was distinguished, a general rush was made for the spot by all who were near enough to compete for the honor of arriving first at the summit.

It had been, for some time before, a neck-and-neck race between three of the party—an Englishman and an American, who were both small but active men, and the Tipperary farmer, who was fully six

feet high; and at this moment the American was leading, closely followed by the Irishman, while the Englishman made a good third. The Irishman was plying his long legs with a most praiseworthy activity; but the American was determined to win, and, as he had the lead, and the narrowness and steepness of the path made it a difficult thing to pass him, it seemed likely that he would gain the prize.

But who can withstand his fate? At the very last moment, when within some twenty feet of the cross, the son of Erin took advantage of a short cut at a turning which the American in his eagerness had overlooked, and, with a sort of Derby rush, and a few strides of his long legs, managed to head his opponent off, and to arrive first at the top.

Here every one was glad enough to sit or lie down on the stones around, to breathe a little, while feasting his eyes on the glorious panorama which opened out below on every side. It is true that in some respects the view was not so fine as that enjoyed from much lower ground, where the details were more perceptible, and the eye could rest with more pleasure on single objects; but the panorama was much more extensive, taking in a view of many points which were quite imperceptible from below. The city of Nice, some thirty miles and more distant, was plainly visible, with all the country behind and around. Grasse, with the mountain-range which bounds it, Cannes and Cannet, with their numerous villas and chateaux, were, of course, within easy range. On the west side of the mountain were discernible the bay of Fréjus and the hills which surround Hyères and Toulon, while all around the eye rested on a confused mass of mountain-peaks and hills, some covered with luxuriant foliage, while others were bare and rocky. The sea appeared perfectly calm, as far as could be judged from such an elevation, and the numerous craft whose white sails were dotting it in different directions looked like the little vessels that one sometimes sees on the miniature lake of a gentleman's park or pleasure-grounds.

We had hoped to be able to distinguish the snowy peaks of the mountains of Corsica, but were disappointed in this, as there were some clouds in that direction, and the position of the sun was such as to dazzle rather than aid the sight.

About twenty of our party had started from the inn for the purpose of scaling Mont Vinaigre; but there were only some seven or eight who persevered until the summit was reached. The others had dropped off from time to time, and were scattered here and there in the woods below, where we could hear their cries and vociferations.

After remaining on the top until we were well rested and our curiosity was fully gratified, we commenced our descent. Here every one shifted for himself or herself, and took whichever course his fancy suggested. Indeed, our guide was nowhere to be seen, and, as the young lieutenant had disappeared as well, we concluded he had found some occupation more attractive than that of gazing at the beauty of the panorama of Mont Vinaigre. However, this gave us no uneasiness. Taking the bearings of where our inn ought to be from the summit, we plunged boldly into the brushwood, and, sliding, jumping, sometimes falling, but always advancing, occasionally tearing our clothes with the brambles, and cutting our shoes among the sharp-pointed rocks, we all arrived at last in safety at the rendezvous appointed.

Here a sight awaited us, of a different nature, it is true, from that which had greeted us on the summit of Mont Vinaigre, but of a kind which had peculiar attractions to tired and hungry pedestrians. Those of our party who had not attempted the ascent of the mountain had made themselves useful by unpacking the baskets and arranging their varied contents in a manner which showed at the same time their experience in such matters and their thoughtful attention to the wants of their absent friends. With excellent taste, they had forsaken the dark and dingy rooms of the inn for the purer air of the outside. A long table had been laid under the spreading branches of an old oak which stood close to the door, and there, having borrowed of the host the necessary utensils for eating and drinking, they were awaiting our arrival with a feast worthy of Lucullus himself. At one end of the table stood a gigantic *pâté*, whose swelling sides announced a well-garnished interior; at the other end a noble-looking ham was doing *vis-à-vis*, and seemed to say, as plainly as possible, "Here I am, waiting to be eaten;" while down the two sides dishes of cold chickens, tongues, Bologna sausages, sardines in oil, and other niceties, gave evidence of the provident thoughtfulness of our Cannes host. Nor was there any want of something good to wash down such generous

food; for, ranged along the table like sentinels, was placed a number of bottles whose labels and seals were as familiar as "household words."

I need hardly say with what alacrity each guest took his place at the table, nor need I describe the rapidity with which solids and liquids disappeared under the vigorous attack then commenced. It was unanimously voted that the air of the Esterelles was eminently conducive to appetite, and that never had any thing tasted half so good as upon that occasion.

The stories told, the songs sung, the puns and jokes, were endless; and, though the company was composed of persons of widely-differing nationalities, they seemed quite united on that occasion in the determination to enjoy themselves to the utmost.

At length, some of the papas and mammas insisted that it was time to think of returning, and the merry party was obliged to adjourn to the carriages once more.

The drive home was accomplished without accident or adventure of any kind; but it was long before the remembrance was effaced, from any member of the party, of that pleasant "Picnic among the Esterelles."

FIRESIDES AND HEARTHSTONES.

IN the "Table-Talk" of APPLETONS' JOURNAL, I came of late upon the following sentence: "Firesides and hearthstones are things of the past, and with their departure have gone nearly all the best charms of a winter-home."

Though true generally of the *North*, this observation does not apply to the *South*, especially to the plantations and farmsteads of the interior, from the middle counties of Georgia and the Carolinas to the mountains of West Virginia and Tennessee.

Over that vast region, as a general rule, including the villages and smaller towns, the bright old fashion of ample chimney-breadths, open hearthstones, and blazing wood-fires, continues to prevail. Huge logs of oak and hickory are the staple fuel of the mountaineers, who, whether farmers or hunters, derive, we venture to say, more of cheer and comfort therefrom (though housed in the rudest cabin) than can be found in the most luxurious home, "over the hot air of a register, or by the burnt iron of a stove." It is, however, among the *middle districts* of the Southern States, and precisely in those localities which, to the casual observer, appear most lonely, impoverished, and repulsive, that Nature, as if in compensation for the barrenness of the soil, furnishes a species of fuel as royal in its abundance as it is beneficent in its health-giving and heat-producing qualities. We allude, of course, to the resinous light-wood logs, and the yet more valuable light-wood *knots*, which, charred by accidental fires that have decimated the forests into an outward hardness, will burn for hours with a steady, unintermittent glow, equally charming to the eye and comfortable to the invigorated blood. These light-wood *knots* piled among limbs of the dried gum-tree, as *pièces de résistance*, will produce a home-fire, of rare colored sparklings, but equable warmth, before which the daintiest *habitués* of a palace might rub their hands with a new sense of physical enjoyment, while to the hunter benighted by canebrakes, or on desolate uplands, such a fire is at once home, and wife, children, neighbors, and hearty social enjoyment.

"I've seed the times," said one of this class to us, "when I'd jist have stretched out like and died, but for them *knots*, black and nasty as they look a' top! Try a turkey-hunt among the 'Barrens,' and find yourself with nothin' for company but the sleet and rain comin' down like rips, and the sun sot for an hour an' more, and you'll know, onst for all, there's no friend so bully as the fat and resin inside a pine-knot! Lord! I've slept curled up like a coon, fast and comfortable, the blessed night through, with sich a downpour as never you beerd on, all by help of a thunderin' big knot a Noah's flood couldn't have put out!"

But, after all, the fires we have described appear to most advantage when roaring up some cottage chimney, and painting rude, ruddy arabesques along the roof and walls.

As December's twilight deepens, the farmer, let us say of the Georgia pine-barrens, or the remoter hill country, gathers his wife and children about him on a hearth of mammoth proportions, and, having added a back-log to the already well-furnished "dogs," and seen that

a caldron of bacon and collards is bubbling on the coals, takes his clay pipe, loaded with leaf-tobacco (the first whiff whereof would knock a Broadway dandy, as the printers say, "into pi"), and begins his evening's meditations in a spirit of sweet benevolence and goodwill toward all mankind.

Probably those meditations are not profound. They rest lovingly for an instant on the check, just received from his factor in Augusta, representing the sum for which his three bales of inferior cotton had been sold; ranging thence to the condition of the penned hogs fattening for Christmas, and the beautiful litter of pigs his favorite sow had borne him in the most opportune and obliging manner. Ten to one, a couple of these juvenile grunTERS may be whisking their black and white tails along the floor, and adding a note, scarcely harmonious, to the treble cries or laughter of the farmer's infants.

The "gude wife," in her corner, knits with placid perseverance, saying never a word, with a pipe between her lips, just two degrees smaller than her husband's, but stuffed with the same powerful tobacco; while the elder daughter labors cheerily at the loom, anxious to "turn out" some stuff of marvellous dyes that shall win for her the admiring envy of a score of bosom friends.

And mean time the flames crackle and glow, scintillate and sing many a homely ditty, suggestive to our farmer's thought of his days of courtship, long ago, and of the buxom lass—now a gray-haired matron opposite—who, in the light of just such a fire as the present, turned her blushing cheek to the wall as she plighted her simple troth. Anon, a sharp, steely glint in the flame may bring back to him the camp-fires of the Shenandoah and the Rappahannock, with memories of the lonely bivouac, the perilous picket-post, and the comrade whose dead face he scanned by a rude light like this.

It is to the solitary scholar, however, exiled from the keen life of cities, that the wood-fire, whether of pine knot or hickory, is indeed a beloved "familiar." It stands him in the stead of literary clubs, and *réunions*, of intellectual attrition of every conceivable description, of the superb acting of Booth, and the sweet singing of Nilsson, of a hundred enjoyments which to the least exacting of cockneys have become the bare necessities of existence.

The flames talk to him, whisper to him, and take him into their confidence, by signs and tokens known only to the initiated; they curl about his fancy with warm, loving caresses, lifting the burdens of weird ballads, and lingering, with a subtle trill upon long-forgotten melodies, about the polar regions of the heart, those realms which disappointments, wrong, deceit, have frozen over and made hard and sterile; they act with the soft, melting power of spring sunshine, and chill barrenness of sentiment gives place to the cordialities of benevolence and peace. Then how prolific are these flames in picturesque suggestion! From the moral to the fanciful they pass by a subtle legerdemain, building up for him great capitals his mortal eyes have never beheld, Paris and London, Rome and Constantinople, "Grand Cairo" and legion-crowned Damascus, or they reproduce, with yet more sudden transformation, all the ideal beings, "creatures of the elements," wherewith he is familiar, from the Pucks and Oberons of Shakespeare, to the grotesque monsters of Oriental story.

And so, finally, with both imagination and soul kindled and melted by turns, he is led, *summo gradu*, to the highest vantage-ground of wisdom, from which serene elevation the factitious and conventional are dwarfed to their true proportions, and stripped of their unreal charms.

Impecunious is the scholar; solitary, as we have hinted; perchance an exile; but out from the shimmering depths of his pine-knot fire emerges a fairy, spirit, half-embodied salamander—whatever thou wilt—who addresses him in the quaint language of old Robert Burton:

"Poor art thou?—why, the poorer thou art, the happier thou art! 'ditior est, at non melior,' saith Epictetus—he is richer, not better, than thou; not so free from envy, lust, ambition!

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Paterna rura bobus exerceat suis."

"Happy he who is freed from the tumults of the world, who seeks no honors, gapes after no preferments, flatters not, envies not, tempORIZES not, but lives privately, well contented with his estate!

"Nec spes corde avidas, nec curam pascit inanem,
Securus quod fata cadant."

"He is not troubled with state-matters, whether kingdoms thrive better by succession or election; whether monarchies should be mixed,

temperate or absolute; the house of Ottomans and Austria" (France or Germany!) "is all one to him. He is not touched with fears of invasion, factions, or emulations.

"In brief:

"A happy soul, and like to God Himself,
Whom not vain-glory macerates, or strife,
Or wicked joys of that proud swelling self—
But leads a still, poor, and contented life!"

Shall we not take these words to heart, and profit thereby? Surely the ghost of "Democritus Junior," that hath taken the trouble to leave its quiet tomb in the north aisle of Christ Church, Oxford, and to insinuate itself in the shape of an elementary spirit (though "*vox, et præterea nihil*") from out the embers of our wood-fire, deserves to be entreated with tender consideration.

Still, we are free to confess that, *without* the "fireside and hearthstone," poverty would prove wellnigh unendurable, and the above philosophical language would be to us but windy words. Before some narrow grate in an attic of the city, sparsely furnished with coal, hard as adamant, over which the thin blue flames curled viciously like shadowy fingers of malignant ghosts, we should hold "Democritus Junior," and "Democritus Senior," too, as mere hypocrites, emerged, "*e faucibus Erebi*," to deceive mankind!

Nor, sooth to say, can we imagine the richest denizen of the Fifth Avenue as open to fair impressions, philosophical or otherwise, with his "registers" and air-tight stoves, and a feverish, unnatural atmosphere of the tropics *within* doors, while the northeasters rave *without*, and a fragment of arctic sky seems to have slid somehow from the poles to freeze Manhattan into a huge iceberg!

In the banishment of the open fireplace, a severe if not fatal blow has been aimed at domestic concord, no less than domestic comfort. The *penates*, gods and guardians of household love, can exist but feebly, if the hearthstone be abolished.

Fancy those semi-divinities, in their honest simplicity of taste, brought into contact with the dull-red, steamy surfaces of your modern stove, and gasping the hot-house air, destructive to all natural things and creatures!

Where, in the absence of the frank-hearted flames, is a large family to assemble in the evenings, to exchange those charming confidences, which are the *soul* of household life and affection? The most luxurious apartment looks dull, deprived of the Ariel-artist of fire—that gay sprite who dances athwart the walls, paints the velvet cheek of beauty with a softer blush, moulds into gentler lines the care-worn face of manhood, and over the silvered hairs of age glimmers like a transient, but sacred aureole.

And what is the inevitable consequence?

ENNCI rules the hour and the place! Young men begin to view *such* "evenings at home" as a *bore*; young ladies, as a weariness to the spirit. *Paterfamilias* nods over his *Post*, and our lady-mother drearily dreams of the conquests of her first season, and involuntarily compares that awkward, heavy, white-whiskered millionaire by the table with the young Apollo to whom once she was disposed to give her virgin heart!

But the *children*, perhaps, suffer most from the fact "that firesides and hearthstones are" (in cities, at least) "things of the past." Instinctively a child delights in the shifting brightness of fire! The flames are his earliest toys, and he revels in the luminous wonder with an *abandon* of joy it is beautiful to see. Let us suppose, for example, it is a clear, cold Christmas-morning in the country. The cottager's family are assembled, shortly after sunrise, around his Brobdignagian chimney, furnished with a "yule-log," such as grows

"On Alleghanian ridges seen afar,
A monarch crowned with his imperial star,
Against the crimson where the sun hath set"—

and beneath it the indispensable "knots" crackle and flash like a salvo of Chinese fireworks; and the great, hearty flames roll upward with a rush and volume not to be resisted, while over those joyous faces, from the urchin of twelve to the tiniest ranks of the infantry, there is such a flush of health and irradiation of fine spirits, that the sight of it would melt, for a moment, even the malignant soul of a Quilp or a Grider! Those urchins are, one and all, firm believers in Santa Claus. Has not each his stocking, wherefrom an hour ago he drew—as from a veritable cornucopia—what to *him*, in his simplicity, is an ample fortune?

And now, amid the buzz of merry voices, the door opens, and the farmer himself appears, a huge silver tankard in hand (sole relic of

wealthier days), frothing over with egg-nog—rich and yellow as gold—the contents of which are distributed, in due proportion, to the members of the eager little circle.

Or if the tankard should be imprudently trusted to their hands, we shall mark it presently undergoing the fate of the enchanted drinking-cup, described in an ancient ballad:

"Some shed it on their shoulder,
Some shed it on their thigh,
And he that did not hit his *mouth*,
Was sure to hit his *eye*!"

Where, nowadays, in our large cities, can a picture like this present itself? Are not the city-children too often prematurely-wise little men and women, who scout the notion of Santa Claus, and scorn all the sweet, innocent superstitions of the past, affecting the ways and manners of their elders with a most questionable precocity? Alas! the abolition of "the fireside and hearthstone" is alone answerable for this melancholy condition of things! With no bright centre of domestic enjoyment and companionship, the ties of family are first loosened and then broken. People learn to depend upon outside excitement, to seek—according to sex—the billiard or the ballroom. The juvenile community is neglected by its proper teachers and protectors; in a word, the entire household becomes disjointed and disorganized; and finally, for aught we can tell, the "domesticities" will vanish altogether, and the idea of the "family" be ranked among the fossil conceptions of a long-forgotten age!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

BREAKFAST-FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A S Owen Meredith sings—

"We may live without love—what is passion but pining?—
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

And who, be he ever so far removed from the gross and the sensual, has not, in some hour of his life, felt this truth? The poet does not merely iterate the fact that we must eat, in order to live; he implies, also, that we cannot be thoroughly happy, unless we *take pleasure* in dining. Many a man of worth besides him—if precedent is wanted—has not scrupled to throw his whole soul into his palate at the dinner-hour. Is it likely, for example, that Thackeray, who trifles with such delicate relish over even the "Reminiscences of a Gormandizer," sneered at the actual banquets which gave origin to those reminiscences? For myself, I revere that instinct of my nature which prompts me to enjoy my dinner. "Enough is as good as a feast," saith the old saw; and, howsoever delectable the healthy enjoyment of one's dinner may be, it is yet possible to carry it too far. Among our own people, for example, a tendency has arisen to inaugurate each day with a meal not uncleverly styled, by Sala, a "morning dinner." The nature and aim of dinner, however, are essentially different from those of breakfast; and it is the ignoring of this difference, and the consequent abortion of the matutinal repast, which form the gist and mainspring of the dissertation before the reader.

The feast of reason thus occasioned we will take, if you please, in three courses—the first treating of breakfast as it should be, the second of breakfasts as they are, and the third pointing the moral. "Aha!" exclaims the acute reader, "there is to be a moral!" Yes, my dear sir; let me metaphorically rub my hands in deprecation, and acknowledge that there *is* to be a moral. But, in truth, it is not my fault. There is a moral to every thing under the sun—many morals, but little morality. However, the railroad-crossing sign is known to all. The bell has rung: look out for—

But our first course is cooling, while I stand prosing behind my chair. Come, let us fall to!

To begin with, then, we will strike at the root of our subject by deriving the meaning of the word breakfast, and thence the law which shapes it to a healthful perfection. Summon the prisoner into the dock. Breakfast—is he dight?—a fine subject for examination, carrying his whole story in his face! Cross-questioning him by the insertion of a hyphen, you have him exposed. Break-fast! he stands convicted. But, to strengthen the evidence, we may as well call up yonder sturdy German Frühstück, who stands simply for "early morsel." Now, combining these two bits of easy information, we seem to evolve the true character of the day's first meal. Its aim, then, is

to break the long fast of the night; its limit is affixed by the word "morsel."

Such is the ideal breakfast. But let us take a cursory view of the actual forms of breakfast, as compared with this their common prototype.

In this we would seem naturally led first to the French, whose custom, in the world of fashion, is as law. The fitting hour for breakfasting was doubtless prompted, in primitive times, by the natural demand of an unperverted appetite, after a night of temperate and healthy sleep. Your Frenchman, however, has a disposition to replace various clumsy arrangements in the order of Nature with certain brilliant contrivances of his own—a tendency well illustrated in the case of the Parisian painter who retired disgusted from out-door study, declaring that *Nature did not manage her greens well*. With a contempt for Nature in no degree inferior to this, the artists of the *cuisine* have caused a *déjeuner à la fourchette* to supersede that superannuated absurdity, the natural breakfast. Their artifice is, as every one knows, thus contrived: A polite cup of coffee, on rising, staves off the rude and ill-bred importunities of hunger until noon, when, lo! a luncheon, most elastic in its proportions, embracing varied viands, pastries, and wine, concludes a dignified treaty with the beligerent. Beyond doubt, this is elegant and *de ton*; but it jars with our theory of breakfast, deduced from its name, and, by consequence, from the natural law which underlies it. The French breakfast is, however, a logical consequence of late hours, and in assailing it we attack the vital—or, rather, mortiferous—principle of *life à la mode*.

Next-door neighbors to these artful Gauls, the Germans are the most primitive of all in their division of eating. Their dinner remains, as its name implies, a "noonday-eating;" their supper, an "evening-bread." As for breakfast, it consists of coffee and bread, being sometimes embellished with an egg, or the delicacy of honey. This, then, is as yet the nearest approach to our ideal breakfast. Were we to search from Calpe unto Caucasus, perhaps we should find nothing more consonant with it.

Having tested its merits for some years, I embrace it as one of the regenerators of overeaten mankind. And, besides its healthful influence in general, this sobriety at the breakfast-hour tends to cultivate a refined and natural taste. Even so sensual a sense as that of the palate should be carefully developed in the perfect man—not enslaved to the products of any culinary school, but subordinated to the rational faculty. The German breakfast offers just enough to still the biting edge of appetite without surfeiting the taste, and can thus compress from one *bonne bouche* as much enjoyment as from the richest banquet spread before Luxury and Satiety.

Crossing the Channel (hastily, for it is a region utterly subversive of reflections on the matter in hand), we enter Albion on our quest with sharp sea-appetite. Take this seat on the other side of the table, and we will try an English breakfast together. "Breakfast!" you exclaim. Ah! you hardly recognize the meal as belonging to that species. And you are right; for an air of solid comfort enfolds Britannia's breakfast-board, which makes one feel as if he fed on twice as much as is the fact. There steams, with solemn murmur, the massy tea-urn; there, in the centre, looms the mystic circular dish without which no well-regulated table is spread in England—the tripod throne of English muffins—fed from beneath with flame which the butler, as officiating seer, dresses with reverent care. A tasteful platter of some light meat graces the feast—usually a little row of chops, that once frolicked on the famed South Downs. Moreover, as a connecting link are introduced knotted loaves of robust British bread, and prim files of inevitable toast in little silver stands. "A tolerably-substantial morsel," remarks the pensive peruser of these notes. It does seem, indeed, to lend our ideal an all-too-palpable embodiment. But, after all, the Briton does not break his fast heavily. He eats substantially, but briefly; and, besides, the climate in which he lives must also be considered. It is heavy and oppressive, and seems to demand stout fare. But, whatever be the physical cause, our cousins seem to thrive on this *régime*, and result is the best monitor of practice.

But we think otherwise. Or, do we think at all? or, if at all, enough? Our forefathers, who had Plymouth Rock to reach, and forests primeval to cultivate, had also good reason to develop a breakfast of the most substantial kind. So have our tillers of the soil, to-day. But we, who inhabit cities, and do not occupy ourselves with the appetizing employment of drowning witches and whipping culprits,

have nevertheless imported into our metropolitan life the breakfasts of the farm and the frontier. The farmer or manual laborer scarcely eats as heartily as the city merchant or the lawyer. Men of these latter occupations, breathing the feeble air of streets—strong only in one sense—seldom exercising in their daily round more than the brain and the fingers, require as robust a nourishment as the working-man who is developing the body in many directions at once! And not only in theory, but in fact, is this illogical relation of things disastrous. For the merchant and the lawyer, overworking their stomachs, reduce their whole physical machinery to dangerous weakness. The brain, however, is subject to an unremitting demand, and this protracted intellectual strain on enfeebled physiques insures unsatisfactory lives, if not premature deaths.

Let me not be suspected of too great zeal in assigning such dire effects to a cause apparently so trivial. Jerrold says, with much truth, that "troubles are like babies, and grow with nursing." In no case is this so well exemplified as in that of the pseudo-reformer, brooding over his pet evil. It may be that your humble servant is a living monument of this wholesome truth. Yet I admit that the ills I have depicted, and the equivocal glory of being a nation of dyspeptics, owe their origin to more than this one source. But it is foreign to the contents of this paper to discuss other than this. The representative American, though he be a temperance-man, is intemperate in the consumption of ice-cold water, and, if not of ice-water, he is accustomed to brace his appetite before breakfast with some drink guiltless of the crystal fluid, and, after breakfast, to unbrace it, as a useless thing that has served its turn, by a succession of similar beverages, until it reaches such an ebb that it must be again braced for the next-succeeding meal. Whether these customs appertain to breakfast, I leave to the inference of the individual reader.

In a great measure, however, the national stomach and digestive organ could be relieved by our assimilation of the German breakfast. The experiment in little, at least, has saved the digestion of one American, and could be extended to a like work of salvation for all others.

The light instalment of food which it allows leaves the stomach placid and the brain clear; hunger has been appeased without being crushed by sheer weight of rich or heavy comestibles. This is, of course, in accordance with the true principle of breakfast. Morning is the fitting time for work, when the brain brings its accumulated force from the refreshment of sleep to the day's task. To clog it, then, by overstraining the digestion, is a fault of economy unworthy the labor-saving spirit of our age.

There arises, also, a question of the morality of such over-indulgence before working-hours, which might easily be expanded to another chapter. Self-indulgence in general is the bane of our national life. It enfeebles each generation in turn more and more, lowering the moral and mental standard of our youth. The end of this is not difficult to foretell—"he who runs may read."

The habit of light breakfasting brings another improvement in its train, entailing, as it must, an early dinner; and thus we are a second time rescued from undigested woe, by one timely though difficult self-denying precaution. When the brunt of the day's business is over, one can afford to relax a little; one can enjoy without harm a little indulgence, and warm the heart with a savory dinner and a glass of wine.

But, in introducing this breakfast *au naturel*, I am well aware that I have not to do with the black-broth Spartans of old, and that I broach the abrogation of many delicate attractions and soft ravishments of the morning-meal, which will not be resigned without a murmur. Yon dusky wealth of baked potatoes fades from the vista of the future breakfast, shrouded in a sheet of its own wreathing steam. No more the swift relays of buckwheat-cakes shall "chase the glowing hours with flying feet." The banquet shrinks from courses of fish and viand and varied legumes to the frugality of the Teuton. A multitude, in short, of indigenous and indigestible dishes will die with the custom which produced them, and become "portions and parcels of the dreadful past." That branch of culinary art, indeed, devoted to the composition of breakfast-pieces, will languish and disappear. Against regrets based on these irretrievable losses, I can avail nothing; their objections root in the heart—mine but spring from the unsympathetic intellect. But to those who have essayed the change, or shall hereafter, persuasion were superfluous.

GEORGE P. LATHROP.

TABLE-TALK.

AN attempt is often made to draw a distinction between politicians and statesmen. No difference exists between the original meaning of those words, and very little difference, we apprehend, can be discovered between men arbitrarily classified under them. "A politician," says a recent writer on this subject, "is a man who thinks of the next election, while the statesman thinks of the next generation." If this is true, then a statesman is a Mrs. Jellyby in trousers, and the sooner he withdraws his regards from such remote object of his care, the better for us and our descendants. The next generation will be born of this generation. Its prosperity and general well-being will be the natural products of the prosperity and general well-being of the generation that preceded it. This fact may relieve all our Mrs. Jellyby statesmen of any particular care for the future. Whatever good for the country they may be able to promote now, will be sure to bear ample fruit for the good of the country hereafter, and let this content them. The writer from whom we have quoted can name but very few public men, past or present, who have not been concerned in the triumph of their party, or who have been identified with any real advance in the principles of government. Politicians and statesmen ("handy-dandy, change places, which is the statesman? which the politician?") have often a profound knowledge of the administration of affairs; but absolute principles are conceived and set forth by quite another class of men. Adam Smith, in his closet, worked out the laws of the "Wealth of Nations," and the fundamental principles there laid down not only were never conceived by either politician or statesman, but to this day remain most imperfectly understood by public men the world over. Buckle goes so far as to tell us that legislation—and legislation has been sometimes in the hands of men who may be called statesmen—has never accomplished any good whatever, excepting the negative good of undoing the evil this year it wrought last year. The history of government is the history of blunders, mistakes, and ignorance. To regulate a thousand things that should not be regulated, to ceaselessly set up principles that philosophers (not statesmen) have discovered to be radically false, has been the history of statesmanship pretty nearly from the beginning. Almost, for instance, up to the present hour statesmen have acted upon the idea that to impoverish neighboring nations was to enrich their own. Within five years we've seen a whole Congress attempt such an infatuated thing as the regulation of the price of a commodity like gold. True statesmanship, we imagine, is very little more than a negation. The larger the range of matters from which it withholds its regulating hand, the better usually will it perform its functions. To maintain peace, to preserve order, to establish justice, are its primary duties. Government, it is true, does go a little further; but whatever is attempted beyond these simple principles should be undertaken cautiously. An organized public education may be within its mission; and whatever it does in promoting the

ends of art, science, or education, even if there is a stretch of its power, is likely to do good, and cannot easily do harm. But the importance of this high-sounding statesmanship is very much overrated. The world has managed to get along tolerably well in despite of its blunders, and this is pretty much all that can be said in its favor. Let the history of civilization bear witness to the truth of what we say. Wise rulers can always do good by preventing foolish legislation, and this is about all that statesmen can do more than your politicians.

— Mr. J. Hain Friswell has just published, in London, a work he modestly entitles "Modern Men of Letters honestly Criticised." This assumption that his criticism possesses a character distinctive from that usually offered the public might, well awaken suspicion; and our readers will not be surprised to learn that these "honest criticisms" are for the most part marked by savage hostility. Mr. Tennyson, for instance, "has been a very discreet and a very good court poet, for a manufactured article none better." Anthony Trollope's will not live; "no one can care for the faint and obscure outlines and the colorless sort of wool with which Mr. Trollope weaves his human and his faded tapestry." But Mr. Friswell is not only "honest" in criticism, he is very piquant in his personalities. Of Tennyson he says: "Look at his photograph. Deep-browed, but not deep-lined; bald, but not gray; with a dark disappointment and little hopeful feeling on his face; with hair unkempt, heaped up in the carriage of his shoulders, and with his figure covered with a tragic cloak, the Laureate is portrayed, gloomily peering from two ineffective and not very lustrous eyes, a man of sixty, looking more like a worn and a more feeling man of fifty. His skin is sallow, his whole physique not jovial nor red, like Shakespeare and Dickens, but lachrymose and saturnine." Of Disraeli we learn that "you can see him near Grosvenor gate walking in the sunshine, an old man who looks older than he is, bent down, with his hands behind his back, thoughtful, sallow, his face lined with care. You can see him, too, after a triumph in the House, youthful almost, very good-natured, genial and wise-looking with a tender face, and a statesman-like look, a worthy chief to follow." Bulwer is served up with the most highly seasoned "honesty" that could be wished. We are not only told of his "thrice-damnable highwaymen stories," but regaled with the following piquant description of Lord Lytton's personality: "Walking, let us say, up the hall of the Freemasons, at a Literary Fund Dinner, there is a gentleman, rather feeble, doddering, a Cousin Fenix, with tumbled hair, a face rouged, flushed, a noble forehead and high aristocratic nose, a gentleman unmistakably, a gentleman with the 'true nobleman look' that you do not find one man in a thousand has, and of which Pope spoke. He is not very strong this gentleman, and has a scared kind of stare—that, indeed, of a student out in the world. In this living face, and in photographs from it, there is a suspicion that it is 'got up' to what its owner thinks its best; that Pellam would be younger than he is. Vain struggle with Time; what gentle

wagoner can put a 'skid' on his wheel when he is going down hill, or 'with a finger stay Ixion's wheel,' as Kents has it? Look at the hair brushed forward and manipulated, the eyebrows, whiskers, and hair somewhat darkened, the mustache and imperial! The whole look of the man has just the clever *artistry*—not insincerity, for Lord Lytton is a true man—which is the little bit of bad taste which has prevented its master from being the very first in his rank." Of Mr. Swinburne we are told that he "has a young, unripe, and not very healthy look," supplied with "that pallor which accompanies red hair"—that "his chief and most high works are but mocking songs of the atheist that erst might have been sung in Sodom, and lascivious hymns to Adonis that might fitly have been howled in Gomorrah."

— It is often surprising with what persistence the burnt child will return to the fire. As many times as critics and theatre-goers have experienced the incoherent absurdities of what is called "American comedy," we still find them returning with patience and ever-recurring hope to each new dramatic attempt of this character. It was almost certain before the curtain went up on the new comedy of "Saratoga," at Mr. Daly's theatre, what sort of extravagant nonsense would be served up as comedy, and yet there were many hopeful people gathered at the theatre, on its first representation, with the vague hope that something was at last to be done in the way of true American comedy. But the title of the play ought to have been a sufficient warning. Who writes of Saratoga, or Long Branch, or Newport, without at once assuming that the manners of that place are fast; that slang, pretension, vulgarity, parvenuism, intrigue, and imbecility, are the sole characteristics of American pleasure-seekers? And what comedy-writer of the slightest originality would venture upon the old, wearisome, and long-since detestable ground? One experienced in American comedies had only to read the play-bill of "Saratoga" to forecast the whole performance. How remarkable it is that men can essay to write comedies without apparently the slightest knowledge of what comedy means! A comedy, according to traditional notions, is a picture of manners and a reflex of society. But a comedy, according to the ideas of American dramatists, is a burlesque of manners and a *mélange* of farcical incident. That a comedy as a work of art should have a sane and coherent story, and humorous, of course, but probable and pertinent incidents, seems never to enter the ideal of our native stage-writers. That it should contain real people, and not purely eccentric inventions, and, while justly attempting the satire of social follies, should depict and not imagine the objects of its wit, are also theories that are entertained apparently by everybody but dramatists. "Saratoga" has the merit of not being dull. Its succession of absurd and impossible incidents serve to amuse indiscriminating audiences, and so the manager's purpose is in one way answered. But, in the name of art, do let the man who next attempts to write an American play have some sort of conception of his task. Don't let him imagine that a jumble of incidents, a

collection of men and women, and a profusion of slang, make a comedy.

— Pertinent to this matter of American comedy, arises the question, whether satire, if a legitimate, is the best expression of dramatic art. "Shooting folly as it flies" has at all times been the occupation of the dramatists, but we imagine that ordinarily the effect of this is to make us like the sport rather than hate the game. The manners of a people are more likely to be improved by good than by quizzical examples. Are not such comedies as the recent English ones very much better teachers than even such wit and satire as Sheridan's? Gossip, we imagine, flourished none the less abundantly because of "The School for Scandal." We are apt, in satirical comedy, to be a good deal more amused in seeing how our neighbor is hit than in taking the lesson home to ourselves. Both in the theatre and the church we are prone to industriously hand over the application of every censure to somebody else, and to wonder why other people do not reform under such excellent admonitions. But pleasing examples of virtue reach the heart subtly, almost unconsciously, and insensibly, perhaps, but really prompt the nature to better things by enlisting its sympathies on the right side. Good manners and good taste are contagious, and so are good sentiments. The virtues that were dramatically spouted at the spectator in the old-fashioned sentimental comedies became almost detestable. But the fine social qualities that are quietly depicted in the realistic and yet tasteful comedies of the new English school exalt and refine the spectator. The pleasing pictures of life in these comedies; their delightful home interiors; their agreeable men and women; their tone of good breeding; all these give to them not only a supreme charm, but a moral mission. Instead of American comedy-writers ceaselessly holding up for the example of our young people pictures of fast girls, with slang upon their lips, rouge upon their cheeks, and boldness in their faces and manner, why not try the delineation of some pure and true types of American womanhood? Let our dramatists select for once the best and most agreeable phases of our native life for dramatic delineation. This need not exclude wit nor piquancy; it would require a little invention perhaps, and a little art, and a little knowledge; but, if the dramatist has not these things, let him stop writing altogether. The artistic presentation of our happier domestic life would excite surprise, for it is quite unknown to the drama, awaken not a few pleasurable emotions in the hearts of those who believe that culture, and dignity, and "simple faith," are as often found in American life as elsewhere, and, in supplying right examples of life and character, serve to elevate the public taste.

Literary Notes.

A NEW European Guide-book has just been issued by D. Appleton & Co., which is comprehensive, compact, and as accurate as the utmost care could make it. It is a guide to England, Scotland, and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Northern and Southern Ger-

many, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. It contains a map of Europe, and nine other maps, with plans of twenty of the principal cities, and one hundred and twenty engravings. "In the preparation of this guide-book," says the preface, "the author has sought to give, within the limits of a single portable volume, all the information necessary to enable the tourist to find his way, without difficulty, from place to place, and to see the objects best worth seeing, throughout such parts of Europe as are generally visited by American and English travellers. With few exceptions, the author has travelled over the routes he has described, and has given the results of his own *bona-fide* researches."

A new Russian periodical was announced for publication on the 1st of January (Russian style), 1871, at St. Petersburg, its contributors to be principally women. Its title is, "An Illustrated Edition of Translations of the best Foreign Authors," and the first part was to contain versions of Mr. Smiles's "Biography of Working Men," by S. Vicolozerski; of Palgrave's "Travels in Arabia," by Anna Budkiewicz; two of the Erckmann-Chatrian tales, by Vera Erakoff; and "On London Labor and London Poor," by the editress, under the name of M. Vavciok.

"The Victory of the Vanquished, a Story of the First Century," is the title of a new novel, by the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family." As the title implies, this story is of the primitive Christians—a field calculated to tax the best skill of a novelist; but the genius that succeeded so well in the delineation of the period of Luther could with safety venture in this more remote but perhaps not more difficult epoch. Dodd & Mead are the American publishers.

A useful little manual is "What to Read, and How to Read," a classified list of books in each department of study, with hints and suggestions to the reader. The lists are divided into first class, second class, and third class, which arrangement enables the reader to take up first the most important in any series, and continue at his option with the subsidiary volumes. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

At a recent meeting of the Philological Society, lately formed at Oxford, says the London *Athenæum*, a proposal was brought forward to introduce into the university the Continental pronunciation of Latin, which has already been adopted at several of our public schools. The proposal, which was supported by the professor of Latin and the rector of Lincoln, was referred to a committee for consideration.

The year 1871 is the centenary of Sir Walter Scott's birth. This fact has induced the London *Athenæum* to print a criticism of his writings, their character, and present influence. No doubt, many similar papers will appear, and the interest in the Waverley novels and the poems be greatly freshened.

Lippincott's Biographical and Mythological Dictionary, publishing in numbers, has reached its twenty-second part, which nearly completes the first half. This is a very complete and excellent work. The publishers are pushing it forward rapidly, in order to insure its completion as soon as possible.

At John Murray's recent annual sale, two thousand copies of Darwin's new work, "The Descent of Man," were disposed of in advance of publication. This work will shortly be issued here by D. Appleton & Co.

D. Appleton & Co. are about issuing a new edition of "The Heir of Redclyffe," and other novels by Miss Yonge, in uniform style, and with new illustrations.

The autobiography of the late Lord Brougham will appear from the press of Blackwood & Son, early in the year.

War Notes.

The Siege of Paris.

OUR Paris correspondent sends us by balloon post, date of December 24, further particulars of the progress of the siege up to that day:

From the 25th to the 29th of November the line of forts from Mont Valerian to Charenton kept up a regular fire upon the German positions round the south of Paris, the efforts of attack and defence being gradually concentrated at that point.

The wide fosse, four miles in length, connecting the forts of Briche and Double Couronne, between the Canal St.-Denis and the Seine, was last week filled with water, the quantity lifted by the five steam-engines from the Seine having been no less than twenty millions of gallons. This operation is reckoned to be one of the most interesting works of the defence of Paris. The manufacture of cannons, mitrailleuses, rifles, projectiles, and ammunition, is carried on with the most prodigious activity; thanks to those efforts, the three armies of Paris, now fully armed and equipped, supported by formidable trains of artillery, have been able to resume the offensive. This new phase of the siege of Paris began on Sunday last, the 27th of November, when all the gates around Paris were closed upon the non-combatants, egress and ingress being limited to those engaged in the defence of the city. During the whole of the 28th of November, masses of French troops, numbering more than three hundred thousand men, supported by seven hundred pieces of field-artillery, two-thirds of which were of heavy calibre, were divided into three corps and concentrated—first, between Vincennes and Saint-Maur, under General Ducrot; second, between the Porte d'Orleans and the redoubt of Villejuif, under General Vinoy; and third, in the peninsula of Gennevilliers, under General Trochu, the commander-in-chief. On that morning the proclamation of the members of the provisional government informed the inhabitants that the effort demanded by the honor and safety of France is being made, and that their military chiefs at the head of their brave armies had gone forth to dislodge the enemy from his entrenched lines, and join hands with their brethren of the provinces. General Trochu, in his address to his soldiers, says: "After so much bloodshed, more must flow, the responsibility of which rests with those whose detestable ambition tramples under foot the laws of justice and modern civilization. Let us put our trust in God, and march forward in defence of our fatherland." General Ducrot, in his stirring address to his soldiers, appeals to their honor and patriotism to make a great effort for the liberty, integrity, and independence of France, and reminds them of their wasted fields, their ruined homes, their sisters, wives, and mothers, desolate. Expressing his determination to reënter Paris either dead or victorious, he ends his address with the words "Forward then, forward, and may God protect us!" The troops, electrified by the words and example of their chiefs, went forth hopefully to do battle for their country.

On the morning of the 29th, the gunners in the peninsula of Gennevilliers, bombarded the positions held by the Germans, near Orgenteuil and Bezons. On the fire ceasing, the French troops occupied the island of Marante and the Pont-aux-Anglais, where they are now strongly intrenched. A strong column of troops from the peninsula made a reconnoissance in force in the neighborhood of Buzanval and Bois-preau. The corps commanded by General Vinoy, at the south of Paris, at the same time opened a heavy cannonade upon the positions of Chevelly, Hay, and Choisy-le-Roi, and afterward carried by assault the intrenched positions of Hay and the cattle-station of Choisy. Those positions, however, had to be abandoned, being commanded by the German batteries on the hill of Chatillon. As the German reserves hurried forward to defend their positions, they were constantly exposed to the fire of the gunboats of Captain Thouassat, near the Port à l'Anglais, the pieces of heavy artillery, mounted on iron-clad locomotives, near the batteries of Ivry, the redoubt of the Moulin Saquet, and the fort of Charenton, and must have sustained serious losses. The French losses on the 29th were estimated at about six hundred. Early, on the morning of the 30th of November, General Ducrot, at the head of his army, crossed the Marne on pontoons, attacked the intrenched position held by the Germans on the plateau of Chennevières, whom they dislodged after a desperate struggle of six hours' duration. They likewise succeeded in taking possession of the plateau between Brie-sur-Marne and Champigny, and remained masters of the conquered positions. The brigade led by the vice-admiral, commanding the fort of St.-Denis, dislodged the Germans from the villages of Drancy and Groslay; while the brigade of Henrion carried by assault the intrenched village of Epinay, and captured seventy-two prisoners and two cannons of the new model. The strong position of Montmesly was taken, but had to be abandoned on the arrival of heavy German reinforcements. This complicated series of combats, engaged on so many different points, lasting from six in the morning until five at night, was, upon the whole, highly favorable to the French arms. The terrific cannonade, that scarcely ever ceased a moment during the whole day, kept the people of Paris in a state of feverish excitement; on learning from the official report the successful nature of the day's operations, their enthusiasm was indescribable. The French losses are heavy, but have not yet been ascertained, General Renault and General Ladreit de la Charrière being severely wounded, and many distinguished officers having fallen. The steamboats of the Seine were engaged the whole day and night in transporting the wounded from the battle-field to the Quay of the Jardin des Plantes. Long files of ambulance-vans received the poor victims of the horrid cruelties of war, and distributed them throughout the different quarters of the city. Hundreds, preferring to be taken home, were carried through the streets on stretchers, their pale faces and their bandaged and bleeding forms exciting boundless sympathy and commiseration.

In the midst of their cares and grave responsibilities, the members of the government have formed an improved system of national education, and projected the opening of free lecture-rooms and circulating libraries in all the arrondissements of Paris, for the mental and moral improvement of the working-classes.

Historic Echoes.

There is a remarkable resemblance in some points between the history of the present campaign of the Prussians in France and that of

the French in Prussia in 1806. Indeed, the records of that period might, with a change of names, be almost taken for stray pages of the war-literature of 1870. After the battle of Auerstadt, which was lost by the Prussians chiefly owing to the mismanagement of their generals, and the surrender of Erfurt and Napoleon's entry of Berlin, occurred the capitulation of Prince Hohenlohe and his army, then the retreat of Blücher to Lübeck, the storming of that city, and the surrender of Blücher with the wreck of the forces under his command. After this the Prussian fortresses fell an easy prey to the French, and then, with more reason than now, it was said that these fortresses might have held out for some time longer. When Spandau capitulated on the 24th of October the French observed that, well defended, it might have sustained a siege of two months after the trenches had been opened. Stettin surrendered on the 29th of October, capitulating to the first column of French troops which appeared before it, who found to their surprise that it contained a garrison of six thousand fine-looking troops, one hundred and sixty pieces of cannon, and abundant magazines of all sorts. Custrin, a place of considerable strength, and of great importance on account of its situation upon the Oder, surrendered to Marshal Davoust on the 1st of November, as soon as it was invested and summoned, though its garrison consisted of four thousand men, amply provided with magazines. Magdeburg, the bulwark of the Prussian monarchy on its western frontier, capitulated to Marshal Ney on the 6th of November, after a few bombs had been thrown into the city; and Hameln, the chief fortress of the electorate of Hanover, had not even that excuse for its surrender on the 20th of the same month. In Magdeburg were found twenty-two thousand troops, including two thousand artillerymen, and in Hameln there was a Prussian garrison of nine thousand men, with six months' provisions and stores, and ammunition of every kind. The French general to whom the place was given up had no forces with him except two Dutch regiments and a single regiment of light infantry. In the mean time another inferior army assembled at Wesel, under the command of Louis Bonaparte, the newly-created King of Holland, overran the Prussian provinces of Westphalia, and penetrated into the electorate of Hanover; and a still smaller corps, under General Dandels, took possession of Emden and East Friesland. At Münster and other places valuable magazines fell into the hands of the invaders, and no resistance was anywhere made to them. Hameln, as before stated, was given up to General Savary, and Nienburg, the last place of the electorate held by the Prussians, capitulated a few days afterward (viz., on the 25th of November). The surrender of Plassenberg, a small fortress in the territory of Bayreuth, completed the conquest of the Prussian fortresses in Germany to the west of the Oder.

Then, as now, there was, for a few days, some hopes of an armistice. After the battle of Auerstadt, Lucchesini was dispatched by the King of Prussia to the French headquarters to negotiate peace, and, on arriving there, on the 22d of October, Duroc was named by the French emperor to negotiate with him. At first the Prussian minister was amused with hopes of concluding a peace on the terms which he was authorized to offer; but, as the situation of his sovereign became every day more desperate by the capture of his armies and the surrender of his fortified places, the demands of the French rose in proportion, and at length Napoleon explicitly declared that he would never quit Berlin nor evacuate Poland

till Moldavia and Wallachia were yielded by the Russians in complete sovereignty to the Porte, and till a general peace was concluded on the basis of the restitution of all the Spanish, French, and Dutch colonies and possessions taken by Great Britain during the war. With this declaration all hopes of peace vanished: instead of which an armistice was proposed by the French, and, after much fruitless negotiation, concluded by Lucchesini, on the 16th of November; but the terms were so disadvantageous that the King of Prussia, on the 22d, refused to ratify it, and the war was prosecuted with unremitted activity. Perhaps Count Bismarck happens to remember this history of the events which occurred in October and November sixty-four years ago, when Count von Moltke was an innocent child of seven years old, and has been in some degree influenced by the precedents afforded by the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon I. toward Prussia in 1806.

France's Future.

The recovery of a nation after loss, conquest, pestilence, famine, is not unfrequently recorded in history; but a nation that has fallen to pieces by its internal disorganization does not for long—sometimes does not for ages—reassert its place in the world. The eclipse which came upon Greece and upon Italy lasted for centuries, and has not passed away. In later times the glory of Spain departed, and has never returned. These considerations must appall one who looks now at prostrate France. Not her present misfortunes only, but the dark days that are before her, excite emotion, the one raising pity, the other shutting out hope. France the fair, the romantic, the brave, the legendary, to sink into a base country, clinging to her ancient pride and ancient pretension, is sad to contemplate. Yet if what has been be any guide to the knowledge of what is to be, France must for many a day, perhaps for many a century, experience the bitterness of humiliation. Of all the great institutions which she owned in her days of renown, not one remains to serve as a rallying-point. So utterly has she failed that her reconstruction cannot be immediate or speedy; it must be the work of generations.

Nevertheless, strongly as the analogies may press in a political view, there is a ground of hope for France which was wanting to the fallen countries with which we have compared her. Greece, Italy, Spain, are all peninsulas, on the skirts of the Continent. It required amazing *vis* to give them their predominance at all, and, when their energy disappeared, insignificance naturally ensued. Their geographical position, in spite of which they raised themselves, gave them no assistance when they began to fail; it rather served to teach the rest of Europe how well affairs could go on without these excrescences, which belong more to the sea than to the land. But her geographical situation must always work powerfully in favor of France. Europe can never go on its way unmindful of her—can never say, as long as she is a nation, that her voice shall be entirely unheeded in council. It may be that, like the potent Hebrew's, her hair may begin to grow again after she has been shaven, and some tokens of her great strength to return. Alas that, like him, she should be fatally blind!

The Prussian Field-post.

The *feld-post*, which is, without any exception, the greatest blessing that a government ever gave an army, is composed as follows: Each *corps d'armée* has a head postmaster, under whom are the following staff: seven clerks attached to the office of the headquarters, four at

the headquarters of each division, and three with the artillery of each corps. Besides this, he has fourteen letter-sorters and seventeen positions. The headquarter staff-post of a *corps d'armée* has two wagons, one chaise, and one fourgon. The first ply with the letters, the second carries the postmaster and his second when on the march, as well as small parcels. In order to give additional facilities to the soldier to write to his friends, the authorities have issued cards to each regiment, on one side of which is printed—

Feld-post Correspondenz Karte.

To

Address,

and, on the other side, the letter is written in pencil or ink. If in the former, it is rendered perfectly secure against being rubbed out by the application of a wet cloth across it, which, thanks to some preparation on the surface of the card, secures its legibility to the end of its journey. The number of letters sent off after a battle is almost incalculable. It is, indeed, estimated that every sixth person left conscious writes. In order that every chance of writing should be given, postillions ride over the field with cards and a pencil the day after the battle, and any wounded man who is still there can either write or dictate his message home.

Rats as Food.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, discoursing on the subject of rats as food, says: "There is no knowing what you can eat until you try. This morning I met a friend on the Boulevards, about breakfast-time, who asked me to come with him to Haul's, as he had there ordered rats. I agreed to go and just look at them. They looked very good, served up in a salmis, with gravy and toast, and my friend pronounced them excellent; and so I did eat, or rather taste, and am obliged to confess that I should have no objection to repeat the experiment to-morrow. The flesh was white and very delicate, like young rabbit, but with more flavor. We curiously inspected the bill to see whether the proprietor of the restaurant would venture to give the dish its real name, but there was only a significant blank space, and then one franc fifty centimes. On being remonstrated with for this unbusiness-like method of procedure, he wanted to write 'salmis de gibier,' the word 'rat' being quite impossible. As there were two rats, salmis, each cost about seven pence, but bought wholesale (I am told they are now exhibited publicly for sale in some shops) and cooked at home, they would, perhaps, be cheap eating, even in time of siege; only, unluckily, the poor people, who want them most, would be the last to consent to touch them."

Causes of French Failure.

France failed in the present war because, both morally and physically, her entire social system—if system it deserved to be called—was rotten to the core. A government of force resting upon universal corruption could not fail to be ill served in every department of the state, and in none more so than in that on which its very existence depended—the department of war. Even in point of numbers the French army, when hostilities broke out, proved to be far below the standard that had been set for it; while in all the other qualities which contribute to make armies formidable it was entirely wanting. The temper of the men appears to have been arrogant, presumptuous, braggart; the regimental officers, especially in the subaltern ranks, were for the most part ignorant and underbred persons. Discipline, in our sense of the term, there was

none. The generals showed no acquaintance at all, or next to none, with the first principles of that art of which the outward world gave them credit for being masters; and the system of administration and supply, the *intendance militaire*, broke down as soon as an easy strain was put upon it. For three weeks the corps which had been thrust rashly to the front lay idle for lack of stores and means of transport. They took up, likewise, and retained positions which would have been barely safe had a prompt and well-arranged advance into the enemy's country been contemplated; but which, as ground to be held by troops waiting till their magazines should be formed and a plan of campaign settled, were perilous in the extreme. And, more remarkable still, both then and throughout the whole of the campaign, the outpost arrangements of the French army were as faulty as can well be conceived. When we read, in short, of what, in all these respects, Napoleon III. and his people did, both in preparing for a struggle which they knew to be a critical one, and conducting themselves in presence of the enemy, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that we are following the fortunes of the descendants and representatives of those redoubted warriors who, sixty years ago, overthrew the Continental armies wherever they encountered them on any thing like equal terms.

Causes of German Success.

One great cause of the astounding success of the Germans in this war is to be found in this, that, superadded to the excellency of their system of recruitment, they have the best-instructed staff in the world, which have revolutionized for them the tactics, or practical portion, of the art of war as completely as their own Frederick did a century or more ago; and even more than was done, not so much by Napoleon himself as by the course of events during the first days of the French Revolution, and the skill with which he seized the result and improved upon it. Another is to be found in the perfection of their equipment in every arm, and the admirable order which prevails in their *intendance* or department of supply.

Miscellany.

Furs and the Fur-trade.

WHILE our article on this subject, in the *JOURNAL* of December 24th, was passing through the press, we received from Mr. William Maenaughtan, fur commission-merchant, New York, the successor in business of the late Ramsay Cooks, so long the partner and survivor of John Jacob Astor, and so often mentioned in that charming book, Irving's "Astoria," a very interesting table, evidently compiled with great labor and care, giving the sales in each year, from 1859 to 1870, of furs in London by the Hudson's-Bay Company and Messrs. C. M. Lampson & Co. As the sales of these parties comprise fully three-fourths of the American furs sold in the world in any year, they give a more accurate approximation to the entire fur-production of the globe than can otherwise be obtained. We have not the space, nor is it appropriate to the character of the *JOURNAL*, to insert this table entire; but some notes deduced from it will be of interest to our readers. The sable, ermine, Kolenski, and Hudson's-Bay sable, are not among the furs sold by these parties, Leipzig being the largest and best market for them. By far the rarest and most precious of the furs on their list is that of the silver-fox, a very rare animal, found only in our extreme northern latitudes.

Of this costly and beautiful fur, sold almost exclusively to the nobles of Northern Europe, but five hundred and forty-one skins were sold in 1865, and, for five years of the eleven, the annual supply was less than eight hundred skins. In 1869 the unprecedented number of twenty-four hundred and twenty were put upon the market, and, in 1870, there were nineteen hundred and ten sold. The cross-fox, also a very beautiful animal, is also rare; the highest number of skins sold being six thousand two hundred and ninety-one, in 1869, while the number sent to market, in 1865, was but twenty-three hundred and five, and the quantity had vibrated between these two extremes through the whole eleven years.

The pelts of the different species and varieties of the bear ranged in the different years from seven thousand to nearly thirteen thousand, and the wolf-skins from four thousand to twelve thousand six hundred. On the whole, judging from this table, wolves seem to be decreasing. The number of mink-skins had exceeded one hundred thousand only twice in the eleven years, viz., in 1860 and 1869, ranging for the remainder of the time from fifty to ninety-five thousand. The marten-skins, including the pine, the stone, and perhaps also the fitch marten, range from seventy-eight thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, in 1870, to one hundred and forty-seven thousand and ninety-one, in 1859. In 1866 they nearly reached the highest number.

The muskrat, or musquash, is much the most abundant of our American fur-bearing animals, and even the large average sale of its skins by these parties, amounting to about two million a year, and in some years rising to two million two hundred thousand, does not give an adequate idea of its abundance. More than a million, and possibly two million, muskrat-skins are consumed here without crossing the ocean. A similar remark may be made concerning the skins of the skunk, or, as it is now generally called, the black-marten, or Alaska sable. Since its introduction as a fashionable fur here, large numbers of the skins are offered to our fur-dealers directly, instead of being shipped to Europe. There has been, in consequence, an apparent falling-off in the numbers sold in the European markets, while there is an actually increasing consumption of these really elegant furs. The maximum of sales in the London market was reached in 1860, when one hundred and forty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-nine were sold by the two parties named above, and, though very nearly the same point was reached in 1864, the sales since that time there have been, in round numbers, seventy-eight thousand, sixty-one thousand, one hundred and nine thousand six hundred, seventy thousand four hundred, eighty-four thousand three hundred, and, in 1870, fifty-five thousand six hundred and thirty-nine. We think the consumption in this country the present winter will be nearly double this. The fur of the raccoon is almost exclusively used in Germany, Poland, and Russia, and very few of the half-million of raccoon-skins sold annually in London will find their way back to this country.

Nothing in this table has more surprised us than the large number of beaver-skins sold in London. We had supposed that the beaver was becoming a rare animal, and that, with the substitution of the nutria and muskrat for the finer qualities of fur-hats, and the rabbit and domestic cat for the cheaper grades, the beaver had ceased to be hunted so zealously as he was twenty-five or thirty years ago; but this table shows, in the sales of these two houses, an average of one hundred and fifty thousand skins during the entire eleven years,

and, in 1867, one hundred and seventy-six thousand four hundred and eighty-eight, and, in 1870, one hundred and sixty-five thousand two hundred and thirty-two skins. These amounts would seem to indicate an increase in the number of beavers, and a steady demand for their fur abroad, if not at home.

Of the other animals whose furs were sold during these eleven years, there is little particularly worthy of notice. The lynx, of which, in 1863, 1864, and 1865, an average of only about fifty-five hundred skins were sold, suddenly shot up, in 1868 and 1869, to nearly eighty thousand, a greater comparative increase than any other animal in the list, though the opossum rose from twenty-three thousand and sixty-five, in 1863, to two hundred and fourteen thousand one hundred and seventy-seven, in 1867. Both furs are increasing rapidly in demand in the European markets, but the increase in supply of the lynx must arise from their being more thoroughly hunted, and not from any considerable multiplication of their number, for, unlike the opossum, the lynx is not remarkably prolific.

Cigarettes.

The tobacco used in the Havana factory comes chiefly from the small plantations in the western part of Cuba. When brought in, the first process is to place it on a sieve-table, set in motion by machinery. This sifts away all the sand and other foreign bodies from the leaf, twelve skilful workmen standing on either side of the table to snatch away all bad leaves or stems from the mass, as it travels along by the pressure of the mechanism. It is next thrown upon a huge ventilator, which winnows off the dust, and after that it is spread in thin layers on outside terraces, where the tropical sun can have full play upon it and dry it thoroughly. It is then taken inside and dropped into huge casks, where it is subjected to intense hydraulic pressure, after which it is conveyed by an almost imperceptible motion, effected by means of a series of screws, beneath a huge fly-wheel, set with sharp blades, that chop it to pieces. Then it is again ventilated, winnowed, and subjected to the action of fluer cutting apparatus, until it is reduced to the desired tenuity, after which it is spread out on the lower floor of the building, and besprinkled with an aromatic liquid, the composition of which is a secret of the manufacture. Chinamen alone are employed at this last stage, because their ignorance is regarded as a guarantee that the secret will not be betrayed. The tobacco, being once more partially dried, now requires only its paper envelopes. For these the material comes from Spain, and the Havana cigarette-maker imports thirty-five thousand bales of it per annum. The paper is passed beneath a press, which stamps it indelibly, and is then submitted to a mechanical knife, which cuts off hundreds of wrappers at a stroke. The final process consists of the folding and packing, and these are intrusted to hundreds of hands, some permanently employed, some working in their own rooms outside, some inmates of charitable institutions, and even of prisons. In one saloon a visitor saw three hundred convicts, black and white, hard at work rolling the cigarettes delicately between their fingers. Every workman gets a certain quantity of tobacco and wrappers, and must deliver a round of five thousand cigarettes from it, with perhaps fifty over, which he is allowed to keep for his own use. For this amount of work he gets from the overseer a metal check, entitling him to the payment of one dollar, at sight, on presentation to the cashier or for-man. Every thing, of course, is

strictly controlled and checked, with all the aid of scientific arrangement and apparatus.

Horace Walpole.

Horace Walpole has been condemned by Lord Macaulay, as "the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most fastidious, the most suspicious of men." His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations. In every thing in which he busied himself, in the fine arts, in literature, in public affairs, he was drawn by some strange attraction from the great to the little, and from the useful to the odd. . . . There is scarcely a writer in whose works it would be possible to find so many contradictory judgments, so many sentences of extravagant nonsense." What, then, is the secret of Walpole's success? Let Macaulay answer: "No man who has written so much, is so seldom tiresome. In his books there are scarcely any of those passages which, in our school-days, we used to call *skip*. Walpole's superiority lay not in industry, not in learning, not in accuracy, not in logical power, but in the art of writing what people will like to read. He rejects all but the attractive parts of his subject. He keeps only what is in itself amusing, or what can be made so by the artifice of his diction."

"The Castle of Otranto" was first published in 1764, by Horace Walpole, anonymously, as a work found in the library of an ancient Roman-Catholic family in the north of England, and printed at Naples, in black-letter, in 1529; when almost everybody was imposed upon. The ancient romances have nothing more incredible than a sword which required a hundred men to lift it; or a helmet by its own weight forcing a passage through a courtyard into an arched vault, big enough for a man to go through; yet the locality is real, and is a massive fortress at Otranto, at the southern extremity of the kingdom of Naples. Walpole tells us the origin of this romance; how he waked one morning from a dream in which he thought himself in an ancient castle, and that, on the uppermost banister of a great staircase, he saw a gigantic hand in armor. In the evening he sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what he intended to say or relate. The work grew on his hands, and he grew fond of it. "In short," says Walpole, "I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph."

A Hindoo View of our Dinners

Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, the converted Hindoo gentleman, whose lectures and addresses in England attracted so much attention last season, has returned to India and recounted to an assembly in the hall of the Franjee Cowasjee institute at Bombay his impressions of society. His address lasted an hour and a half, after which "Theistic hymns were sung." There was, says the *Bombay Times*, "an immense concourse of native gentlemen on the occasion; only two or three Europeans were present." The Baboo expressed thus his horror at the shocking sights he had seen in carnivorous England:

"I was invited to many dinner-parties, and what did I invariably see there? Why, the dining-room appeared to be more like a zoological garden; there were all sorts of fowls of the air, and beasts of the wilderness, and fishes of the sea, and creeping things laid on the table."

(Laughter.) "They were about to start into a new life, as it were." (Shrieks of laughter.) "I need not say I could not positively say whether they were alive or dead. These are the things which our English friends eat. I am glad I have run away from England." (Laughter.) "Oh Indian curry and rice, I must have them soon! But English fashions and dinners! These are really two things that are barbarous. I think there ought to be a protest against what is called 'fashion' in England. It is a dangerous thing, and makes frightful progress. The tail of the ladies' dress should be protested against, and the horrors of English dinners ought to be protested against; and if you, my countrymen, are really anxious to promote the welfare of your country, avoid these two things." (Laughter.) "Import into your country all that is good in England, but not these horrid things."

An Old Trojan.

Anthony Pecour, the oldest inhabitant of Troy, died December 9, 1870. He was born September 16, 1761, and was, therefore, a little more than one hundred and nine years old when he died. Up to within a few days of his death he was tolerably hale and hearty, and had never fallen into the doctor's hands until within two years. Of late years his personal appearance indicated his great age. He was about five feet and four inches in height, and considerably bent. He walked easily with the aid of a cane, and took daily walks out of doors. He stated that, except for a defective sight and hearing, he felt as young as he did at fifty. He attributed his longevity to plenty of exercise and correct habits. Mr. Pecour was not a teetotaler, however, as he took his "grog," as he called it, with clock-like regularity. He had been thrice married, and the father of thirteen children. The oldest Trojan appropriately lived in the oldest house in Troy. It is known as the "Vanderheyden mansion," and was built in 1752—one hundred and eighteen years ago. It is exceeding quaint in appearance, has a peaked roof and gables in the old Dutch style, and looks strangely out of place amid its modern surroundings. The brick with which it was built was imported from Holland, as was the material of many of the residences of the old Dutch farmers of the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys. In the gable-end, carved on the surface of a brick, is the following inscription: "M. V., 1752." The initials were those of its first owner, Matthias Vanderheyden. During the Revolution it was used as the headquarters of General Schuyler, while on his way to meet Burgoyne at Saratoga. During the entire war this house was the rendezvous of army officers, the Vanderheydens being hospitable and patriotic. It was twenty-three years old when the first Revolutionary battle was fought, yet the walls are firm, and the dingy old structure seems likely to stand for many years.

The Growth of London

One of the most surprising things about modern London is the rapidity of its growth. Notwithstanding its already enormous size in 1849, not fewer than 225,322 new houses have been added to it since then, forming 69 new squares, and 5,831 new streets, of the total length of 1,030 miles! Nor has the growth of London apparently been checked, notwithstanding adverse times; for 5,167 houses were in course of erection in the month of February last. In short, as the French observer said of London, "It is not so much a city, as a province covered by houses." The growth of London, however, has only kept pace with the

power, population, and wealth of the empire. It is the seat of the court, the government, and the legislature; of the supreme courts of law; of science, art, and justice; and it might almost be described as the centre of the world's commerce. While it is the capital of Great Britain and its vast colonial dependencies, London is also in a measure regarded as the capital of modern industry, to which men of energy and enterprise resort, not only from the counties and distant provinces, but from the various countries of Europe, and indeed from nearly all parts of the habitable globe.

The Widow of James Hogg.

A lady well known to Sir Walter Scott, "Christopher North," Allan Cunningham, Lockhart, and other literary men, died recently at Bellevue Place, Linlithgow, where she had resided for the past fifteen years. Margaret Phillips, widow of James Hogg "The Ettrick Shepherd," was the daughter of an Annandale farmer. She was married to the poet in 1814, and, until his death, presided with much grace and amiability over his only too hospitable home. It was her fate to survive her gifted husband thirty-five years. Many of the multitude of friends who surrounded the poet would have been glad to have shown his respected widow their sense of old kindnesses, but she shrank from every thing like notoriety and society. Her death took place in the presence of her only son, who returned two years ago from service in India, and her three surviving daughters. The deceased was an excellent, and, in many respects, a remarkable character. Her memory was extraordinary, and she delighted to entertain her friends with reminiscences of Scott, Professor Wilson, Lockhart, Wilkie, and "Honest Allan," as Sir Walter was in the habit of calling Cunningham, as well as other distinguished friends and associates of the "Shepherd." James Hogg, had he survived his wife, would have been nearly a century old. He was born in 1772, and married when he had passed the middle stage of life, she being, as the phrase is, "young enough to be his daughter." Having been celebrated by him in more than one of his best poems, "Bonnie Maggie" justified his choice by a married life of steadfast and loving duty. She received a pension of fifty pounds per annum from the British Government, and another of forty pounds from the Duke of Buccleugh. Her remains were interred in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh.

Varieties.

NOT long ago the body of a deceased native was carried down to the banks of the Juna, at Etawha, India, to be burned. The pile was made and the wood was lighted, and while waiting so as to give some little time for a good blaze, the men moved off to a little distance, squatting themselves down to have a smoke. A huge crocodile, seemingly watching their movements, rushed out of the water at this point of the ceremony, seized the corpse and doubled back, making a tremendous header into the river with the body between his jaws, leaving the followers and mourners in perfect bewilderment.

There has been a discussion in England as to the value of acorns as food for cattle. Some persons say they are poisonous, while others estimate the acorn-crop in that country last year as worth more than a million sterling. The fact seems to be that acorns, dry and ripe, are very valuable food for swine and sheep, if taken in moderation.

A West Hickory Pennsylvania farmer lately heard a scratching under his bed. Putting on his trousers, he reached for the intruder, and in a minute found himself in the corner, partly scalped, with his lower limbs looking as though

he had been through a wool-carding machine, while with a spit and a growl, a catamount disappeared through the open window.

At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys: "Why is the Connecticut river so called?" when a bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes, ma'am, because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire and cuts through Massachusetts!"

The Philadelphia *Medical and Surgical Review* does not "know of any drug which would produce the immediate yet temporary insensibility which is popularly supposed to follow the use of drugged liquor," and is of the opinion that the talk about liquor having been drugged is only a sort of apology for having been drunk.

A correspondent states that while riding from Philadelphia to New York he accepted a cigar from a stranger and discovered, just in season to save himself, that it was drugged. A new dodge to aid in robbery in the cars.

Lady—"Four of those chairs which I so lately purchased of you are broken." Upholsterer—"Indeed, madam! The only way in which I can account for that is, that some one must have been sitting on them."

"I find, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my jokes and passing them off as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?" "To be sure I do, Tom. A true gentleman will always take a joke from a friend."

The Chinese in Belleville, New Jersey, are rapidly winning their way into public favor. They attend to their business, molest no one, and are in every respect model workmen. Many of them attend divine service regularly.

If your lips you would save from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—
And how—and when—and where.

Miss Thompson, ordained to the ministry at the late Michigan Universalist State Convention, is described as the most graceful female orator in the country.

The Congressional Library now numbers about two hundred and ten thousand volumes, having had a large addition through the new law regulating copyrights.

Next to Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, New Jersey is the most densely populated of the States. She has one hundred and seven to the square mile.

A newly-imported Chinese, on the occasion of his first job for a bill-poster at Northampton, Massachusetts, carefully stuck all his bills upside down.

The largest farm in England contains three thousand acres. The live-stock kept on this farm is valued at sixty-four thousand five hundred dollars.

There is a verdict on record in one of the counties of Minnesota, rendered in a murder trial, in the following words: "Not guilty if he'll quit the State."

A lady died recently in Boston, aged eighty, who had not been out of the house for forty years.

A photographer in Glasgow has received orders from a London house for sixty thousand photographs of the Marquis of Lorn.

A shoemaker writes that he is not only willing to give a woman her rights, but her "rights and lefts."

Chicago has more wooden houses, and Philadelphia less of them, than any other large cities of the country.

An Irish painter declares in an advertisement that among other portraits he has a representation of "Death as large as life."

The London *Times* remarks that there are not ten Irishmen in Ireland who do not think of coming to America some time or other.

Professor Eaton has discovered that this globe will support human life only twenty-six million years longer.

Fashionable young lady, detaching her hair previous to retiring: "What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil!"

Council Bluffs, Iowa, has a very high-graded school. It is three hundred feet above the street grade.

Austria, according to late census returns, has a population of 35,943,592 souls.

The population of the United States, according to the census just taken, is 38,674,463.

The music-teacher who broke his engagement is called "a tuneful lyre."

As we often hear of flying bricks, we ought not to be astonished at hearing a chimney-flue.

The surest way of getting into a scrape is to go to a Russian bath.

A good housewife's motto—whatever thou dost, dust it with all thy might.

There are four Episcopal churches in Ohio that discard the use of the surplice.

In Florida they are making "orange-brandy."

A Polish woman is captain, surgeon, and chaplain, of a company of French volunteers.

The Museum.

THERE has been much learned discussion as to whether the fondness for coffee, so decidedly expressed in modern civilization, is an acquired or natural taste. Possibly the fact that our native American savages are passionately fond of this beverage, and take to it instantly the fragrant perfume reaches their nostrils, is a very satisfactory solution in favor of the position that coffee was intended for man's happiness as much as are the fruits of the garden and the grains of the field. On occasions when our "Indians of the Plains" meet "government agents," to receive their annuities or transact other business, it is the custom among well-disposed "officials" to give the Indian a treat of deliciously-strong coffee, which has all the effect of exhilaration without the pernicious consequences of whiskey. To the savage who has never been in contact even with its fragrance, the perfume of roasting coffee, the first time perceived, will attract his attention. His nostrils will dilate, and his eyes express astonished satisfaction and inquiry. In spite of himself, and his habit of appearing indifferent to novelties, he will move toward the point of attraction, his yearning palate demanding the satisfaction of the taste of coffee.

The Indians do every thing, as nearly as possible, their own way; and, when drinking coffee in numbers, they wait patiently until every man has his cup equally well filled, and then in unison pour it down their capacious throats, then stopping simultaneously to recover their breath and give their peculiar "grunt" of satisfaction. They then commence again, and, to a person who could hear and not see, an impression is left by the gurgling noises that large numbers of pet pigs of an enormous size have been suddenly provided with an indefinite quantity of buttermilk, each individual pig making a thorough hog of itself in its determination to guzzle down the delicious food.

Instances are known where Indians, having once obtained a taste for coffee, have travelled two and three hundred miles to gratify their appetite, and their avidity to do this has been so great that they would, in addition to their long journeys, sacrifice every thing they possessed for the temporary enjoyment.

On one of these coffee-drinking occasions

there was present a "rising brave," who wore upon his shoulders a buffalo-robe, remarkable for its size, beauty of its coat, and elaborate ornamentation. It was really an imperial robe, and was never surpassed in utility or beauty by the grandest trapping of a royal Goth or Vandal. The trader endeavored to purchase this prize, but the savage owner scorned all

offers, and, wrapping it about his person, wore it with a grace and dignity that was befitting a true sovereign of the forest. Finally, the "occasion" ended with the usual treat of coffee. The owner of the coveted robe was one of the first to gratify his taste with the beverage; it operated on him as a new revelation from the Great Spirit. He seemed instantly infatuated,

and pressed forward for more. Contrary to his expectations, he was gratified, and in the exuberance of his delight and munificence of his gratitude he threw his magnificent robe over the shoulders of the trader. It was to the untutored mind of the savage his most eloquent expression of the pleasure he had so unexpectedly received.



A Coffee-Treat among the Indians.

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RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

["RALPH THE HEIR," SUPPLEMENT NO. XIV.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF JANUARY 7.]

CHAPTER XL.

WHAT SIR THOMAS THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

SIR THOMAS UNDERWOOD had been engaged upon a very great piece of work ever since he had been called to the bar in the twenty-fifth year of his life. He had then devoted himself to the writing of a life of Lord Verulam, and had been at it ever since. But as yet he had not written a word. In early life, that is, up to his fortieth year, he had talked freely enough about his *opus magnum* to those of his compcers with whom he had been intimate; but of late Bacon's name never had been on his lips. Patience, at home, was aware of the name and nature of her father's occupation, but Clarissa had not yet learned to know that he who had been the great philosopher and little lord-chancellor was not to be lightly mentioned. To Stem the matter had become so serious, that, in speaking of books, papers, and documents, he would have recourse to any periphrasis rather than mention in his master's hearing the name of the fallen angel. And yet Sir Thomas was always talking to himself about Sir Francis Bacon, and was always writing his life.

There are men who never dream of great work, who never realize to themselves the need of work so great as to demand a lifetime, but who themselves never fail in accomplishing those second-class tasks with which they satisfy their own energies. Men these are who to the world are very useful. Some few there are, who, seeing the beauty of a great work, and believing in its accomplishment within the years allotted to man, are contented to struggle for success, and struggling, fail. Here and there comes one who struggles and succeeds. But the men are many who see the beauty, who adopt the task, who promise themselves the triumph, and then never struggle at all. The task is never abandoned; but days go by and weeks; and then months and years—and nothing is done. The dream of youth becomes the doubt of middle life, and then the despair of age. In building a summer-house it is so easy to plant the first stick, but one does not know where to touch the sod when one begins to erect a castle. So it had been with Sir Thomas Underwood and his life of Bacon. It would not suffice to him to scrape together a few facts, to indulge in some fiction, to tell a few anecdotes, and then to call his book a biography. Here was a man who had risen higher and was reported to have fallen lower—perhaps, than any other son of Adam. With the finest in-

tellect ever given to a man, with the purest philanthropy and the most enduring energy, he had become a by-word for greed and injustice. Sir Thomas had resolved that he would tell the tale as it had never yet been told, that he would unravel facts that had never seen the light, that he would let the world know of what nature really had been this man—and that he would write a book that should live. He had never abandoned his purpose; and now, at sixty years of age, his purpose remained with him, but not one line of his book was written.

And yet the task had divorced him in a measure from the world. He had not been an unsuccessful man in life. He had made money, and had risen nearly to the top of his profession. He had been in Parliament, and was even now a member. But yet he had been divorced from the world, and Bacon had done it. By Bacon he had justified to himself—or rather had failed to justify to himself—a seclusion from his family and from the world which had been intended for strenuous work, but had been devoted to dilettante idleness. And he had fallen into those mistakes which such habits and such pursuits are sure to engender. He thought much, but he thought nothing out, and was consequently at sixty still in doubt about almost every thing. Whether Christ did or did not die to save sinners was a question with him so painfully obscure that he had been driven to obtain what comfort he might from not thinking of it. The assurance of belief certainly was not his to enjoy—nor yet that absence from fear which may come from assured unbelief. And yet none who knew him could say that he was a bad man. He robbed no one. He never lied. He was not self-indulgent. He was affectionate. But he had spent his life in an intention to write the life of Lord Verulam, and, not having done it, had missed the comfort of self-respect. He had intended to settle for himself a belief on subjects which are, of all, to all men the most important; and, having still postponed the work of inquiry, had never attained the security of a faith. He was forever doubting, forever intending, and forever despising himself for his doubts and unaccomplished intentions. Now, at the age of sixty, he had thought to lessen these inward disturbances by returning to public life, and his most unsatisfactory alliance with Mr. Griffenbottom had been the result.

They who know the agonies of an ambitious, indolent, doubting, self-accusing man—of a man who has a skeleton in his cupboard as to which he can ask for sympathy

from no one—will understand what feelings were at work within the bosom of Sir Thomas when his Percycross friends left him alone in his chamber. The moment he knew that he was alone he turned the lock of the door, and took from out a standing desk a whole heap of loose papers. These were the latest of his notes on the great Bacon subject. For, though no line of the book had ever been written—nor had his work even yet taken such form as to enable him to write a line—nevertheless, he always had by him a large assemblage of documents, notes, queries, extracts innumerable, and references which in the course of years had become almost unintelligible to himself, upon which from time to time he would set himself to work. Whenever he was most wretched he would fly at his papers. When the qualms of his conscience became very severe, he would copy some passage from a dusty book, hardly in the belief that it might prove to be useful, but with half a hope that he might cheat himself into so believing. Now, in his misery, he declared that he would bind himself to his work and never leave it. There, if anywhere, might consolation be found.

With rapid hands he moved about the papers, and tried to fix his eyes upon the words. But how was he to fix his thoughts? He could not even begin not to think of those scoundrels who had so misused him. It was not a week since they had taken fifty pounds from him for the poor of Percycross, and now they came to him with a simple statement that he was absolutely to be thrown over! He had already paid nine hundred pounds for his election, and was well aware that the account was not closed. And he was a man who could not bear to speak about money, or to make any complaint as to money. Even though he was being so abominably misused, still he must pay any further claim that might be made on him in respect of the election that was past. Yes—he must pay for those very purchased votes, for that bribery, as to which he had so loudly expressed his abhorrence, and by reason of which he was now to lose his seat with ignominy.

But the money was not the worst of it. There was a heavier sorrow than that arising from the loss of his money. He alone had been just throughout the contest at Percycross; he alone had been truthful, and he alone straightforward! And yet he alone must suffer! He began to believe that Griffenbottom would keep his seat. That he would certainly lose his own, he was quite convinced. He might lose it by undergoing an adverse petition, and paying ever so much

more money—or he might lose it in the manner that Mr. Trigger had so kindly suggested. In either way there would be disgrace, and contumely, and hours of the agony of self-reproach in store for him!

What excuse had he for placing himself in contact with such filth? Of what childishness had he not been the victim when he allowed himself to dream that he, a pure and scrupulous man, could go among such impurity as he had found at Percycross, and come out, still clean and yet triumphant? Then he thought of Griffenbottom as a member of Parliament, and of that Legislation and that Constitution to which Griffenbottoms were thought to be essentially necessary. That there are always many such men in the House he had always known. He had sat there and had seen them. He had stood shoulder to shoulder with them through many a division, and had thought about them—acknowledging their use. But now that he was brought into personal contact with such a one, his very soul was aghast. The Griffenbottoms never do any thing in politics. They are men of whom in the lump it may be surmised that they take up this or that side in politics, not from any instructed conviction, not from faith in measures or even in men, nor from adherence either through reason or prejudice to this or that set of political theories—but simply because on this side or on that there is an opening. That gradually they do grow into some shape of conviction from the moulds in which they are made to live, must be believed of them; but these convictions are convictions as to divisions, convictions as to patronage, convictions as to success, convictions as to Parliamentary management; but not convictions as to the political needs of the people. So said Sir Thomas to himself as he sat thinking of the Griffenbottoms. In former days he had told himself that a pudding cannot be made without suet or dough, and that Griffenbottoms were necessary if only for the due adherence of the plums. Whatever most health-bestowing drug the patient may take would bestow any thing but health were it taken undiluted. It was thus in former days Sir Thomas had apologized to himself for the Griffenbottoms in the House; but no such apology satisfied him now. This log of a man, this lump of suet, this diluting quantity of most impure water; 'twas thus that Mr. Griffenbottom was spoken of by Sir Thomas to himself as he sat there with all the Bacon documents before him—this politician, whose only real political feeling consisted in a positive love of corruption for itself, had not only absolutely got the better of him, who regarded himself at any rate as a man of mind and thought, but had used him as a puppet, and had compelled him to do dirty work. Oh—that he should have been so lost to his own self-respect as to have allowed himself to be dragged through the dirt of Percycross!

But he must do something—he must take some step. Mr. Griffenbottom had declared that he would put himself to no expense in defending the seat. Of course he, Sir Thomas, could do the same. He believed that it

might be practicable for him to acknowledge the justice of the petition, to declare his belief that his own agents had betrayed him, and to acknowledge that his seat was indefensible. But, as he thought of it, he found that he was actually ignorant of the law in the matter. That he would make no such bargain as that suggested to him by Mr. Trigger; of so much he thought that he was sure. At any rate he would do nothing that he himself knew to be dishonorable. He must consult his own attorney. That was the end of his self-deliberation—that, and a conviction that under no circumstances could he retain his seat.

Then he struggled hard for an hour to keep his mind fixed on the subject of his great work. He had found an unknown memoir respecting Bacon, written by a German pen in the Latin language, published at Leipsic shortly after the date of Bacon's fall. He could translate that. It is always easiest for the mind to work, in such emergencies, on some matter as to which no creative struggles are demanded from it.

CHAPTER XLI.

A BROKEN HEART.

It was very bad with Clarissa when Ralph Newton was closeted with Mary at Popham Villa. She had suspected what was about to take place, when Sir Thomas and Ralph went together into the room; but at that moment she said nothing. She endeavored to seem to be cheerful and attempted to joke with Mary. The three girls were sitting at the table on which lunch was spread—a meal which no one was destined to eat at Popham Villa on that day—and thus they remained till Sir Thomas joined them. "Mary," he had said, "Ralph Newton wishes to speak to you. You had better go to him."

"To me, uncle?"

"Yes, to you. You had better go to him."

"But I had rather not."

"Of course you must do as you please, but I would advise you to go to him." Then she had risen very slowly and had gone.

All of them had understood what it meant. To Clarissa the thing was as certain as though she already heard the words spoken. With Patience even there was no doubt. Sir Thomas, though he had told nothing, did not pretend that the truth was to be hidden. He looked at his younger daughter sorrowfully, and laid his hand upon her head caressingly. With her there was no longer any possibility of retaining any secret, hardly the remembrance that there was a secret to retain. "Oh, papa," she said—"oh, papa!" and burst into tears.

"My dear," he said—"believe me that it is best that it should be so. He is unworthy." Patience said not a word, but was now holding Clarissa close to her bosom. "Tell Mary," continued Sir Thomas, "that I will see her when she is at liberty. Patience, you can ask Ralph whether it will suit him to stay for dinner. I am tired and will go up-stairs my-

self." And so the two girls were left together.

"Patty, take me away," said Clarissa. "I must never see him again—never—nor her."

"She will not accept him, Clary."

"Yes, she will. I know she will." She is a sly, artful creature. And I have been so good to her."

"No, Clary—I think not—but what does it matter? He is unworthy. He can be nothing to you now. Papa was right. He is unworthy."

"I care nothing for that. I only care for him. Oh, Patty, take me away. I could not bear to see them when they come out."

Then Patience took her sister up to their joint room, and laid the poor sufferer on the bed, and, throwing herself on her knees beside the bed, wept over her sister and caressed her. That argument of Ralph's unworthiness was nothing to Clarissa. She did not consider herself to be so worthy but what she might forgive any sin, if only the chance of forgiving such sin were given to her. At this moment in her heart of hearts her anger was more against her rival than against the man. She had not yet taught herself to think of all his baseness to her—had only as yet had time to think that that evil had come upon her which she had feared from the first moment of her cousin's arrival.

Presently Patience heard the door opened of the room down-stairs and heard Mary's slow step as she crossed the hall. She understood well that some one should be below, and, with another single word of affection to her sister, she went down-stairs. "Well, Mary," she said, looking into her cousin's face.

"There is nothing particular to tell," said Mary, with a gentle smile.

"Of course we all knew what he wanted."

"Then of course you all knew what I should say to him."

"I knew," said Patience.

"I am sure that Clary knew," said Mary. "But he is all alone there, and will not know what to do with himself. Won't you go to him?"

"You will go up to Clary?" Mary nodded her head, and then Patience crossed the hall to liberate the rejected suitor. Mary stood for a while thinking. She already knew, from what Patience had said, that Clarissa had suspected her, and she felt that there should have been no such suspicion. Clarissa had not understood, but ought to have understood. For a moment she was angry, and was disposed to go to her own room. Then she remembered all her cousin's misery, and crept up-stairs to the door. She had come so softly, that, though the door was hardly closed, nothing had been heard of her approach. "May I come in, dear?" she said, very gently.

"Well, Mary; tell me all," said Clarissa.

"There is nothing to tell, Clary—only this, that I fear Mr. Newton is not worthy of your love."

"He asked you to take him?"

"Never mind, dearest. We will not talk

of that. Dear, dearest Clary, if I only could make you happy."

"But you have refused him?"

"Don't you know me better than to ask me? Don't you know where my heart is? We will carry our burdens together, dearest, and then they will be lighter."

"But he will come to you again—that other one."

"Clary, dear; we will not think about it. There are things which should not be thought of. We will not talk of it, but we will love each other so dearly." Clarissa, now that she was assured that her evil fortune was not to be aggravated by any injury done to her by her cousin, allowed herself to be tranquillized if not comforted. There was indeed something in her position that did not admit of comfort. All the family knew the story of her unrequited love, and treated her with a compassion which, while its tenderness was pleasant to her, was still in itself an injury. A vain attachment in a woman's heart must ever be a weary load, because she can take no step of her own toward that consummation by which the burden may be converted into a joy. A man may be active, may press his suit even a tenth time, may do something toward achieving success. A woman can only be still and endure. But Clarissa had so managed her affairs that even that privilege of being still was hardly left to her. Her trouble was known to them all. She doubted whether even the servants in the house did not know the cause of her woe. How all this had come to pass she could not now remember. She had told Patience—as though in compliance with some compact that each should ever tell the other all things. And then circumstances had arisen which made it so natural that she should be open and candid with Mary. The two Ralphs were to be their two lovers. That to her had been a delightful dream during the last few months. He, whose inheritance at that moment was supposed to have been gone, had, as Clarissa thought, in plainest language told his love to her. "Dear, dear Clary, you know I love you." The words to her sense had been so all-important, had meant so much, had seemed to be so final, that they hardly wanted further corroboration. Then, indeed, had come the great fault—the fault which she had doubted whether she could ever pardon; and she, because of the heinousness of that offence, had been unable to answer the question that had been asked. But the offence, such as it was, had not lightened the solemnity of her assurance, as far as love went, that Ralph ought to be her own after the speaking of such words as he had spoken. There were those troubles about money, but yet she was entitled to regard him as her own. Then had come the written offer from the other Ralph to Mary—the offer written in the moment of his believed prosperity; and it had been so natural that Clarissa should tell her cousin that as regarded the splendor of position there should be no jealousy between them. Clarissa did not herself think much of a lover who wrote

letters instead of coming and speaking—had perhaps an idea that open speech, even though offence might follow, was better than formal letters; but all that was Mary's affair. This very respectful Ralph was Mary's lover, and, if Mary were satisfied, she would not quarrel with the well-behaved young man. She would not even quarrel with him because he was taking from her own Ralph the inheritance which for so many years had been believed to be his own. Thus in the plenitude of her affection and in the serenity of her heart she had told every thing to her cousin. And now also her father knew it all. How this had come to pass she did not think to inquire. She suspected no harm from Patience. The thing had been so clear, that all the world might see it. Ralph, that false one, knew it also. Who could know it so well as he did? Had not those very words been spoken by him—been repeated by him? Now she was as one stricken, where wounds could not be hidden.

On that day Ralph was driven back to town in his cab, in a rather disheartened condition, and no more was seen or heard of him for the present at Popham Villa. His late guardian had behaved very ill to him in telling Mary Bonner the story of Polly Neeft. That was his impression—feeling sure that Mary had alluded to the unfortunate affair with the breeches-maker's daughter, of which she could have heard tidings only from Sir Thomas. As to Clarissa, he had not exactly forgotten the little affair on the lawn; but to his eyes that affair had been so small as to be almost overlooked amid larger matters. Mary, he thought, had never looked so beautiful as she had done while refusing him. He did not mean to give her up. Her heart, she had told him, was not her own. He thought he had read of young ladies in similar conditions, of young ladies who had bestowed their hearts and had afterward got them back again for the sake of making second bestowals. He was not sure but that such an object would lend a zest to life. There was his brother Gregory in love with Clarissa, and still true to her. He would be true to Mary, and would see whether, in spite of that far-away lover, he might not be more successful than his brother. At any rate he would not give her up—and before he had gone to bed that night he had already concocted a letter to her in his brain, explaining the whole of that Neeft affair, and asking her whether a man should be condemned to misery for life because he had been led by misfortune into such a mistake as that. He dined very well at his club, and on the following morning went down to the Moonbeam by an early train, for that day's hunting. Thence he returned to Newton Priory in time for Christmas, and as he was driven up to his own house, through his own park, meeting one or two of his own tenants, and encountering now and then his own obsequious laborers, he was not an unhappy man in spite of Mary Bonner's cruel answer. It may be doubted whether his greatest trouble at this moment did not arise from his dread of Neeft. He

had managed to stay long enough in London to give orders that Neeft's money should be immediately paid. He knew that Neeft could not harm him at law; but it would not be agreeable if the old man were to go about the country telling every one that he, Ralph Newton of Newton, had twice offered to marry Polly. For the present we will leave him, although he is our hero, and will return to the girls at Popham Villa.

"It is all very well talking, Patience, but I don't mean to try to change," Clarissa said. This was after that visit of the Percycross deputation to Sir Thomas, and after Christmas. More than a week had now passed by since Ralph had rushed down to Fulham with his offer, and the new year had commenced. Sir Thomas had been at home for Christmas—for the one day—and had then returned to London. He had seen his attorney respecting the petition, who was again to see Mr. Griffenbottom's London attorney, and Mr. Trigger. In the mean time Sir Thomas was to remain quiet for a few days. The petition was not to be tried till the end of February, and there was still time for deliberation. Sir Thomas just now very often took out that great heap of Baconian papers, but still not a word of the biography was written. He was, alas! still very far from writing the first word. "It is all very well, Patience, but I do not mean to try to change," said Clarissa.

Poor Patience could make no answer, dreadful as was to her such an assertion from a young woman. "There is a man who clearly does not want to marry you, who has declared in the plainest way that he does want to marry some one else, who has grossly deceived you, and who never means to think of you again; and yet you say that you will wilfully adhere to your regard for him!" Such would have been the speech which Patience would have made, had she openly expressed her thoughts. But Clarissa was ill, and weak, and wretched; and Patience could not bring herself to say a word that should distress her sister.

"If he came to me to-morrow, of course I should forgive him," Clarissa said again. These conversations were never commenced by Patience, who would have rather omitted any mention of that base young man. "Of course I should. Men do those things. Men are not like women. They do all manner of things, and everybody forgives them. I don't say any thing about hoping. I don't hope for any thing. I am not happy enough to hope. I shouldn't care if I knew I were going to die to-morrow. But there can be no change. If you want me to be a hypocrite, Patience, I will; but what will be the use? The truth will be the same."

The two girls let her have her way, never contradicted her, coaxed her, and tried to comfort her—but it was in vain. At first she would not go out of the house, not even to church, and then she took to lying in bed. This lasted into the middle of January, and still Sir Thomas did not come home. He wrote frequently, short notes to Patience,

sending money, making excuses, making promises, always expressing some word of hatred or disgust as to Percycross; but still he did not come. At last, when Clarissa declared that she preferred lying in bed to getting up, Patience went up to London and fetched her father home. It had gone so far with Sir Thomas now that he was unable even to attempt to defend himself. He humbly said he was sorry that he had been away so long, and returned with Patience to the villa.

"My dear," said Sir Thomas, seating himself by Clarissa's bedside, "this is very bad."

"If I had known you were coming, papa, I would have got up."

"If you are not well, perhaps you are better here, dear."

"I don't think I am quite well, papa."

"What is it, my love?" Clarissa looked at him out of her large tear-laden eyes, but said nothing. "Patience says that you are not happy."

"I don't know that anybody is happy, papa."

"I wish that you were, with all my heart, my child. Can your father do any thing that will make you happy?"

"No, papa."

"Tell me, Clary. You do not mind my asking you questions?"

"No, papa."

"Patience tells me that you are still thinking of Ralph Newton."

"Of course I think of him."

"I think of him too—but there are different ways of thinking. We have known him, all of us, a long time."

"Yes, papa."

"I wish with all my heart that we had never seen him. He is not worthy of our solicitude."

"You always liked him. I have heard you say you loved him dearly."

"I have said so, and I did love him. In a certain way I love him still."

"So do I, papa."

"But I know him to be unworthy. Even if he had come here to offer you his hand I doubt whether I could have permitted an engagement. Do you know that within the last two months he has twice offered to marry another young woman, and I doubt whether he is not at this moment engaged to her?"

"Another?" said poor Clarissa.

"Yes, and that without a pretence of affection on his part, simply because he wanted to get money from her father."

"Are you sure, papa?" asked Clarissa, who was not prepared to believe, and did not believe this enormity on the part of the man she loved.

"I am quite sure. The father came to me

to complain of him, and I had the confession from Ralph's own lips, the very day that he came here with his insulting offer to Mary Bonner."

"Did you tell Mary?"

"No. I knew that it was unnecessary. There was no danger as to Mary. And who do you think this girl was? The daughter of a tailor who had made some money. It was not that he cared for her, Clary—no more than I do! Whether he meant to marry her or not I do not know."

"I'm sure he didn't, papa," said Clarissa, getting up in bed.

"And will that make it better? All that he wanted was the tradesman's money, and to get that he was willing either to deceive the girl, or to sell himself to her. I don't know which would have been the baser mode of traffic. Is that the conduct of a gentleman, Clary?"

Poor Clarissa was in terrible trouble. She hardly believed the story, which seemed to tell her of a degree of villany greater than ever her imagination had depicted to her—and yet, if it were true, she would be driven to look for means of excusing it. The story as told was indeed hardly just to Ralph, who in the course of his transactions with Mr. Neeft had almost taught himself to believe that he could love Polly very well; but it was not in this direction that Clarissa looked for an apology for such conduct. "They say that men do all manner of things," she said, at last.

"I can only tell you this," said Sir Thomas, very gravely. "What men may do I will not say; but no gentleman can ever have acted after this fashion. He has shown himself to be a scoundrel."

"Papa, papa! don't say that," screamed Clarissa.

"My child, I can only tell you the truth. I know it is hard to bear. I would save you if I could; but it is better that you should know."

"Will he always be bad, papa?"

"Who can say, my dear? God forbid that I should be too severe upon him! But he has been so bad now that I am bound to tell you that you should drive him from your thoughts. When he told me, all smiling, that he had come down here to ask your cousin Mary to be his wife, I was almost minded to spurn him from the door. He can have no feeling himself of true attachment, and cannot know what it means in others. He is heartless—and unprincipled."

"Oh, papa, spare him. It is done now."

"And you will forget him, dearest?"

"I will try, papa. But I think that I shall die. I would rather die. What is the good of living when nobody is to care for anybody, and people are so bad as that?"

"My Clarissa must not say that nobody cares for her. Has any person ever been false to you but he? Is not your sister true to you?"

"Yes, papa."

"And Mary?"

"Yes, papa." He was afraid to ask her whether he also had not been true to her? Even in that moment there arose in his mind a doubt, whether all this evil might not have been avoided, had he contented himself to live beneath the same roof with his children. He said nothing of himself, but she supplied the want. "I know you love me, papa, and have always been good to me. I did not mean that. But I never cared for any one but him—in that way."

Sir Thomas, in dealing with the character of his late ward, had been somewhat too severe. It is difficult, perhaps, to say what amount of misconduct does constitute a scoundrel, or justifies the critic in saying that this or that man is not a gentleman. There be those who affirm that he who owes a debt for goods which he cannot pay is no gentleman, and tradesmen when they cannot get their money are no doubt sometimes inclined to hold that opinion. But the opinion is changed when the money comes at last—especially, if it comes with interest. Ralph had never owed a shilling which he did not intend to pay, and had not property to cover. That borrowing of money from Mr. Neeft was doubtless bad. No one would like to know that his son had borrowed money from his tailor. But it is the borrowing of the money that is bad, rather than the special dealing with the tradesman. And as to that affair with Polly, some excuse may be made. He had meant to be honest to Neeft, and he had meant to be true to Neeft's daughter. Even Sir Thomas, high-minded as he was, would hardly have passed so severe a sentence, had not the great sufferer in the matter been his own daughter.

But the words that he spoke were doubtless salutary to poor Clarissa. She never again said to Patience that she would not try to make a change, nor did she ever again declare that if Ralph came back again she would forgive him. On the day after the scene with her father she was up again, and she made an effort to employ herself about the house. On the next Sunday she went to church, and then they all knew that she was making the necessary struggle. Ralph's name was never mentioned, nor for a time was any allusion made to the family of the Newtons. "The worst of it, I think, is over," said Patience one day to Mary.

"The worst of it is over," said Mary; "but it is not all over. It is hard to forget when one has loved."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

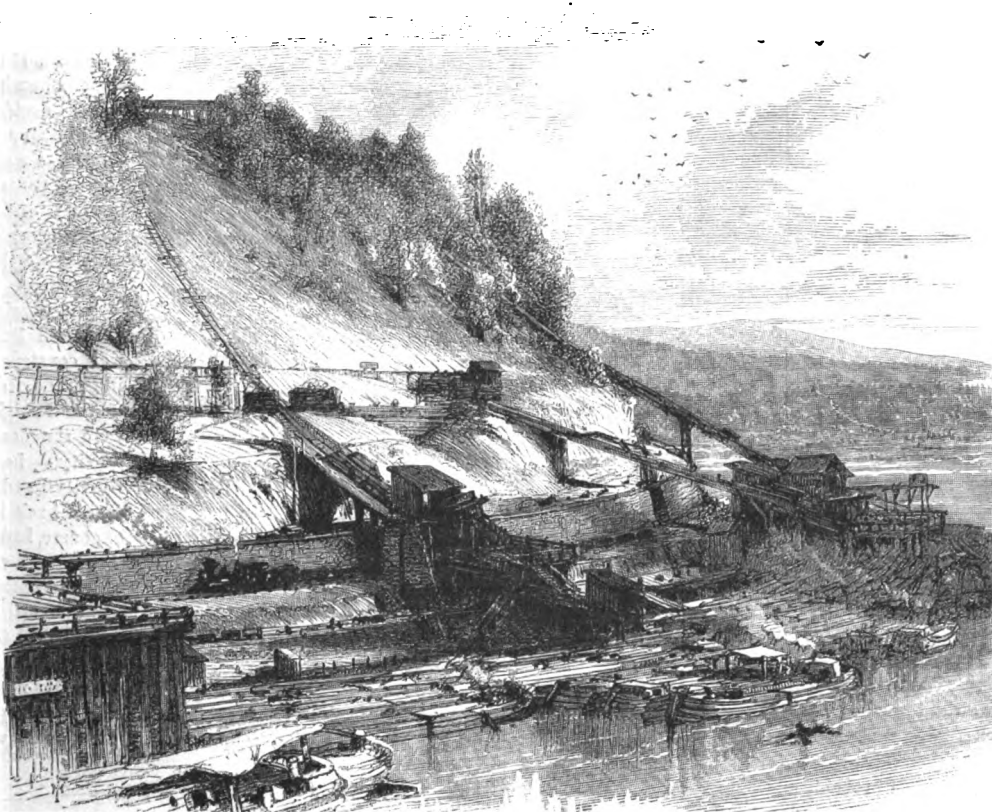
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

A VISIT TO MAUCH CHUNK.

MAUCH CHUNK is the most picturesque town in the Union. Scarcely is this sentence written, however, when the claims of hundreds of other villages and cities appall the writer with threats of prolonged discussions, and hence, that he may be entirely safe in what he utters, let the sentence be amended so as to declare that it is one of the most picturesque towns in the Union. No one who has ever visited Mauch Chunk, and no one who will study Mr. Fenn's graphic drawings, can gainsay this much at least. But where is Mauch Chunk? and wherefore Mauch Chunk? Mauch Chunk is within the heart of the mountain-region known as

not in North Carolina. There is, in fact, not a mountain-region in the country, with which the writer is acquainted, that is not proudly called by all its admirers the "Switzerland of America;" so, to place Mauch Chunk under such a general designation, is to give the quaint little town a dozen local habitations in men's imaginations at once.

To put the reader out of further anxiety, let me say that Mauch Chunk is in the very heart of the Pennsylvania coal-region. Its name, in the original Indian language from which it is derived, means "Bear Mountain." It lies in a narrow gorge between and among high hills, its foot, as it were, resting on the picturesque little Lehigh River, and its body stretching up the clefts



MAUCH CHUNK—CANAL-BOATS RECEIVING COAL.

the "Switzerland of America." No, my excellent friend from Maine, it is not upon your beautiful Mount-Desert Island. Be assured, my dear sir, it is not in New Hampshire. Nor is it among the Berkshire hills. Nor do the regions of the Catskills know it. Nor is it, my confident sir, among the Alleghanies. The "Switzerland of America" is, of course, among the mountains of North Carolina, and yet Mauch Chunk is

of the mountains. It is so compacted among the hills that its houses impinge upon its one narrow street, and stand backed up against the rising ground, with no space for gardens except what the owners can manage to snatch from the hill-side above their heads. As proof of what can be done in a narrow space, this quaint and really Swiss-like village affords a capital example. In one portion, just

where the turbulent Lehigh sweeps around, as if to give the town a salute, and then rushes merrily off again, one sees the river, a canal, two railways, a road, and a street, packed in a space scarcely more than a stone's-throw wide—all of which the reader can note, without stirring from his easy-chair, by a glance at Mr. Fenn's larger drawings.

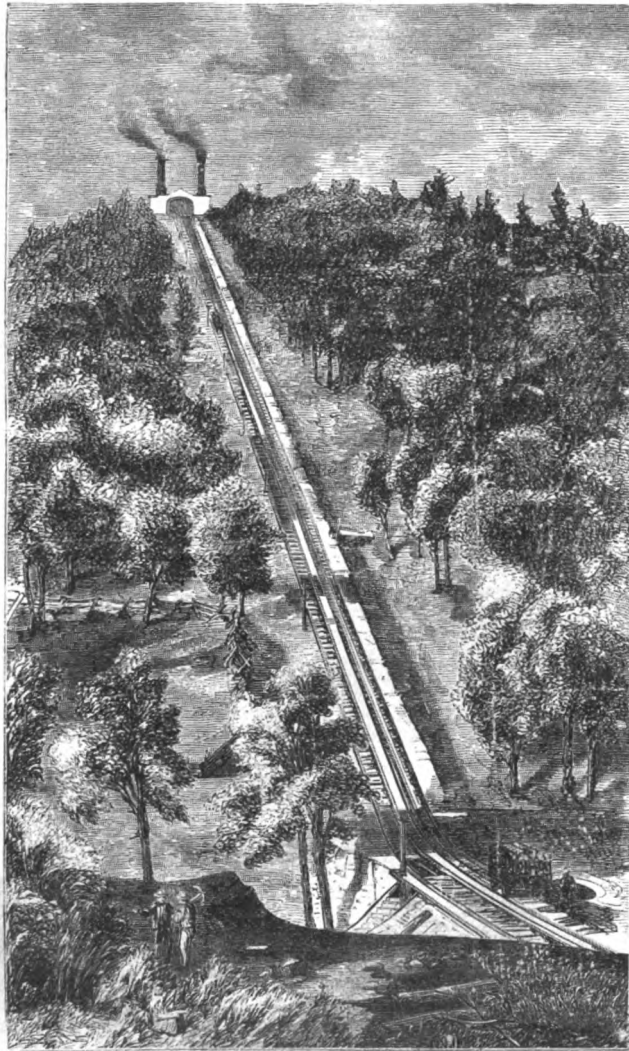
There is a great deal in knowing how to find the picturesque, and Mr. Fenn, in his large views (see page 108, and page 109), has selected points of view that present the hills and the town in their best aspect. The first of these views is taken from the road that runs along the side of the high hill just below the town. In the second illustration, one can discern the road, faintly marked, ascending obliquely the distant hill. From this road the view gives just a glimpse of the receding town to the left; shows in the distance Mount Pisgah, which is not a volcano, notwithstanding the smoke that seems to issue from its apex; and gathers at the feet of the spectator hurrying river, busy canal, railways, and highway, as they lie crowded between the steep hills. Here there is always the stir of a great traffic. Ceaselessly day and night the long, black coal-trains come winding round the base of the hills, like so many huge anacondas, often with both head and tail lost to the eye, the locomotive reaching out of sight before the last car comes swinging around the curve. These trains are of marvellous length, sometimes, when returning empty, numbering over two hundred cars. So continuous is their coming and going, sweeping now around the foot of the hill opposite, and now around the base of the hill on which we stand, that usually several trains are visible at the same time; and rarely at any moment is the whistle or the puff of the locomotive silent. The writer's curiosity prompted him to keep a record of passing trains for an hour, and he found they averaged one in every two minutes. These trains are almost exclusively employed in freighting coal; and this immense traffic in black diamonds becomes still more surprising when it is remembered that, in addition to the trains, canal-boats similarly freighted ceaselessly pass the town with the regularity, order, and succession of a procession. It is a relief to have recourse to figures, and to learn that one of the railways alone ships eighteen thousand tons of coal weekly. Treble this, and the aggregate is probably approximated. Up here on the hill-side the scene before us is certainly novel and picturesque. We may watch the stirring traffic, the quiet canal, the swift Lehigh—sometimes only the small thread of a river barely covering its rocky bed, but occasionally a roaring flood bringing ruins upon its surface and carrying ruin before it—or we may study the tints and forms of the receding hills, or note a singular locomotion far up on the sides of the distant Mount Pisgah.

On the highest part of this mountain, as the reader will observe in Mr. Fenn's illustration, are two tall chimneys, ascending to which is the line of a railway. The chimneys and the building there to give note

of a stationary engine at this crowning apex of the height, and the line up the mountain-side shows us where the famous Mount Pisgah inclined plane ascends to its top. The line crossing the hill half-way down, and just below Upper Mauch Chunk, marks the course of the Gravity Railway, one of the marvels of the place. If the reader pleases, we will descend our mountain-highway, picturesque and beautiful every step of it, with beetling cliffs above and precipitous reaches below, and prepare for an odd sort of journey to the top of Mount Pisgah, and, by the Gravity Road, to the coal-mines beyond. But, before we proceed, let us understand where we are going and what we shall see a little better by consulting a brief page of history and a few facts of description.

The mines which supply the principal traffic of Mauch Chunk are situated nine miles back from the river, on Sharp and Black Mountains, and in Panther-Creek Valley, lying between. The first anthracite coal was discovered on Sharp Mountain, sometimes known as Summit Hill, by a hunter named Ginter, in 1791. The hard anthracite, however, was at first called "black-stone," and its combustible quality denied. Experiments with it were made in Philadelphia, and it was gravely asserted that this hard, rocky substance, which resembled coal, only served to put the fire out! Experiments, however, at a later date, must have satisfied those concerned that anthracite coal, if slower to ignite than bituminous, yet possessed decided combustible qualities, for companies were formed to work the mines on Sharp Mountain. It was not, however, until 1820 that shipments became at all regular or noteworthy. Coal was brought from the mines, slowly and wearisomely, by wagons, until 1827, when a track was constructed, with a falling grade, from Summit Hill to the Lehigh, by which cars were run down by their own gravity—hence the name Gravity Road. The cars were drawn back by mules, which, of course, had to be sent down on cars with each train. This method continued for a long time; but the traffic at last so increased that a more expeditious return of the cars to the mines was needed, and in 1844

the plan of a back-track was arranged. An inclined plane was laid to the top of Mount Pisgah, up which the empty cars were elevated by



MOUNT-PISGAH INCLINED PLANE.

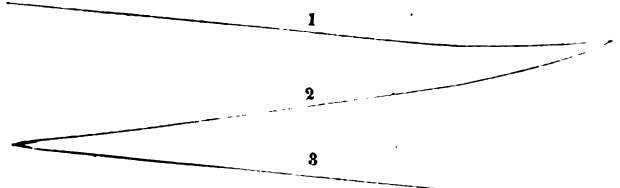


Diagram of Switchback Road.

means of a stationary engine; the track, then, by a downward grade, the cars moving by force of their own weight, reached the foot of Mount

Jefferson, up which they ascended by another plane—the power a stationary engine—and then, by another downward grade, reached Summit Hill. From Summit Hill the cars descended to the mines in the Valley, by what was called the Switch-back, a term now often given to the entire road, but which at present has no correct application to any part of it. The Switch-back was a means of descending the side of the mountain, as seen in the diagram on the opposite page.

The cars ran rapidly down the track which in our diagram we mark No. 1, until, reaching its extreme limit, it encountered an abrupt hillock, up which it rushed until arrested by a reversal of its gravity; here, by a self-regulating arrangement, it was switched on to the track marked, in the diagram, 2, down which it instantly began to rush with break-neck speed. At the extremity of this track the operation was repeated, the car switched on track marked 3, and again it dashed along the road, often attaining the speed of sixty miles an hour. This is all changed now, the cars reaching the valley by longer but continuous lines. The cars returned to Summit Hill by means of inclined planes and stationary engines, in which there has been no change. In the first of our larger illustrations, the Mount-Pisgah inclined plane and a portion of the Gravity Road, as already mentioned, may be seen. The cars which we observe on the grade may be discovered at their terminus in the engraving on our first page. Here they rattle down into huge coal-boxes, where their contents are dumped and shot into the waiting canal-boats, which are always gathered here by hundreds in picturesque confusion.

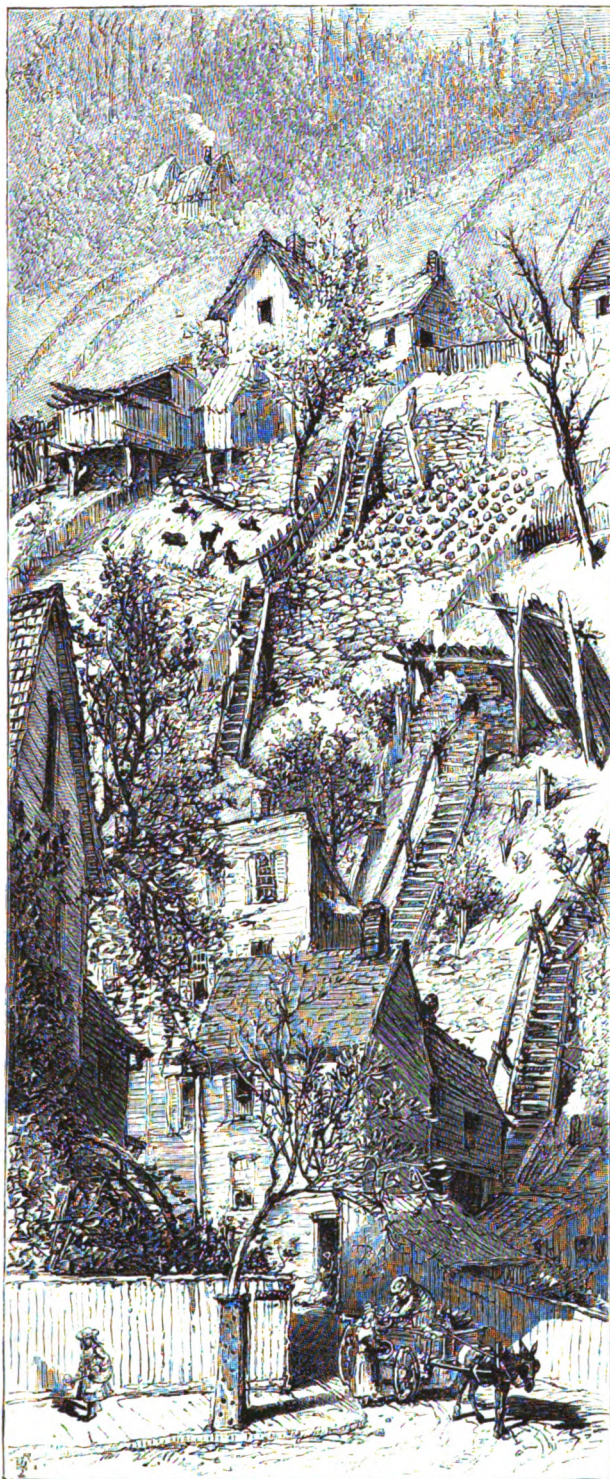
After this brief glance at the origin and use of this singular road, we may undertake with greater satisfaction a jaunt over its long circuit of twenty-five miles.

An omnibus, at stated hours, conveys the curious passengers from the "Mansion House" to the foot of the inclined plane. It rattles through the town's single street, diverges into the road that ascends the hill, and, after a journey that the impatient traveller imagines must have already gotten him to the top, draws up at the foot of the famous plane, which, if our description has not adequately depicted to the mind's-eye of the reader, an accompanying illustration will bring before him accurately and clearly. It may be mentioned here that the length of this plane is twenty-three hundred and twenty-two feet, and its elevation six hundred and sixty-four feet. At its foot we find a very small passenger-car—a diminutive, undergrown little ve-

hicle, designed to hold ten passengers—in which we may enter. The plane appears, when standing at its foot, to reach almost perpendicularly up into the air; and when at last the ascent begins, one feels as if he were drawn up into the clouds, and naturally commences to speculate with what terrible swiftness the car would shoot down

the plane, if it should get loose. The little hand-book for travellers, however, which every inquiring and right-minded passenger is sure to possess, gives assurance that this is impossible. Behind the miniature carriage is what is called a safety-car. From this car extends an arm over a ratchet-rail, laid between the tracks. Should an accident occur either to the car or to the gearing, this arm, the moment a downward movement begins, inevitably falls into the notch of the ratchet-rail, and, being too strong to break, the train is at once brought to a stand-still. It is frightful-looking, notwithstanding this assurance, and one discovers that his imagination takes a strange pleasure in depicting the terrible whirl through space and the horrible splintering upon the rocks, should it please Fate to give the pleasure-trip a tragical turn. As the car ascends, the view enlarges; and, when the height is reached, a splendid prospect opens to the delighted visitor.

What follows may now easily be conceived, by means of the descriptions of the road already given. The car runs easily and swiftly along, without other force than its own weight, the road being through beautiful woodland-scenery. As we draw near the mines, large villages appear, occupied principally by the miners, and at Summit Hill is a hotel, church, and other evidences of civilization. The huge buildings, called coal-breakers, at the mouths of the mines, form new, striking, and picturesque objects, and immense piles of *debris*, accumulated in excavating for the black wealth below, look like small mountains. Near abandoned mines, these vast heaps give indications of a new soil gathering on their surface. Bushes and small evergreen trees have already managed to find sufficient nurture, amid the slate and coal-dust, for their roots. The leaves from these growths will add soil to the surface, and in time there can be no doubt that, what are now unsightly masses of *debris*, will be covered with grass and trees, afford-



MAUCH CHUNK HIGHWAY.

ing possibly a new puzzle for the geologist of a thousand years hence.

The circuit completed, we leave the car well up the hill, and descend the mountain-road to the village. The roofs show far down below us among the trees, and the houses, huddled close by the

hills, are grouped in most picturesque form. It is the most novel and striking approach to a town that can be imagined. As we near the houses they seem so directly beneath that we wonder if a slip would not precipitate us down a chimney, or impale us on a steeple. The second of our larger illustrations shows the scene as we near the town from this approach. There is a church-roof below the point of view, and a row of houses in the middle ground on the hill-side, and a new, picturesque church, set up by the architect just where it would add most to the beauty and effectiveness of the picture.

The street-scenes in Mauch Chunk are quaint enough. They are literally highways. As there is no room for gardens or out-buildings back of the houses, they are built up above them, and are reached by ladders. It is not uncommon, in the ruder parts of the town, to see a pigsty, up above the house-top, reached by a ladder; another ladder extending above this to a potato or cabbage patch, and another leading to the family oven, presiding over the strange group with suitable honor and dignity.

There can be no more pleasing short pleasure-trip than to Mauch Chunk. It is reached in five hours from New York by the New-York Central, in connection with the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railway, or by the Delaware and Lackawanna road, in connection with the Lehigh Valley. The former route has through-trains. A visit to Mauch Chunk makes a pleasant summer-trip; but in October, when all the superb hills that encircle the quaint town are in the full glow of their autumn tints, the innumerable mountain-excursions that then may be taken, which, in summer, would be too fatiguing, enhance greatly the pleasure of the visit.

DAISY'S TRIALS.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

MYRRHA, coming down to breakfast next morning, in the most charming of morning dresses, announced that she felt "Quite settled now, Aunt Daisy, quite at home." To prove which she insisted upon taking Daisy's place at the table, "to save Aunt Daisy trouble."

"You'll find me very useful, Aunt Daisy, in ever so many ways! Though, seeing me so ornamental, I don't suppose you expect it!"

After breakfast she said the flowers in the vases were faded, and she would pick others. "Arranging flowers is one of the accomplishments on which I pride myself, Aunt Daisy."

When this was finished—it occupied some time, and was done with much fuss, and many flittings in and out, and to and fro—she audibly wondered how soon Mr. Stewart would fulfil his promise about bringing her a horse; this reminded her to go and look up all the et ceteras of riding-costume—hat, gloves, cravat, and whip.

She soon reappeared, laden with music. "Is your piano in good tune, Aunt Daisy?"

"I hardly know, dear."

"I conclude Mr. Stewart is a Scotchman, Aunt Daisy, so I've been hunting out all my Scotch songs—preparing to fascinate him by singing them. Is he fond of music, Aunt Daisy? Does he ever come here of an evening? Does he like vocal or instrumental music best? What style of music, classical or romantic? Do you play and sing, Aunt Daisy?"

"Which of your questions shall I answer first?"

"You think me a sad rattle, don't you, Aunt Daisy? But you'll soon get to like my rattle. I'm always the life and light of any house I'm in. At home you see, Aunt Daisy, I was too bright a light. I threw Jean and Julia, poor old dears, so grievously into the shade."

Trying the piano, she pronounced it very tolerable, but got up from it almost immediately.

"I think I shall go out and make a sketch of the cottage. I'm very fond of sketching, and, I think I may say, I'm rather clever at it. Perhaps, after lunch, you'll take me for a good long walk. I suppose it is no use hoping that Mr. Stewart will take me for a ride this first day, is it, Aunt Daisy?"

"Of course it is just possible, but not probable. Most likely the horse he intends for your riding will require some exercising first."

"I can ride any thing, Aunt Daisy, so I hope he won't reduce the animal to an uninteresting state of quietness."

Myrrha arranged herself in something she called a hat, and in a coquettish jacket, and then went out "to sketch." So Daisy, who

found that continual repetition of "Aunt Daisy" somewhat trying to her unaccustomed nerves, had quiet breathing-time.

After lunch, which was in reality dinner, Daisy took her visitor for a walk. She found that "a walk" with Myrrha meant no mere stroll of a mile or so, but two or three hours of good, brisk, uninterrupted walking—"over the hills and far away." Not exactly, however, on Myrrha's part, uninterrupted, as she broke the monotony of walking by running races with Daisy's large dog. Daisy had no idea she could have borne such a walk. The truth was she was amused, distracted from the consciousness of the weight and burden of her own existence. The contact with Myrrha's frivolity, exuberant youth, and gay superficiality, did her good. When they came home they took a cup of tea, then Daisy went to lie down in her own room, and Myrrha went "to dress."

"I wonder if I shall be able to get fond of her," Daisy thought. "She is so pretty, but—the pretty eyes are so untrustworthy. I wonder how Kenneth will like her? I should think he won't be able to help admiring her! The miniature he spoke of so warmly couldn't represent a lovelier face than Myrrha's." And here Daisy sighed.

"I like your way of living, uncommonly, Aunt Daisy," was Myrrha's comment on the delicately-appointed tea-table to which they sat down about seven o'clock. "I suppose it wouldn't suit a man, they always seem bent on late dinners," she went on. "I suppose Mr. Stewart dines late. I forget if you said he did come sometimes in the evening? I am longing to see him again. Perhaps he may look in this evening, just to tell me when I may expect a ride?"

"It is quite possible he may."

But he did not. Myrrha's spirits drooped: she seemed to find the evening dull, and she went to bed very early, regretting that she had been to the trouble of putting on one of her prettiest dresses.

The next day was wet, and Myrrha felt it hang on hand somewhat heavily: she spread some of her pretty "costumes" out in her room for the admiration of Daisy, of Mrs. Moss, and of Jane, but this was not very exciting. The day dragged.

When Mr. Stewart, in spite of the rain, came to the cottage that evening, Myrrha's reception of him showed him that he was a most welcome apparition.

"Is this intended in an offensive sense?" he asked, when Myrrha crossed the room to him, carrying him a cup of tea. "I ask, because this is the sort of attention paid by charming young ladies to elderly bachelor uncles."

"You enlighten me, Mr. Stewart. I didn't know, though I may have fancied, I had that happiness to hope for—of having you for my uncle. When is it to be?"

"You are a saucy-tongued young lady! And your sauciness was not apt. If I had meant any such allusion, should I have used the word 'offensive'?"

He turned to the open, music-littered piano.

"You are prepared to entertain me, I see, and I am prepared to be entertained."

"Do you really like music?"

"I really like music; but then I may have ideas of my own as to what I call music."

"Oh, I shall be sure to be able to find something to please you; for I do a little in all styles: so I will try you with a variety." She played first a weird valse by Chopin; she rattled it off brilliantly, with very creditable, though not flawless, execution.

"I know beforehand that that is neither your style nor Aunt Daisy's, Mr. Stewart," Myrrha said, as she twirled herself round on the music-stool to investigate her auditors.

"It is a good beginning, at all events, Miss Brown; it gives us an opportunity of judging the mechanical part of your talent."

"Dear me! you'll make me nervous! If I think I am to be listened to in such a judicial and critical spirit, I sha'n't do myself half justice."

"Do you, then, prefer ignorant applause to enlightened criticism?"

"I don't see why you should take for granted that the applause can only come from the ignorant, and from the enlightened only criticism! Well, I'm going now to play you something in quite a different style."

She played a sonata of Mozart's; when she ended, she turned to look at Mr. Stewart, prepared to receive his compliments triumphantly. Mr. Stewart gravely shook his head.

"What does that mean, Mr. Stewart?" Myrrha asked, with wondering eyes.

"Am I to speak frankly, Miss Brown?"

"Of course." But already the tone was pettish and the face cloudy.

"I think that performance was a signal failure. It seems to me you fail entirely in catching and rendering the Mozartism of Mozart, the tender grace, the—"

"Oh, pardon!" exclaimed Myrrha, elevating her pretty brows. "I had no notion I was playing to an enthusiast. To tell the truth, I don't so much care about 'understanding' a composer. I like to make his music say what I please, not just slavishly to say what he pleases."

"Then, of course, you set yourself beyond the pale of criticism. But you should have prepared us beforehand for what was coming; should have told us that we were not going to listen to Mozart played by Miss Brown, but to Miss Brown through Mozart."

Myrrha eyed Mr. Stewart somewhat long and largely.

"I shan't play to you any more to-night. I shall try if my singing suits you better."

She sang half a dozen of what she considered her best songs, one after the other, in rapid succession, giving no time for criticism, and feeling confident that now, at last, she was dazzling her listeners.

There was something so frank in the way her face expressed that confidence, when she ceased and turned round, that Mr. Stewart, both touched and amused, gave her all the praise he could honestly bestow. He praised the possibilities of her voice, which was a fine contralto, and remarked that, with diligent study and good instruction, he thought she would, one day, sing very finely.

"Diligent study! good instruction!" Myrrha echoed, amazedly.

"Why, I've practised ever so many hours a day, for ever so many years, and I've had lessons from a prima donna! It must be that this room is so wretchedly low for singing—then, the piano is out of tune, and I think I've got a slight cold. But, Mr. Stewart," she demanded, after a sullen pause, "what can make you think I want good instruction?"

"Well, it seemed to me that you had not mastered the very elements of good singing—did not know how properly to bring out your true voice."

"Are you a music-master?" Myrrha asked, rudely. "Perhaps you will give me the 'good instruction' of which you think I am so much in need?"

"I fear I must not have that honor."

After that answer, Mr. Stewart talked entirely to Daisy.

Myrrha, drooping her pretty head dejectedly, threw herself on a sofa: there she sat, sullen and silent, for perhaps a quarter of an hour; then got up, and said, "Good-night!"

Mr. Stewart lighted her candle; as he held it to her, he brightened her whole being again, by asking at what time to-morrow she would like to ride, should the day be fine, as he thought it promised to be.

"That's the cleverest way of winning my forgiveness," she said.

"But, Mr. Stewart, if you don't like my riding any better than you like my playing, my singing, and, perhaps, I may add, myself—"

"Any one light and graceful as you are, and, I should say, with plenty of the rash courage of ignorance, can't help riding well."

"Thank you for nothing, Mr. Stewart," she answered, dropping him a deep courtesy.

"Did Mr. Stewart stay long after I went to bed?" Myrrha asked, next morning, with assumed carelessness.

"About five minutes."

"Aunt Daisy, if you think the question impertinent, I hope you'll forgive me for asking it—are you engaged to Mr. Stewart?"

"No, Myrrha." Poor Daisy blushed painfully.

"You seem so very intimate, and he seems so perfectly at home in your house, it was a natural question to ask, Aunt Daisy."

"We are very old friends."

"I conclude he hasn't a wife, or he wouldn't be so free to come and go."

"He has no wife."

"Is he a widower?"

"I have never heard of his having married."

"And he is not your lover, only your friend, you think?"

To this Daisy made no answer; she thought the girl impertinent.

But Myrrha had not done, and was not to be repressed by Daisy's grave silence.

"Aunt Daisy, he is more than your friend." She spoke with her worldly-wise look. "Indeed, I do believe there is no such thing as 'only friendship' possible between an unmarried man and an unmarried woman. And, indeed, why should there be only friendship? Why, for instance, should you two, who are such good friends, not marry? Possibly Mr. Stewart is not quite as good a match as you once hoped to make, Aunt Daisy; but we don't keep young forever. When I am as old as you are, if I am still single, I shall seriously set about getting married."

"I do not think of marrying," answered Daisy, coldly.

"And does Mr. Stewart also not think of marrying?"

"You must question him on that head yourself, if your audacity is equal to it."

"I will, perhaps, by-and-by, when I know him a little better. This morning I am going to question him about my drawing. I think he will admit I have talent for that."

When Mr. Stewart came, Myrrha, most prettily got up in a riding dress, was in the garden, touching up a sketch of the cottage she had made the day before yesterday.

"I think I have taken it from the best point of view, Mr. Stewart. Don't you think so?" she asked, with winning humility. "Now, tell me what you really think."

He had tied his own horse to the garden-gate, and ordered the other to be led up and down. He took her sketching-block in his hands.

"Do you, Miss Brown, really wish to know what I really think? You said so about your music, and yet I had the misfortune to offend you."

"Of course I do!" she pouted.

"The point of view is not a bad one, but the drawing is bad." Then he went on to show her, bit by bit, how every thing was wrong, light and shade, perspective, every thing; ending by saying, "I should think you have some facility, but you have had no teaching, or worse than none. You are hasty, superficial, consequently untruthful."

"Mr. Stewart, what a terrible pedant you are! I am wondering," she said, looking into his face with an audacious look, not free from spite, "whether you have been longest a music-master or a drawing-master. I am sure you must have been both."

At that moment the perfectly-appointed and handsome mare intended for her riding came in sight. This changed her mood; she could not afford to quarrel with the provider of such pleasure as she promised herself from these rides; so she looked up into his face again, this time with a look meant to be bewitchingly sweet, and asked:

"At any rate, will you be my master?"

"We will see what can be done for you. If I were your father, or guardian, I would certainly take care that you had a couple of years' thorough teaching."

"I have no father, you see, and no guardian. If you will be so good as to help me—"

"We will see, we will see. Where is your aunt?" His eyes had been scanning the windows.

"I don't know."

"I will go and find her. I have a word to say to her before we start."

"I dare say you have," muttered Myrrha, looking after him displeasedly. "To be neglected for an old maid like Aunt Daisy! I suppose she has money. Heigho! What would I not give to be rich!"

Mr. Stewart thought Daisy looking worried.

"Are you tired of her? Does she weary you?"

"I ought not to mind. She is very good-natured."

"When she is pleased."

"She certainly has the womanly virtue of wishing to please."

"It is a virtue in a woman to wish to please those worth pleasing."

"I suppose some women think everybody worth pleasing?"

"Every man," corrected Mr. Stewart. "And that is nearer vice than virtue, in my eyes."

Daisy walked with him to the gate, and there they found Myrrha, leaning against the paling, engaged in easy and laughing conversation

with the groom. Mr. Stewart gave an amused and annoyed glance at Daisy.

The riders were so long absent that Daisy grew anxious.

Myrrha had boasted that she could ride any thing, but Daisy had already known her long enough not to pay much attention to her statements. When, at last, she heard the sound of horses' feet, she went hurriedly to the gate.

"Mr. Stewart is afraid you will have been alarmed, Aunt Daisy. I hope he is wrong. We have had the most delicious ride. Mr. Stewart is a darling to get me such a delightful horse. I shall love him forever, as the children say!"

"Nothing has gone wrong, then?"

"Not with us," Mr. Stewart, gazing into the grave, pale face, answered.

Myrrha was looking radiant, and, in a certain way, as lovely as a creature could look.

"I needn't ask if you are tired, Myrrha?" Daisy said.

"Tired! No, Aunt Daisy." And, as Mr. Stewart lifted her to the ground, she looked more than half-inclined to kiss him in the exuberance of her spirits. "He says he will stay for our tea instead of going home to dinner, if you will let him, Aunt Daisy. I'll run in and dress directly, for, in spite of the lunch we had, I'm very hungry."

Daisy stayed in the garden with Mr. Stewart till Myrrha joined them.

"Tea is quite ready, and every thing looks so nice. And don't I look nice, too, Aunt Daisy?"

The question of the tongue was for Aunt Daisy; the question of the eyes for Mr. Stewart.

"Indeed you do, dear! But is it safe for you, Myrrha, warm from your ride, to come out-doors so lightly dressed? It is not summer yet."

"But it is as warm as summer, Aunt Daisy."

She was, openly and undisguisedly, standing to be admired. The frankness of her vanity gave it a kind of charm, making it seem childlike and innocent. She looked much more than pretty: a most bright creature, and of a most delicate brightness. She held a perfect rose-bud in her hand.

"Mr. Stewart," she said, "in grateful recognition of the pleasures of the ride past, and grateful anticipations of rides to be, I forgive you the many hard raps on the knuckles you've given me. I offer you this," holding the rose-bud to him, "as a flag of truce."

"I will do your gift the highest honor in my power, Miss Brown." He took it from Myrrha—and gave it to Daisy.

In a moment the glee darkened out of Myrrha's eyes, but only for a moment. Exhilarated by her ride, she was in spirits too high to let sullenness be possible.

While they were at tea, Myrrha said:

"Aunt Daisy, in coming home we made a round that brought us through some grounds belonging to a most charming old red-brick manor-house. What's the mystery about that house? Mr. Stewart wouldn't tell me to whom it belonged, or answer any of my questions."

"How could we tell the owner was not in hearing, behind some of those great beech-trunks? It would hardly have been in good taste to speak disparagingly of a man while trespassing upon his property."

"Should you have had to speak disparagingly of him?"

"If I'd spoken as I think."

"What house was it?" Daisy asked Mr. Stewart.

"Redcombe."

"Oh!"

Myrrha, who was very quick, caught a particular expression in the eyes of Daisy and of Mr. Stewart, which made her sure there was some mystery in the matter. A suspicion of the truth flashed across her. Surely Mr. Stewart, whom she had called a pedant, and accused of being a music-master or a drawing-master, or both, could not be master of that fine old place, owner of those beautiful grounds! The suspicion made her heart beat faster, but she took good care to show nothing of it. She began to cross-question him:

"Is the owner of Redcombe young or old?"

"What you would call middle-aged, and incline to think venerable."

"About what age?"

"Well, I should say not much older or much younger than I am."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes."

"Do you like him?"

"Immensely sometimes; sometimes I find him the most dreadful bore."

"Which should I do? Like him immensely, or find him the most dreadful bore?"

"I would not venture to prophesy; rather the latter than the former I should, however, imagine."

"I think," said Myrrha, with a meditative air, and her eyes fixed full on Mr. Stewart, "that I should like him immensely."

"He would, indeed, be a fortunate man were that the case; but what makes you think you would like him?"

"To begin with, I generally like men about the age you describe him to be, so much better than younger men."

"I described him to be about my age."

"Yes. At that age one knows what a man is. He is not likely to turn out much better or much worse than one finds him. He is trustworthy, too. One can look up to him and feel confidence in him."

"It is a fortunate age, Miss Brown, if it inspires such sentiments in so charming a creature as yourself."

"You don't think me charming, I know. I wonder if the owner of Redcombe would!"

"May I ask what, besides his age, disposes you favorably toward the possessor of Redcombe?"

"I'll give you a frank answer, Mr. Stewart: his being the possessor of Redcombe."

"I like frankness."

"I am glad you find some one thing in me to like. I like to be liked."

"No doubt you do."

"Do you find any thing reprehensible in that?"

"Certainly not; it is an admirable quality; but whether it is more or less admirable depends upon the motives and the manner of its manifestation."

"You can never say any thing in my favor without nullifying qualifications, implied if not spoken. I wonder what you really think of me?"

"You take for granted I do really think about you?"

Myrrha colored delicately, but very perceptibly, a pink shade tingeing both her face and neck.

"Aunt Daisy, I'll tell you what I think of Mr. Stewart. I think of all the men I have ever encountered, he is the least chivalrous, not to say the most uncourteous."

"And of the men I know, Myrrha, he is the most chivalrous."

"I pity your unfortunate experience of men, then, Aunt Daisy. Possibly Mr. Stewart can be chivalrous and courteous to one woman, but that is not the characteristic of chivalry."

"Quite true," assented Mr. Stewart.

After a few minutes Myrrha resumed her cross-examination:

"Is there a croquet-lawn at Redcombe, Mr. Stewart? Does the mysterious owner, whom you and Aunt Daisy seem to wish should be nameless, give garden-parties?"

"A croquet-lawn!" repeated Mr. Stewart, reflectively. "I should think not. Redcombe is a very old-fashioned place, and I have not heard of any modern improvements. No, I should say there is not a croquet-lawn. Neither, to my knowledge, are garden-parties known at Redcombe. But, you see, Miss Brown, all this is easily changed. Of course, the owner of Redcombe would only need to know that Miss Brown desired these things, in order to institute them."

"You are chaffing me, Mr. Stewart. I suppose he isn't even calling-acquaintance of Aunt Daisy's—I haven't heard of Aunt Daisy's having one single acquaintance except you, Mr. Stewart. So, of course, you're only chaffing me."

"Let me see: chaffing you means amusing myself at your expense, doesn't it, Miss Brown?"

"You know it does."

"Well, I was hardly doing that. It isn't likely that the owner of Redcombe is as unchivalrous and uncourteous as you find me; and if he is not, why then, surely, my prophecy about him is not an unsafe one."

"Is he at home just now?"

"That depends in what sense you use the words 'at home'—he is in England."

Myrrha did not further pursue her inquiries. Having finished her tea, she went to the piano and began to play softly in the twilight. She seemed dreamily absorbed in the dreamy music; but she kept a sharp side-long watch on her Aunt Daisy's low chair in the window, over which Mr. Stewart was bending, till, by-and-by, he came to her side. Daisy, rising noiselessly, left the room, and strayed into the garden.

It was intolerable! What was? The fragrance and beauty of the evening, and the jubilant singing of that thrush.

Meanwhile Myrrha tried a little sentimental flirtation. Letting her soft music almost die away, she sighed a great sigh.

"I dare say you think me a very frivolous girl, Mr. Stewart?"

"You are very young, Miss Brown; you have time to improve."

"All the circumstances of my life have been against me. I have always lived with frivolous and worldly people. Of course it would have been very vain of me to encourage myself to be different from everybody about me."

"Are you not vain?" he asked with surprise that there should be room for question on this point.

"I don't really think I am very vain at heart."

"I wonder if you are right or not?"

There was a pause. Then Myrrha said:

"I hope, Mr. Stewart, you don't think me ill-tempered. Indeed, it is trying to be treated as you treat me; especially trying to me, who have never had any experience of the kind!"

"How do I treat you?"

"You snub me. That is, you're always saying hard things. It is good for me. I don't wish you to do differently. I may come to like it, but it is the first time I have been treated in this way; and to be treated first in this way by one whose good opinion and admiration one feels to be worth having, is rather trying, you must admit. So, if I seem rather ill-tempered under it, you must make excuses for me."

Myrrha dashed her handkerchief across her eyes. They were moist with the earnestness with which she had spoken; for certainly her feelings had been a good deal wounded.

Mr. Stewart did not speak immediately. Presently he said:

"Miss Brown, you bring a grave charge against me. I must have been monstrously impertinent. In my own defence I must say, that I believe I could hardly have transgressed in the manner you indicate, had you, yourself, not invited the criticism you have found it hard to bear."

"I did invite it, I wished for it. I could never feel you impertinent, however cruel I might think you. I hope you will continue to criticise me. I feel you may do me so much good."

"The post of mentor to a young and lovely lady is one of danger, Miss Brown! I am too old and wary voluntarily to enter the enchanted net I see so daintily spread for me. There is your Aunt Daisy—for counsel, for encouragement, for example, what more, or better, or different, can you require?"

"Aunt Daisy," said Myrrha, with a peculiar expression, "is—Aunt Daisy. To begin with, she has had no general experience of life to entitle her to speak with authority; to go on with hers is not an example I should wish to imitate. I am not naturally morbid, I don't wish to become so. I wish mine to be a bright, wholesome, practical existence. To end with, I know that I need to be governed by a man's will, scourged by a man's censure, stimulated by a man's praise. I have never been amenable to petticoat government." He thought the eyes with which she looked at him, saying this, splendidly audacious.

"I don't think you should be proud of that concluding confession, Miss Brown. I have always specially liked to see young girls render docile and reverent submission to women. I have noticed this docility, as girls, in some of the most admirable women I have known. I have noticed, too, that often girls who profess extreme docility to masculine guidance, and submission to masculine judgment, really desire only masculine admiration, and, when married, often make rebellious and headstrong wives."

Mr. Stewart had been stung by the half-contemptuous tone in which Myrrha spoke of Daisy, and his own tone was harsh. There was a pause: then Myrrha said, softly and sighingly through the dusk:

"I am very unfortunate, Mr. Stewart. All I say and do seems to provoke your dislike."

"Dislike of some things you say and do need not imply dislike of yourself, Miss Brown."

"Perhaps, Mr. Stewart, I should feel less as if it did imply that dislike, if you wouldn't call me always by my hideous common name, 'Miss Brown.' If you would call me 'Myrrha,' the hard things you say wouldn't seem quite so hard."

"But, possibly, I don't wish them to be less forcible."

"Won't you call me Myrrha? I'm such a child to you. There can be no harm. Why, I suppose, you are old enough to be my father, almost. Promise that you will call me Myrrha when you are not angry with me. Do, Mr. Stewart." And she laid her hand coaxingly on his arm.

"By-and-by, we will see about it. At present we are very recent acquaintances."

"I don't feel as if we were. And you don't treat me as if we were—when you wish to scold me, to be unkind."

"I think we agreed that your condescension, not my presumption, was answerable for any transgressions of mine?"

"There is no condescension, no presumption, no transgression. But, if there is any blame, it is mine."

"That is a very generous statement, Miss Brown."

"Won't you reward it by a generous concession, and call me Myrrha?"

"Will you, Myrrha, accept from me, *à propos* of condescension and presumption, a brotherly, fatherly, if you prefer it, hint, on a very delicate subject?"

"Any thing that you say to Myrrha, and not to Miss Brown, will be listened to patiently."

"I was shocked to-day by my groom's manner toward you, Myrrha, its half-jocose familiarity. I shall blow him up, and he will excuse himself by saying something about the young lady's 'condescension.' You don't exactly understand English usages, I fancy. And English servants don't understand American liberty of manner. An English young lady who leaned against a paling slashing herself with her whip, and laughing and talking freely with a groom, would be considered—well—objectably fast—not well-conducted—not any thing you would wish to be considered."

Myrrha put her hands up to her face; though the dusk would alone have sufficed to hide her blushes, or the absence of them.

"Oh, Mr. Stewart," she said; "thank you, a thousand times."

"Thank you, Myrrha, for taking my warning in such good part."

"I hope you may find that I shall always take in good part any thing you may say to me."

"I may not have many opportunities of trying you."

"Oh, Mr. Stewart!" in very genuine consternation, "I hope you don't mean you are going away?"

"There is a possibility that business may take me from the neighborhood. You are alarmed at the prospect of losing your rides?"

"At that—and many other things."

"I could secure you the rides, and the attendance of a careful old servant."

"Then, of course, I should not regret you."

"Of course you would not. You would have the physical enjoyment without the metaphysical annoyance."

"Mr. Stewart, you are hoping I shall say something pretty and flattering."

"Am I?"

"Yes. Not because you care for what I say; but because men always care to be flattered and regretted by women."

"Do they? I wonder if your experience of men and women is drawn chiefly from novels, or from life?"

"Which would you say, to look at me?" And she turned her fair young face full upon him, bringing it very near his.

"I wonder where your Aunt Daisy is all this while?"

"In the garden, Mr. Stewart. She passed the window just now. I was just thinking of looking for her. Aunt Daisy declares that you are not her lover, only her friend, and that she never intends to marry, or I should have thought of the possibility of her being jealous of your kindness to me."

Mr. Stewart laughed, and Myrrha did not admire the tone of his laugh. She wished it had not been so dusk, she wanted to see the expression of his face.

"You had better not go out in those diaphanous draperies, now the dew is falling," he said. "I will find your Aunt Daisy, and say

good-night to her—as I say it now to you. Good-night, Miss Brown. I am sure you will be too tired to ride to-morrow—we will hope for a fine day after to-morrow.”

“There is no chance of my being too tired; but you will find me too troublesome if I want to ride every day.”

He was gone. She watched the meeting in the garden, and the parting which followed upon it immediately; then, directly Daisy came in, Myrrha, pleading extreme fatigue, said good-night to her, and went to bed.

CAMILLA.

IN the spring of 1808 the Italian seaport town of Leghorn was garrisoned by French troops, among which was the Twenty-ninth Regiment of light infantry, commanded by Colonel d'Hervilly, a man about thirty-five years of age, who had distinguished himself on more than one occasion, or the emperor, notwithstanding he was of an old and distinguished family, would not have entrusted him with a regiment.

In the regiment there was one Charles Dufresne, who, although scarcely thirty, had spent half his life in a uniform. With his command he had seen more or less of almost every European state, had distinguished himself on many a hard-fought field, had won the much-coveted cross of the Legion of Honor, and would, doubtless, have long since been rewarded with a commission if his colonel had not been averse to recruiting his officers from the rank and file.

Dufresne was a handsome, clever, wide-awake young man, a thorough and highly-exemplary soldier. He had never been subjected to any military punishment, and was full of enthusiasm for the emperor, the *gloire de la grande armée*, and *la belle France*. He was well acquainted with the usages of the polite world, and his literary acquirements were greater than were, in those days, demanded of an infantry-officer. In fact no one could understand why he was not promoted, he himself least of all; for, like the major part of his countrymen, he had no mean opinion of his own merits, yet, although of a naturally impatient and fiery nature, he was too good a soldier not to wait patiently.

One fine summer evening Dufresne, with two of his comrades, sauntered through the Gli Sparti, a much-frequented promenade, that separates the city proper from the suburbs, and completely encircles the former.

The young sergeant was this evening in his usual good-humor; he had, indeed, never experienced any of the greater ills of life. His parents died when he was but a child; his fortune was his monthly pay, which he so husbanded as to make it supply him with all the little comforts and luxuries he coveted; he had never loved hopelessly, and in the dim future he saw visions of a marshal's *bâton*—in spite of the prejudices of his colonel—as did every young soldier of the first empire.

It still wanted an hour of the time when the tattoo sounded. For the moment, therefore, the three friends were at liberty to consult their inclinations.

“Let us go into one of these *cafés*,” said one of them.

“Agreed! I would like an ice,” replied another.

They selected a *café* with a diminutive garden before it, which was brilliantly lighted with a great number of Chinese lanterns, and filled with tables and chairs, and was evidently well patronized by the better classes.

They had hardly found places and ordered some refreshments, when the buzzing, incident to such assemblies, suddenly ceased, and every ear was intent upon listening to the tone of a guitar, that seemed to be the introduction to a song.

“It seems we have stumbled into a concert,” said one of Dufresne's comrades, evidently little pleased.

“No matter; let us see if it is worth listening to,” replied the sergeant.

In the guitar tones they soon recognized a melancholy and pathetic Italian *aria*, the words of which a fresh, full, well-cultivated female voice began to sing. The garden was so full that the three friends could not see the *cantatrice*, although in their surprise they did their utmost to gratify their curiosity.

The mild, balmy evening, the peculiar illumination of the scene, and, above all, the pure, expressive tones of the singer, combined to

touch the sensibilities of young Dufresne, and, if he had any poetry in his nature, to lead the way into a land of sweet, but perhaps somewhat melancholy dreams. There was not a sound to divert the attention from the *aria*—the guests ceased their chat and clinking of glasses, and listened with the most profound attention.

When the singer had ended, there followed such a round of applause as none but the mercurial Italians know how to delight an artist with, while the singer stepped out of a little arbor near the house, her guitar in one hand and a sheet of music in the other. She went from table to table, gathering the small coin that seemed to flow bountifully into her garner. More than one of the guests tried to engage her in conversation, but her replies were, although courteous, by no means calculated to encourage familiarity, and she tarried nowhere longer than was necessary.

“If this woman's face possesses half the fascination of her voice she does a thriving business without a doubt,” remarked one of the sergeant's friends. “But why so silent and thoughtful, Dufresne?”

“I must confess,” replied the young sergeant, “that this beautiful *aria* cradled me into a dream out of which I waken most unwillingly. We have here only a *café* ballad-singer, and yet she is an *artiste*. It pains me to the heart to see such talent and such cultivation as hers compelled to seek bread in a place like this.”

The singer, at this moment, approached the table at which sat the three soldiers, and the light of one of the lanterns fell full on her figure and features. The former was full and symmetric, and made a pleasing impression, as she was not dressed in that gaudy style usually affected by women of her class. Her bearing was modest, almost to timidity; she seemed, indeed, unwilling to look up, although she certainly need not have been averse to showing her face, which, it is true, was somewhat pale, and looked care-worn, but was cast in beauty's mould, and illuminated with a pair of those lustrous eyes that are rarely met with except in the warmer climates.

The young men had pictured to themselves an entirely different being, and were evidently surprised, particularly Dufresne, whose gloomy mien was quickly dissipated by a glance at the fair petitioner. Was it admiration for her beauty, or sympathy for her lot, that prompted him?—he quickly returned the small coin he had destined for the sheet of music, to his pocket, and, in its stead, laid a large silver-piece on the paper.

Surprised by the generosity of a common soldier, the girl raised her large, brilliant eyes to his an instant, then dropped them as quickly, while a modest blush mantled her cheek, and she bowed her thanks passing on before Dufresne or either of his comrades could find a word to address to her.

“The devil! but isn't she pretty!” exclaimed one of them. “Eyes like carbuncles and lips like coral; but what a sad expression! Even Dufresne's generosity was lost on her.”

Having completed her round, the singer returned to the arbor, and, unnoticed by all eyes except the sergeant's, who followed her step by step, she quickly left the garden by a side entrance. Involuntarily Dufresne made a move as though he would follow her, but, fearing that he would be observed, he resumed his seat.

The next evening, the young sergeant found himself, this time alone on the Gli Sparti, but he looked neither to the right nor the left, and hastened his steps until he reached the *café* garden, which was as well filled as on the previous evening. He entered and was soon comfortably seated near the arbor.

Who will doubt that the hope of seeing and hearing the pale singer again had led the young Frenchman thither? She was there, and it was, perhaps, due to her that the establishment was so largely frequented. Her voice was as pure and full, her execution as brilliant and her manner as modest and fascinating, as it had been the evening before. No one noticed the sergeant; if any one had, he would not have failed to remark the agitation mirrored in his handsome features.

At the close of the improvised concert, the singer again went round to take up the usual collection. When she came to the sergeant's table, as before, he laid a large silver coin on the sheet of music; as before, she glanced at him hastily, and as she did so her hand trembled visibly, while her cheeks were suffused in a deep crimson.

The tattoo resounded through the city, but Dufresne kept his seat until he saw the singer, as on the previous evening, pass out at the side, when he rose and followed her.

At a rapid step she crossed the promenade and turned toward the poorer suburbs. Her haste betrayed either anxiety or timidity.

Although the sergeant kept within a few steps of her, he did not venture to approach nearer and speak to her—an exhibition of timidity quite foreign to his character.

The streets became more and more deserted and darker. The girl looked around once or twice, but, whether she recognized Dufresne or not, she quickened her step and was evidently averse to accepting an escort.

If the sergeant's intention was, as it seemed, to make the girl's acquaintance, his object would not, had not chance favored him, been attained.

Four or five young men came down the street, arm in arm, singing boisterously, and it was not unreasonable to suspect that the unprotected girl would not be able to pass them unmolested.

The singer hesitated, and seemed undecided what to do. In a moment Dufresne was at her side, and respectfully proffered his protection until the convivial party should pass.

The girl glanced toward the approaching party of brawlers, and then at the young French soldier, whom she evidently recognized. After a moment's hesitation, she laid her arm in his; but she was too greatly embarrassed to venture any remark, nor was her cavalier scarcely more at ease.

They passed the young men unmolested. The street was again still and deserted, but the sergeant neither took leave of the young girl, nor did she withdraw her arm.

"I think, mademoiselle, I have seen you in a *café* on the promenade," observed Dufresne, finally breaking the silence.

"I sing there almost every evening, signore. I am poor, and have duties to fulfil toward one to whom I am greatly indebted," she frankly replied.

"This person, whoever it may be," replied the sergeant, who, perhaps, felt a slight twinge of jealousy, "should not expose you to the danger of returning alone and unprotected through these dark, deserted streets at so late an hour."

"Oh, signore, you do him injustice. If he were not confined to his bed, he would not fail to accompany me as he always used to do."

For a moment, the young man was silent; then he asked in a tone that, in spite of him, was slightly tremulous:

"Ah, mademoiselle! then you have a friend?"

"One, and but one, in the wide world. And every evening, when I return to our little humble home, I fear that death may have robbed me of him."

Dufresne's brow became darker still. A friend! their little home! He almost regretted that he had offered her his protection. And she was so naïve, spoke so frankly of her relations! Was it to be wondered at in one of her profession?

"And you provide for your sick friend by singing, mademoiselle?" he asked, in an absent tone.

"For the last three months, yes. If I had to provide for myself only, I would not sing in such public places, and even now I would rather work with my hands, but my old master will not listen to it."

"Oh, this friend is your old master, your teacher!" said Dufresne, greatly relieved.

"Accident threw us together when I was still a small child, and he was already an old man. I love him as a father, and he loves me as his own daughter."

Involuntarily the sergeant pressed the girl's arm closer, and said:

"If you would ascribe it to the deep interest I feel in all that concerns you, and not to idle curiosity, I would ask you to tell me something more of yourself—something of your past history."

The girl hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"My past and my present life, signore, has no secrets; but its story is so simple, that it would, I fear, fail to interest you."

In a few words she told her companion that she was the only child of some country-people, who lived near Florence. At the early age of ten years she was an orphan, and wandered out into the world heedless of the future, depending upon the singing of a few simple ballads for subsistence. In her wanderings, she chanced to meet with her old master, who, although a proficient in his art, was, like herself, compelled to sing in the highways for bread. He recognized her talent, and became her protector and teacher—to him she was wholly indebted for whatever musical education she possessed. Now the old man was ill, not able, indeed, to leave his bed, and it was but natural

that Camilla should, so far as was in her power, provide for him.

Dufresne listened attentively, and her simple narrative only served to redouble his interest. Arrived at her door, she thanked him kindly for accompanying her, bade him good-night, and quickly disappeared.

Sergeant Dufresne now became a daily visitor at the *café* on the Gli Sparti, from which he regularly accompanied the singer home; and, if any one had observed the two young people, as they walked slowly toward the distant suburb, he would have decided that they were more to each other than ordinary friends.

Thus passed two or three weeks. The young sergeant became daily more silent and thoughtful; and Camilla assured him that, on account of her dear old *maestro*, she often sung with tears in her eyes.

To the many patrons of the *café*, the last few days had added one, whom Dufresne would rather have seen anywhere else. It was Colonel d'Hervilly, a man noted for his haughty bearing, his good looks, and his gallantries.

That the colonel was attracted by the pretty singer was very evident; indeed, he made no secret of it. He rewarded Camilla's efforts in gold, and seemed to think his generosity gave him the right to evince his admiration unrestrained, which caused the other guests to smile, the sergeant excepted.

Usually Camilla left the garden so quietly, that no one but Dufresne, to whom she was now accustomed to make a sign, knew when she went, or what path she took. One evening, however, they were hardly on their way, when, to their astonishment, they saw they were followed by the colonel.

The sergeant found himself suddenly in any thing but an enviable situation, for, besides being the rival of his commander, which was not pleasant, the latter was cognizant of his disregarding a strict regulation of the service, for the tattoo had already sounded.

At first the colonel kept some distance behind them; but, when they reached the deserted streets of the suburb, he quickened his step, and was soon at Dufresne's side.

"Are you not Sergeant Dufresne, of my regiment?" he asked, in a haughty tone.

"I am, colonel."

"And you are at this late hour in the streets, instead of being in your quarters?"

"Colonel," replied the young man, whose blood boiled with indignation, "to-morrow I shall be at your disposal, and shall expect the punishment my neglect of duty merits; at the moment, my first duty is to see this lady safely home."

"Sergeant Dufresne," cried the colonel, "you will go immediately to your barracks and report yourself, at the watch-house, as a prisoner by my orders."

The colonel, according to all military notions, was in the right; but certainly his course was most ignoble, if, as we suspect, he had any designs on the singer.

"Obey!" whispered Camilla, greatly terrified, to her companion.

"I will obey your orders, colonel," replied the sergeant, involuntarily laying his hand on the hilt of his sabre, "when I shall have protected my *fiancée* against indignities that I have reason to fear to-night more than ever before."

Whatever Camilla may have thought of his using the word "*fiancée*," she did not contradict him, but remained silent.

"You are an insolent rascal, a mutineer!" cried the colonel. "Return immediately to your quarters." And in his rage he laid his hand rather heavily on the woollen epaulet of the sergeant.

Quicker than thought the sergeant loosened his hold of the girl's arm, drew his sabre half out of its scabbard, and, stepping directly in front of the colonel, said, in a tone tremulous with rage:

"Your designs are clear to me, Colonel d'Hervilly; but I will not suffer you to offer any indignity to this young girl, and therefore I shall not obey your orders, until I see her safely to her door. Do not forget that at this moment our relations are not those of superior and subordinate, and that we are here alone, without witnesses."

The colonel was speechless with rage; he, too, was about to draw his sword, when the tread of the patrol coming down the street was heard. Camilla, seeing the file of soldiers approach, hurried home with all possible speed. Dufresne replaced his sabre in its scabbard,

and calmly awaited the issue. He was too proud to fly, even had flight not been useless.

When the patrol came up, the colonel ordered the sergeant to be taken to the guard-house and placed under arrest, saying that, in the morning, he would direct what disposition should be made of him.

A half-hour later, Dufresne was in close confinement. The guard consisted of men from D'Hervilly's regiment, and, indeed, was commanded by one of Dufresne's two friends, whom we saw with him the first evening on the Gli Sparti. In the guard he, therefore, very naturally found warm sympathizers, and, although he only acquainted his comrades in general terms of the occurrence that led to his arrest, they all espoused his cause, and censured in strong terms the course pursued by their unpopular colonel. They contended that he had misused his authority and disgraced his uniform. An hour after day-break, Dufresne's misfortune was known to the whole regiment, and there was, perhaps, not a man in it who had not expressed himself in very harsh terms of his commander.

Whether the colonel was advised by the officers of the true state of things or not, he ordered the prisoner to be put in irons and confined in a cell, and to be arraigned for mutiny and threatening a superior with deadly weapons. These orders had, of course, to be obeyed.

On the second day after Dufresne's arrest, after the first session of the court-martial, it being now very evident that the colonel was serious in his threats, the interior of the citadel, where the regiment was quartered, presented an unusual aspect. The soldiers on duty were at their posts, it is true; but those off duty, instead of going into the city, as they were at liberty to do, remained at the fort, gathered together in groups apparently discussing some topic of unusual interest. Now and then a "Vive Dufresne!" might have been heard from some one of the groups, and the eye need not have been very experienced to have seen in these demonstrations the beginnings of a mutiny. As the officers found themselves unable to suppress these evidences of discontent, they determined to lose no time in advising the colonel, who had his lodgings in the city, of their fears.

D'Hervilly was evidently greatly irritated, but he insisted on treating the matter as a *bagatelle*. The old major, who went to him, although at heart in sympathy with the soldiers, insisted that measures should be immediately taken to prevent the threatened outbreak.

"Very well!" cried the colonel, finally, "I will ask the commandant to have my regiment consigned to their barracks, and the guard intrusted to another."

"That would be most unwise, and a disgrace for the Twenty-ninth. It would make matters worse instead of better."

The old major remonstrated in vain; the colonel was as obstinate as he was haughty, and ended the interview abruptly by forbidding the major to offer him any further advice.

When the veteran informed his brother officers of the result of his mission, they were highly incensed, and not only ceased their efforts to reestablish order, but nearly all of them went into the city, as they were accustomed to do, leaving the colonel to help himself as best he could.

In the mean time the excitement among the soldiers continued; no one, however, ventured on a breach of discipline. But they could hardly believe their eyes—being ignorant of what had passed between the colonel and the major—when they saw a file of men from another regiment march into the enclosure of the citadel to relieve the guard. At the same time Colonel d'Hervilly, accompanied by his adjutant, appeared on horseback, and, in a haughty tone, commanded the soldiers to retire to their barracks.

It was already nearly nightfall. The colonel and the file of men he brought with him were received with an ominous silence; but D'Hervilly had hardly finished giving his orders when a voice cried out:

"Comrades, this is an indelible disgrace for the Twentieth-ninth! Shall we endure it?"

As the first flash of lightning is often followed by the whole force of a thunder-storm, so were these words, uttered by one of Dufresne's hot-blooded young friends, followed by a general cry of indignation and menace.

"We'll not submit to it!" cried a hundred voices. "The old Twenty-ninth will not be surrounded by recruits. Is this our reward for Arcole, Friedland, and Marengo? Down with Colonel d'Hervilly! Vive l'empereur!"

It would be impossible to describe, in detail, the scene that now presented itself. The so severely disciplined soldiers, old and young, seemed to have forgotten every law of military subordination; the men off guard seized their arms, and it was easy to be seen that they were determined not to yield their posts to the new-comers without a struggle, but the latter seemed not the least inclined to use force. Open mutiny existed everywhere! The majority of the officers, who were present, were at a loss what to do, and the commands of the others were disregarded.

Colonel d'Hervilly cried out and gesticulated like a maniac, having in his rage entirely lost command of himself. Personally brave, he drew his sabre and rode into the thickest of the crowd; but a score of hands seized his horse by the head and thrust him back, while a thousand menaces greeted his cars. It was with difficulty that his adjutant and some of the other officers succeeded in extricating him and inducing him to withdraw. With him went the new guard, who fully sympathized with their comrades.

Now in breathless anxiety, but with a resolute mien, the soldiers of the Twenty-ninth awaited further developments. They did not venture to liberate Dufresne; indeed, they were painfully conscious of having already gone too far.

An hour later all the troops of the garrison were under arms, marching toward the citadel—the Twenty-ninth regiment excepted, which had received orders not to leave its quarters. The citadel was soon surrounded, and the cannon of the outworks turned upon the fortification itself. A half-hour later the Twenty-ninth had been disarmed, the guard relieved, many arrests made, and the mutiny entirely suppressed.

The colonel, however, had little cause to congratulate himself on the issue, for the commandant of the post suspended his authority until he should receive instructions from the emperor, to whom he immediately dispatched a courier.

Napoleon was greatly incensed against the colonel, whom he immediately relieved of his command, as well as against the regiment, which, in his opinion, had disgraced the whole army.

The Tuscan provinces were at this time under the government of Prince Borghese, a brother-in-law of Napoleon, whose residence was at Turin; as, however, he was not a soldier by profession, the emperor instructed another of his brothers-in-law, Joachim Murat, the Grand-duke of Berg, the most distinguished cavalry-general of the imperial armies, to repair immediately to Leghorn and punish the mutineers with the extreme rigor of military law.

The instructions of the emperor were positive, as they always were. In his opinion the offence could be expiated only with blood. Murat was directed to have the leaders of the mutiny shot—the number being left to his decision, and the emperor would have been highly displeased had his lieutenant not followed his instructions to the letter.

The garrison of Leghorn was greatly terrified when the grand-duke, who, in obedience to the emperor's commands, travelled with all possible speed, suddenly arrived in the city. It was now very evident that Napoleon intended to show no mercy to the culprits—and who would have been so bold as to oppose his imperial will?

Immediately after his arrival, the handsome, chivalrous marshal took the affair energetically in hand. Murat was not cruel, but he was a severe disciplinarian, and devoted heart and soul to his imperial brother-in-law, and, when he appeared before the assembled garrison, his brow wore a threatening aspect. He made a lengthy speech, which was far from reassuring the unfortunate Twenty-ninth, terminating with a demand that they should appoint a deputation to conduct their defence.

The proceedings of the court-martial were hurried forward with all possible dispatch. Murat received the deputation and listened to their charges against Colonel d'Hervilly attentively, but, from his forbidding mien, it was evident that he did not justify the mutiny. His sense of justice, however, would not allow him to execute the extreme rigor of the law, for he saw that the blame lay more on the side of Colonel d'Hervilly than of his men; he, therefore, decided that only three of the mutineers, as an example to the rest, should be shot. The melancholy choice fell on Sergeant Dufresne and his two young friends, who had been loudest in expressing their indignation, and among the most prominent actors in the scene with the colonel.

The marshal ordered the execution to take place the next morning in the presence of the whole regiment, which, as a further punishment, was to be marched immediately to another post.

Under the circumstances, the sentence was severe, it is true; but Murat, however great his desire, could not have been more lenient without incurring the displeasure of his imperial master, who, in such cases, never showed any mercy.

The news of the sentence pronounced by the grand-duke spread quickly through the garrison and the city, and filled every one with sorrow, while the three unfortunates, who were confined in separate cells, were summoned to prepare to meet their doom.

During his imprisonment, Dufresne was agitated by the most conflicting emotions. The silence of Camilla—but how could she have communicated with him, however much she may have desired to do so?—wounded him deeply, and tended to lessen his passion for her. As for his sentence, he had no doubt what it would be, after he heard that his arrest had led to a mutiny, nor had he now any hope that it would be commuted.

Who can form an idea of the sensations that filled the young man's bosom? To die so young, and such a death, only because in his opinion he did what his manhood and honor demanded!

On the battle-field he had often looked death in the face, and now to die at the hands of his comrades—the thought was terrible! And then, worse still, he was the cause of two of his faithful friends filling early and honorless graves. His fate was sad indeed!

With soldier-like composure, but without the least bravado, he listened to the reading of his sentence, and commissioned the officers, who had been charged with the painful duty of advising him of the decision of the court, to say to the grand-duke that, being fully conscious of the gravity of his offence, he had not doubted what his punishment would be, and that he thanked him his death was, at least, to be that of a soldier.

He was still too young, vigorous, and fond of life's pleasures, to leave the world willingly; and then he had pictured the future in such glowing colors! But now he was in so mild and humble a mood that he forgave even Colonel d'Hervilly; and, if he had censured Camilla for her seeming selfishness and want of sympathy, he now felt that he had been unjust, begged her forgiveness, and was persuaded she suffered even more than he did himself. His love for the singer had again taken complete possession of his heart, and he would have given anything to see her and speak to her once more before the fatal hour. That in this—his last wish—he would, however, be gratified, he had not the least hope, for it was not probable that, should Camilla ask to see him, her prayer would be granted.

His cell was in the outer casemates of the citadel, and was provided with only one window, or rather loop-hole. The casemate was surrounded by a *fossé*, beyond which lay the glacis of the citadel, a promenade not much frequented, it is true, but from which he could occasionally hear a merry peal of laughter that seemed to him like bitter mockery. But, as the evening advanced, these sounds became less and less frequent, and he felt himself more wretched and forsaken than before.

"Would it were all over!" he sighed more than once.

Dufresne had no farewell letters to write to relations; at one moment he thought of leaving a few lines for Camilla, but, upon reflection, he feared it might compromise her, and so he denied himself even this poor consolation. Counting the hours that yet remained to him, he lay on his hard couch, and abandoned himself to a review of the past.

Without, all was dark and silent. Suddenly he heard the tones of a guitar coming from the glacis opposite his loop-hole, then a female voice began to sing a melancholy song that he knew only too well—it was one Camilla often sung.

He sprang quickly to his feet, and approached the window as near as his chains would permit. He recognized the voice, and listened breathlessly. The singer seemed at times almost stifled with sobs. His heart leaped for joy, for now he knew that Camilla had not forgotten him, and that she mourned his fate.

In a little time the sorrowful melody gave place to another—an air full of hope. What did she mean? He could not ask, nor could she have answered.

Again all was silent, and again he sought his couch, more sorrowful and cast down than ever. How much more he longed to live now that he knew he had not been deceived in Camilla!

In the mean time Murat was alone in his private apartment, walking slowly to and fro in a state of evident unrest. His thoughts were

busy with the three unfortunate prisoners, who were so soon to die in the pride of manhood, whom he esteemed as brave soldiers, and would willingly have pardoned, had he dared to do so.

The grand-duke had given orders to admit no visitors; his servant could not, however, resist the entreaties of a beautiful girl, who pleaded with tears and sobs to be allowed to see the marshal.

Murat was no woman-hater, and, after a moment's hesitation, ordered the young lady to be admitted.

It was Camilla. She was paler than usual, and dressed in deep mourning; but, plain as her attire was, there was so much modest dignity in her bearing, that Murat thought he had some great lady before him. As he was about to offer her a seat, she sunk at his feet and raised her large, tearful eyes to him with a look that was full of the deepest despair. Her agitation was so great that she was unable to utter a word, but her silence was perhaps more eloquent than would have been her speech.

The generous heart of the marshal was visibly touched, and, if it were in his power to grant the petition of the fair suppliant, it was evident she would not plead in vain.

He raised her from the ground and led her to a seat, with the assurance that he would most willingly serve her.

It was some moments before Camilla recovered her self-possession sufficiently to speak. As Murat gazed at her beautiful face before him, bathed in her tears, he felt an increasing desire to grant her petition, whatever it might be. But, when she pronounced the name of the condemned Dufresne, an ominous expression of sorrow clouded the marshal's brow. He listened to her patiently, and, when she confessed that she passionately loved the young sergeant, he seemed deeply moved; but, when she had finished, he explained to her, mildly and clearly, that it was not in his power to change the doom of her unfortunate lover.

The servant in the anteroom must have heard a heart-rending cry from a female voice in his master's apartment. The marshal, however, did not call him in, and a half-hour passed before the door opened.

Murat himself accompanied his visitor to the head of the stairs, where he took leave of her with every evidence of respect and sympathy. As he returned, he motioned to his servant to follow him.

He was very grave, and walked hastily up and down the room with the air of one who hesitates between desire and fear. Suddenly he stopped and told his servant to give him his sabre, mantle, and a hat that bore no insignia of his rank.

"I have just passed a painful half-hour, Lafleur," said he to his servant, as he buckled on the sabre. "This young girl is the *fiancée* of one of the three men who are to be shot to-morrow morning, and came to ask me to spare his life. I could not grant her petition—it was impossible. The poor girl swooned, and I had great difficulty in bringing her to and consoling her. The most I could do was to promise to be myself the bearer of her parting salutation to her lover, and I will keep my word."

It was nearly midnight when Dufresne was startled by the opening of his cell-door, but he was equally overjoyed when he saw his two unfortunate comrades, who had been relieved of their chains, enter his cell. He did not venture to ask them if they had been pardoned—their sorrowful mien rendered the question unnecessary.

"There is no hope," said one of them, while the provost relieved Dufresne also of his fetters; "the grand-duke himself will speak with us once more, but, in order that we may not entertain vain hopes, he at the same time informs us that the execution will positively take place at five o'clock in the morning."

In a few moments Murat entered the dark cell, and ordered those who accompanied him to retire and leave him alone with the three prisoners, who received him as they would have done on dress-parade.

For a full hour the marshal remained with the criminals. The officers of the guard began to be alarmed about him, for at first they heard him talk in a loud, angry tone, and now not a word could be heard through the heavy, iron-plated door.

Finally the marshal reappeared with the cold, grave mien of one who has just discharged a great and painful duty. He directed that the prisoners should be allowed to remain together until the hour of the execution, which should be conducted in accordance with his previous orders.

So no mercy!

The next morning, at five o'clock, the Twenty-ninth Regiment of light-infantry, with their knapsacks packed for a long march, but without their eagles, stood drawn up on the glacis bordering the fossé of the citadel, in such position as enabled them to look into the enclosure. Many of the soldiers had tears in their eyes, and all wore a sorrowful mien. Between the glacis and the citadel-wall there was a newly-dug grave large enough for three human bodies.

The sun in all his beauty was just rising above the distant hills, but he could not dispel the cloud that hovered over this melancholy scene.

Punctually at five o'clock, one of the citadel-gates opened, and a small procession approached the grave. It was led by a muffled drum; then came a small detachment from another regiment of the garrison, with the three condemned men in the centre, the regimental chaplain on one side and the provost on the other. The three advanced with a firm step, their eyes cast down, and looking very pale. In the regiment not a sound, not even a whisper, was heard.

The ceremony was brief, as it always is in such cases.

While the troops presented arms, the condemned men listened again to the reading of their sentence, which Murat, in the name of the emperor, had confirmed. Then they kissed the crucifix, and knelt on the pile of sand that had been thrown out of the grave. Three platoons took position a few steps in front of them—the provost bound their eyes, one after the other, with a white handkerchief—they had looked on the sun for the last time!

Now the soldiers of the platoons raised their muskets to their shoulders—the word "Fire" was heard from the officer in command—a flash, a sharp report, a light cloud of smoke, and the three unfortunates had fallen backward into the open grave. The drums beat three rolls, the new commander of the Twenty-ninth wheeled his regiment to the left and marched away, leaving the scene deserted except by the three or four men who were to fill up the grave.

The three unfortunate friends lived long in the memory of the once mutinous regiment, which in the next campaign regained their eagles and the favor of the emperor.

At a late hour, the evening after the execution, three men, dressed like laborers, carrying small bundles, went on board a ship in the harbor of Leghorn, that was to sail in a few hours for America.

They ended their way silently through the dark streets, and seemed greatly cast down. Before they ascended the ship's plank they paused a moment, and seemed to take a mute but painful leave of the land they were about to quit.

The captain must have expected them, for, after glancing at a paper one of them handed him, without asking any questions, he led them to the cabin. As they entered the dimly-lighted apartment, a female figure, dressed in a plain, dark travelling-habit, arose before them.

At sight of her, one of the men cried out, in the greatest amazement, while he clasped her in his arms:

"What, Camilla! you here? And you have come to say farewell to me?"

"No, my friend, I have come to accompany you, if it is your wish that I should. This is a promise exacted from me by the best and noblest of men, Marshal Murat."

Dufresne embraced her tenderly, and, turning to his comrades, presented them to the blushing Camilla, who was radiant with joy, in spite of her tears. There was nothing to prevent her accompanying her lover, as her old *maestro* had closed his eyes in death the day after Dufresne's arrest.

The soldiers of the three platoons were ignorant of the fact that the officer who commanded them, just before the execution, by order of the marshal, had drawn the bullets from their muskets.

The generous Murat had not only paid the passage of all four to America, but had given to each one a handsome sum of money with which to begin life anew in the New World.

FROM HONG-KONG TO FUH-CHAU.

TOWARD the close of the last decade, I engaged a berth in the steamer *Undine*, of Hong-Kong, for the purpose of proceeding from that port to the city of Fuh-chau-fu, in the province of Fuh-Kien.

One sultry afternoon, a fast gig, built on American lines, but manned by six skilful native oarsmen, conveyed me aboard, and, an

hour afterward, the pretty propeller steamed swiftly away from her moorings and entered the Ly-tse-moon passage, just as the sun sunk in a blaze of scarlet and gold behind the towering hills that close the vale of Wong-nei-chong. In the glimmering twilight we passed Mirs Bay and sighted a small rock, of volcanic origin, usually known as Pork-pie, probably from its resemblance to the shape of that comestible, just as "Night hung her curtains up, and pinned them with bright stars."

When I went upon deck at an early hour the following morning the *Undine* was passing Breaker Point; soon afterward she rounded a promontory called the Cape of Good Hope, ran through a narrow channel, and cast anchor off Double Island, which is situated about nine miles below the city of Swatau. The island is clothed with verdure from base to summit, and presents a fine contrast to the mainland, upon which hardly a tree or shrub is to be seen, nothing but hillocks of yellow sand, dotted with huge bowlders of gray granite, meeting the eye of the observer.

The foreign merchants generally reside in pretty villas and bungalows which they have erected upon the island, as it is not considered safe for them to make the city proper their abode, on account of the almost nightly incursions of the inhabitants of neighboring villages, with whom the people of Swatau maintain incessant hostilities. After discharging a portion of our cargo, we proceeded up the river, which is about a mile and a half wide, but difficult of navigation, as numerous rocks and shoals lie beneath its turbid surface, and anchored a little above her Britannic majesty's consulate, a fine edifice that stands, almost alone, upon the western bank. As a fellow-passenger had a little business to transact in the city, I went ashore with him, and we visited a few native hongs; but we did not stay long, and I did not regret leaving, for there was little to be seen worthy of notice, and the noxious smell in all the streets through which we passed was very disagreeable. I remarked, however, that the natives were much more stalwart and muscular than the Cantonese; they were also rougher and less courteous.

The *Undine* steamed back to Double Island, took in a little cargo, and the same afternoon resumed her voyage. We passed through a broad channel, which separates the island of Namoa—a place famous and favorable for opium-smugglers a few years ago—from the mainland, just before sunset, and sighted Dannebrog at dusk. During the night we passed the Lammocks, a group of sterile islets, and Old Thunder-Head, a valuable landmark, and, just as dawn flushed with roseate hue the eastern sky, Chapel Island came into view. Two islets, The Brothers, lie across the entrance to the isthmus in which Amoy is situated, and, near the narrow channel through which all vessels from the southward have to pass, a dangerous reef, known as the Chaw-chat, lies *perdu* beneath the smiling blue water. The commander of the *Undine* knew the coast perfectly, so we entered in safety and anchored in the deep, crescent-shaped harbor that is formed by a narrow channel which divides the island of Kow-lean-seau from that of Amoy.

At all the ports in China which are open for foreign traffic the imperial government collects custom-duties on imports of almost every description. As merchants in the far East consider it only a venial sin to evade these dues, of course a considerable amount of smuggling is carried on, and, in order to prevent this as much as possible, the authorities provide foreigners as tide-waiters. They would not benefit much by this arrangement, however, for the men who fill these positions are generally adventurers of lax morals, who would readily accept a bribe did they not donate about two-thirds of the value of the articles confiscated to the officer who makes the seizure. As the day on which we arrived in Amoy chanced to be Saturday, Captain Pitman was desirous to proceed on his voyage the same afternoon, in order to avoid lying idle in port all Sunday, the authorities most righteously, not permitting cargo to be worked on that day; but he found that the steamer's agents had engaged so much merchandise for her to convey to Fuh-chau, that it was impossible we could do so. He chafed at the delay; I rejoiced at it, for I was in no very great hurry, and wanted to obtain a peep at the town.

Amoy is situated in latitude 24° 10' north, longitude 118° 13' east, and has a population of about three hundred thousand. It was formerly a great military depot, and was commanded by a citadel on a height, with fortifications; but the British captured it in 1841, and the following year it was opened by treaty. The principal exports are crockery-ware, umbrellas, tea, sugar, sugar-candy, paper, tobacco

camphor, and grass-cloth. A large trade is carried on with Formosa, Siam, Japan, and the Lew-chew Islands. The leading foreign merchants have private residences upon the island of Kow-lean-seaou, which is a barren place, destitute of herbage; nevertheless, many fine mansions have been erected upon it, the most conspicuous of which is the United States consulate.

Soon after the steamer brought-to, I took passage in one of the host of native boats that instantly surrounded her, and landed on the bund, or quay, upon which spacious "go-downs" or warehouses stand. I then made my way to the only hotel in the city. An Englishman, Mr. Giles, whom I had met in Hong-Kong, was the proprietor, and accorded me a hearty welcome. When I told him that I wished to take a stroll through the town, he immediately volunteered to accompany me; so, having fortified ourselves with "soda and B.," we set forth on foot.

The streets through which we passed were very narrow, and not kept nearly so clean as those of Canton. Occasionally the foulest odors would assail our olfactory senses, and I could not help remarking to my friend that, in this respect, the city beat Cologne—world-renowned for its multifarious stench—hollow.

"Dead Chinamen don't smell very nice, I know; but I've become somewhat used to their peculiar fragrance, having lived here more than ten years. You see the natives hold their deceased relations in such high respect that they are loath to bury them, and often keep the putrefying bodies for months in the same rooms in which they themselves eat and sleep. I think this must necessarily be very deleterious, and I am sure that most of the pestilences that visit us emanate from this source; but you cannot convince a Chinaman that his deceased ancestor would harm him for paying this tribute to his *manes*," said Mr. Giles.

I was well aware that it was the universal custom in the "Middle Kingdom" for a man, when approaching "the sear and yellow leaf," to purchase a coffin and to keep it ready for use, though he has every prospect of living very many years longer, but I had never before heard of its being usual to retain a corpse *en famille*; and I doubt much whether I should relish my dinner if I partook of it while seated upon a loosely-closed sarcophagus containing the decaying remains of even my dearest friend of the past. But the Chinese are a peculiar people, to say the least.

While making our way toward the dock, which I had expressed a desire to visit, we encountered a mandarin, a sedate old gentleman with little scintillating eyes and a long gray goatee, who was riding a diminutive white pony. He was attended by a large retinue, and was on his way to the *yamun*, or hall of justice. I doffed my hat as he passed, and received a very courteous salutation in return. The streets were crowded with people and "curs of low degree;" in fact, all Chinese towns swarm with dogs, ugly, yelping curs, not fit to be eaten; but there was also a great number of pigs, one of which—a terribly mangy brute—ran furiously between my legs, and would have succeeded in capsizing me in the mud had I not saved myself by clutching the garments of an elderly lady who was walking ahead of me. That old woman had a voluble tongue, and she anathematized me until I had given her a few copper *cash*, when she dexterously changed her curse into a blessing. In course of time we arrived at the dock, which is a large and finely-finished structure built of gray granite; it belongs to a European company, and, I was informed, pays well. Not wishing to retrace our steps through the miry streets, we chartered a boat to convey us round to the hotel, where I dined and played billiards until nightfall, when I returned to the *Undine*.

The following afternoon I determined to visit the environs of Amoy, and the second officer agreed to accompany me. Mr. Punchard had been trading on the coast for several years, so was well fitted to fill the position of cicerone. After landing on the bund, we proceeded to the residence of a *má foo* (horse-keeper), and, when the proprietor presented himself, requested him to supply us with the two best steeds his stable contained. The stable (*ma fang*), was a rickety, tumble-down old place, not much larger or cleaner than a Celtic pigsty; but the owner entered it with a dignified air, and returned shortly afterward leading by the bridle an animal that looked like a lineal descendant of Don Quixote's Rosinante. It was a white pony, about twelve hands high, and Heaven only knows what age; its bones seemed to be on the verge of protruding through its skin; its fetlocks were covered with long, unkempt hair, and a *gan*, or native saddle,

formed of wood covered with cloth, rose about twelve inches above its back.

"I can never ride on that thing, Punchard; I could not balance myself," I exclaimed.

The owner evidently guessed by the tone of my voice that I was speaking disparagingly of the *ménage*.

"*Nê chek má hîng tuk noy*" (This horse can travel a long time), he said, regarding the animal with admiring eyes.

"We must make the best of it," said my friend, with a sigh, as a diminutive urchin led forth another pony, an exact counterpart of the first, save his color, which was dusky brown.

Accordingly, we mounted and set forth, accompanied by a *seaou keae*, or foot-boy, whom we told to direct us to the race-course. I felt conscious of looking idiotic, and did not consider myself very safe for the first half-hour, as we had to ascend and descend many very steep flights of steps, and I feared a dislocated vertebra if my steed should chance to slip; but both our animals were very sure-footed, and at last we emerged into the open country, not far from the race-course. The track is not a very fine one, but the foreign merchants in Amoy had made it as near perfection as possible in that out-of-the-way place. Far away, in the midst of a grove of umbrageous trees, we espied the gleaming spires of a Joss-house (*meaou*, a temple, in the vernacular; the term "Joss," generally applied by foreigners, is probably a corruption of the Portuguese word "Dios," God), so we urged our ponies to a trot, intending to visit it.

Our guide conducted us to the chief portal, and we dismounted at the foot of a flight of marble steps that led up to it. Passing under an archway, we entered a spacious court-yard, and were met by the *ta-sze*, or priest, whose special duty is to receive visitors. At my request, this functionary introduced us to the *ho-shang*, or high-priest, a close-shaven, venerable old gentleman, who, to my surprise, spoke the French language fluently. He was most courteous, and gave us a cordial welcome, ordering fruit, tea, and wine, to be brought immediately. In the course of conversation, I learned that he had formerly travelled with a French Jesuit in the interior of China, and had so acquired his knowledge of a Western tongue. The weather being warm, we did not much relish the tea, which, as is customary in China, was served scalding hot; but the fruit was very delectable. The kinds presented to us were: the le-che (*lichî dinocarpus*), tow-yew (*pumelo*), and orange. This last-named esculent attains its greatest perfection in China, but the natives have no generic name for it. The light-skinned, or coolie orange, is *tsang-tze*; a loose-skinned orange, vulgarly called "loose-jacket," *kan-tsze*. *Kin-keih* is a small, oval orange, used for preserves. To this species they compare the dissipated youth of rich people, and call them *kin keih tsee te*, "golden-orange youths," of which the skin (*pe tien*) is sweet; the kernel (*kih koo*) is bitter; and the pulp (*nang swan*) sour. On the twenty-fourth of the twelfth moon, poor and rich all offer this orange as an annual thanksgiving to the spirit that presides over the kitchen-fire.

Our entertainer, who belonged to the sect of Buddha (*Fûh Kaeou*), was a highly-intelligent man, and discoursed with us upon various topics of interest. When we had rested ourselves, he conducted us through the halls of worship, which, however, were not of sufficient magnificence to merit an elaborate description. A few peasant-women were performing their diurnal devotions before a shrine. On our approach, they arose quickly, and would have fled in dismay—doubtless considering the deity they wished to propitiate would be furious on beholding a *fan-gwei* (foreign devil) in his sanctuary—had not our sacerdotal friend bidden them remain. The incense (*hiang*), burning on the altars, filled the chamber with a disagreeable odor, and I was glad when the kind bonze led the way into the gardens, and we were able to breathe again the pure air.

The summer being nearly over, the choicest specimens of Chinese horticulture were not in bloom; yet the tastefully-ornate gardens, laid out in *parterres*, presented a gay and beautiful appearance. The flowers that chiefly attracted my attention were the mallow, passiflora, an orchid known as *Shih-seen-taou*, two varieties of the olea fragrans, one species of amaranthus, and the *serissa foetida*. There were pools devoted to the culture of the sacred nelumbium; but, as "the queen of flowers" blossoms in the spring, we could only admire the broad, bright-green leaves that sheeted the silvery surface of the water.

By the time we had finished our survey, the lengthening shadows warned us to depart; so, bidding adieu to the kind-hearted and urbane priest, we mounted our ponies, and turned their heads homeward.

When we arrived near the outskirts of the town, my companion proposed that we should take a short cut to the bund, so we delivered our steeds to the juvenile servitor, and proceeded afoot. While passing through a street close to the harbor, a Parsee merchant, who was acquainted with Punchard, leaned out of a window of his house, and requested us to enter. We accepted the invitation, and soon found ourselves ensconced in a very richly-furnished apartment, placidly sipping sparkling Moselle, a beverage that seemed to us like nectar, for we were hot, dusty, and thirsty.

There are a great many Parsees in China, most of them very wealthy men; but the natives despise them for their effeminacy, and prefer to trade with Americans and Europeans, in whom they can place greater reliance in matters of business. By the time we reached the Undine, the sun had sunk in a blaze of glory behind the western hills, whose violet crests stood clearly defined against the still crimson-amber-tinted sky.

At noon, the following day, Captain Pitman came aboard, and gave the order to weigh anchor. Soon the clinking pawls of the capstan mingled their chimes with the wild, sonorous refrain of the Malay sailors, and in a little while the pretty Undine steamed majestically through the channel between Que-moy and Brothers' Islands, and once more headed up the coast.

Early the next morning, we passed the Lam-yits; at eight o'clock, the White Dogs—which lie in the immediate vicinity of the pilots' cruising-ground—and, an hour after, crossed the bar at Sharp Peak, and entered the river Min, upon which, twenty-eight miles from where it disembogues into the sea, is situated the city of Fuh-chau-fu. For a distance of about sixteen miles from its mouth, the Min flows through a deep gorge, or cañon, the sides of which are in many places vertical cliffs, which are always covered with bright verdure. Amaranthaceæ and trailing plants, of numberless variety, sway pensile above the rapid-rushing river, beneath whose silvery surface lie numerous rocks and shoals, that have proved the ruin of many a stately ship. Carefully, up the flexuous stream, the Undine pursued her way, until, as if by magic, the gorge opened, and revealed a fleet of vessels lying at anchor in a broad harbor, formed by the expansion of the river over the lowlands. The Min is not navigable for vessels above this point, which is called the "pagoda anchorage," deriving its name from a *kuang tã*, or plain-spined pagoda, that stands upon the apex of a verdure-clad hill on the north shore, where an hotel and the residences of a few foreigners are situated. Captain Pitman moored his vessel in close proximity to the Mahamoodie, an opium-receiving ship, belonging to Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co., the leading merchants in the East, and then took me up to Fuh-chau-fu in his gig. The scenery, along the north bank of the river, is very fine, the highlands being thickly wooded; but paddy-fields line the opposite shore, and these do not always exhale a pleasant odor. After running on several sandbanks, we at last reached the city, and disembarked at a wharf just below where a stone bridge spans the stream.

Fuh-chau-fu, which ranks in the third grade of cities in China, is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, and enclosed by castellated walls between nine and ten miles in circuit, outside of which are extensive suburbs. The whole is commanded by a fortified hill, five hundred feet above the plain.

Chinese cities differ but little in appearance; the streets are uniformly narrow, and the shops fac-similes of each other; the prosperity of a place, however, as well as its political status, is generally indicated by its cleanliness, the order prevailing, and the garb of the citizens. Fuh-chau-fu is the chief tea-emporium in the province of Foh-Kien, and the amount of that commodity annually exported to Europe and America is enormous. The well-known and favorite Bohea tea (*woo e cha*) is cultivated upon hills—from which it derives its name—which lie about forty miles to the westward of Fuh-chau-fu. The first picking, which consists of the young green leaves of the shrub, takes place in April, and very little of this ever leaves the country. The second gathering is in June, and this growth is largely exported, as is also the third, necessarily of inferior quality, which is picked late in August. A fleet of the finest clipper-ships in the world almost simultaneously leave the pagoda anchorage for London early in June every year; and, as the first vessel that arrives at the port of destination receives one pound sterling per ton premium on her freight, a most exciting contest ensues between them. Only a few years ago, three "flyers," the Serica, Taeping, and Ariel, left Sharp Peak on the same day, parted company the next, and never saw each other again

until they reached the English Channel, up which they raced, almost abreast, to the Downs—a splendid termination to a race that extended over a distance of more than thirty thousand miles!

Only a small quantity of silk is exported from Fuh-chau ("fu" merely designates its rank as a city), the greater portion of this fabric being manufactured in the northern provinces. It is estimated that fifteen hundred worms yield their lives in producing one pound of silk, and a mulberry-tree, ten years old, will barely supply food for as many as will yield seven pounds. The principal imports are T. cloths, long-ells, woollen fabrics, lead, bird's-nests, and opium. The bird's-nests are brought from the Indian Archipelago, and are the product of a small, brown swallow (*Hirundo esculenta*), that congregates in large numbers about Croee, near the south end of Sumatra. As to the exact formation of these nests, naturalists differ; some supposing them to be the result of a glandular secretion, others averring that they are built of a peculiar kind of sea-weed. When cooked, they are very mucilaginous, and their nutritious virtues are held in such high esteem by the Chinese, that they have become a most important article of commerce. They weigh about half an ounce each, and resemble a small saucer in shape, with one side flattened, by which they adhere to the rocky sides of caverns. Their texture resembles that of isinglass or fine gum-dragon. When about to be used, they are soaked, then pulled to pieces; and, after being mixed with ginseng, are put into the body of a fowl, which is stewed all night with a sufficient quantity of water. When dissolved in broth, they impart to it a delicious flavor. The best kinds—such as are white and transparent, and of uniform and delicate texture—sell at eight thousand dollars a picul, or sixty dollars a pound.

The use of opium in Fuh-chau is excessive, and, despite the high duty exacted, large quantities are yearly imported from India, where, under a government monopoly, it is extensively cultivated. It is imported in a crude state, and the Chinese reboil it in copper skillets, reducing it to the consistency and color of tar, in which state it is ready for consumption. The opium-pipe is a hollow bamboo, shaped like a flute, having an ivory mouth-piece, and at the other end a small, silver globe, with a narrow perforation at the top. The smoker extends himself upon a couch, on which is placed a small lamp, the vessel containing the drug, and other paraphernalia. Dipping an instrument like a knitting-needle into the opium, he twists it in the viscous compound, until a portion about the size of a pea adheres to the end; he then holds this in the flame of the lamp until it swells into a diaphanous bladder, when he inserts it in the orifice of his pipe-bowl and inhales the odorous vapor it produces. About five whiffs finishes the charge, eight of which are sufficient to send the most experienced smoker into a comatose state, which is very delectable; but what feelings of utter wretchedness supervene, only those who, like myself, have been foolish enough to try it, can tell! Of the deleterious effects of this potent narcotic, I need not speak.

Specialties among the many *curios* to be found in the shops of Fuh-chau are the pretty ornamental pagodas and chessmen, carved out of soap-stone (*kuã shih chay*); and also bracelets, made of the seeds of *kin-kang-tang*, strung together.

The city appeared to me to be well governed, and foreigners could perambulate the streets without the slightest fear of being subjected to insult. The most common punishment for petty offenders is the *cangue*, a heavy, square frame of wood, through a hole in which the prisoner's head is thrust, and he is compelled to promenade the streets, bearing upon his shoulders this symbol of disgrace. *Choo keuë*, capital punishment, generally performed by beheading, is meted out to those convicted of high misdemeanors; but for treason and state offences the criminal is subjected to the penalty of *ling chu*, a slow and ignominious death, the victim being cut to pieces.

One of the strangest anomalies in the Flowery Kingdom is the matrimonial law, which, while it sanctions polygamy, and gives the children of concubines equal rights of inheritance with those of the first and of course the more legitimate wife, nevertheless, to a certain extent, discountenances the marriage of women who have lost their husbands by death. Young widows, who remain unmarried a second time, are called *tsing tsüë*, and, as a mark of honor, the emperor confers upon them a doorway, upon the lintel of which is written, "*Tsing-tsüë lau fang*."

Foreign residents in the East are always hospitable. The gentleman at whose house I stayed, during my brief sojourn in Fuh-chau, devoted himself most energetically to the task of showing me every

place and thing of interest in the city; and so pleased was I with the entertainment he provided for me that I was loath to leave when Captain Pitman called to take me aboard his ship. Of our passage down to Hong-Kong I shall not speak, for nothing worth recording occurred during it; I need only remark that, when I found myself once more upon the isle of "Fragrant Streams," I felt to the full how much I had enjoyed my trip up and down the east coast of China.

WALTER A. ROSE.

"THE DEVIL'S HOLE."

THE stream meanders many a mile,
By velvet meadow and rustic stile;
Past cottage-gable and village-spire,
And maids in holiday attire;
O'er shallow reaches of shining sand,
Where patient cattle lingering stand,
Pallidly gleaming beneath the moon,
Glowing like gold when the day is done.

But under the shade of a shaggy bank
Lieth a hollow, dark and dank.
Alders, fringing the other side,
See themselves in the sluggish tide.
Above rises the wooded hill,
Haunt of the owl and whippowill.
No eye has pierced to the depths below,
Where stealthy currents come and go;
But the pool has many a secret dread,
Many a tale of the early dead,
Who, plunging down in its shadows gray,
Returned no more to the light of day;
Many a shriek and gurgling moan,
Many a bleached and crumbling bone.

What mysteries more its shadows hold,
Never to mortal man were told;
But the stoutest diver shuns the leap,
And the swimmer turns with a wary sweep.
In the glare of noon, and the morning gray,
And the mellow flush of the dying day,
It lieth there like a guilty soul,
And rustics call it "The Devil's Hole."

Our life flows gayly and gladly on,
In the summer breeze and the summer sun;
But somewhere under a shaggy bank
Lieth a hollow, deep and dank,
Where the eddies wheel in a serpent-coil,
And the turbid waters ceaseless toil,
Striving to drag their helpless prey
Forever down from the light of day.
Sin and Sorrow and Shame are there,
With baleful visage and demon glare—
Strive, swimmer, strive for thy perilled soul;
None cometh out from "The Devil's Hole."

W. H. BARCOCK.

BORES AS ACHIEVERS.

TO be a bore is to be a social pariah. Perhaps there is nothing so proud and sensitive soul would not rather be; and yet only supreme egotism and self-love make a bore possible. Mortals of the artesian sort are hated alike by gods and men. Everybody dreads, everybody avoids them; and, from the very terror they inspire, they achieve results which the noble and generous would never seek to attain. A bore, though he is avoided as a pestilence, flourishes like a rank weed. Humanity flies from him, for it knows that to stand is to be overborne, and that to grapple is certain defeat. Upon his power of repulsion the bore calmly calculates, knowing that all he reaches must become his victims. He is the very devil-fish of society, as Hugo describes the monster, sparing nothing he can once

get within his grasp. He has his uses, no doubt, but, unlike the uses of adversity, he is not sweet. Nature must have created him in malignant mood to revenge herself upon the few for the shortcomings of the many. The whole world is his field; no temple so hallowed that he will not enter; no altar so sacred that he will not profane.

Bores are of all nations, omnipresent and immortal. When the Pyramids were building, Cheops must have been haunted and harried by bores, resolved upon giving him the benefit of their architectural ideas. Noah himself, if we are to receive the common account, was unquestionably annoyed by predictions of failure in his first attempt at navigation. We know how Romulus treated Remus for boring him about Rome, and we have always regretted that his fate has not proved a wholesome corrective to his class.

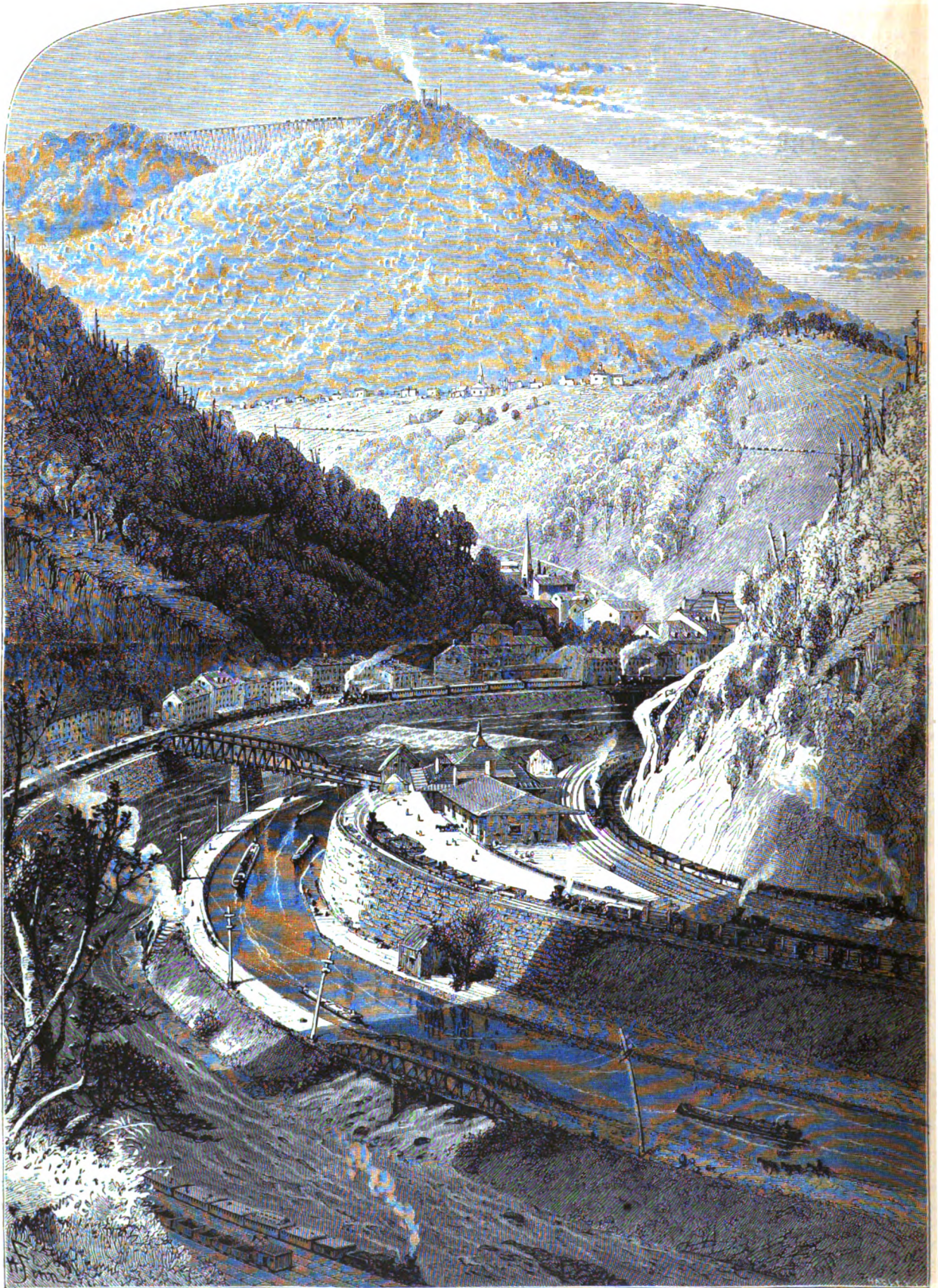
Bores, though of every variety, may be divided into two great species—the innocent and the designing. The former make rankling wounds, though seemingly slight ones, and add untold horror to daily life. They are the accursed of Fortune, and the mischief they do is incalculable. We leave them to the avenging deities, and content ourselves by grappling with the conscious offenders. It is these who defeat the ends of justice; turn good resolutions awry; drive the best intentions on dangerous rocks. Devoid of sensibility, principle, or conscience, they bring all their obnoxious presence and their entire energy of perforation to bear upon the objective point, usually a good-natured, kind-hearted man who regards the death of Narcissus as the most terrible of calamities. Rather than so suffer, he will consent to or perform any thing, holding that no law, human or divine, should compel a man to social crucifixion. Fortunately for the bores, it is as human to be bored as it is diabolical to bore. They understand that even demi-gods may be brought down to earth, and made to endure the agony of the meanest mortal, if once subjected to their process of martyrdom. They were the ancient augurs of pagan Rome, and they left an unlimited progeny.

Bores, insensible as they seem, have a clear insight into the mysteries of human nature, and select at a glance their predestined victims. They make demands which at first shock, and are then pronounced monstrous. But the demands are iterated in varying form day after day, until he who declared them impossible grants them to the fullest, and thanks Heaven devoutly for his final alleviation. There is hardly any thing under the sun a bore may not achieve. He goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, and he devours whom he seeks. Though worthless, disreputable, and notoriously dishonest, he compels the weak and worries the strong into recommending him to places of dignity and trust; into endorsing him as a gentleman of probity and character; into inviting him to a formal dinner or a confidential breakfast, and into lending him money, though they may have sworn upon all the evangels that to borrow of them was not in mortal power.

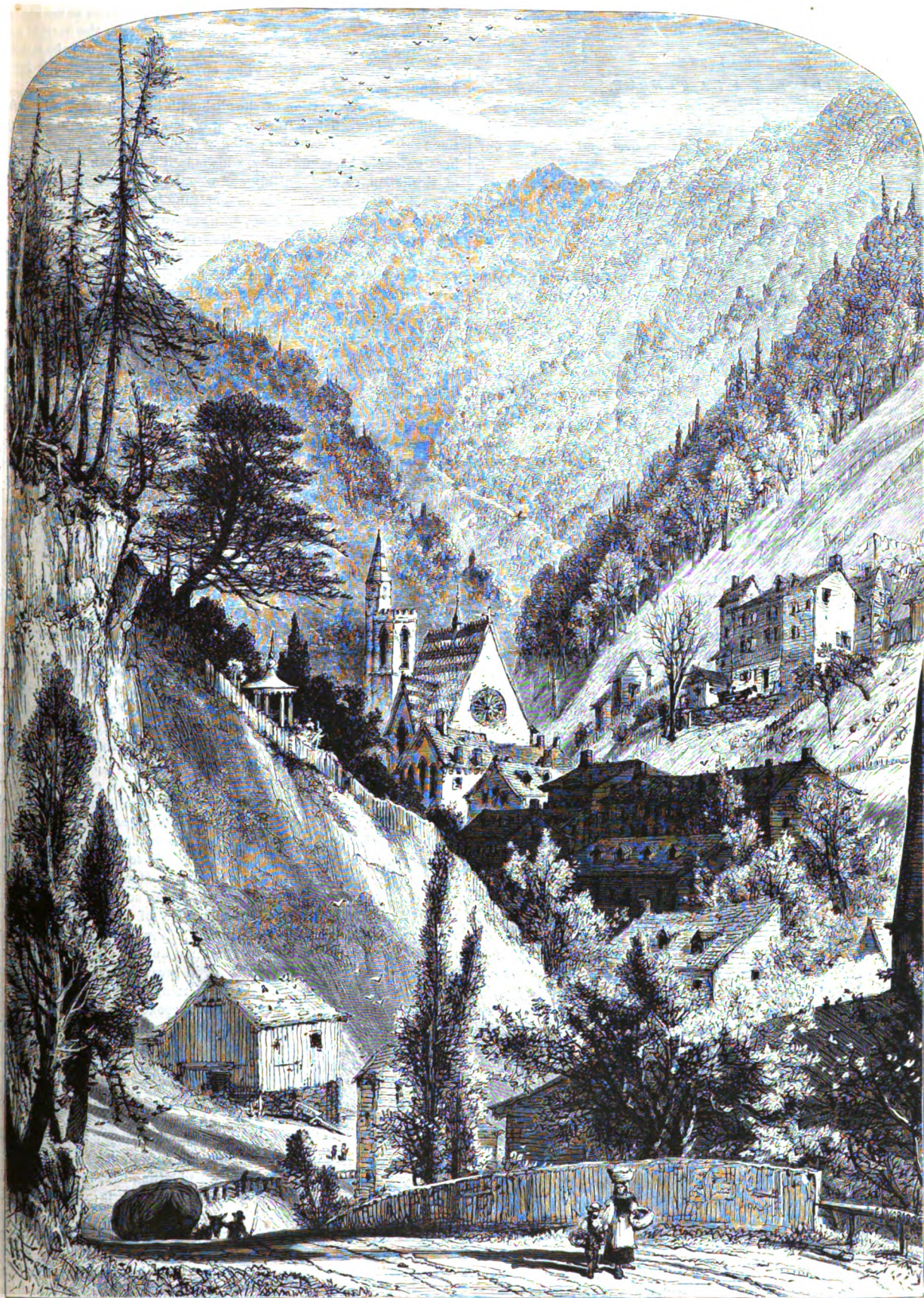
The bore makes improbabilities commonplace, and things deemed impossible of daily occurrence. With a sublime egotism which destroys all nicety of perception, he goes everywhere, calls on everybody, demands every thing. To fitness of time, place, or circumstance, he is absolutely obtuse; for he is absorbed by his purpose, and bent upon its fulfilment. He is heroic in his forgetfulness of the smallest and greatest proprieties; would be sentimental to a mathematician, and discuss the grandeur of the Infinite before the father of a starving family. He would seek to show the truth of Hobbes's reasoning to a country Calvinist of the deepest blue, and would suggest leap-frog as a post-prandial recreation if he sat at the right hand of the Czar of all the Russias. He is a miracle of impudence and pertinacity under circumstances the most adverse, and in the face of opposition the most obstinate. He makes it clear as Venus at midnight, that, to the creature who will be neither rebuked nor rebuffed, any object this side of the superhuman may be gained. He wraps himself in the panoply of stolidity and selfishness, and fights for the eternal Me to the bitter end.

When we find that men we have esteemed and honored have violated their best and truest nature, and given the lie to the lesson of their lives, let us be charitable, and believe that some invisible and invincible bore has wrought the wondrous change. He jests at scars who never felt a wound; and by him who has not been bored the finest tortures of existence can only be imagined. The doctrine of total depravity and original sin may have firm basis after all. The totally depraved are the bores, and the original sinners are the bored.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—MAUCH CHUNK AND MOUNT PISGAH.



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—MAUCH CHUNK FROM FOOT OF MOUNT PISGAH.

THE EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN AT HOME.

BY THE ROVING AMERICAN.

IV.

DINING A LA TURQUE.

THE mid-day *siesta*, which occupies the hours from twelve to two, and in which all but the laboring poor indulge—for it is one of the fixed institutions of the entire East—is over, and we rejoin our host.

He claps his hands, and obsequious slaves enter with small trays, on which are very small wineglasses, containing what seems to smell and taste like aniseed-cordial, only more fiery. This is *raki*, the fermented juice of the date, which is used as an appetizer, an equivalent for our ante-prandial bitters, and a very good substitute too.

Nebeet (wine) is prohibited by the Prophet—but this is not considered wine, though the stricter Mussulmans avoid all stimulating potions, with the exception of coffee.

With watering eyes and burning epigastrium, we await the further proceedings of our princely host, who smilingly observes:

"You know, my mode of dining, if not of living, is usually *à la franque*; but, as you naturally do not desire to dine at Cairo as you would at Paris or London, I have ordered this day's dinner to be served *à la turque*, and trust you may like it."

We smile approval, and express our thanks in the fittest words we can find for the thoughtful kindness which has led to a deviation from the prince's ordinary habits, solely for the pleasure of his guests; and the prince again claps his hands, when two sable Nubians enter, draw into the middle of the apartment one of the pearl inlaid *souffras* (stools), and arrange four cushions around it for seats. On these cushions, in imitation of our host, we all squat down in tailor-fashion, our legs tucked under us, intrepidly braving prospective cramps in our knee-joints, not supple, like those of Orientals, from long practice. We have not long to wait. A slave approaches with a graceful-looking ewer of silver in one hand, and a basin of the same material in the other, the bottom of the latter raised and perforated internally, while over his arm are hung the fleecy-looking towels known as Turkish even here.

Over the hands of each of us he pours the perfumed water, so that we may lave face and hands in the running stream—for no Oriental ever washes otherwise, nor takes the water his hands have already soiled to cleanse his face.

When we have finished this ceremony, and dried our hands on the spongy towels, the slave sprinkles a little perfume over them and retires, and the prelude to dining is over. Then enters another servant, the butler of this *ménage*, bearing small bowls of soup highly seasoned, which he places before each guest, with a quaint spoon whose handle is of pearl, and bowl of tortoise-shell.

Our host swallows his soup with as much noise as possible—this being an indication of relish, and considered quite the correct thing—while the strangers more silently absorb their portions. The bowls removed, the attendants—one of whom stands behind each guest—place before each person a small, round piece of bread, much resembling india-rubber in color and consistency, about the size of a breakfast-plate, and intended as a substitute for that article. We glance around for knife and fork, but none are visible—not even a Chinese chopstick; but glancing at our host, and observing that he rolls up his right sleeve high above the wrist, with Chinese imitateness we do likewise, only overdoing it by rolling up both.

No Oriental ever uses the left hand in conveying food to his own mouth, or in handing it to a neighbor. The left hand is considered unclean, and many a foreigner unconsciously insults a native by tendering him food or pipe with that obnoxious and interdicted member.

The opening dishes of the repast, which are placed separately and *à la carte* on the table, are provocatives to hunger, such as olives, caviare, and various native preparations, whose names and composition the cunning cooks who compound them alone could reveal. Suffice it to say that they are fearfully and wonderfully made, and either very sweet or sour. Colored drinks, pink, rose-colored, and green, of *orgeat*, strawberry, or other fruits, are then handed round, and imbibed with a hissing sound; and, the light skirmishing being now over, the serious action commences. And serious, indeed, it is, to dine with "a high Turk," or, indeed, with a less elevated one,

for their canons of politeness are no less burdensome than the number and variety of condiments the stranger is pressed and expected to consume. To refuse a dish is not etiquette, and not to eat heartily and with great apparent relish of each brings grief to the heart of your host, who plaintively reproaches you with it, and will only be satisfied with your stuffing yourself while any spare nook of space is left in your interior.

Carving your portion of the dish with his own fingers by deftly tearing off large flakes from breast of lamb, or dislocating with the same ready instrument leg or wing of poultry or game, your attentive host watching his opportunity, whisks into your open mouth a pellet of rice-pillau, or choice titbit, and would be astonished to know the effort it causes you to refrain from spitting it out again.

The cookery is really good, and the variety of dishes overpowering; while in sauces—that mystery to all Anglo-Saxon races—the Arab cook rivals, if he does not surpass, his great Gallic successors in the art of "making man happy" and "keeping him so." One *pièce de résistance*, frequently seen at formal dinners, is indeed worthy of that name. An attendant staggers in, bending under the weight of a sheep roasted whole—nothing but his wool removed. Placing him before the host, he then retires. The master of the house eyes his antagonist all over, as though meditating where to attack this motionless bulk; then hitching up his right sleeve a little higher, and grasping with his left hand one leg of the lamb, tears it apart, revealing no hollow void, or savory stuffing, but an entire turkey ensconced therein!

When the rage of hunger has been partly satiated by the lamb, the turkey is assailed in a similar manner, and, on his being torn apart, he, like Shakespeare's justice, is found to have his "fair round belly with good capon lined." Within the capon is stowed away a roasted pigeon, within the pigeon an egg, and inside of the egg is a ring, which is presented to the guest as a *souvenir* of the entertainment.

No less than a dozen dishes follow each other in rapid succession, until the pillau of rice crowns the solid portion of the repast; and then follows a succession of pastry, sweets, and fruits—with sherbets and colored drinks interspersed—until eyes, stomach, backbone, and knee-joints, ache in unison at the protracted *seance*.

Before commencing, the host says grace softly to himself. It is but a single word: "*Bismillah!*" (In the name of God!) and then, turning to the guests, he adds: "*Taffuddal!*" (Honor me by partaking). The host commences eating first, and the rest follow his example.

The guests, if natives, all actually eat out of the same dish, dipping their pieces of bread into the gravy, or doubling them up, and picking up fragments of the meat between them. When Europeans dine, each is served on his separate piece of bread, as though it were a plate. Frequent references to this Oriental habit of eating out of the same dish are to be found in the Scriptures, as where, in Matthew xxvi. 23, Christ and His Apostles are represented as so doing. The meats and poultry are so cooked as to facilitate this style of carving and eating; a favorite dish being *yaknu*, or stewed meat chopped up with vegetables; another, the famous *kebab*, so often mentioned in "The Arabian Nights"—simply morsels of mutton, roasted on skewers of sticks, and well peppered. Tender young vine-leaves, containing rice and meat chopped up fine and highly seasoned, make a most appetizing dish. Vegetables, in great variety, are also given. Boned poultry is common. As in Germany, sweet dishes are often mixed with the meats, and even the two cooked together.

The slaves stand behind the guests while eating, each holding in his hand a *goolah*, or porous earthen jar, of Nile-water, or a bowl of *khoosaf* (water with raisins boiled in it) sweetened, with which they supply the small bowls which serve for glasses.

As soon as each person has finished eating, without waiting for the others, he mutters his grace after meat—"Elham doo-lillah!" (God be praised!)—rises up, washes his hands and mouth, as before—the slave pouring out the water for him—and retires to a divan.

Each time a person drinks, the friend sitting next him says: "*He-nican!*" (May it benefit!) to which the reply is: "*Allah Yoh-neak!*" (God benefit thee!)

When sherbet is handed round, it is served in gilt glass cups placed on a round waiter, and covered over with a piece of scarlet silk, stiff with embroidery. The servant who bears the tray has hanging from his arm a long, narrow, damask napkin, with a golden fringe and a silken border, used for wiping the lips after drinking. The guests then adjourn to the divans; pipes and coffee are brought in; the tray and the relics of the feast are taken away, and all enjoy post-

prandial *keff*, or ease, smoking the pipe of contentment on the divan of repose—the only sounds which break the silence being the slumberous murmur of the *nargile*, or water-pipe—for there is little if any conversation. Your high-bred Oriental is not a loquacious animal—deeming much talk undignified and womanish; and, having very little to say to strangers, he says it—trusting to food, pipes, and coffee, to fill up the void.

Indeed, after eating, as he is a heavy feeder, he is apt to be somnolent, leans back well on the cushions of his divan, and slowly inhales deep draughts of *tumbak*—the Persian weed—from his bubbling water-pipe, until its long, snake-like coil slips from his relaxing grasp, and the stately head droops upon his silken vest in soothing slumbers.

When he awakens, you take your cue gracefully to ask his permission to retire. He urges your longer stay—at least you must take a final *chibouque* and a parting cup of coffee. It is not etiquette to refuse, so you smoke and sip—then rise again. Again he presses you to remain. But now you are positive—you must go! Then ensues a trial of courtesy between host and guest. Salutations when you rise up; salutations at the door of the apartment; at the head of the stairway; at the foot of the stairway; your host accompanying you—and, as the door closes, all performed without exaggeration and with a polish and an ease of manner which no Parisian could surpass.

THE FAMOUS DEAD OF 1870.

ABERDEEN, GEORGE HAMILTON GORDON, Earl of (Scottish earl), Viscount Gordon, lost at sea in August, in voyage to Australia, aged 29.

ALDEN, Colonel Bradford R., U. S. A., a distinguished army officer, almost forty years in the service, died at Newport, R. I., September 10, aged 60.

ANDERSON, Dr. Alexander, the father and pioneer of wood-engraving in the United States, died in Jersey City, N. J., January 18, aged 95.

ANSCHÜTZ, Karl, a musical director and composer, born in Germany, and conducted operas, orchestras, and concerts, in Germany, Holland, Great Britain, and United States, died in New-York City, December 30, aged 58.

ASHMUN, George, a Massachusetts lawyer, orator, and politician, M. C. from 1845-'51, died in Springfield, July 17, aged 66.

LUCKLAND, Robert John Eden, third Lord, Bishop of Sodor and Man, 1847-'54, Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1854-'69, died April 25, aged 71.

BACON, Hon. Ezekiel, oldest graduate of Yale College (class of 1794), died in Utica, N. Y., October 18, aged 94.

BAILEY, Samuel, English metaphysician, politico-economist, and banker, died in Sheffield, Eng., January 18, aged 82.

BAIRDWIN, Rev. Theron, D. D., Congregational clergyman and author, Secretary Western-College Society, died in Orange, N. J., April 10, aged about 45.

BALFE, Michael W., a musical composer and vocalist, author of "The Bohemian Girl," died in Dublin, October 20, aged 62.

BARNES, Rev. Albert, D. D., a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman and author, whose commentaries on the Bible have reached an immense circulation, died in Philadelphia, December 24, aged 72.

BARRY, John S., a native of Vermont, Governor of Michigan, 1850-'52, State Senator, 1834-'38, 1840-'42, died in Constantine, Mich., January 15, aged 68.

BARTLEY, Mordecai, an active Ohio politician, M. C., 1823-'31, Governor of Ohio, 1844-'46, died in Mansfield, October 10, aged 84.

BASINI, Carlo, an eminent musical composer and teacher of music in New York and Brooklyn, died in Irvington, N. J., Nov. 26, aged 58.

BEDFORD, Gunning S., M. D., physician, professor, and medical writer, died in New-York City, September 5, aged 64.

BELL, Joshua F., a Kentucky politician, M. C., 1845-'47, member of the Peace Convention of 1861, died in Kentucky, August 17.

BERRI, Marie Caroline Ferdinande Louise de Bourbon, Duchess de, mother of the Count Henri de Chambord, the legitimate claimant of the French throne, died at Brunsee Castle, Styria, April, aged 72.

BÉRIOT, Charles Auguste de, a celebrated Belgian violinist, professor, and composer, died in Brussels, April 12, aged 68.

BLAKE, Hon. William Hume, LL. D., an eminent Canadian jurist, Chancellor of Canada till 1862, professor of the Law University of Toronto, died November 15.

BONALD, Louis Jacques Maurice de, Cardinal, Archbishop of Lyons, Senator of France, born at Milhau, October, 1787, Bishop of Chartres, 1817, of Puy, 1823, Archbishop of Lyons, 1839, Cardinal, 1841, Senator, 1852, died at Lyons, February 26, aged 82.

BONAPARTE, Jerome Napoleon (Patterson), son of Jerome Bonaparte, died in Baltimore, aged 65.

BOURBON, Enrique Marie Ferdinand, Prince of, brother of the ex-king consort, and cousin of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, born 1823, killed in a duel by the Duc de Montpensier, near Madrid, March 12, aged 47.

BRESEE, Rear-Admiral Samuel L., U. S. N., a naval officer, sixty years in the service, actively engaged in the War of 1812 and Mexican War, Rear-Admiral in 1862, on the retired-list since 1867, died near Philadelphia, December 17, aged 76.

BROGLIE, Achille Charles Leonce Victor, Duc de, a French statesman, born November, 1785, Cabinet Minister, 1830-'36, died in Paris, January 27, aged 84.

BROCKWAY, John H., lawyer and politician of Connecticut, State Senator, 1834, M. C., 1839-'43, died in Ellington, Conn., July 29, aged 70.

BROOKS, William T. H., Maj.-Gen. Vols., a graduate of West Point in 1841, an officer of merit in Florida, Mexican, and late Wars, died at Huntsville, Ala., July 19, aged 50.

BROUGH, William, an English comedian and humorist, dramatic writer, died in England, March 13, aged 48.

BRYAN, Thomas Jefferson, a liberal art-connoisseur, the giver of a gallery of paintings to the New-York Historical Society, died at sea between Havre and New York, May 14.

BURLINGAME, Anson, LL. D., statesman and diplomatist, born in New Berlin, N. Y., November, 1822, M. C., from Massachusetts, 1855-'61, Minister to Austria and China, 1861-'67, Ambassador, China, 1867-'70, died at St. Petersburg, February 23, aged 48.

BURNET, David G., born in New Jersey in 1790, engaged in South American and Texas Revolutions, President of Texas, elected U. S. Senator from Texas, died in Galveston, Texas, December, aged 80.

CARTER, John C., Commodore U. S. N., forty-five years in service, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., November 24, aged 65.

CHALMERS, Rev. Peter, D. D., clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland, an antiquarian author, died at Dunfermline, April 12.

CHAMPLIN, Stephen, Commodore U. S. N., the last survivor of the commanding officers of the battle of Lake Erie, died in Buffalo, February 20, aged 80.

CHASE, Rt. Rev. Carlton, D. D., Episcopal Bishop of New Hampshire, born February, 1794, educated at Dartmouth College, graduated class of 1820, Rector at Bellows Falls, Bishop, 1844-'69, died at Claremont, N. H., January 18, aged 76.

CHAUVENET, William, Ph. D., an eminent mathematician, astronomer, author, and professor, of St. Louis, died at St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 13.

CHICHESTER, Rt. Rev. Ashurst Turner Gilbert, D. D., Bishop of an Anglican clergyman and prelate, formerly Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, died at Chichester, February 22, aged 84.

CLARENDON, Rt. Hon. G. W. F. Villiers, Earl of, K. G., G. C. B., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, died in London, June 26, aged 70.

CLARK, Sir James, M. D., an English physician and author, Physician to the Queen, died in London, June 30, aged 82.

COLES, Captain Cowper Phipps, R. N., inventor of the shields for protecting armored ships, lost on the Captain in the Bay of Biscay, September 7, aged 51.

CONY, Samuel, Governor of Maine, 1865-'67, a prominent politician, died in Augusta, October 5.

COPLAND, James, M. D., an eminent physician and medical writer, author of "Dictionary of Medicine and Pathology," died in London, July 15, aged 77.

COSTELLO, Miss Louisa Stuart, artist and author, of Irish birth, died at Boulogne, April 24, aged 71.

CRAIK, Rev. James, D. D., a clergyman of the Scottish Kirk, and an active educator, died in Glasgow, August 20, aged 68.

CRAMER, John, presidential elector of Thomas Jefferson in 1805, State Senator, 1823-'25, M. C., 1835-'37, died at Waterford, N. Y., June 1, aged 91.

CRESWICK, Thomas, an English painter, born in Sheffield, 1811, exhibited pictures in 1828, A. R. A., 1842, R. A., 1851.

CULLEN, Edward, M. R. C. S., Irish physicist, geographer, traveller, and author, died at Clontarf, Dublin, September 10, aged 51.

CUTLER, Elbridge Jefferson, professor of modern languages in Harvard College, literary critic and poet, died in Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 27.

CUTTING, Francis Brockholst, an eminent lawyer, M. C. from 1853-'55, died in New-York City, June 26, aged 65.

DAHLGREN, Rear-Admiral John A., U. S. N., forty-four years in service, died at Washington, D. C., July 12, aged 60.

DALE, Rev. Thomas, Canon of St. Paul's, poet, author, clergyman, and professor, died in London, May 15, aged 73.

DAWSON, John L., Democratic politician, M. C., 1851-'55 and 1863-'67, died in Fayette Co., Pa., September 18.

DEAN, Gilbert, a politician and jurist, M. C., 1851-'53, Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, 1853-'61, died in Poughkeepsie.

DEMIDOFF, Prince Anatole, a wealthy Russian nobleman and author, died in Paris, April 30, aged 58.

DICKENS, Charles, author and novelist, died at Gad's Hill, near Rochester, Kent, January 9, aged 58.

DUDLEY, Benjamin Winslow, M. D., LL. D., professor and author, most successful lithotomist in the profession, died in Lexington, Ky., January 20, aged 85.

DUMAS, Alexandre, a French author, the most prolific of modern novelists and dramatists, died at Dieppe, France, December 9, aged 67.

DURKEE, Charles, a statesman, born in Royalton, Vt., 1807, settled in Wisconsin, was a member of the Legislature from 1837-'38, M. C., 1851-'55, U. S. Senator, 1855-'61, Governor of Utah, 1865-'70, died in Omaha, January 14, aged 63.

ELLIOT, Thomas D., Massachusetts statesman, M. C. for six terms, died at New Bedford, June 12, aged 62.

ELTON, Rev. Romeo, D. D., LL. D., a Baptist clergyman, professor, antiquarian, and author, graduated B. U., 1813, died in Boston, February 5, aged about 80.

EVANS, Sir George De Laey, G. C. B., a British general, born in Ireland, 1787, actively engaged in American, Peninsular, Indian, and Crimean Wars, M. P. thirty years, died in London, Jan. 9, aged 83.

EWBANK, Thomas, C. E., an eminent engineer and writer on mechanical topics, English birth, died in New-York City, Sept. 16, aged 79.

FALCON, Marshal Juan Crisostome, President of Venezuela, 1865-'68, died in Martinique in May.

FARNUM, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Joseph Egbert, Col. 70th Reg't, N. Y. Vols., a gallant soldier in both the late and Mexican Wars, died in New York, May 16, aged 46.

FARRAGUT, Admiral David Glascoe, U. S. N., the grandest hero of our naval record, died in Portsmouth, N. H., August 14, aged 69.

FARRAR, Mrs. Eliza W., an American author, widow of Professor Farrar, died in Springfield, Mass., April 22, aged 78.

- FIELD, Richard Stockton, U. S. Dist. Judge, N. J., 1863-'70, U. S. Senator, died in Princeton, N. J., May 25.
- FLAHAULT DE BILLARDIERE, August Charles Joseph, Comte, a French general under Napoleon I., diplomatist and senator, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, died in Paris, April 24, aged 85.
- FRENCH, Benjamin B., native of New Hampshire, but resident of Washington, D. C., since 1840, clerk House of Representatives, 1845-'47, Commissioner Public Buildings, 1847-'70, died in Washington, D. C., August 12, aged 70.
- FROTHINGHAM, Rev. Nathaniel Langdon, D. D., Unitarian clergyman and author, died in Boston, April 4, aged 77.
- GARDNER, Commodore William H., U. S. N., a naval officer fifty-six years in the service, on retired list since 1862, light-house inspector, died in Philadelphia, December 19, aged 70.
- GOLSON, William S., an Ohio jurist, Judge of Superior Court of Cincinnati, and Supreme Court of Ohio, died in Cincinnati, September 21.
- GOGGIN, William L., member of Virginia State Legislature, 1836, M. C., 1839-'45, and 1847-'49, died in Richmond, January 5.
- GOICOURIA, Gen. Domingo de, Cuban revolutionary leader for twenty-five years past, garrotted at Havana, May 7.
- GRANT, Rt. Rev. Thomas, R. C. Bishop of Southwark, London, died in that city, May 31.
- GREEN, James S., politician, born in Fauquier County, Va., removed to Missouri, 1837, member Constitutional Convention, Missouri, 1845; M. C., 1847-'51, minister to New Granada, 1853-'56, U. S. Senator, 1857-'61, died in St. Louis, January 19, aged 53.
- GREY, Gen., the Hon. Charles, private secretary to Queen Victoria, 1849-'70, one of the keepers of the privy purse, 1866-'70, and editor of the queen's books, died at Windsor, March 31, aged 66.
- GRIER, Robert Cooper, jurist, Associate Justice Supreme Court U. S., 1846-'70, died in Philadelphia, September 25, aged 76.
- HARDENBURGH, Rev. James B., D. D., a clergyman of the Reformed (Dutch) Church, and an author, graduated at Union College in 1821, died in New-York City, January 22, aged 70.
- HARPER, Joseph Wesley, publisher, third brother of the firm of Harper & Brothers, died in Brooklyn, February 14, aged 69.
- HARRO-HARRING, Paul, a Danish exile, adventurer, poet, novelist, etc., committed suicide in Isle of Jersey, May 15.
- HAWLEY, Gideon, scholar and philanthropist, regent of the Smithsonian Institute, died in Albany, August 20, aged 85.
- HAZARD, Samuel, publisher, historian, and editor, died at Germantown, Pa., May 22.
- HEATON, David, M. C. from North Carolina in XLth and XLth Congress, died in Washington, D. C., June 25.
- HERTFORD, Richard Seymour Conway, fourth Marquis of, an English nobleman of immense wealth, a connoisseur in art, died in England in August, aged 70.
- HERTZEN, Alexander, a Russian exile, revolutionist, and editor of the *Kolokol*, died in Paris, January 21, aged 54.
- HINMAN, Joel, LL. D., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, 1861-'70, died in Cheshire, Conn., February 21, aged 68.
- HITCHCOCK, Maj.-Gen. Ethan Allen, U. S. V., Commissioner of Exchange of Prisoners, and author, died in Hancock, Ga., August 5, aged 73.
- HOAG, Truman H., M. C. from Xth (Toledo) Ohio Dist. in XLth Congress, 1869-'70, died at Washington, D. C., February 5.
- HOLLAND, Dr. Cornelius, a distinguished citizen of Maine, Member of the Constitutional Convention of 1819, M. C., 1831-'33, and many times a member of the State Senate and Assembly, died at Lewiston, Me., June 3, aged 88.
- HOPKINS, Benjamin F., born Washington County, N. Y., 1829; removed to Wisconsin; Governor's Secretary, member Wisconsin Legislature and Senate, M. C., 1867-'70; died at Madison, Wis., January 3, aged 40.
- HUTTON, Abraham B., LL. D., an excellent teacher and philanthropist, forty-eight years connected with and forty years President Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Asylum, died at Stuyvesant's Landing, N. Y., July 18, aged 71.
- HUYLER, John, politician and jurist, born in New-York City 1808, removed to New Jersey, 1846; member New-Jersey Legislature, 1850-'54; Speaker of New-Jersey Legislature, 1853-'54; Judge, Court of Appeals, 1854-'57; M. C., 1857-'59; died at Hackensack, N. J., January 9, aged 61.
- IRVING, Hon. Thomas, Judge of the U. S. District Court for Western Pennsylvania, died in Pittsburgh, May 13.
- JACOBSON, Rev. John Christian, D. D., a Bishop of the Moravian Church, long active and useful, died at Bethlehem, Pa., Nov. 24, aged 75.
- JOURDAN, John, Superintendent New-York City Police, died in New-York City, October 16, aged 43.
- KELLOGG, Mortimer, a chief-engineer U. S. N., entered service February 1852, killed in rencontre at Key West, Fla., November 16.
- KEMPER, Rt. Rev. Jackson, D. D., LL. D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Diocese of Wisconsin, and author, died at Milwaukee, Wis., May 24, aged 81.
- KENNEDY, John Pendleton, author, historian, M. C., Secretary of Navy, etc., died at Newport, R. I., August 18, aged 75.
- KING, Austin A., an eloquent lawyer and politician, Governor of Missouri 1849-'53, M. C., 1863-'65, died in St. Louis, April 22, aged 69.
- KINGSLEY, Rt. Rev. Calvin, D. D., Bishop of Methodist Episcopal Church since 1869; born in Oneida County, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1812, editor, author, and bishop; died at Beirut, Syria, April 6, aged 58.
- KINGSBURY, Rev. Cyrus, D. D., Presbyterian clergyman, missionary for nearly fifty years among the Creeks and Choctaws, died in the Indian Territory, June 27, aged 77.
- KUNTZE, Edward J., a sculptor born in Pomerania in 1826, emigrated to U. S., 1852, died in New-York City, April 10, aged 44.
- LA MOUNTAIN, John, a daring and usually successful aeronaut, died at South Bend, Ind., February 14.
- LAUNITZ, Robert E., a celebrated sculptor, of Russian birth, but forty years in this country, died in New-York City, Dec. 12, aged 64.
- LAWESTINE, Alexander Charles Anatole Alexis, Marquis de, a French general and senator, a grandson of Madame de Genlis, commander of the National Guard, died in Paris, May 1, aged 85.
- LEE, Robert Edward, LL. D., the late General-in-Chief of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, President of Washington College, Lexington, Va., since 1866, died at Lexington, Va., Oct. 12, aged 64.
- LEFTWICH, Dr. John W., a prominent citizen of Memphis, Tenn., mayor, President Chamber of Commerce, M. C., 1865-'67, died at Lynchburg, Va., in June, aged 44.
- LEMON, Mark, an English humorist and reformer, editor of *Punch*, and author, died in London, May 23, aged 61.
- LEOPOLD II., Jean Joseph Ferdinand Charles, Grand-duke of Tuscany from 1824 to 1859, when Tuscany became a part of the kingdom of Italy, died at Rome, January 29, aged 72.
- LONGSTREET, Augustus Baldwin, LL. D., an eminent jurist, clergyman, and author, president in succession of four Southern universities, died at Oxford, Miss., September 6, aged 80.
- LOPEZ, Francisco Solano, President or Dictator of Paraguay, 1862-'70, killed in battle near the Aquedavan River, March 1, aged 43.
- LORD, Rev. Nathan, D. D., LL. D., a Congregational clergyman and author, President Dartmouth College, 1829-'63, died at Hanover, N. H., September 9, aged 78.
- LUDLOW, Fitz-Ilugh, an American magazine writer and author, died in Geneva, Switzerland, September 13, aged 34.
- MATTEI, Marius, a Roman Catholic prelate, raised to the cardinalate in 1832; Bishop of Frascati, 1844; of Porto, 1854; and of Ostra and Velletri, 1860; Dean of the Sacred College, Arch-priest of the Basilica of the Vatican, and President of the College of Cardinals; died in Rome, October 8, aged 78.
- MCCLEINTOCK, John, D. D., LL. D., a Methodist clergyman, professor, and author, professor in Dickinson College, 1835-'48; Editor *Methodist Quarterly*, 1848-'56; pastor New-York City, 1857-'59; minister American Chapel, Paris, 1860-'65; President Drew Theological Seminary, 1867-'70; author "Theological and Biblical Cyclopædia," etc.; died at Madison, N. J., March 4, aged 56.
- MACLISE, Daniel, R. A., an eminent British historical painter, born in Cork, 1811, a member of the Royal Academy since 1840, died in London, April 26, aged 59.
- MAHAN, Rev. Milo, D. D., an Episcopal clergyman, professor, and author, died in Baltimore, Md., September 4.
- MARTIN, Robert M., a Maryland jurist, M. C., 1825-'27; Chief-Justice Western Circuit, Md., 1845-'51; Judge Superior Court, Baltimore, 1856-'67; Professor of Law, University of Maryland, 1867-'70; died at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., July 20, aged 72.
- MATTHEWS, Rev. James M., D. D., a clergyman of the Reformed (Dutch) Church, Professor in and Chancellor of the University of the city of New York, from 1831 to 1839, died in New York, Jan. 28, aged 55.
- MEADE, Commodore Richard W., U. S. N., a distinguished naval officer, born in Madrid, Spain, in 1810; a brother of Maj.-Gen. Meade; 44 years in the navy; died in New-York City, April 16, aged 60.
- MÉRIMÉE, Prosper, a French Academician, cabinet officer in 1830, antiquarian, novelist, and dramatist, died in France, October 8, aged 67.
- MILLER, Lieut.-Col. and Brevet Brig.-Gen. Morris S., U. S. A., an army officer, graduated at West Point, 1834, in active service in Florida and Mexican Wars, quartermaster at Washington during late war, died in New Orleans, March 11, aged 56.
- MONTALEMBERT, Charles Forbes de Tyson, Count de, a French publicist, political leader, and author, born in London, May, 1810, an ultramontanist in religion, but a republican in politics, died in Paris, May 12, aged 60.
- MONTGOMERY, William, an active politician of Pennsylvania, M. C., 1856-'60, died near Washington, Pa., April 28, aged 51.
- MOORE, George Henry, M. P., an Irish patriot and orator, born in County Mayo in 1811, educated at Cambridge, M. P., 1847-'57 and 1868-'70, died in London, April 20, aged 59.
- MOWER, Joseph A., Brevet Maj.-Gen. and Col. Thirty-ninth Infantry, U. S. A., commander Department of Louisiana since January, 1869, entered the army as a private in 1846, promoted to a captaincy, 1861, commanded Twentieth Army Corps in 1865, died at New Orleans, January 6, aged 45.
- NADAL, Rev. Bernard H., D. D., LL. D., a Methodist clergyman, author, and professor in Drew Theological Seminary, died in Madison, N. J., June 20, aged 54.
- NIEPCE DE ST-VICTOR, Claude Marie François, a French soldier and chemist, nephew of Nicéphore Niepce, the associate of Daguerre, and himself the discoverer of important processes in photography, a member of the French Academy, died in Paris in April, aged 65.
- NORTON, Daniel S., a Western politician, a native of Ohio, member of Minnesota Senate, 1857-'65; U. S. Senator from Minnesota; died in Washington, D. C., May 14, aged 41.
- OLINDA, Pedro de Aranja, an eminent Brazilian statesman, late premier, died in Rio Janeiro, June 7, aged 80.
- OLMSTEAD, Rev. James Munson, D. D., a Presbyterian clergyman, geologist, and author, died in Philadelphia, October 16, aged 76.
- PABST, Hermann, Ph. D., a German historical writer, an adjutant in the Franco-German War, killed at Mars-la-Tour, France, August 16.
- PACKER, William F., a political leader of Pennsylvania, Governor of Pennsylvania, 1857-'60, and forty years connected with public affairs, died at Williamsport, Pa., September 27, aged 63.
- PAUL, José Jesus, a Venezuelan cabinet officer, political leader, and minister to the U. S., died at Washington, D. C., March 7, aged 45.
- PENNINGTON, Rev. J. W. C., D. D., a colored Presbyterian clergyman, born a slave, self-educated, received D. D. from Heidelberg University, Germany, died at Jacksonville, Fla., October 22, aged 70.
- PILAT, Ignatz A., a native of Austria, a landscape-gardener and architect, chief landscape-gardener to the Central Park for some years past, died in New-York City, September 16, aged 52.
- PLACIDE, Henry, a distinguished actor, born in South Carolina in 1799, appeared on the stage first in 1803, admirable in dignified parts, died in Babylon, L. I., January 23, aged 70.
- POLLOCK, Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick, Bart., an English jurist, king's coun-

- sel, 1827; M. P., 1831-'44; Attorney-General, 1834-'37 and 1841-'44; Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, 1844-'66; baronet, 1866; died in London, August 23, aged 87.
- POPE, Charles A., M. D., an eminent surgeon and professor of surgery in St. Louis, died in Paris, Mo., July 6, aged 52.
- PRENTICE, George Denison, a journalist and poet, born in Connecticut, December, 1802, graduated from Brown University, 1823, editor *Connecticut Mirror*, 1825; *New-England Weekly Review*, 1828-'30; *Louisville Journal*, 1830-'69; author of several volumes of humor; died in Louisville, Ky., January 22, aged 67.
- PRESSLY, Rev. John T., D. D., a clergyman of the United Presbyterian Church, and Professor Systematic Theology in Alleghany U. P. Theological Seminary, died in Alleghany, Pa., August 13, aged 67.
- PRÉVOST-PARADOL, Lucien Anatole, a French republican, academician, author, and editor, French minister to the United States, died by suicide at Washington, D. C., July 20, aged 41.
- PRICE, James B., an English landscape-painter and Vice-President for many years of the Society of British Artists, died near London, July 24, aged 70.
- PRICE, Thomas L., M. C. from Missouri, 1861-'63, member Chicago Convention, 1864, and of Philadelphia National Convention of 1866, died in Lexington, Mo., July 15.
- PRIM, Don Juan, Count de Reus, Marquis de los Castillejos, Marshal Duke de Tetuan, Captain-General of the Spanish Armies, and Regent of Spain, born at Reus, in the province of Catalonia, Spain, assassinated in Madrid, December 28, aged 66.
- PROUDFIT, Rev. John, D. D., a Presbyterian clergyman of New-York City, professor in Rutgers' College, New Brunswick, N. J., for twenty years, died in New York City, March 9, aged 70.
- PYNE, James B., an English landscape-painter and Vice-President for many years of the Society of British Artists, died near London, July 24, aged 70.
- RADFORD, William, a political leader, M. C. from Westchester County, N. Y., 1863-'65 and 1867-'69, died at Youkers, N. Y., January 18, aged 57.
- RATAZZI, Madame Marie Studolmine de Solms, *née* Bonaparte-Wyse, a brilliant woman, granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, an author of considerable merit, and a journalist, married, in 1863, to Urbano Ratazzi, in 1862 Premier of the Kingdom of Italy, died in Florence, July 27, aged 40.
- RAY, Dr. James H., an able journalist, editor successively of the *Chicago Tribune* and *Post*, died in Chicago, September 24.
- REDDING, Cyrus, an English journalist, compiler, and author, the Nestor of the press, died in London, June 1, aged 85.
- REED, Rev. David, a Unitarian clergyman and journalist, founder and forty years proprietor of the *Christian Register*, died in Boston, June 6, aged 79.
- RIDGEWAY, Robert, a journalist, M. C. in Forty-first Congress from Fifth Virginia District, died in Amherst County, Va., October 17.
- RIPLEY, Brevet Major and Brig.-General James W., U. S. A., graduated at West Point, 1814, Chief of Ordnance Department, died in Hartford, Conn., March 5, aged 76.
- RISLEY, Gen. Elijah, a prominent citizen of Fredonia, N. Y., born in Connecticut in 1787, but sixty-two years a resident of Fredonia, M. C., 1849-'51, died at Fredonia, N. Y., January 9, aged 83.
- RITCHIE, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, *née* Ogden, an American actress and authoress, of high character and ability, died near London, England, July 26, aged 49.
- RITOHK, Robert, Commodore U. S. N., fifty-six years in service, commodore on retired list in 1867, died in Philadelphia, July 6, aged 70.
- ROBINSON, Mrs. Thérèse A. L. von Jacob, widow of the late Professor Edward Robinson, and an authoress of decided ability both in fiction and history, died in Hamburg, Germany, April 13, aged 73.
- ROTHSCHILD, Baron Nathaniel, third son of Baron Nathan Meyer, one of the partners of the Rothschild banking-house, died in Paris, February 19, aged 58.
- RUSSELL, Abraham D., a New-York jurist, of Jewish birth, City Judge of New-York City, 1857-'69, died in N.-Y. City, April 26, aged 53.
- SALM-SALM, Prince Felix von, an Austrian prince, identified with the American War of 1861-'65, on Maximilian's staff in 1865-'66, an author of some note, killed at the battle of Gravelotte, France, August 18, aged 42.
- SALNAVE, Sylvain, a Haytian general, President of Hayti in 1866-'69, born at Cape Haytien in 1827, executed at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, January 15, aged 43.
- SAXONY, Amelia Maria Friedrich Augusta, Duchess of, sister of Wilhelm I., King of Prussia, a dramatic writer of much ability, and a musical composer; her dramas were published under the name of Amelia Heitar; died at Dresden, Saxony, September 18, aged 76.
- SAYRE, David A., a philanthropic banker of Kentucky, who had given over five hundred thousand dollars to benevolent objects, died at Lexington, Ky., in September, aged 77.
- SHAEFFER, Brig.-Gen. J. Wilson, an officer of U. S. V. on the staff during the war, Gov. of Utah, 1870, died at Salt-Lake City, Oct. 31.
- SEYMOUR, Sir George Francis, G. C. B., G. C. H., Admiral of the Fleet, born 1787, wounded 1806, captain 1809, Lord of the Admiralty, Commander-in-chief of Squadron, etc., died in London, January 21, aged 83.
- SIMMS, William Gilmore, LL. D., an American poet and novelist of great merit, died in Charleston, S. C., June 11, aged 64.
- SIMPSON, Sir James Young, M. D., D. C. L., a Scottish physician, professor, author, and discoverer of the anæsthetic properties of chloroform in obstetrics, died in Edinburgh, May 7, aged 59.
- SINGH, Rajah Sir Deo Narain, K. C. S. I., a Hindoo nobleman, of great scientific culture, integrity, and liberality, died at Benares, India, August 28.
- SOUBLETTE, Carlos, a Venezuelan statesman and diplomatist, Secretary of War, State, Foreign Affairs, and Finance, President of Venezuela, 1842-'46, ambassador subsequently to England, France, and Spain, died at Caracas, Venezuela, February 12.
- SOULÉ, Pierre, a Louisiana jurist, diplomatist, etc., a native of France, United States Senator, 1847-'53; minister to Spain, 1853-'55; commissioner of the Southern Confederacy, 1861-'62; exile, 1862-'68, died in New Orleans, March 26, aged 69.
- STARBUCK, Calvin W., an enterprising newspaper publisher, founder and proprietor of the *Cincinnati Times*, 1841-'70, died in Cincinnati, November 15.
- STODDART, John T., a prominent citizen of Maryland, M. C., 1833-'35, died in Charles County, Md., July 19, aged 80.
- STOEVEK, Martin Luther, Ph. D., LL. D., a professor in Gettysburg College, Pa., editor, author, and philanthropist, died in Philadelphia, July 22, aged 50.
- STONE, Rev. Collins, an eminent scholar and writer, connected with the American Asylum for Deaf and Dumb, as teacher, from 1833 to 1852; Principal of Ohio Institution for Deaf and Dumb, 1852-'63; Principal American Asylum for Deaf and Dumb, Hartford, 1863-'70; killed by railroad collision at Hartford, December 23, aged 58.
- STRUBE, Gustav, a German revolutionist and author, died in London in August, aged 65.
- SYME, James M., R. C. S., Edinburgh, a Scottish surgeon, author, and for thirty-nine years professor of surgery in London and Edinburgh, died in Edinburgh, June 26, aged 70.
- TENTERDEN, John Henry Abbott, second Baron, an English Conservative peer, son of Chief-Justice Tenterden, died in London, April 13, aged 74.
- THOMAS, Maj.-Gen. George H., U. S. A., a native of Virginia, one of the ablest of the Union generals of the war of 1861-'65, hero of Chickamauga and Nashville, died in San Francisco, March 28, aged 54.
- THOMSON, Rt. Rev. Edward, M. D., D. D., LL. D., Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church, 1864-'70, preacher, professor, college-president, editor, and author, died at Wheeling, W. Va., aged 60.
- THORPE, Benjamin, an English philologist and author, died in London, July 23, aged 62.
- TRIMBLE, Allen, a prominent citizen of Ohio, Governor of the State in 1822, and from 1826 to 1830, died in Hillsboro, Ohio, Feb. 3, aged 87.
- UJHÁZY, Ladislás, a Hungarian patriot and exile, Governor of Comorn in 1848, resident in United States since 1849, died in San Antonio, Texas, March 7, aged 79.
- URQUIZA, José Justus Manuel de, Dictator of Argentine Confederation, 1852-'54, and President, 1854-'64, assassinated at Entre Rios, Argentine Confederation, in May, aged 70.
- VANGEROOD, Karl Adolphe von, J. U. D., a German publicist and author, Professor of Roman Law in the University of Heidelberg, died in Heidelberg, October 11, aged 62.
- VERPLANCK, Gulian Crommelin, LL. D., an American scholar, author, politician, etc., M. C., 1825-'33, died in New-York City, March 18, aged 84.
- VILLEMANN, Abel François, a French author, historian, professor, academician, and statesman, died in Paris, May 10, aged 80.
- VON GRAEFE, Albrecht, M. D., Ph. D., a German physician, professor, oculist, and philanthropist, died in Berlin, July 21, aged 42.
- WAKEFIELD, Mrs. Nancy W. P., better known by her maiden-name of Nancy W. Priest, an American poetess, author of "Over the River," etc., died at Winchendon, Mass., in September, aged 33.
- WALBRIDGE, Hiram, an eminent merchant and politician, M. C., 1853-'55, died in New-York City, December 6, aged 49.
- WALDECK, Franz Leo, a Prussian Liberal statesman and jurist, died in Berlin, May 12, aged 68.
- WASHBURN, Peter Thacher, a political leader in Vermont, Adj.-Gen. of the State, 1861-'65; Governor, 1869-'70; died at Woodstock, Vt., February 7, aged 55.
- WELCH, Rev. Bartholomew T., D. D., an eloquent Baptist clergyman and author, long settled in Albany, died at Newtonville, Albany County, N. Y., December 8, aged 76.
- WESTERMANN, Antoine, Ph. D., a distinguished German philologist and classical professor in the University of Leipzig, died at Leipzig, January 16, aged 64.
- WHISTLER, George W., an American engineer, born in Connecticut, educated as a railway engineer under his father, and subsequently, in connection with the great locomotive-builders of Baltimore, Ross Winans & Sons, built the Russian railways, died at Brighton, England, January 24, aged 50.
- WILLARD, Mrs. Emma, the most celebrated of American female teachers, and author of numerous historical and other works, died at Troy, N. Y., April 15, aged 83.
- WILLIAMS, Edward P., Commander U. S. N., twenty-two years in the service, lost on the Oneida near Yokohama, Japan, June 23.
- WILLIAMS, Rev. Rowland, D. D., an English clergyman and author, formerly Vice-principal and Professor of Hebrew in St. David's College, Lampeter, Vicar of Broadchalke, and one of the "Essayists and Reviewers," died at Broadchalke, Wilts, January 18, aged 53.
- WILLIAMS, Sherwood, M. C. from Fourth District, Kentucky, from 1835 to 1841, died at San José, Cal., March 29, aged 66.
- WILLIS, Nathaniel, journalist, and founder and editor of several religious newspapers; father of the late N. P. Willis, died in Boston, May 26, aged 90.
- WOODFORD, Field-Marshal Sir Alexander George, Bart., G. C. B., a veteran army officer, Governor successively of Malta and Gibraltar, and, since 1856, of Chelsea Hospital, died there, Aug. 26, aged 88.
- WRIGHT, Henry C., a noted lecturer on antislavery, peace, etc., died at Pawtucket, R. I., August 16.
- WRIGHT, Rev. Luther, an eminent scholar, Principal of Williston Seminary, East Hampton, Mass., for forty-eight years, died at East Hampton, Mass., in October, aged 73.
- WYNDHAM, Sir Charles Ashe, K. C. B., a British lieutenant-general, distinguished in the Crimean and Indian Wars, died at Jacksonville, Fla., February 2, aged 60.
- YEADON, Richard, a Southern journalist, long the able editor of the *Charleston Courier*, died at Charleston, April 25, aged 68.

TABLE-TALK.

THE recent refusal of a clergyman in this city to permit the funeral of an actor to take place in his church has revived, in some quarters, a discussion of the moral influence of the theatre. The arguments advanced are not new; but the truth now, as at all times, is neither on one side nor the other of the question, but embraces a large share of all that is advanced both in favor of the theatre and against it. The theatre, like almost all social institutions, is complex; it is a varied and mixed thread of good and evil, and only careful analysis can determine whether its influence upon society has been, as a whole, favorable or not. The same difficulty exists as to many other things. There are people who condemn fiction, and can advance good reasons for their opposition to it. There are others, but not so many, who question the advantage of poetry, or any of the forms of refined or imaginative literature. Art, in many of its forms, does not escape the severe analysis of the moralist, nor does music, excepting for religious purposes, meet the approbation of purists. It is possible for a powerful and to some minds a convincing train of arguments to be advanced against all those things which serve to warm the imagination, excite the emotions, and relax the mind. A people wholly devoted to such refined pleasures as art, poetry, and music, would soon lose all its robustness of character, and become degenerate, effeminate, and contemptible. But, on the other hand, a people wholly insensible to pleasures of the imagination would be dull and brutal. It is sometimes the pleasure of a poet to imagine an Arcadian people in whom innocence, gentleness, and ignorance, are united—people with pure thoughts, simple hearts, and kindly natures, who remain in ignorance of the sin and ambitions of life. But Arcadian peoples exist only in poetry. Without those refinements that come of civilization, men are never innocent, gentle, and pure. Whatever injury art, poetry, music, and other products of the imagination, may cause when attaining too large a place in our civilization, these things are absolutely necessary if a people are to be other than rude and stupid. These are truisms, perhaps; but it is necessary to state them, in order to show in what spirit and with what understanding the influence of the drama is to be discussed. That certain evils are to be traced to the theatre is no argument against it. So certain evils be traced in every one of our institutions. Many a mind has become effeminate, weak, and worthless, under novel-reading; but so has many a mind been sweetened and humanized by it. Poetry will greatly elevate the imagination; but a surrender of the whole nature to the sweet and dulcet strains of the verse-maker would soon render one luxurious and effeminate. Fine paintings give a glow and delight to the mind; but he who is greatly enamoured of colors and ideas in color is apt to become sensuous and weak. Let the drama take its equal place among the arts. Let its excesses be watched and confronted, just as all other excesses are; but these excesses should blind no one to its mis-

sion. It has, in its time, been illuminated by great lights. It has shed lustre over many periods in history. It has been, in certain epochs, almost the sole instructor of the people. It has, just like all other arts, struggled through its sloughs of despond, fallen sometimes into wrong paths, and been used for bad ends. But it was one of the earliest aids by which men advanced from barbarism to civilization, and, without it and its kindred arts, culture and taste would be unknown. As to the conduct of the divine to which we refer in the opening sentence, it is scarcely worth while, at this late hour, to add our voice to the general indignation. The censure which it has received seems entirely deserved. It is marvellous, indeed, that any one should be moved to deny to the remains of a man, who all unite in declaring had led a blameless life, those last rites which are even extended to malefactors. By this unwise act, a good man's memory was outraged, a large body of worthy people were insulted, many hearts, no doubt, hardened against religion, and the fair name of Christianity was defamed.

— A sentiment more or less prevails that a man holds at his individual pleasure the life of one who has seduced his wife or sister. That the just indignation of an injured brother or husband should palliate killing when committed in sudden rage, or under circumstances well calculated to arouse the fury of the wronged one, we will not at present dispute. That provocation for killing, however, should be very great indeed if the crime is to be excused, we believe to be not only a cardinal principle, but one essentially necessary for the security of society. But killing under any provocation for any cause, when committed coolly, deliberately, and with clear intent, we believe to be murder, and we are convinced that it is important the public should so consider it. It is simply absurd to say that murder ceases to be a crime because there is temptation to commit it. Under this logic, pretty nearly every offence against the laws would have to be condoned—even, perhaps, the very offence for which killing is assumed to be the only just retribution. It is our business to control our passions and resist temptation. The whole interest of civilization is to this end. If we are to obey laws only when we don't want to break them, and to exhibit the graces of civilization exclusively when the impulses of our nature require no suppression, law and civilization both are but idle mockeries. But there is another logic in these seduction-murder cases which we find most excellently expressed in a recent number of the *New-York World*. A Mr. Gunn, of San Francisco, learned from an anonymous letter that his sister, fifteen years before, had unwisely yielded to the seductions of one Mr. Murphy. Mr. Gunn's sister, being confronted with this charge, admitted its truth. Whereupon Mr. Gunn, "with that thoughtful tenderness for his sister's welfare, which is so beautiful in brothers," proceeded immediately to kill the seducer, and then to make public the long-past crime. This senseless, most illogical murder, we are told, is justified by public opinion in San Francisco. We hope not. "Of course," says the *World*, "if a man considers

that his sister's shame is a legitimate subject of public curiosity, and having, after fifteen years of what appears to have been correct conduct on her part, heard from some scoundrel of her early error, scorns to confine the knowledge to his own breast and compels the attention of his fellows to it, nobody can say him nay. But when he kills another upon the pretext thus furnished him, it is evident that the wrong is not in any way mitigated, but in every way intensified. The sister who might have led the rest of her life blamelessly is held up by what purports to be brotherly love to public scorn. The man who had done her the injury which her 'avenger' alone made an irreparable injury, is dead. Gunn himself, whether or not he is acquitted, has rendered himself a social outlaw. And the only person who has gained any thing by the transaction is the wretch who wrote the letter which brought on the tragedy. He has fed fat the grudge which he certainly bore to Murphy, and which it is very probable he bore to Gunn's sister, and Gunn has become his cat's-paw and taken the vengeance the other was too cowardly to take for himself. As for Gunn's motive, it is clear from the whole story that his sister's good name and his own—every thing that was at stake for him, and might have been saved—has been lost by this slaughter. He acted neither from reflection, nor from love, nor from an intelligible pride, but simply from the reckless fury which makes all murderers what they are, and which it is the care of government and society to bridle. It is only by learning to bridle it that a man deserves to be called a civilized being, and for letting it loose he deserves to be called a savage."

— The editor of *Old and New* addresses to his contributors five questions, all of which are so excellent, that we make haste to transcribe them here, in order that the legion of writers for the JOURNAL may study, digest, and apply. Here they are, with a comment or two of our own:

"1. Could you not live, and yet not roll up your manuscripts?" (We mean, some of these days, to organize an association of editors pledged never to read a manuscript that comes in a roll. If you would save the editor, ladies and gentlemen, no little vexation, let your sheets be flat—but don't apply this advice to your style.)

"2. Could you be so kind as to write your proper names legibly?" (and write your address on the manuscript; and when you have occasion to write to the editor, to recollect that he possibly has more than one article under consideration, so that it would greatly aid him if you would kindly mention what you are talking about? Every day come letters, saying "I sent you a manuscript, etc.," or, "When are you going to print my article?" without any mention of the title of the work inquired about, which it would seem to be easy enough to give.)

"3. Would you leave off the introduction and omit the conclusion?" (That is, begin at once, without circumlocution, and end when you have finished.)

"4. Would you write on note-paper, not folded?" (or on any small sheet, with the pages of uniform size?)

"5. Would you send the manuscript to us, instead of sending it to a friend of a clergyman, who knows a doctor, one of whose patients was in college, etc., etc.?" (Send by post, with stamps for return, and don't expect the editor to enter into explanations why he does not accept your article, or to point out its errors and defects, and show you how you can make it acceptable. An editor is not a school-master, and it is not his province to educate his contributors. He purchases whatever may seem to him suitable, provided he has space to print it, and he would have no time for his ordinary duties if he were to act as literary mentor to every one who might demand his critical aid.)

But while all this advice is good for contributors, there is something also to urge upon subscribers. If our friends only knew the difficulties and vexations that arise in a publishing-office, because people will forget to give their post-office address, and insist upon signing their names illegibly, there would be a reform in these matters at once. Will our friends bear in mind that almost every town has several duplicates of its name, and that, unless the *State* is given, we are utterly at a loss to know where to send an answer to a letter, or to direct a subscriber's paper? And if the name is not given distinctly, letters and papers are quite likely not to reach the right persons. We shall not grumble at the number of subscriptions that may reach us; but subscribers for their own sakes, if not for ours, should be definite and clear, in giving name and address.

— "Mrs. Burlingame," say the papers, "hopes that women will pound at university-doors until every educational institution in the land is opened to both sexes." The most important educational institutions, we imagine, are books, and these are open always to both sexes. Just at a time when men are seriously questioning the supreme advantage of university-training, and in almost every branch of effort we see some of the greatest triumphs attained by men self-taught, it is odd to see women clamoring for college-courses. Faraday did not attain his eminence in science, nor Dickens his fame in literature, by besieging university-doors. Tyndall, when a young man, did not go about lamenting a fate that excluded him from universities, but rose with the sun, or before it, every morning, and resolutely gave a large part of every day to severe study. If women would establish the intellectual equality of the sexes, let them show they can do without colleges, just as many of the best masculine intellects have done.

— The old saying that "happy is the nation that has no history" we see quoted in reference to our exemption, during the past year, from wars, turmoils, or other matters of the kind, supposed specially to supply material for historians. But this is an idea of history that is now passing away. Instead of merely recording the intrigues of courts, the succession of sovereigns, the movements of armies, we find it asserted that it should rather be employed in tracing the growth of nations, the advance of arts and sciences, the spread of commerce, and the development of

industry. Under this interpretation of history, we may say, "Happy is the nation whose history is the fullest."

— The list of the "Famous Dead of 1870," which we publish in this number of the *JOURNAL*, is a long and melancholy one. Few years, indeed, have added to the always-swelling records of mortality so many loved and brilliant names. Think of uniting in one record of death sailors so great as Farragut and Dahlgren; authors so loved as Dickens, Simms, and Kennedy; soldiers so famous as Thomas and Lee; divines so esteemed as Barnes and McClintock! There are names, no doubt, that might with propriety have been added to our list; but we could scarcely give a record of all who, dying, have left honorable names and a measure of fame, without encroaching too greatly upon our pages.

Foreign Literary Notes.

OUR Paris correspondent has sent us some brief reviews, which we subjoin, of recent publications in France. It would seem that the interests of literature in that now sorely-tryed country have not entirely succumbed to the pressure of war:

"History of the Church of Paris," by M. l'Abbé Bernard. The first volume of the Abbé Bernard's important work upon the origin of Christianity in France has just been published. This book, the fruit of earnest study and solid erudition, is written in a wise and liberal spirit. Unlike many Catholic authors, he gives no credit to the absurdly miraculous legends that passed current in former times, but are now only repeated by credulous peasants. On the contrary, he frequently takes the trouble of divesting them of their figurative, and clothing them in their real meaning. His analysis of the legend of Saint-Denis, the progression of which he exhibits step by step, gives us a characteristic proof of his love of logic. He proves that pious monks, referring to the sufferings of the martyr, originally said that the head of Saint-Denis was still eloquent even in the stiffness of death; meaning thereby that the good words, deeds, and writings of the saint were more effectual after his death than during his lifetime. Their successors, taking the literal meaning of the sentence, related that the martyr preached after his death. They did not, however, rest content with this assertion; the body of the martyr was burned with his head in his arms; and in the tenth century the complete legend did not fear to assert that Saint-Denis, holding his head in his hands, still walked upon the earth, preaching the gospel with his accustomed eloquence. Praise is due to the abbé for his endeavors to disengage religious history from the dross of credulity. The use of reserved criticism is not the only merit of this book, which is besides recommendable both for its erudition and elegance of style.

"History of German Literature," by M. Heinrich. A comprehensive and highly interesting history of German literature, in three volumes, has recently been published by M. Heinrich. The task of following out the history of German genius in its literary manifestations is, to say the least, difficult and arduous. During the whole of the middle ages this genius is represented by a vast efflorescence, which blossoms everywhere throughout Germany, yielding fruit, however, only at irregular intervals; while during the eighteenth

and nineteenth centuries it has produced works of infinite variety and range, the merits and influences of which cannot easily be estimated. This task has been courageously undertaken by M. Heinrich, for which he in all respects is well qualified. In the first volume he has described and criticised the chief productions of the early and middle ages. The great *epique* of the "Niebelungen," and the poetry of the "Meistersänger" find in him an exact and sympathetic historian, thoroughly acquainted with the most recent scientific investigations. The second volume is consecrated to Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe, while the third reviews the literary productions of the present generation. This work is the most complete and comprehensive history of German literature yet published in France, its chief merit being profound erudition, methodical arrangement, lucidity, and calm impartiality.

"Rome of the Augustan Age," by M. Ch. Dezobry. The best recommendation of this important work is that it has already gone through three editions. The high estimation in which the reflecting public holds profound erudition and the love of unwearied research, of which this book is the result, has fully confirmed its success. Following in the steps of the author, the reader obtains a bird's-eye view of the capital of the Roman Empire, the city *par excellence* at the time of the establishment of the "principat" before the republic had yet disappeared. Political institutions, civil and religious life, commerce, literature, morals, manners, spectacles, games, etc., appear in succession to the eye of the student, thanks to the advantages of a descriptive recital, traced by the pen of a traveller. The new edition just published contains numerous improvements in the composition, and important corrections, rendered necessary by recent archaeological discoveries, which cannot fail to heighten the recognized merits of the work. The illustrated part is also rearranged, the number of plans and engravings being considerably increased. We may mention that this work is the fruit of fifteen years' study, the author having taken no less than thirty-five years to bring it to its present elaborate form.

"Les Châtiments," by Victor Hugo (new edition). Two Bonapartes have filled the throne of France after a *coup d'état*, and, after maintaining their position by force or fraud, have fallen victims to their own folly. By a singular coincidence, both have had their eminent poet to accuse and stigmatize them. The first, who was great in spite of his faults and crimes, was judged by the lofty genius of Chateaubriand, whose voice alone rose to condemn, in the boldest accents, the ambush of Ettenheim and the midnight murder of the poor Prince d'Enghien in the *fosse* of Vincennes; but the second, whose adventurous career, full of ambiguity, has been crowned by an end so miserable, was held up to scorn and ridicule by the energetic genius of Victor Hugo, with his inexorable passion and violent invectives. The whole civilized world knows with what wild fury he registered his protest against the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, but few ever thought that the punishment, meted out to Napoleon III., would one day exceed the poet's hopes of vengeance and retribution. "Les Châtiments," or "Punishment," is a collection of poems full of the bitterest satire against the imperial dictator, which has now for the first time been published in Paris, the former edition, printed in Brussels and London, having been strictly prohibited in France. The Parisians can now for the first time admire

those magnificent masterpieces of satire, those poems which, in spite of offensive personalities, are still so rich in thought and exquisite in form, with the conviction that the poet's victory and vengeance are complete, but also with the sad reflection that their unhappy country has fallen prostrate along with the object of his enmity.

The papers and correspondence of the imperial family (thirteen numbers of which have been published) contain many curious and unexpected revelations. The Emperor Napoleon III., to do him justice, had the greatness and prosperity of his country sincerely at heart. Projects, in his own handwriting, for the development of trade and industry, the education of the masses, the suppression of crime, the extinction of misery, and the relief of the industrious poor, were found in his private bureau, several of which have been successfully adopted. Whatever may have been his shortcomings, no one can deny that in his theories there was much nobility of sentiment allied to generosity of purpose. But, in the view we get of the daily life of the emperor, as revealed in the correspondence, we obtain frequent glimpses of much that was, to say the least, reprehensible—such as his interference with the rights and liberties of his subjects, his system of espionage, his secret bureau for the interception and examination of suspected letters, his connivance with the chief magistrates of the nation to foment mock conspiracies, the better to attain certain political ends, the tricks and manoeuvres organized by him to obtain his sweeping majorities, the fears he contrived to excite in the simple-minded peasants by displaying to them the terrors reserved for them by the Red Republicans, and, what was more serious, his perpetual intriguing and intermeddling with the affairs of neighboring states.

M. A. Joanne has likewise published a small work upon the "Environs of Paris," containing a number of maps and plans on a large scale, showing the most minute details, and giving in a small compass much valuable information for following the different phases of the siege of Paris, such as the exact distance between the various points, the description of the highways, railroads, strategic points, historical monuments, ancient chateaux, churches, etc., and the aspect and resources of the country. The Parisians confined within their walls peruse M. Joanne's new work with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret: of pleasure, when they revive associations of happier times, and of regret when they regard the misery and ruin reigning over the scenery they loved so well to visit. Instead of the pleasant villages and happy homes of four months ago, they now see on every side the traces of this war of extermination in smoking ruins, desolate hearths, and devastated fields; a melancholy sequel to the list of unparalleled disasters that have befallen France.

"The Family Debt," by M. A. Labutte. It is needless to say that M. A. Labutte's new novel, "The Family Debt," was written before the sad realities of a disastrous war had turned aside all classes in France from the quiet emotions of works of fiction. The plot of the work is complicated and would take too long to explain, on account of the exaggerated number of personages figuring in the drama. The victim and principal heroine is a pitiless mother, who, to preserve her reputation of virtue, which at one time failed, without even the ordinary excuse of affection, seeks to sac-

rifice to this usurped reputation her natural daughter, a charming young lady, in all respects worthy of the happiness to which she eventually attains. M. Labutte's novel possesses genuine merit, shows considerable power and freedom of conception, and is written in a correct and easy style, enlivened with frequent sallies of wit and humor.

"Dictionary of Pure and Applied Chemistry," by M. Würz. M. Würz has commenced the publication of his Dictionary of Chemistry, the first volume of which has just been issued. This great work is rather a vocabulary containing the words and definitions of divers bodies, being a collection of monographies, more or less extensive, treating upon the great diversity of matters embraced under the term of chemistry. Inquiring minds, desirous of studying the close relations existing between the sciences, will find in this dictionary wide fields of observation; the explanation of physical phenomena and the principles of anatomy and physiology being given with great concision and lucidity. To terminate his great undertaking in the briefest delay possible, Dr. Würz has secured the coöperation of a number of eminent chemists, each of whom, according to his special aptitude, treats upon the subjects most familiar to him, which his arduous labors in the laboratory have best enabled him to investigate.

M. A. Joanne has published an interesting "Atlas of the French National Defence," comprising a series of maps of the seventeen departments invaded or threatened by the German armies. To study the *ensemble* of the military operations, this "Atlas" is certainly the best and most convenient of any available to the public.

War Notes.

Siege of Paris.

FROM our Paris correspondent we receive, by balloon-post, particulars of the siege of Paris to December 9, 1870:

"The immense masses of Germans, concentrated during the night behind Coeuilly and Villiers, were precipitated upon the positions occupied by the army of General Ducrot on the morning of the 2d of December, before day-break. This sudden and unexpected attack along the whole line threw back the French advanced posts in disorder upon the three army-corps stationed between Champigny and Bry-sur-Marne. The formidable batteries established by General Trochu upon the heights of Avron, combined with the fire of the long-range guns of the forts of Nogent, Faisanderie, Gravelle, St.-Maur, and Charenton, opened a terrific fire upon the assailants, which crushed and shattered the heads of their columns, completely arresting their progress. After vainly attempting to break into the French lines during three hours, they at last gave way, and slowly retired to the shelter of the woods behind Coeuilly and Villiers. The French, advancing under the protection of their artillery, attacked them with great resolution, but made no visible impression upon their orderly retreat. Every inch of the ground was so well contested that no less than five hours elapsed from the time the Germans began to give way until they disappeared behind the woods of Villiers. In this long and terrible struggle the young French troops showed the greatest intrepidity, advancing or remaining passive under the storm of projectiles.

"The French loss in killed and wounded in this battle amounted to six thousand. The Germans, everywhere exposed to the fire of the French batteries of long-range guns, which told with fatal effect even among their most remote reserves, had more than twelve thousand men *hors de combat*, several of their regiments having been annihilated, according to the statement of the officers taken prisoners. The total number of prisoners made on the battlefield exceeds one thousand. On the 2d and 3d the steamboats of the Seine were again engaged, day and night, in transporting the wounded from the banks of the Marne to the Jardin des Plantes, where they were placed in vans and distributed throughout the ambulances of the city.

"Many a heart-rending scene was witnessed here, as parents and wives received their mutilated sons and husbands, or heard of their cruel death on the battle-field. No wonder that the voice of lamentation is heard so often, when so many hearts are broken, so many hopes crushed, and so many happy homes made desolate! Shall they, whose guilty ambition and lust of conquest produce so much human suffering and misery, have no account to render of the blood shed? A generous-hearted youth, shot through the side, more grieved about the sorrow his presence would cause at home than concerned about the gravity of his wound, murmured, on being lifted over the gangway: '*Ma pauvre mère!*' ('My poor mother!') Surely, the complaint of so many innocent victims will rise in judgment against the authors of their sufferings.

"On the 3d December, under cover of a dense fog, the Second Army of Paris, under General Ducrot, recrossed the Marne, retired to the wood of Vincennes to recruit their exhausted energies, reform their regiments, and prepare for a vigorous sortie in some other direction. The Germans will thus again be obliged to concentrate their forces upon the point threatened, which will again be exposed to the crushing fire of the French heavy artillery.

"Those attacks, incessantly renewed, will keep the Germans perpetually on the alert, and gradually weary them out, when, combined with the movements of the armies of the provinces, they will perhaps yet break through the lines of investment, defeat the Germans, drive them from their intrenchments, and pursue them to the frontiers. On the day when such a disaster overtakes the German hosts, the strength of the old King of Prussia will depart from him, and the wisdom of Bismarck be turned to foolishness.

"The system of violence, rapine, and assassination, inaugurated by the military chiefs of Germany in the invasion of France, is in the highest degree dishonorable to them. They ransom—that is to say, ruin—by forced contributions, the towns, and bombard them in the event of their non-compliance or resistance; they strip the peasants of their horses, cattle, and grain, leaving them helplessly ruined; they force them to work in their lines of intrenchment, exposed to the projectiles of their countrymen, but shoot them down mercilessly if they dare to defend themselves. No wonder, then, that such a bitter feeling of hatred has sprung up in the hearts of all Frenchmen against their cruel invaders. This hatred will certainly outlive the present generation, and the Germans, from the seed they now sow, may yet reap a harvest of ruin and disasters. The new phase the defence has assumed admits of no surrender; war to the knife, to the last extremity, is the desire universally expressed. The exclamation of a national guard, the other day, crossing the Pont-Neuf, explains

the situation of Paris: "We have bread and wine for three months to come, and courage for a thousand years!"

Germany after the War.

The *Full Mall Gazette* utters the following apprehensions as to the effect of the war on the morals of Prussia: "The Prussian army, we know, is not really the nation in arms. That is merely the theory, and the actual practice consists in a complex system of expedients by which the theory is evaded. But the forces now overrunning France do really include the large majority of the men by whom the moral and civil life of Germany is to be carried on for a whole generation. How materially the German army differs from that of other nations is best gathered from the impressive story which has just gone the round of the newspapers. A regiment two thousand strong reckoned up the number of its children, and found them to be seven thousand. No doubt it was a regiment of the reserve; but the regiments of the line in the Prussian army consist substantially of men destined to be fathers of families in a year or two after the close of the war. What sort of morality are these soldiers learning? What sort of morality are they preparing to teach their children? It is not probable that a man's moral nature is much altered by taking part in the operations of war which are conducted according to the strict rules of the art. But that stage of the present war has long since been past. The German soldiers are now habitually (and doubtless, under the circumstances of the war, unavoidably) employed in practices distinguishable only by the finest and faintest line from the robbery, arson, and murder, for which men in civil life are hanged every day. It is allowed that they are shooting every peasant whom they find by the road-side with a pistol hidden in his pocket. It is admitted that they are laying whole cities under contribution for millions, and leaving the open country behind them as bare as an Eastern plain after the passage of a flight of locusts. It is acknowledged that they have burned village after village to ashes. It is not necessary to believe with some that they are conducting the war with unprecedented savageness; we might even accept the assertion of others that the leniency of the victorious armies is unexampled. But similar atrocities have only for many centuries been committed by professional soldiers. The Prussian army is a civic army, and the question is as to the future state of a nation which has had the flower of its manhood trained to civil life by this bloody apprenticeship." The *Gazette* might have drawn some consolation from the facts of our American war. The armies in the field, both North and South, were civic armies, and these have been absorbed by the community without any essential moral degeneracy resulting.

Noses.

"Give me a man with plenty of nose," Napoleon I. is reported to have said, referring to the capacities of officers for high command; and it is certain that his best generals were, as a rule, remarkably well provided in this particular. The aquiline appearance of the great military authorities of the first empire is conspicuous in any collection of their portraits. Look on those pictures and on these—turn from the portraits of the heroes of the first empire to those of the heroes of the second—and mark the difference between the two classes of physiognomy. You will not find a marshal or a general of any note among the leaders at Wissembourg, Woerth, or Forbach, Sedan, Stras-

bourg, or Metz—nor, we believe, among the defenders of Paris—who has the eagle physiognomy proverbially belonging to the great captains of both ancient and modern times, from Alexander and Caesar down to Napier and Wellington. Napoleon III. is an exception as regards the second empire, but Napoleon I. was an exception the other way as regards the first empire; so the one example will balance the other. It is not unworthy of note, by-the-way, that each emperor believed in a type of men unlike himself, the difference being that Napoleon I. chose his instruments and marked them out, while the third Napoleon accepted his instruments as they arose and was content to give them fair play on their own responsibility. The man of Austerlitz knew all about other men, but had no time to know himself, until, perhaps, his period of leisure at St. Helena. The man of Sedan knew himself from the first, and seems to have been so occupied with himself all his life that he has never been able to gauge the merits of others. The latter failing is an admitted cause of his fall, and receives a curious illustration in the fact that he did not enter into his uncle's ideas of physiognomy.

Dr. Russell says it is now very patent that the designers of the Paris forts committed enormous blunders. They put the forts, with the exception of Valérien and the Double Couronne, too near the city, and placed them on the inner line of heights, instead of occupying the outer ridges. Had the heights over St.-Cloud or Montretout, Meudon, and Clamart, been covered with works like Valérien, the difficulties of a besieging army would have been prodigious, and Paris within its double *enceinte* would have had a long life of it. The same remarks apply to the northwest and north of Paris, where there are points over Argenteuil and at Orge-mont, Villetaneuse, etc., which might have been profitably occupied, for there are men enough in Paris to hold even larger lines, and the space inside would have afforded a vast supply of food.

Marshal Bazaine is thus photographed by a war correspondent: "The marshal is fifty-nine years old, his hair of snowy whiteness, while his mustaches and goatee, à la Henri IV., have yet a dark tinge. He is not tall, but well proportioned, and of strongly-knit frame. His physiognomy is very impressive, its traits rigid; his dark eyes are lighted up by an uncommon brilliancy, and indicate the highest degree of firmness. There is a peculiar expression in these eyes—so much so, that whoever meets their glance will not easily forget it. This sharp, eagle-like glance is, indeed, the most prominent characteristic of the external appearance of the conquered hero of Metz, whose organs of vision, even while he smiles, remain piercing and immovable."

According to a calculation in the *Feld-Soldatenfreund*, the French prisoners of war in Germany, after the capitulation of Strasbourg, and previous to that of Metz, consisted of one marshal, fifty generals, four thousand officers, and one hundred and fifty thousand men, including the wounded French in hospital. If we add to this Bazaine's army and the garrison of Metz, the total number of French prisoners in Germany will be; four marshals, about one hundred and forty generals, ten thousand officers, and three hundred and twenty-three thousand men.

A correspondent at the seat of war writes: "In one of the recent engagements in France a Bavarian battery, in a very hot place, ran out of ammunition; but, instead of withdraw-

ing, Lieutenant Peter Widmann, commanding, shouted: 'Lads, if we retire to fetch ammunition, those Frenchmen will think we are running away. We can't shoot at them, that's true, but we can show them we don't care for them. Stand before the guns, all of you, and sing them the "Wacht am Rhein," in stout German chorus!' No sooner said than done; the men formed up with perfect steadiness, and gave the French the musical counterpart of the 'Marseillaise' in their best style, from beginning to end, under a rattling fire."

The number of houses absolutely destroyed during the siege of Strasbourg was about three hundred, but so many have been so greatly shattered internally as to require rebuilding, that that is an under-estimate. There are no indications visible of active reconstruction; on the contrary, pulling down and clearing away are the order of the day, and at this moment Strasbourg looks more ruined than ever. There appears no intention of commencing the rebuilding of the ruined quarters of the city before next spring. There are so many crazy tenements that an *affiche* has been issued, prohibiting any carriage or omnibus proceeding at a gallop through the injured districts of the city.

The war in France has developed not only balloons, carrier-pigeons, and cat-cookery, but a new development of the insurance principle. An association has been formed, called "The Repairer of the Invasion," being a society for mutual assurance against burning, devastation, robbery, pillage, requisitions of hostile commanders, riots, and the other risks of war, which ordinary policies do not cover. This organization has its headquarters at Rouen, and has agents in all the cantons of France not yet overrun by the Prussians.

German women send all sorts of things through the mails to their husbands, sons, or sweethearts, away soldiering. Letters are permitted up to sixteen ounces weight, so they send cigars, tea, chocolate, shirts, and slippers. A pair of slippers can be sent, one in each. One woman sent a flannel shirt in six pieces, by six posts. The last letter contained the left sleeve, with the needle and thread for sewing the shirt together.

The new Bavarian revolution cannon are said to be superior to the much-vaunted mitrailleuses. They can be charged with three hundred and sixty bullets at a time, all of which can be fired off in a single minute. The German soldiers call these guns "hand-organs."

Asnières, formerly a thriving village, situated on the railroad about midway between Paris and the little watering-place of Enghien, and which at the beginning of the war had a population of six thousand, is now reduced to fourteen inhabitants.

Miscellany.

St. Angelo.

AMONG the massive remains of Imperial Rome, one of the most imposing is the ancient Mausoleum or Mole of Hadrian, now known as the Castle St. Angelo. It stands on the site where once were the gardens of Domitia, overlooking the undulating plains of the Campagna in its rear, and stretching out its long covered corridor to the Vatican. Poised on its summit, and dark against the blue Italian sky, towers the bronze figure of the Archangel Michael, as if he had just alighted with

outspread wings and floating mantle, and paused there in the act of sheathing his sword. Beneath it flows the Tiber, in whose tawny and troubled waters it has cast its wavering reflection for nearly eighteen-centuries. There, standing apart from all other buildings, it lifts its battlemented towers and bastions like a guard or a menace to the closely-built city lying across the river before it, and challenges every passenger who, crossing the ancient Ælian Bridge, passes before it on his way to the great Basilica of St. Peter. The bridge has changed its name as well as the Mausoleum, and is now called the Ponte St. Angelo. The statues of gods and heroes placed there by Hadrian have disappeared, and on their pedestals stand the sculptured saints of Bernini, fantastic in their draperies and grotesque in their attitudes, but picturesque in their general effect. The funeral processions, which in the great days of Rome bore the ashes of her pagan emperors across that bridge to the sounding chambers of the mighty Mausoleum, have vanished, and a motley Christian crowd now passes over these ancient arches, through which the swift river has whirled its turbulent current for so many generations; swift, like the river of time—turbulent, like the history of the place; fleeting, never to return, like the generations that have passed.

What a change has come over men and things since first the stones of this great Mausoleum were laid! Could they speak, how sad, how terrible a history they might reveal of human baseness, tyranny, hypocrisy; of human arrogance and misery; and, let us hope, somewhat too of noble endurance, of heroic patience, of uncorrupted virtue and patriotism! Within those walls what crimes have been committed, what agonies have been endured? Without those walls what tumult of seething battle, what clashing of arms and shrieks of pain and fury, what glaring of wild flames, what raging of wilder passions wrecking themselves in murder, rapine, and horrors without a name! In its secret cells popes have been strangled, starved, and sent to a bloody end; philosophers and thinkers have perished, vainly struggling against bigotry and superstition; patriots have fought and died for liberty. On the foul walls of its dungeons artists and poets have scrawled their names, their verses, and their pictures, longing for the light of day; beauty and youth have perished in the dark, vainly praying for help; innocent men have falsely confessed crimes under the torture of the rack. In its frescoed halls emperors and popes have held their courts, and banqueted and trampled on the rights of man; and the ashes of emperors have filled the vases of its sepulchral chamber. The silent statues which gathered once around its colonnades and looked upon the glory and pageant of ancient Rome, saw also the storm and fury of barbarian battle, and the desolation by the Goths, before they were toppled down upon the heads of an infuriated soldiery. These walls, too, have seen the dreary processions of the plague pass under them. They have shaken with the awful heave of the earthquake and the sudden explosion of powder. They have been the silent witnesses of the history of the Church in its blackest moments and at the zenith of its pride and power; and they still stand, a part of the present as of the past.

Scottish Wit.

Since the time when the accession of James VI. to the English throne attracted so many of his poor countrymen to England—to push their fortunes in England, and sometimes, if not often, at the expense of Englishmen, who would

have been glad of their places—to the day when Lord Bute's administration under George III. made all Scotsmen unpopular for his sake, and when Dr. Samuel Johnson vented, in and out of season, his real or pretended dislike to that people, up to the time of Charles Lamb and the late Rev. Sydney Smith, who followed his silly example, it has been more or less the fashion in England to indulge in little harmless jokes at the expense of the Scottish people. It has been the stage custom, and the literary habit at the same time, to portray them not only as overhard, shrewd, and "cannie" in money matters, but as utterly insensible to "wit." Sydney Smith, who was a wit himself, and possibly imbibed his jocosity from the conversation of Edinburgh society in the days when, as he himself said, he "cultivated literature upon a little oatmeal," is guilty of the well-known assertion that "it takes a surgical operation to drive a joke into a Scotsman's head." We shall not attempt to enter into any discussion on the differences between "wit" and "humor," which are many, or strive to define the divergency between what the English call "wit," the French "esprit," and what the Scotch call "wut;" but assert, in contradiction to the reverend joker, that the "wut" of the Scotch is quite equal to the "wit" of the English and the "esprit" of the French, and that Scottish "humor" is infinitely superior to any humor that was ever evolved out of character to the south of Yorkshire. There is one thing, however, which perhaps Sydney Smith intended when he wrote, perhaps without thinking very deeply, if at all, about what he said: the Scotch, as a rule, do not like and do not understand banter, or what in the current slang of the day is called "chaff." In "chaff" and "banter" there is but little wit, and that of the poorest, and no humor whatever. "Chaff" is simply vulgar impertinence; and the Scotch being a plain, serious, and honest people, though poetical, are slow to understand and unable to appreciate it. But with wit, "esprit," or "wut," and humor, that are deserving of the name, they are abundantly familiar; and their very seriousness enables them to enjoy them the more. The wittiest of men are always the most serious, if not the saddest and most melancholy; and if the shortest possible refutation of Sydney Smith's unfounded assertion were required, it might be found in a simple reference to the works of Robert Burns, Walter Scott, and John Wilson.

A Public Dinner in Fiji.

A public dinner in Fiji is a very great affair, and you must take care how you behave at it. All the guests bear a hand in feeding the oven or stirring the pot. A floor of clean leaves is covered with cocoa-nuts, on which are heaped baked taro and yams "to the amount of several tons." The next tier is formed of *vakaloto*, or puddings in green leaves, well oiled. Surmounting this pedestal are the baked turtles, or two or three hogs baked whole. On one occasion there were fifty tons of yams, fifteen tons of sweet pudding, seventy turtles, five cart-loads of yagona, and two hundred tons of uncooked yams. One of the puddings measured twenty-one feet in circumference. A lord-mayor's feast in Guildhall is mere fooling to this. And the turtle, too! But if you have the honor to be invited to a feast in Fiji, you must be cautious. A chief, having eaten a cocoa-nut without offering a bit to one of his followers, the latter went over to the enemy, and in the next battle singled out his former master. He asked to be spared. "Do you not," was the stern reply, "remember the nut? For that you must die." And then

came the fatal blow. Another chief sat down with his father-in-law; but on passing a dish, a cooked guana, he broke off part of its tail. "A dark scowl covered his relative's face," and at the earliest opportunity he slew his son-in-law, having first told him that he could not put up with broken tail.

Lord Lytton's "King Arthur."

We have always understood that Lord Lytton thinks "King Arthur" to be his greatest and most durable work. The world differs from him, as it differed, on a similar occasion, from Petrarch and from Milton. But we do not wonder that he should think so. In truth, it is brilliant verse. The versification, which exhibits a mastery over the difficulty of rhyme as complete as any English writer has attained, is always harmonious and often grand, though not sufficiently various, and wanting especially in the more tender notes of music; there is pathos, though it is too rhetorical to attain the highest effectiveness; there is humor, of very good quality; great bursts of eloquence; a bright and lively fancy; a philosophy, sufficiently imposing of external aspect, which delivers its *placita* in the tersest and most forcible language; in fact, there is every thing but, as we cannot but think, the divine essence itself, which should make it a great poem. It may be compared, not on account of any likeness of style, for the two are wholly dissimilar, but as regards its relations to poetry of the highest kind, with the romantic verse of Sir Walter Scott. But "Marmion," and even its inferior successors, have a marvellous freshness and life which we do not see here. And they do, what this story, though told with much skill and with a power of language which it would be difficult to overestimate, certainly fails to do—they carry the reader along with them.

The Library at Munich.

The library, called the *Hof- und Staats-Bibliothek*, is one of the most splendid buildings as well as magnificent collection of books in Europe, and next in size to that of Paris, which is acknowledged to be the largest in the world. Some idea of the proportion of the building may be formed by a view of its front, which measures some five hundred and twenty feet, is eighty feet in height to the roof, and has seventy-two windows. This beautiful building is built in the Byzantine-Florentine style, it taking some twelve years to complete it. If this is the front, the stranger is more pleased in walking up the grand staircase and observing its beautiful marble columns, the statues of learned men as well as founders of the institution, and the various other works of art that adorn the staircase and halls. But its greatest recommendation to the thinking part of mankind is, that its eight hundred thousand volumes, which fill seventy-seven large rooms, are free to every one, citizen or stranger, Christian, Jew, or pagan. This library embraces many rare and valuable works. Among them there are a great many manuscripts in Greek, Oriental, Latin, German, and many other languages. In fact, there is scarcely any work, however ancient or modern, let the language be what it may, whether printed or written, but what may be found here. Among literary curiosities is an antique Koran, very old; also the identical prayer-book of Albert Dürer—four Gospels, called the *codex aureus*, bearing date in the year 870—another four other Gospels, dated in 1024, and also one of the earliest typographical monuments, it having been printed in 1554. All the German libraries are rich in the possession of documents illustrating the progress made in the art of printing, from

century to century. One is reminded that he is to see antiquity within, as he passes up the broad stone steps that lead into the vestibule of the building. In front of the library, at an elevation of some ten feet above the sidewalk, are four colossal statues in a sitting posture. They are Homer, Hippocrates, Thucydides, and Aristotle.

Population of the States.

The increase in some of the States is very small, but none of them shows any falling off, except New Hampshire, which is the only State in the Union that has absolutely diminished in population during the last decade. The greatest proportional gain in any State is that of Nevada; but as it was the smallest of the States when it was admitted, this is no more than what was to have been expected. The largest actual gain is in Illinois—over eight hundred thousand, which brings her up to within two hundred and fifty thousand of Ohio, but leaves her as before, the fourth State in population. The relative order of the States as to population is not materially changed, but Missouri outstrips Indiana, and becomes the fifth State. Indiana is the sixth, Massachusetts is the seventh, and then follow Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, North Carolina, and Alabama—in all, sixteen States, which have upward of one million inhabitants. In 1860, there were but eleven such. Iowa has made the greatest jump in rank. She was the nineteenth in 1860; she is now the thirteenth. North Carolina, on the other hand, stood twelfth in 1860, and now drops to the fourteenth place, and Alabama now stands as the sixteenth, whereas she was the thirteenth ten years ago.

Hymn of the Present.

Not only in old days He bowed
The heavens and came down;
We, too, were shadowed by the cloud,
And saw the glory shown!
The nations that seemed dead have felt
His coming through them thrill;
Beneath His tread the mountains melt;
Our God is living still!

He who in secret hears the sigh,
Interprets every tear,
Hath lightened on us from on high,
Made known His presence near.
The Word takes flesh, the Spirit form,
His purpose to fulfill;
He comes in person of the storm—
Our God who governs still!

We saw—all of us saw—how He
Drew sword and struck the blow,
And up and free through their Red Sea
He let the captives go;
Yea, we have seen Him, clearly seen
Him work the miracle;
We know, whate'er may intervene,
Our God is with us still!

The veil of time a moment falls
From off the Eternal's face:
Recede the old horizon walls
To give fresh breathing-space;
And all who lift their eyes may learn
It is our Father's will—
This world to Him shall freely turn,
A world of freedom still!

Gerald Massey.

Scientific Education.

But if scientific training is to yield its most eminent results, it must, I repeat, be made practical. That is to say, in explaining to a child the general phenomena of Nature, you must, as far as possible, give reality to your

teaching by object-lessons; in teaching him botany, he must handle the plants and dissect the flowers for himself; in teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own knowledge. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet attracts iron. Let him see that it does; let him feel the pull of the one upon the other for himself. And, especially, tell him that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled, by the absolute authority of Nature, to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life.—*Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews: Husley.*

Varieties.

IF the Indians cannot get powder and shot wherewith to hunt for support, they have ingenuity enough to devise substitutes wherewith to gain meat for their dinners. The Kaw Indians, in Kansas, are undoubtedly highly susceptible of civilization. They salt the railroad tracks. This entices cattle in front of the trains; the cattle are killed, and "Lo" gathers up the carcasses and keeps by him an abundance of roasts and soup-pieces.

An Indiana man has effected a strategical combination against the potato-bugs. He planted a grain of corn in each hill of potatoes. The corn came up before the potatoes, which, of course, cheated the little pests into the belief that it was a cornfield, and they never went near the potatoes until it was too late to do any damage.

Dr. Darwin's anticipation of the locomotive, in his "Botanic Garden," published in 1791, before any locomotive had been invented, was truly prophetic:

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car."

As a river-boat was loading at La Crosse, a large gray mule refused to go on board. The mate sung out to a deck-hand: "Twist his tail and he'll come." Like Casabianca, that deck-hand obeyed orders, and, like Casabianca, he nobly died.

"Lothair" appears in an Italian dress in the *feuilleton* of the *Gazzetta d'Italia*, a daily paper now issued in Rome. It is translated by Mr. Robert Montgomery Stuart, a young Anglo-Italian. Under the rule of the pope, "Lothair" was an interdicted book.

The Mohammedan law of divorce is a marvel of simplicity. The husband repeats to the wife three times, "You are divorced," and the thing is done. But the wife is not allowed to use the easy formula against the husband.

Burmah has the honor of furnishing geologists with a new mineral. It appears to be a complete *mélange*, its essential constituents being arsenic, iron, and copper, mixed with occasional silver, lead, and antimony.

A New-Hampshire magistrate is under indictment for having married a matron of forty to a youth of fifteen, whom she had captured, and who states that he was afraid to say "No," when asked the momentous question.

The decrees of fashion in New York make it imperative for Fifth-avenue dogs of good family to wear black-and-red promenade-blankets, and to have the leading-strings attached to the left side of the collar.

They are fond of titles in the East. Among his other high-sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas." This looks as though he had prepared for a long reign.

A collection of Chinese coins has just been placed in the Indian Museum. Some of them are claimed to be four thousand years old, but

it is very doubtful whether so great antiquity will be conceded to them.

How wonderful are the laws governing human existence! Were it not for tight-lacing all civilized nations would be overrun with women.

When last heard from, the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court was shooting wild-geese in the ponds near Narragansett, thus exhibiting the living embodiment of a wild-geese Chase.

One of the "lost arts" has been found. It is believed that the principal preservative substance used in embalming the mummies of Egypt was carbolic acid in the crude state.

The critic of the London *Graphic* calls Miss Alcott's "Little Women" "an excellent description of American family-life among the poorer gentry."

News comes from Salt Lake that, at the funeral of a Mormon recently, twenty of his widows locked arms, and, keeping military step, followed the remains to the silent tomb.

If women were as particular in the choosing of a virtuous husband as men are in the choosing of a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would be soon begun.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but there is nothing on earth that will kill it.

The Historical Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., have in their cabinet a glass bottle, the first one manufactured at a glass-factory in that place in 1754.

Albert Hopkins, of Williams College, is one of the three Americans who have been made "Fellows of the Royal Society," for astronomical discoveries.

A young man, charged with being lazy, was asked if he took it from his father. "I think not," was the reply; "father's got all the laziness he ever had."

A couple in Newport, Rhode Island, recently celebrated their pearl-wedding, having been married seventy years.

It is very considerate on the part of the law, that it "does not compel one to do impossibilities."

Last year cotton to the value of two hundred and twenty-five million dollars was exported from the United States.

A London druggist has this cheerful invitation in his shop-window: "Come in and get twelve emetics for one shilling."

In one building in Berlin there are six hundred American sewing-machines at work on clothing for the Prussian army.

It is a fact, not easily accounted for, that at parties—after supper—the guests begin to grow thin.

A veteran shopkeeper says, that although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

The population of New Jersey, as officially stated, is nine hundred and six thousand one hundred and twelve.

A Tennessee negro has been twice hanged, but "still lives."

Why is life the greatest conundrum? Because all have to give it up.

National vanity is but personal vanity magnified many million times.

Ducks have decided opinions of their own: they always come out flat-footed.

The most successful "capital removers"—Bank-robbers.

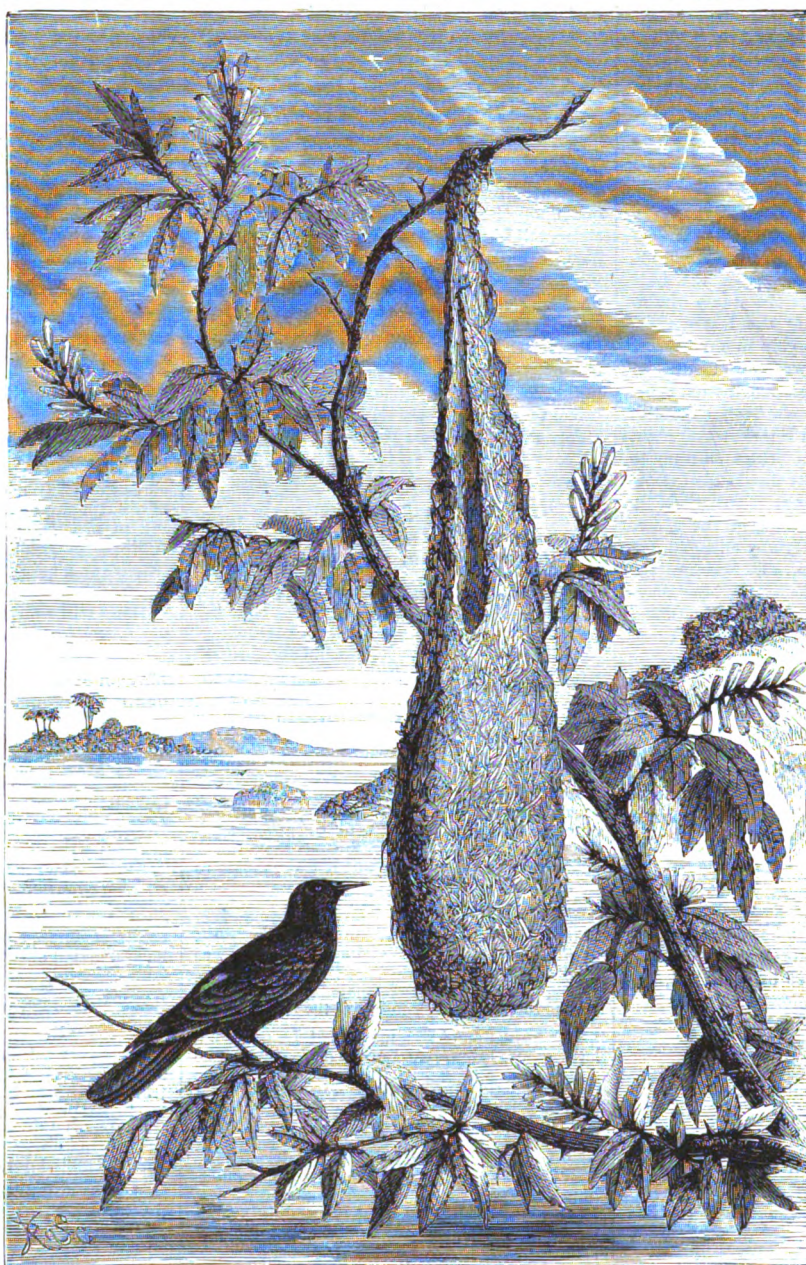
In Japan a person can live comfortably on two cents a day.

The Museum.

THE crested oriole is a native of tropical America, and seems to be rather a familiar

bird, often leaving the forests where it usually dwells, and making its home near the habitations of man. Whether in the vast woods of its native land, or whether in the cultivated grounds, it is always to be found in the loftiest trees, traversing their branches in search of food, and suspending its nest from the extremity of the slenderest twigs. It is a very active bird both on foot and in the air, one quality being needful for its movements among the boughs while getting berries, and the other for the chase of the various insects with which it varies its diet.

The nest of the crested oriole is a very elegant structure, and is much larger than that of others of the same species, being frequently, according to some accounts, more than two yards long. It is always hung from the very extremity of some delicate twig, so as to escape the marauding hand of the monkey, or the dreaded fangs of the snake; and, as a great number of these are generally found upon one tree, the combined effect, together with the busy scene of the parent-birds continually going from and returning to their homes, is remarka-



The Crested Oriole.

bly fine. The shape of the nest is cylindrical, swelling into a somewhat spherical form at the bottom; and it is found that both birds take an equal share of work in its construction.

The crested oriole is very beautifully as well as curiously colored. The head, shoulders, breast, and abdomen, are warm chocolate-brown, and the wings are dark green, changing gradually into brown at their tips. The central feathers of the tail are dark brown, and the remaining feathers are bright yellow. There is also a green tinge upon the thighs and the middle of the breast. Upon the top of the head there is a long and pointed crest and the horny portion of the bill is green, and extends above the eye. The legs and feet are black. The crested oriole is about the size of a common English jackdaw, and is thus considerably larger than our Baltimore oriole, whom he so much resembles in his habits and in the structure of his nests. The nests of the Baltimore bird, however, are chiefly built by the female, to whom the materials are brought by the male. Both species are sometimes to be seen together in South America, for the Baltimore oriole occasionally wanders as far south as Brazil.

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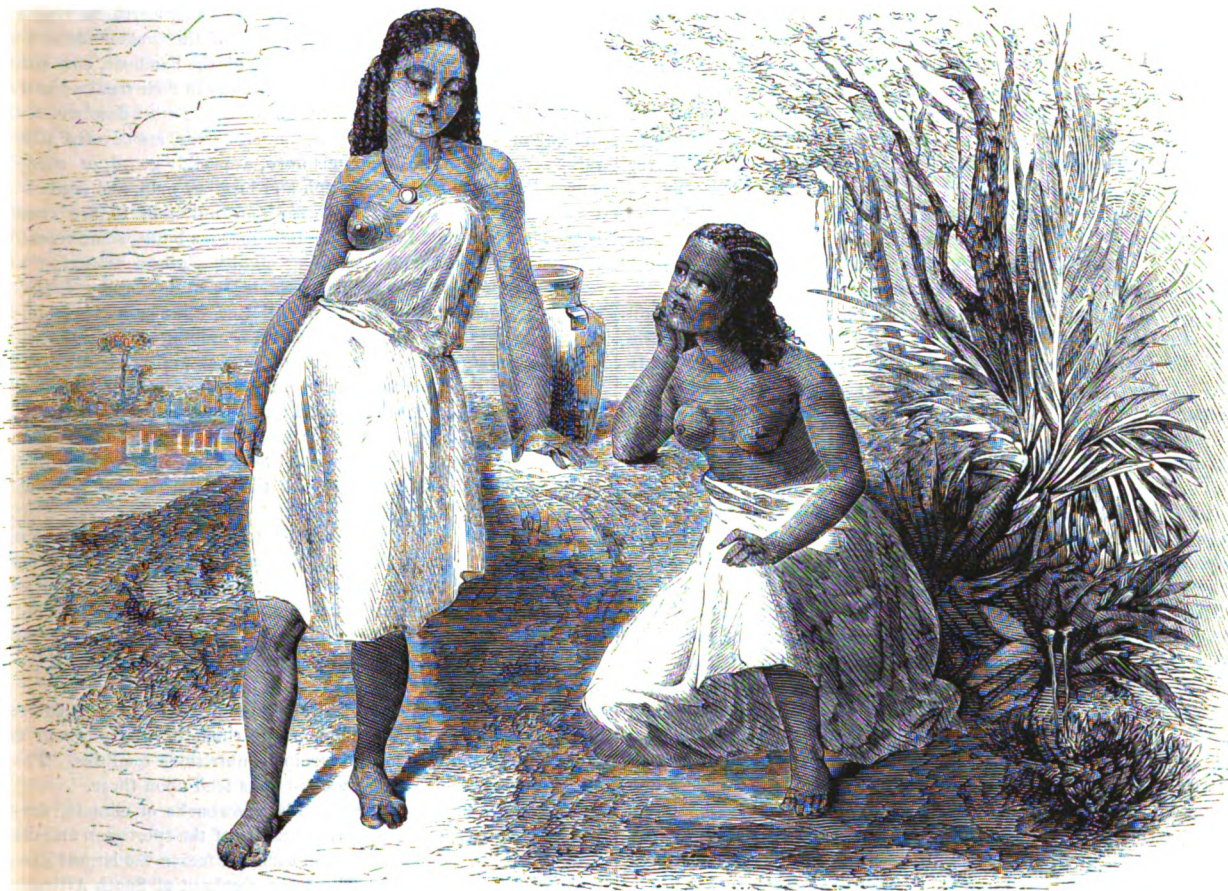
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WITH SUPPLEMENT.

CENTRAL SOUTH AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORERS.

I.

WHILE, for the past fifty years, the exploration of the African Continent has been the great problem, which the geographers of all civilized nations have sought to solve, it is humiliating to be

into the interior; accomplished geographers and daring explorers have encountered the perils of drought, flood, miasm, fierce wild beasts, and fiercer savages, in their efforts to lessen that vast area which is still



DAMARA GIRLS.

compelled to acknowledge how small a proportion the known regions bear to the unknown. The continent has been approached from all points, north, south, east, and west; lion-hunters and elephant-hunters have penetrated into those magnificent preserves of game, which are wholly unrivalled; traders in slaves, ivory, gold, palm-oil, cotton, and dates, have landed on its coasts, and endeavored to force their way

marked upon the maps as unknown; the missionary and the philanthropist, with the highest and noblest motives, have sought to bring light, intelligence, civilization, and Christianity, to illumine the darkened understandings of these children of the Sun; but while these efforts have not been wholly failures, and we have really made some progress in the work of reducing the boundaries of the unknown tracts

which, forty years ago, were believed to be uninhabitable deserts, still we can claim to know but little more than the coasts (and indeed not all of them), and a moderate distance into the interior, while beyond lie vast tracts never trodden by the foot of the white man.

This want of success is due mainly to two or three causes. Much of Africa is, at least for half the year, a waterless region; mountains, plains, and valleys, which, in the rainy season, bud and blossom with grasses, flowers, fruits, and thorny shrubs, are for the remainder of the year parched, dry, and dusty; the rivers are periodic, the lakes dry up, and leave a residuum of salt, and man and beast are alike tortured by thirst.

The presence of noxious insects and reptiles, whose bite or sting is fatal to all beasts of burden, and often also to man, has materially restricted exploration, and when it was attempted the luckless traveller has found himself helpless and far from aid, and has often perished by the way. During the rainy months, the fatal jungle or marsh fever, bred of the fervent heats and the rank moist vegetation, has proved a serious obstacle to the explorer; and many a brave and daring traveller has fallen a victim to it, while far from all friends, and unable to command the necessary medication, which alone gave any chance for the preservation of life.

The tribes of the interior, as well as some of those on the coast, are in many instances remarkable for their ferocity. A larger proportion of the African tribes are to-day cannibals than are to be found in all the rest of the globe.

Of those portions of the continent which have been explored, some have been traversed by a considerable number of independent travellers, whose observations have been made in a desultory way, without concert, and are often contradictory, and influenced by native reports, the most fallacious of all bases of knowledge.

It is in the hope of reconciling some of these conflicting statements, and of giving a brief *résumé* of what is known respecting a region which has suddenly come to be one of great importance, that we have attempted the preparation of this paper.

By Central South Africa, we mean that portion of the continent lying between the seventeenth and twenty-fifth degrees of south latitude. On the west coast it extends from the mouth of the Cunene River to Sandwich Bay, and, on the east coast, from the delta of the Zambeze to the newly-discovered mouth of the Limpopo near Inhampura.

It comprises the so-called Damara Land, the country of the Ova-Herero, the Ovambandieri, the Ovambo, the Hill tribes, and the Ovambundja; a portion of the Namaqua domain, the extensive region subject to Sekeletu, the Makololo chief, and the still wider territory of the crafty and warlike Mosilikatse, the chief of the Matabele. On the eastern coast, the Portuguese have the small trading-ports of Sofala and Inhambane, and have given these names to an undefined region extending back from the coast; but the Batonga, who occupy the territory near the shores of the Indian Ocean, own no allegiance except to Mosilikatse, who, however, sells a portion of his slaves to the Portuguese.

It was within the territory claimed by Mosilikatse, though by a somewhat doubtful title, that Carl Mauch, the German geologist and explorer, discovered, in 1867-'68, the three extensive gold-fields which are now attracting so much attention.

The greater portion of this extensive tract (five hundred and fifty miles in breadth, and somewhat more than thirteen hundred in length, or more than half the extent of the United States, east of the Mississippi), has been traversed by Europeans, some of it in several directions, only the eastern portion lying between the lower waters of the Zambeze and those of the Limpopo being unexplored; but the travellers have generally been elephant or lion hunters, or traders, and occasionally missionaries, of whom two or three have stations near the southern line of the tract, and six or seven have labored, for many years, in the south-western district, among the Ova-Herero and Bechuana.

With the exception of the great basin of Australia, and the Sahara Desert, there is probably no large portion of the earth's surface which suffers so much from drought as this region of Central South Africa. It is not a rainless region; for two or three months, the rain descends in torrents, the streams, rivers, marshes, and lakes are full, and vegetation is then profuse; but this rainy season is followed by intense, scorching heat, which dries up the rivers, lakes, and pools, and man and beast suffer the tortures of a consuming thirst. The cattle and the vast throngs of wild beasts wander from one river-bed, or vley, to another, or congregate where, a few months before, a broad lake

had spread over the savanna, or had partially filled an extensive valley; but now they find only hardened clay or glittering salt, with occasionally a pit-hole, where the shallow brackish water has been hopelessly fouled by the feet of the elephants, or the wallowing of the buffaloes. The grasses soon dry up and wither under the intense heat, which often reaches 116° Fahr. in the shade, and as often falls in the night to 40° or 45°; but the shrubs and trees, in which the cactus, the thorny acacias, and the baubiniacs, predominate, are well adapted to the climate, and thrive when every thing else is scorched.

This, and the southern portion of the African Continent, are remarkable for the variety and formidable character of their thorn-trees. They are almost exclusively of the acacia family, and "their name is legion." The camel-thorn, the hack-thorn, the hooked-thorn, and the expressively-named wait-a-bit-thorn, with a score of others almost as formidable, occur in vast jungles over the whole territory. The mopané, a baubinia, grows straight and tall, but selfishly folds its leaves in the noontide heat, and affords little or no shade. The omumborombonga, which is found in considerable abundance in the hilly regions of the west coast, in Ova-Herero-land and eastward nearly to Lake Ngami, is a large tree, and affords a tolerable shelter from the heat, and its iron-like wood is of considerable service, where tools can be found hard enough to cut it. The Ova-Herero pay a sort of homage or worship to this tree, believing it to be the parent of their race. The water-shed between the Zambeze and Limpopo, and that between the Cunene and Swagoup, in the west, seem to be also the boundaries between the tropical and sub-tropical flora and forest-trees of Africa. South of this elevated plateau are acacias, baubiniacs, cacti, and fan-palms; north of it, fewer thorns, but more of the feathery, the cocoa, and the doum palm, the great creeping plants, and the exuberant vegetation of the tropics.

Yet even amid this formidable and apparently worthless vegetation, we find evidences of the thoughtful care of the Creator for His creatures. Several of the palms, and some of the bamboos, contain pure water in considerable quantities stored away in their trunks; and even the sand-hills of the west coast, seemingly the most desolate and forbidding of all dwelling-places for human beings, are covered after the rainy season with the delicious *nara*, a prickly gourd, or cucumber, whose harsh spines cover a rich and luscious pulp, and seeds which, when roasted, are equal in flavor and nutrition to the chestnut. Buried in these sand-heaps, too, are numerous bulbs, some resembling the onion in odor and nourishing qualities, others belonging to the yam family, while others still approximate to the *taro*, or bread-fruit of the Polynesian Islands. In the interior, wherever cultivation, be it ever so rude, is practised, the holcus, or millet, of several varieties, yields large returns, and the sweet sorghum as well as some of the taller grasses, furnish edible seeds, in addition to the saccharine juices of the stalks. Several of the hard-wood forest-trees, as well as some of the bamboos and shrubs, retain, for months during the dry season, the water which has found its way into their cavities during the rains, and thus furnish a moderate supply to the thirsty native tribes, and to some of the smaller animals.

The *nara* is an invaluable fruit to the inhabitants of the sandy regions along the west coast. Its pulp, when divested of the prickly skin, is juicy, sweet, and refreshing, and is not only eaten in its fresh state with great avidity by man and beast, but is made into a paste and dried, when it forms a much-prized article of food for many months. Its slender fibrous roots penetrate to a great depth through the sand, and always reach moisture.

In the interior, around Lake Ngami and farther east, several of the rushes have edible roots, some of them of very pleasant taste, and equal to the yam or the turnip in nutritious qualities. The hippopotamus and some of the water-bucks feed upon these.

Central South Africa, with all its drawbacks of climate, drought, thorns, and savage tribes, is the paradise of the sportsman and the naturalist. Nowhere can he find in such profusion the largest game for which the hunter seeks. The huge elephant of South Africa, often from eleven and a half to thirteen or even fourteen feet in height, having been driven by the progress of civilization, and the constant pursuit to which he was subjected, in the basin of the Orange River, to seek a new home, has taken up his abode in the jungles and thorn-protected vleys of this region. Harris, Green, Andersen, and Chapman, could each boast of having slain a thousand or more of these noble animals, and the three latter, on more than one occasion, brought down ten or twelve each, in a single day. Lions, though not

as numerous, are quite sufficiently so to be a terror to the natives, and not unfrequently acquire that taste for human flesh which emboldens them to enter the Damara, Namaqua, or Makololo villages, and snatch up a victim, whom they quickly devour. The rhinoceros, of which the naturalists enumerate three or four species in this part of Africa, one or two white, and two black, differing in the number and curvature of their nasal horns, as well as in color, are also plentiful. The rhinoceros is a vicious brute, especially when wounded or pursued, and, though less formidable than he has been represented, is not a pleasant fellow to confront, unless the hunter has perfect confidence in his ride, and his ability to penetrate the dense hide of the beast. The hippopotamus is found in considerable numbers in the Zambeze and Limpopo, as well as in Lake Ngami and its principal affluents, the Okorango, Cholee, and Tiouge. When irritated he is very destructive, and is much dreaded by the natives. In all these rivers the crocodile is his companion, and one by no means amiable in his disposition or habits.

The buffalo of South Africa, the most formidable and ferocious of his tribe, is also abundant in this region. With his great horns; his long, shaggy mane and foretop; his fierce, inflamed eyes, and his headlong gallop, he is not an agreeable customer to meet, especially when, at the head of a large herd, he is seeking for water, and already maddened with thirst. Like the African ox, he sniffs water at a long distance, and it must be a strong barrier that can resist the plunge of the infuriated herd as they rush toward it. A regiment of the best European cavalry, standing in their way, would go down in a moment before the headlong charge of a herd of buffalo-bulls in search of running water.

Less formidable, but very fleet of foot, are the wild equine or asinine tribes of animals, which are only found in large numbers in South Africa—the zebra (two species); the quagga, of two or three species, and the dauro, an intermediate link between the two. The quagga and the dauro are eaten with great relish by the South-African tribes, to whom, indeed, hardly any thing in the way of flesh comes amiss; but the hunters, who are somewhat more fastidious, speak of the flesh of both as being very palatable, though somewhat coarse-grained.

The gnu (the wildebeeste of the Boers), of which there are certainly three, and perhaps four, species, is found in great numbers from the east to the west coast. He seems to be a connecting link between the buffalo, the quagga, and the antelope, having the head and horns of the first, the body and movement of the second, and the delicate limbs and fleetness of the third. Though classed at first with the antelopes, the naturalists have finally made a special genus for him. His flesh is excellent, and in some parts of the region we are describing is the great dependence of the natives.

But it is in the variety and beauty of its antelopes that Central South Africa is most remarkable. No other country on the globe has half so many species. Chapman, one of the most careful observers among the South-African hunters, enumerates over twenty distinct species, four or five of them water-bucks, or accustomed to wade and swim in the great rivers of the country. Of the whole number the eland is the largest, weighing often over one thousand pounds. The hartebeest (*Antelope canna*) is almost as large, and both are susceptible of domestication. The koodoo, the springbok, the klipspringer, the kleinbok (a very delicate and beautiful little antelope), the blaubok, the reitbok, the pallah, and the gemsbok, are the species most abundant, and all of them are swift of foot and of very delicate habit. The camelopard, or giraffe, is found in considerable numbers in the elevated plateau extending from the country of the Hill Damaras to the vicinity of Lake Ngami, and is often hunted by the daring adventurers who traverse that country for ivory. There are also leopards, panthers, wild-boars of great size and ferocity, wolves more mischievous and destructive than formidable, hyenas of large size, jackals, and great numbers of half-wild dogs, a sort of cross between the wolf and the hyena, and retaining the characteristics of both. Of birds, there are great numbers of ostriches, and the hunting of them and their nests, for the plumes and the eggs, is a favorite sport of the Damaras and Bushmen. Success in this hunt is attained rather by skill and tact than by speed. The Bushman disguises himself in an ostrich-skin, whitens his legs, and, adroitly manipulating his disguise, makes his way among the flock, and, when in a favorable position, lets fly an arrow and kills one of the flock. The fall of one of their number surprises the rest, but, as they cannot discover the cause of his death,

they do not run, and the Bushman often succeeds in killing a half-dozen before they become alarmed. The adjutant, the secretary-bird, the king-vulture, and the eagle, are among the principal birds of prey. Of gallinaceous birds, there are the guinea-hen, and three or four other species of grouse, partridges, geese of great size, ducks, teal, snipe, etc., and on the coast penguins, gannets, auks, and other marine birds, which have made the islands of that vicinity their homes, in immense numbers, for centuries. Sharks abound at the mouths of the rivers, which, as well as the lakes, are pretty well stocked with fish.

The reptiles are numerous and formidable. We have already spoken of the crocodiles; huge pythons, cobras (the *naja* of Hindostan), puff-adders, and other venomous ophidians, are also abundant.

The lizard tribe, and batrachians of all sorts, are well represented. Scorpions, centipedes, thirty or forty kinds of spiders, some of them intensely poisonous, hornets of great size and formidable sting, numerous species of wasps, and, in extensive districts of the eastern portion of the continent, the tsetse-fly, so destructive to cattle and horses, gnats, and mosquitoes of most malicious nature, the tick-insect, the great termites, or white ants, black ants, and a large blistering fly, are a few of the insect pests of this country.

It would hardly seem that there were sufficient attractions about such a region to secure a large population, or that men of refinement and high intellectual culture, after a year or two of experience of the annoyances, sufferings, and privations, which are inevitable to the traveller there, would become so fascinated with the country as to return to it again and again, and finally make it their home. Yet, this, inexplicable as it may seem, has been the effect produced on a number of accomplished and refined Englishmen. We can understand and admire the heroic and self-sacrificing disposition which may lead a missionary, for the love of the souls of the heathen, to give up all the comforts of civilization, and settle in such a country, and among a people with whom any considerable association is impossible, in the hope of doing good to those who are so degraded and barbarous; but that, for the love of the chase, from the enthusiasm of the explorer, or from the hope of gain, a man should thus exile himself from all that makes life desirable, seems incomprehensible. But, before speaking of the explorers of this region, let us describe briefly the native tribes who inhabit it, for some portions of it are, when the character of the country is considered, quite populous.

These tribes, except the Namaquas, found on the southern border and in the southwest portion, and the Bushmen, who are the dependants of the Ovambo and Bechuanas, are all of the Kaffir, or, as Wood calls them, the Zingian family. That this family is a distinct race, as much so as the Malay, the Mongolian, or the American Indian, is becoming more certain with each new discovery in relation to the language, features, habits, customs, and religious notions, of the several tribes belonging to it.

The Zingian is generally of good height, often six feet or more, his features are nearer to the Caucasian than the Negro, though the lips are somewhat thick; the nose is well formed, the cheek-bones not high, nor the face particularly broad. The hair is crisp and curly, but not woolly; the feet and hands, as well as the limbs, shapely. Their color is an iron-bronze, exhibiting a marked difference from the glossy satin-like blackness of the negro.

The youth of both sexes are finely formed, and often, despite their color, possess a certain statuesque beauty. This is especially the case with the young girls of the tribes, who are really often graceful and attractive. Their beauty soon fades, however, and, amid the hardships of savage life, the sylph of fifteen degenerates into the hag at thirty. There are, of course, differences of character, of habits, of cleanliness, of modesty, of intelligence, of courage, of dialect, and of religious usages and traditions, among the different tribes, just as there are national differences in some of these particulars between the English, the Dutch, the Germans, and the Danes, or other Scandinavian nations. The Matabele or Amatabele, the people who acknowledge Mosilikatse as lord-paramount, are more courageous, resolute, and cruel, than the tribes farther west. They are said to be more truthful, and not such inveterate beggars. The Batonga, or Batuka, another of the tribes occupying the eastern portion of the territory, are more intelligent, industrious, and well-disposed, than the other tribes. The Makololo, with whom Dr. Livingstone has made us familiar, are a crafty, deceitful tribe, great beggars, ready to promise any thing, but utterly careless respecting the performance of their promises; less courageous than the Matabele, they are more greedy

and rapacious. They are the subjects of Sekeletu, a daring and unprincipled leader, who commenced his career as a ruler, by the slaughter of most of his relatives. West of these, we find a smaller tribe, the Bakoba, or Bayeiye, of greater intelligence and manliness than their Makololo neighbors, and whose chief, Lechulatebe, though nominally subject to Sekeletu, is really, in most matters, independent.

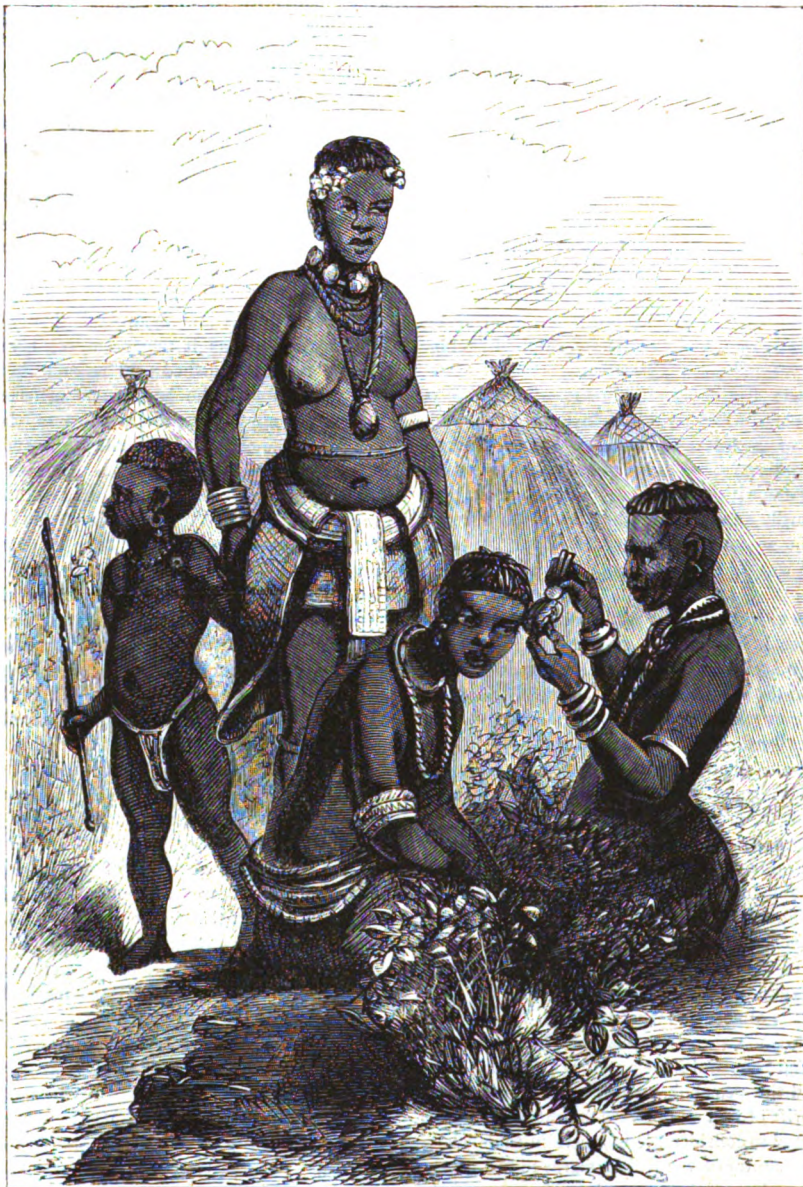
All these tribes are known to travellers by the general name of Bechuanas, and all speak, with but slight modification, the Sechuana language, a dialect of the Kaffir, or Zingian. Still farther west, and beyond Lake Ngami, are several tribes, differing from each other and from the Bechuana tribes in habits, manners, and mode of life, yet speaking allied dialects, and so far resembling them in form, features, and general character, that they must have sprung originally from the same stock. Of these, three tribes are specially noticeable, the others being offshoots from them; these are the Ovambo, the Ova-Herero, or Damaras, and the Ihaukoin, Ovambautieru, or Hill Damaras.

The Ovambo are a finely-formed, erect, and warlike tribe, of considerable intelligence, a pastoral and hunting people, who possess large herds of cattle and sheep, and wage incessant warfare with the wild beasts, which abound in the plateaus and ravines of their country. They have a capital, Ondonga, a somewhat populous village, though wretchedly built, the houses being of bamboo or reeds, wattled with clay, and with a conical thatch of rushes. Their king, Naugoro, is said to be the only corpulent man in the country, and he is a mountain of flesh. Anderssen and Galton thought him a stupid, greasy, and somewhat malicious savage; but he seems to have been, after all, intelligent enough to be crafty, and possesses more power and a wider sway than any other chief of this part of Africa, except Sekeletu and Mosilikatse. He professed friendship for the European travellers, but afterward sought to destroy them and the missionaries by a sudden surprise and assault. He was baffled in this attempt, and his warriors driven back with heavy loss. It is possible that he was prompted to this outrage by a subordinate chief, for he subsequently treated the missionaries and Anderssen, Green, and Chapman, with kindness.

The Ovambo have many excellent traits of character. They are very respectful and tender to the aged and infirm, differing in this respect from the Damaras and the Bechuanas, who neglect the old people and the sick, and, indeed, often hasten their death. They are honest, though, like most of the Zingian tribes, they are great beggars. They are industrious, both men and women laboring assiduously and patiently. The women are chaste, and, in their way, modest, affording in this respect a marked contrast to the Namaquas and other Hottentot tribes, whose country is adjacent to theirs. Polygamy is practised, though for the most part only by the chiefs, the cost of each

additional wife being very great. Still, the Ovambo, as well as all the other tribes of this region, regard polygamy as one of their reserved rights, to be called into active exercise whenever they can afford it. Chapman tells us that Rev. Mr. Hahn, a very earnest and devoted missionary among these people, after many years' labor among the Damaras, whose practice on this point is the same as that of the Ovambo, at last thought he had made a convert—a young Damara who had but a single wife, and whose serious and consistent conduct had inspired the missionary with high hopes. He had questioned him in regard to his religious views, and received very satisfactory replies. At last Mr. Hahn bethought him to propose the crucial question, "Are you willing to give up the prospect of taking one or more additional wives, for the sake of pleasing God?" The Damara replied, very seriously, that he was willing to make great sacrifices to please God, and he thought he had manifested a disposition to do so;

but that was a sacrifice he could not make, and he did not think God had any right to require it of him. The Ova-Herero, or Damaras, twenty or five-and-twenty years since, were, in almost all respects, the most prosperous and civilized tribe in all the southern portion of the African Continent. Enterprising and industrious, they possessed immense herds of cattle, which they pastured on the lofty plains and among the valleys and ravines of Herero-Land; they cultivated the soil in a rude way, but obtained very respectable crops of millet, sorghum, barley, pumpkins, and bulbous vegetables; they smelted iron, and manifested considerable skill in the manufacture of agricultural



BECHUANAS.

and hunting implements; they were adroit, also, in some of the domestic industries; from the skins of the antelopes and the giraffe (which they tanned skilfully), and the tails of some of the smaller animals, they made karosses or skin-garments of great beauty; and from the feathers of the ostrich and other birds they wove graceful head-dresses. Dress, in that country and climate, is scanty at best; but the Damaras were, for their time and nation, well clothed. Good roads traversed their country, and their government and regulations gave indications of a mastery of the principles of political economy, which would have done credit to a more civilized nation. They were honest and trusty, and hunters and traders who entered their country to trade, or to hunt elephants, found little difficulty, if they were of reputable character, in procuring some wealthy Damara to become their bondsman or friend (*omaru*), who, in accordance with their laws, would stand as surety for them, guaranteeing that they would not leave the country without paying all their debts.

The religion of the Ova-Herero was not an idolatry nor fetichism. They recognized a Supreme Being, of benevolent character and great power, whom, however, it was possible to offend; and their code of morality, if short, was comprehensive: it included reverence to God; worship offered to Him through His symbols, the fire and the sun; the preservation of the sacred fire perpetually (not an easy or pleasant matter in that torrid climate) under the charge of a vestal virgin, usually the eldest daughter of the chief; honesty, chastity, and kindness toward our fellow-men. There were points in which this creed was defective, but it was a great advance on the religion of most of the African tribes.

The past twenty years have witnessed the ruin of all this fair fabric of national prosperity, and affords another proof, of which we find so many in Africa, that the progress of most of the barbarous and semi-civilized nations, instead of being, as Darwin and his followers assert, from the lowest plane to a higher one, is ever from a comparatively high plane to a lower one, and that, whether they belong to one race or another, the degeneration is very rapid, and a subsequent return to their former condition difficult, if not impossible.

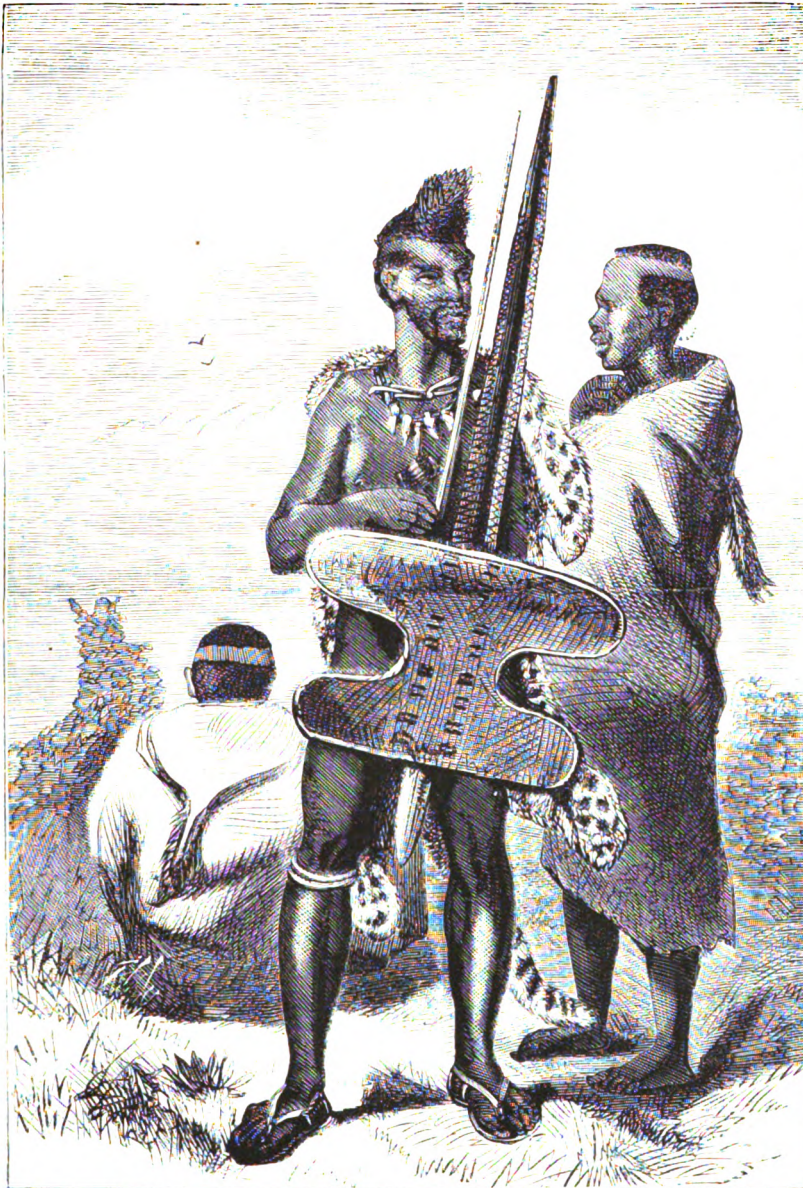
The Namaquas, a Hottentot tribe hitherto regarded as cowardly and debased, under the lead of Jonker Africaner, a robber chief of considerable force of character, made an incursion, about 1850, into the southern border of the Ova-Herero territory, and plundered from the peaceful inhabitants a considerable number of cattle. Encouraged by his success, Jonker Africaner continued his forays, in which he has been joined by some other chiefs, till he has overrun the entire territory of the Ova-Herero and reduced them to a condition of poverty and wretchedness. Had they possessed any competent leaders, they might easily have repelled these assaults, for the Namaquas are

cowardly and easily repulsed, but they were a peaceful people, and submitted almost without resistance to the despoliation of the invaders. The Ihaukoin, or Hill Damaras, on whom the Namaquas next attempted a raid, though usually reckoned more timid than their neighbors, the Ova-Herero, yet fought the Namaquas with such fierceness, that they fled back to their own country, and have never since renewed their attempt. The Ovambo also resisted them successfully.

Since this wholesale desolation of their country, the Ova-Herero have maintained a precarious existence, by hunting the wild beasts of their mountainous districts, and, at the seasons when they cannot kill these, they live on the bulbs, roots of rushes, etc., which they eat raw. They are almost constantly in a famishing condition, and hundreds of them will follow the hunter, begging, in the most abject manner, for food; and, when an elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe, buffalo, or eland;

is shot, they are so ravenous, that it is with difficulty that the hunter can obtain a single steak or roasting-piece for himself, the hungry wretches fighting for every morsel, and eating the blood, intestines, etc., in a nearly raw state, and even roasting and gnawing the skin of the animal.

Their ambition, pride, and love of ornament, have all disappeared, and, with them, their really high intellectual qualities. They are content with the merest rags, of whatever texture they may be, to hide their nakedness; and some of them even live in a state of perfect nudity. Their religious system, which seems to have looked back-



THE OVAMBA.

ward to a Parsee origin, has gone to wreck with their prosperity, and now both Chapman and the missionaries say they are averse to any mention of God, and, if they worship any thing, it is the Omumborombonga, or ironwood-tree, from which they claim that they descended. The gratification of the mere animal instincts of hunger and thirst seems to absorb their whole thoughts and intellect. The language shows conclusively that they were at one time an intellectual and philosophical race. Its numerous prefixes; its nice shades of meaning, different words or prefixes being used to indicate distinctions, of which a savage nation would have been incapable; and its alliterative character, rendering it one of the most mellifluous and poetic of dialects—all give evidence of a former high condition of civilization, and to this agrees the testimony of the missionaries who knew them nearly thirty years ago.

Such a degeneration, occurring in so short a period, seems very sad; but it throws light on the history of many of the savage tribes on this continent and elsewhere, and shows how speedy may have been the fall from the comparatively high culture of the race inhabiting Mexico in the sixteenth century to the stupid and unintellectual life of the Pueblo Indian, or the deep degradation of the Digger Indians of the Great Salt Lake Basin.

All the Zingian dialects are flowing and mellifluous; the vowel and liquid sounds predominate; and the "click," which is so marked a characteristic of all the Hottentot languages, is entirely wanting. The Sechuana, which is spoken almost over the whole breadth of the continent, is distinguished, like the Ovambo and Ova-Herero, for its numerous prefixes, which are mostly pronominal in signification, and for the minuteness of its distinctions of sex, color, descent, form, size, etc., as well as for an unusual number of abstract and metaphysical terms, for a people no higher in civilization than they now are. The present condition of the people is due, probably, in part to the protracted droughts from which they so often suffer; the great number of beasts of prey; the prevalence of the tsetse-fly in some districts, which renders the rearing of cattle impossible; and a destructive murrain, which has, within a few years, destroyed the larger part of the cattle and horses in the districts not subject to the "fly;" and, more than all else, to the existence and prevalence of slavery in the eastern part of the continent. The Portuguese slave-traders have made large offers of goods suited to savage tastes to the Matabele, to induce them to bring them coffles of slaves. These people, who were not naturally warlike, having found in the traffic in slaves the means of restoring and increasing their wealth, have entered into it with great zeal, and are not only making war upon the more peaceful nations around them, to procure slaves, but are largely selling their own children into slavery. The movements of this formidable tribe, always ready for predatory incursions in the east, have demoralized the other nations across the continent. At the slightest alarm, the Makololo, the Batonga, the Batuka, and the other Bechuana tribes, will leave their homes, and fly to the woods with the despairing cry, "The Matabele are coming—are coming to make slaves of us!" Of effectual resistance they seem to have no idea. Such a condition of affairs renders any successful cultivation of the soil or care of herds and flocks impossible; and it is a great and good work in which Dr. Livingstone has sought to interest the government of Great Britain—that of breaking up the slave-traffic, internal as well as foreign, on the east coast.

L. P. BROCKETT.

DAISY'S TRIALS.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

It seemed to Daisy that Myrrha grew lovelier every day. Daisy would sit and watch her till the girl would look up from book or drawing to ask, "What is it, Aunt Daisy?"

"It is that you are so lovely, Myrrha, and that I wish, I wish I could be sure you are even half as good and true as you are lovely."

Flattered by this admiration, Myrrha answered affectionately:

"At any rate, auntie, I hope I'm not, as times go, and girls, very bad."

It did not seem to Daisy possible but that this loveliness should exercise at least as strong a fascination over Mr. Stewart as it did over her. Mr. Stewart was quite ready to admit it would be difficult to find a fairer creature than the girl who rode beside him. The soft

spring wind, and the exercise in which she delighted, brought an ethereal bloom upon her young face, made her gleesome eyes shine crystal clear, gave her fresh lips a more vivid red, and lent even her hair a brighter gloss, so that the netted-up mass looked like imprisoned sunshine.

Those rides together had come to be an all-but daily institution. It was long now since Myrrha had been spoken of between Mr. Stewart and Daisy. Mr. Stewart had left off talking of the probability that "business" might call him away.

It was toward the end of June that Myrrha went, prettily and appropriately, through the farce of "discovering" (what she had some time known) that Mr. Stewart and the owner of Redcombe were one and the same person. About this time Mr. Stewart announced to her that the owner of Redcombe, having heard of a strange and lovely princess in the neighborhood, who had a passion for croquet, and for garden-parties, had determined, on a certain day, to give a *fête* in honor of the fair unknown, and had had a croquet-lawn, pronounced by competent judges to be admirable, prepared for the occasion. Myrrha at this lifted to Mr. Stewart a face so radiant with surprise and delight, that Mr. Stewart felt something of pleased tenderness toward such frankly-shown pleasure.

"The owner of Redcombe is a friend of yours, then, Mr. Stewart? And you've been telling him about me. How very, very kind you are to me! I don't know what I won't do for you! I've suspected something of this, do you know, Mr. Stewart? He must be a very dear friend, for I've learned that our horses come from his stables, and—"

"You're quite wrong, Myrrha, as to his being a very dear friend. On the contrary, he's my worst enemy."

Myrrha looked him in the face long and scrutinizingly.

"I know what you mean!" she then cried, delightedly. "A man is said to be his own worst enemy. You are the owner of Redcombe. Oh, Mr. Stewart, if I loved (I mean liked) you before, shan't I love you ten times over now!" All this said with sparkling eyes and eager lips, that looked quite ready to kiss him, if only he would bend toward them. "And you are going to give this *fête* for me? You are kind—"

"I give it to amuse your Aunt Daisy's visitor!"

"That is meant for a snub, but I won't take it as such. I know every thing will be delightful! I know I shall enjoy myself as I've never done in my life before."

And when the day came it proved to be one of Myrrha's golden days—till toward its close, when it clouded over. All through the day Mr. Stewart so distinguished her that it must have been evident to all eyes that she was the queen of the *fête*. She more than once heard herself pointed out as the young lady Mr. Stewart was soon to marry; for, of course, their constant riding together had set such rumors afloat. Then, again, every thing was admirably managed; she found golden traces of wealth everywhere, and Redcombe manor-house far surpassed her expectations. She was delighted with every thing, and showed her delight with the most complete abandon. What she had said to Mr. Stewart, "That if she had loved him before, as the owner of Redcombe she loved him ten times over," seemed true in the very simplicity of truthfulness. She tried to be composed and dignified; she wished Mr. Stewart to feel that it was no mere child he was distinguishing, but a woman quite capable of well playing the part of mistress of Redcombe Manor on some similar future occasion.

Against her will, however, the croquet-lawn attracted her; although Mr. Stewart did not play croquet, she lost herself in the game, as legitimate part of which she considered light flirtation with all the men engaged in it. She received delicious homage, and, for the first time since she came into the neighborhood, felt herself appreciated. Every other girl, cast into the shade, turned sullen, and every man seemed ready to fall upon his knees. For a brief while she forgot her wisdom, and turned aside from the serious ambitions of life. The beauty of the day, the gayety of the scene, the consciousness of her own preëminent loveliness, the almost as delicious consciousness of the exquisite perfection of her dress, intoxicated the nineteen-years'-old creature. By-and-by, after an hour or so, and when this sort of wholesale flirtation was growing fast and furious, Myrrha suddenly came to her more sober self, seeing Mr. Stewart, sitting by Daisy, watching her amusedly.

"This is all very pleasant, but it won't pay now, it can come

after," was the substance of Myrrha's reflections. As soon as she could, and not too ceremoniously, using her spoilt-beauty air, she disengaged herself from the players, and joined her Aunt Daisy and Mr. Stewart.

"Will you please take me somewhere to have a cup of tea?" she asked Mr. Stewart. "I'm so tired and so thirsty!"

"Won't you come too?" Mr. Stewart asked Daisy, as he rose, and offered Myrrha his arm; but Daisy, who was talking to an old lady who had just joined her, did not hear the question.

"I'm sorry you're tired already, fair frivolity!" Mr. Stewart said. "The day is not half over."

"I only mean tired of croquet. It's a stupid game; but, somehow, one gets excited over it."

"So it seems."

"Why did you call me 'fair frivolity'?" You shall not call me such an ugly name!"

"Ugly!" I defy any one to call you any thing ugly. We were saying just now—your Aunt Daisy and I—that we had never seen a more lovely or a more happy-looking creature."

"Well, Mr. Stewart, I am happy to-day. I do enjoy myself. It is all so beautiful, and the thought that you planned it all for me, is certainly not the least cause of my happiness."

"For your Aunt Daisy's guest," corrected Mr. Stewart.

Myrrha made a grimace.

"You won't be so cruel as to try to spoil all my happiness," she said. "You will spoil it all if you call me frivolous."

"I will call you only fair, then."

"The fact is," continued Myrrha, "I am so happy to-day that I want to be still happier."

"Insatiable human nature. Let us hope that, as you are beginning to be tired, the cup of tea, of which we are in pursuit, will, by refreshing you, increase and prolong your happiness."

"I won't be shut up in that way, Mr. Stewart," said Myrrha, pointing, and giving the arm her hand was on a sharp pinch. "A cup of tea is a good thing, and I shall be glad to have it, but I want more than that. I want to know, just really and truly, that you don't dislike, or altogether despise, me."

"My dear young lady! your thoughts and your words are wild! Dislike you! Despise you! Why should I, how could I, do either? I dislike you, and despise you, as much as I should dislike and despise some lovely flower because it did not happen to be my favorite among all flowers."

Poor Myrrha paused. She was quick enough to feel to the full all that was hidden in this answer.

"Have you a favorite flower, Mr. Stewart?" she asked, after that pause.

"The flower that was Chaucer's worship is mine."

Myrrha's "Ah!" was so significant and intelligent, that he felt sure she was in the dark as to what he meant.

"You remember, no doubt," he went on, "Chaucer's account of how he used to rise early, and go far, to see the first sunbeams fall on his favorite, and of how he would spend a day content lying on the grass encircling his flower with his arms?"

A thrill in Mr. Stewart's voice perplexed Myrrha; she looked up into his face, and saw a strange light there.

With a vague recollection of having heard of Chaucer's Romance of the Rose, Myrrha said, after a few seconds of reflection: "Now I shall know of whom to feel jealous. I shall look out for your rose."

"The rose is such a universal favorite, Myrrha! Would you have thought me the man to worship at the shrine at which all offer homage?"

"I don't know that I understand you to-day. Tell me what flower you would give me as my emblem?"

"Let me see!" He looked at her investigatively. "If you will come to the conservatory, I will show you a new geranium, the 'bride!' to which it seems to me, you, in that delicate dress, bear a wonderful resemblance."

"Well," said Myrrha, after looking at the flower, "it's pretty enough, but it has no sweetness; and—do you care for geraniums, Mr. Stewart?" looking up into his face wistfully.

"Care for" is one of those indefinite feminine expressions a man doesn't exactly appreciate. I admire the 'bride.' Who could help admiring such an exquisite creature?"

Then they passed from the conservatory into a room where a stately elderly lady, his housekeeper, was dispensing tea.

"This is a charming room!" exclaimed Myrrha. "Just a little lightening up, and it would make the most delightful ladies' morning-room."

"When the 'bride' comes to Redcombe, if, indeed, she ever comes, she will make many alterations, doubtless. I leave the whole place alone till she issues her commands."

Myrrha looked at Mr. Stewart, then looked down; she wished to blush, but her delicate complexion was not of the blushing sort.

Other people came and went, and Myrrha kept Mr. Stewart at her side, engaging her in a half-sentimental war of words, speaking low, so that he might need to bend down to hear her, conscious that elderly ladies watched them curiously, and young ladies watched them enviously; leaning back in that "delicious" chair, Myrrha was lazily happy. The eyes raised to Mr. Stewart's had a soft languor in them which rather startled him; he did not believe in much real softness in Myrrha; he had judged her nature to be rather cold and hard, and, as it were, thin; yet, perhaps, he was mildly flattered at the marked preference of a creature so young and so lovely. "Marked preference for Redcombe over any other home of which she has believed she had the chance," Mr. Stewart inwardly commented. But perhaps the cynicism of the comment was somewhat forced.

Myrrha kept her position, and so kept Mr. Stewart beside her till she fancied she saw signs of restlessness and of wandering attention; then she said:

"Mr. Stewart, don't you think poor dear Aunt Daisy will feel neglected if we don't go and look for her?"

This "poor dear Aunt Daisy" annoyed Mr. Stewart. "I have, for some time, been wishing to rejoin her," he answered.

"I do think you are the most terribly ungallant man I ever met. To punish you for that atrocious speech, you must, before we leave the house, show me the library. Ah! Mr. Stewart, this is a grand room," she said, looking round it with eyes that, for a moment, seemed reverent. "If I might come and read here," she said, coaxingly; "if you would tell me what books to read, and what I ought to think about them! If you would teach me a little! If you would spare me just one hour every day for a reading-lesson! Why do you shake your head?"

"Too dangerous a position for me to play school-master to so pretty a pupil."

"I wish I were not pretty, then, Mr. Stewart."

"Excuse me for saying, I doubt the sincerity of that wish."

"I don't much care about being only pretty. I should like to be beautiful."

"Beautiful in the way your Aunt Daisy is, for instance? But it needs a great deal, to gain that sort of beauty."

"I suppose you are jesting, Mr. Stewart; but it is not pretty of you to laugh at poor Aunt Daisy."

"Miss Brown, you know better than to suppose I am jesting. I say, your Aunt Daisy is beautiful."

"Then, if that is beauty," said Myrrha, losing her temper all at once, "to look old and worn, to have irregular features, and no complexion to speak of, I retract my wish to be beautiful. But, either you are jesting, or you are most extraordinarily infatuated."

"It is certainly not a subject on which I should choose to jest. I am quite willing to grant that you are far prettier than your aunt. Your features are not irregular, you have a complexion to speak of, you are in the first fresh bloom of youth; but I maintain that your Aunt Daisy has a higher kind of beauty."

Myrrha paused before speaking, then she said: "I know I have made you angry, because you call me Miss Brown. I am more sorry than I can say. You had been so kind to me. And now my happy day is spoilt. But, I can't help saying, it is very extraordinary, Mr. Stewart, that you should be so deluded about Aunt Daisy. Your admiration of her character perplexes me. I have the feeling that some day you will know her better, and see her differently, and then—"

"Miss Brown, pause in time. You are wise; don't let your feelings carry you so far that you say what I could never forgive."

Myrrha took his advice; she did pause—they were just then walking down a shady and solitary beech-glade. She took her hand from his arm, and, leaning a moment against a beech-trunk, indulged in a short, a very short, storm of tears. Mr. Stewart merely waited. In

a few minutes she passed her embroidered handkerchief lightly over her face, then looked up into Mr. Stewart's.

"Does it show? Are my eyes red? Do I look as if I had been crying?"

"Not in the least."

"Now, Mr. Stewart, I am not going to move from here, till you forgive me and call me Myrrha again. I don't think I am much more to blame than you are. You don't know how you hurt me. You are always showing me how frivolous and empty you think me—how you despise me. You never seem to believe in me, if I show any desire to be different; if I own how I long to have some one, strong and true, and on whom I could rely to help me, you ridicule me. You have been very, very cruel to me, just, I suppose, because I have shown frankly how I like you, how I desire your kindness. This was such a happy day, because you seemed to like me to-day; and now it's all turned to bitterness, and I'm very unhappy." Her eyes were full of tears, and her voice was ominously excited. "No, I won't, won't, won't move, till you call me Myrrha, and say something kind to me!"

"We will talk of all this some other time, Myrrha. Come, take my arm again. Forgive you? Yes, I forgive you—and you must forgive me, if you have any thing to forgive, and, if what you say is true, you have a great deal."

Myrrha, after a suppressed sob or two, took his arm, and let him lead her to where, more than an hour ago, they had left Daisy, and where Daisy still sat.

A day or two after this, Myrrha met Mr. Stewart with the words:

"I've found it out, Mr. Stewart: it is not the rose that is your favorite flower, though you let me think so. I have found out what is your favorite. I came, quite accidentally, in a book I was reading, upon a quotation from Chaucer, in which he speaks of the 'Day's Eye,' and of his love for it—"

Mr. Stewart rightly concluded from this explanation of Myrrha's, that she had been studying Chaucer, purposely to discover the passage.

"Well," he said, "I hope you approve my taste and Chaucer's?"

"Oh, of course?" Then, after a pause, "Will you forgive me, I wonder, if I ask a very rude question?"

"I will try to do so; but might it not be better, if the question be a rude one, to leave it unasked?"

"I cannot. I am too interested in having it answered; but—I'm afraid you'll be so dreadfully angry!"

"You take the choice, you see, between risking my dreadful anger and losing the chance of gratifying your curiosity."

"It is much more than mere curiosity."

"And it will be, I dare say, much less than 'dreadful' anger."

"It is only this: I want to know, Mr. Stewart, why you don't marry Aunt Daisy?"

"Is it only that you wish to know, Miss Brown?" Mr. Stewart's face reddened angrily. Myrrha, seeing this, and hearing the tone in which he called her Miss Brown, hid her face in her hands, and looked out at him from between her fingers, pretending to shrink away. "The question is very easily answered. I don't marry your Aunt Daisy, because she won't let me; because she won't marry me. There is no other reason; there can be no other; but this, you will allow, is a sufficient one."

"Aunt Daisy says she will never marry, and she says it in a way that shows she means it."

"Of course she means it; your Aunt Daisy always says what she means."

"No, Mr. Stewart; Aunt Daisy, I dare say, always means what she says, but she means, also, a great deal she never says. She is very secret; I feel quite certain that Aunt Daisy conceals something very important. It has crossed my mind to wonder whether she may not be already married!"

Mr. Stewart laughed derisively. "So, you've been making your Aunt Daisy the heroine of a sensational novel, have you?"

"Mr. Stewart, you promised your anger should be less than dreadful; but it isn't, you're dreadfully angry; and it isn't fair you should be. If you knew my reasons for touching this subject, if you understood my heart on this subject, you would, at least, pity me."

Something rose to Mr. Stewart's lips, which he preferred not to say; he turned from Myrrha abruptly, and went into the house; she

had waylaid him in the garden. But she contrived to speak a few more confidential words to him before he left.

"If you had been a little more tolerant with me, I, perhaps, could have told you things that might have been useful to you. Yes, you needn't look so superbly scornful; though I am but 'a child of nineteen,' as you've told me often enough, and you are a man of forty—still, I am a woman, and you're only a man, and women know by instinct things that men's reason and wisdom never seem to teach them. Of course, if there is really between you and Aunt Daisy some insuperable obstacle, nothing will be of any good; but if there is nothing but some foolish fancy of hers, there is a thing that would help you—to make her a little jealous. Oh, yes, I know you think this a reasonable suggestion; but, Mr. Stewart, Aunt Daisy is only a woman, not even a very wise one. Having said this, I will run away." Which she did.

In truth, Myrrha was getting tired of Redcombe Cottage.

"If he's going to marry Aunt Daisy, I wish he'd do it. If he isn't going to marry Aunt Daisy, why then I wish to make him sure and certain that he isn't. I don't want to be worried. I like Mr. Stewart, and don't I like Redcombe Manor House! I believe I could get fond of Mr. Stewart, and I know I could get fond of Redcombe Manor! If I could get them, I should be glad; but I don't want to be kept shilly-shallying: to be made to feel worried, and to waste my time. I shall soon be twenty—after twenty a girl like me often begins to go off and to look sickly, and to get too thin. I'm sure I don't want to take him from Aunt Daisy, if she means to have him; but, if she doesn't, I don't see why she should play dog-in-the-manger."

THE EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN AT HOME.

BY THE ROVING AMERICAN.

V.

HOW HE PASSES HIS DAY.

OUR Egyptian gentleman is ever an early riser, and his morning toilet takes but little time. His bath and his change of linen, with us the first duties of the day, are deferred by him to a later hour.

In that fiery climate the first hours of morn are devoted, by those who have leisure, to a gallop over the desert, just out of the gate of Bab el Nasr (the Gate of Victory). Rising with the dawn, and making but hasty and partial ablutions, and slipping into his baggy breeches and loose linen jacket, our Egyptian takes his whip of hippopotamus-hide in his hand, and, in his yellow morocco boots of soft wrinkled leather, shuffles down-stairs. Kicking off at the door the outer slippers of red-morocco with peaked toes, which he wears in-doors, he passes his threshold, leaning on the arm of his favorite slave—ever at hand, as Byron truly says—

"To guide his steps, or guard his rest,"

and his apathetic face lights up as his eye falls on his Arab steed, fully caparisoned, and held with difficulty by two Nubian or Berberi "syces," the grooms *par excellence* of Egypt. To him the desert-born is led, championing the bit, plunging and rearing, and shaking wildly his silky mane, as though he snuffed from afar and was anxious to seek his native air beyond the pent-in city.

A moment more and the master vaults into the Turkish saddle, with its deep seat and velvet gold-embroidered housings, and stirrups like shovels, capable of goring cruelly the sides of the steed, and apt so to do with an unpractised rider. In that seat the Turk or the Egyptian gentleman looks truly at home, and appears to more advantage than while slouching or shuffling along in a costume not adapted for walking, but very graceful for riding, as well as very comfortable. A small *fangan* of Mocha coffee, black and bitter, with a crust of bread, before he starts, is all he takes to stay his appetite, postponing breakfast until his return. The steed, who literally "knows his master," ceases his playful pranks the moment he feels the pressure of his hand upon the bit, and moves off in that quick, swinging walk in which the Arab horse excels, for the narrow streets of Cairo are too crowded by the early-risen poor of the great city to admit of any more rapid progress through them.

With a rare instinct, which has been educated out of our horses, the steed, with arched neck and pointed ears, moving his deer-like

head from side to side, and, using his eyes as a man would do, daintily picks his way, avoiding obstacles, and carefully stepping over the slumbering dogs that encumber the path. The rider has no trouble in guiding him, your pure-blooded Arab horse does not need it. At length horse and rider pass under the Bab el Nasr into the open country, and, tossing up his head with a wild neigh as he snuffs the desert air, the steed quickens his pace into a gallop. But not without attendants; for, as he starts off, slinking from behind small hillocks, where they have been growling and gorging over the refuse of the city, a troop of lean, savage, wolfish-looking wild dogs, without home or master, start off yelping in pursuit of man and horse. Very dangerous these packs often are, and it sometimes requires both the heels of the horse and the cruel whip of the rider to keep them off. Free of these unwelcome attendants, horse and man press on past the grand old Saracenic structures on the edge of the desert, known as the tombs of the Mameluke sultans—the finest specimens extant of that architecture—majestic in ruin, but rapidly crumbling to decay. On these the eyes of our Egyptian rest with no greater interest than do those of his horse. The eyes of both dilate as, rounding the last of these palaces, the desert—broad and seemingly illimitable, stretching out like an earthy sea to the far horizon, with no tree or shrub or blade of grass to gladden its arid waves of sand—spreads out before, beneath, and around them. The steed breaks into a wild gallop, the man straightens himself in the saddle, and then, bending forward with a wild cry, shakes the reins, and presses the sharp corner of his shovel stirrups into the willing charger's sides. Off, like an arrow from the bow, the charger speeds, passing like the wind the early Bedouin ambling along on his dromedary, or the patient caravan of camels plodding its weary way to Suez.

This is the morning dram of horse and rider, and, after an hour's wild chase after the desert wind, horse and rider quietly thread their way back through the crowded streets, just as the shops in the Mooske are being opened, and the sun begins to assert his power.

The steed is stabled, after having been walked up and down by the careful groom for an hour at least, to cool off before the saddle is removed. The man goes in to a light breakfast of coffee and fruits, and an hour later takes his bath, one of the serious duties of the day, changes his linen and outer garments, and is then ready for business, should he have any, or, if not, he lounges into some coffee-house on the shady Ezbekieh to gossip with friends as idle as himself, and, with much smoking and coffee-sipping, whiles away the slow hours of the long summer day.

At mid-day he returns home to take the inevitable noonday sleep on his divan from twelve till two o'clock; and so universal is this habit, that even the foreign bankers, as well as the native merchants, close their offices, and indulge in it during those hours of sultry noon-tide, even in the winter season, which, however, is as warm as our spring. Awakening from this nap, the Egyptian calls for his pipes and coffee, and, gazing languidly out of his window, which usually commands a view of green gardens and bubbling fountains, patiently awaits the hour of dinner. As he never reads—has no morning or evening papers to give him the sensation of the hour, or the rise and fall of empires or of stocks, and no new publications, or old ones either, to pore over, as his family occupy apartments in a separate part of the house, and day-visitors are unfrequent—one would suppose his time would hang heavy on his hands. But it does not seem to do so. The Egyptian or Turk is never bored—that is one of the plagues of civilization. The placid enjoyment of his animal existence fills him with a steady, serene satisfaction, and there is nothing he enjoys so much as this "taking his keff," the *dolce far niente* of the Italian, only a more absolute negation of any positive sensations, where body and brain both seem, not to slumber, but to be steeped in a soothing repose, which any active movement would disturb—in short, a kind of spiritual opium-eating.

The summons to dinner rouses him from this dreamy state into wakeful interest, for your Oriental, loving all the pleasures of sense, heartily enjoys good eating. The dinner we have described in a former number. After it are taken more pipes and coffee, more keff, another but shorter nap, another and more stately ride past the Ezbekieh and through the city just before twilight, with possibly a visit to a friend in passing, when more pipes and coffee are consumed, and very sparse conversation, and again our Egyptian is at home. The evening he devotes to his harem, not having seen his family all day, as he generally dines in his own side of the house alone, or with some

of his friends. If a domestic man in his habits, he takes supper and passes the evening with his wife and children, having the exclusive enjoyment of their society, since social visiting between the different sexes (as is well known) is contrary to Mussulman usages, and even rarely permitted among the native Christians. Thus a society of all men on one side of the house, and of all women on the other, is all that is to be had in the way of evening parties in the East, and the agreeable mingling of the two elements which constitute society with us, is unknown there. The Roving American is inclined to think that the evenings at home in the harem are rather dull, judging from the hints let fall by his Eastern friends, who, however communicative on other topics, shut up like oysters on any reference being made to this forbidden and delicate topic.

The lower classes enjoy open-air entertainments of jugglers and story-tellers, men and women squatting together under the trees. But rank in the East, as elsewhere, has its penalties as well as its privileges, and the higher classes at Cairo have to shut themselves up at home and do much smoking and sleeping. They retire at an early hour, nine o'clock being the common bedtime. Each wife has her own separate suite of apartments for herself and her family, for the Kilkenny cats would be harmonious compared to a collection of jealous wives in a common apartment, and the partiality or preference of the master of the house is judged of by the frequency of his visits to one wife or the other.

The Egyptian is a model son, husband, and father, especially the first and the last. As to the second, Cairene spouses, who have had the opportunity of conveying their ideas to foreigners, suggest doubts. The unlimited facility afforded to husbands in locking up and secretly making way with their spouses, and the privilege of supplementing the angry dame at home with three others legally, and as many others illegally, as he may choose to purchase—by custom, which is stronger than law—would seem to the inexperienced observer to make matrimony in the East more of a lottery than it proverbially is elsewhere.

SERVANT-SEEKING.

MY wife is a delicate little woman. She was esteemed a great beauty when I married her. Her mother told me that, if I would preserve the roses in her cheeks, I must be very tender of her, and shield her from too much care. For that reason I have always advocated the dismissal of servants who were not absolutely perfect. One morning, last week, Jane omitted to put the large spoons on the table, and the cruets were entirely empty. I took the matter in hand, as a good, kind, considerate, thoughtful husband should, and spoke sharply to the girl. She undertook to answer me back, and I sent her straight out of the house.

"That is the way to do it," I said. "If one girl doesn't suit, try another."

"But, my dear, Jane was a good servant in most respects."

"That is what you say of them all. I tell you, and have told you repeatedly, that it is just as easy to get those who are right altogether. You are too gentle a mistress, and your servants impose upon you. If I had the charge of the house, they would have to toe the mark. I am tired of seeing you so overshadowed with household affairs. Even now there are wrinkles settling in your forehead, as if you were forty-five instead of twenty-seven."

"Ah! the wrinkles date far back of Jane's forgetfulness. I am not sure but they have been produced by the frequency of my visits to intelligence-offices. I thought, the last time I went to one, that my hair would turn white before I got away."

"Why don't you follow up some of those girls who advertise in the *Herald*? My mother used to, and was very successful."

"I have, a score of times. I got Delia from an advertisement—the one who sat down on the baby, thinking he was the rag-bag—and Alice, who stole all my best towels, and Julia, who would take her beaux into the parlor every time we were out in the evening, and I don't know how many more. I have come to the conclusion that, when a servant is neat and honest, it is best to overlook trifling shortcomings. If my husband was just a little more patient, I think I could manage very well. I am worn out with servant-hunting."

"Servant-hunting! I should think it would be a pleasure. I can't imagine any thing so very dreadful about it."

"Suppose you try it? I really do not feel well enough to make the effort; I had rather do my own work for a month."

My wife did not usually speak with so much earnestness, and it surprised me. Besides, she looked pale, and, as I said before, I am a model of husbands.

It was a pleasant morning. I had enough to do; but then I might as well be hindered a half an hour to oblige my wife as to waste so much time smoking after lunch.

"I will, darling. Lie down and rest yourself, or read the papers. Take no more thought about the matter; and now, good-morning."

I kissed her, and went on my way. I bought a *Herald* at a stand on the corner. Glancing at the list of "Situations wanted," I smiled at the absurd idea of putting up with incompetent servants when such an army was in the field. I selected two numbers, which I thought would suit. They each contained three figures, and, of course, were some distance away across the avenues. It was not an inviting-looking neighborhood, and the building into which I entered was far from prepossessing. I knocked at the first door on the first floor. A fat, red-faced woman left the wash-tub, and opened it.

"Did a girl advertise from here for a place this morning?"

"Not as I knows on. Maybe it is in the back room."

I knocked at the next door. It was opened by a little girl of nine or ten, barefooted and ragged, and her mouth full of baked potato. Four other children, of various sizes, came running to look at me.

"Is your mother in?" I inquired.

"No."

"Is there a girl here who wants a place?"

"No."

"Do you know whether there is one in the building?"

"No."

"Maybe it is up-stairs!" screamed an old crone from a bed in the corner of the room, as I took out the *Herald* to see if I had not mistaken the number.

I ascended a narrow staircase, and passed along a dark, gloomy corridor. I knocked at a door, and repeated my inquiries to a yellow, sickly-looking woman, with a babe in her arms. She knew nothing of any such advertisement, but it might be in the next room. At the next room they thought that perhaps it was up-stairs. So I was handed along from one to another until I reached the fifth floor. There I gained the extraordinary information that it was probably in the back yard. Reaching the ground-floor in safety, I proceeded to the rear, where there was a three-story house on the same lot, with a space of only about ten feet between. An old man sat on the pavement, smoking.

"How many families are there in the building?" I asked.

He cogitated a moment or two before he replied:

"Twelve, sir."

It was true! The hall ran through the centre of the building, making four rooms on each floor, and each room contained a family. One man, a shoemaker, had a wife and seven children. I visited every room before I found the one the girl had advertised from. It was the most respectable-looking one of the lot, and the occupant was a young, tidy, well-dressed woman. My spirits rose like foam, and went down as quickly. The girl herself had not come yet. She lived over in Brooklyn.

I wheeled very abruptly, and hurried to the sidewalk. Ugly words rose to my lips, but I did not speak them. I wondered if Effie had ever visited such an abode. Taking out the *Herald* again, I read:

"No. 333 West — Street—a young girl who understands her business, and is neat and obliging."

It was only two blocks off. This time I was fortunate enough to hit the right room at the first knock. The girl herself opened the door. Her manner was a little forbidding. I fancy she belonged to the snapping-turtle order. Nothing daunted, however, I explained my business.

"How many be's there in your family, sir?" she asked, as she surveyed me from head to foot. I dress well, as a general rule; but it was a windy day, and I was in a part of the city where the streets were not watered. Consequently, the damsel before me could not make up her mind on the instant whether I would answer for a master or not. I gave her the number she would be expected to serve.

"Do there be a carpet on the girl's room?"

"Yes. Now please inform me if you know how to take care of

the whole upper part of the house and dining-room, and will do it well."

"Do there be any fires to make?"

"One or two, I think."

"I guess the place wouldn't suit me. I never makes fires. Boys always does them where I lives."

I was again afloat. I didn't fold and put my newspaper in my pocket any more. I read as I walked. According to my printed information, the most desirable person for me to visit was "a smart, capable, willing girl," in the neighborhood of Second Avenue. Quite a stretch from the west part of the city, but I went. It was a fire-story tenement-house again. I gave a dirty boy a quarter to run up stairs and make inquiries for me, and he never came back to report. Near the third landing I found the maiden. She was staying with a "friend," in a little room twelve by fourteen. The "friend" was a dealer in old clothes, and was just sorting over a cargo. The smart, capable, willing girl had seen fully sixty-five summers, and her hair was as white as snow. She was sitting with her feet in a pail of water, trying to cure corns, so she said. I left.

I was getting slightly out of temper when I reached the sidewalk. A dog, harnessed into a small cart, obstructed the way. I raised my foot and removed the whole establishment into the street. After that I felt better. Turning for comfort again to the *Herald*, I found "situations wanted" by several in that immediate vicinity; and I rendered unto all the light of my countenance. One girl had just "engaged." Another did not like to go where they did not keep a "full set of help." A third seemed qualified for our purpose, but her cousin was dead, and she couldn't come for a week. The fourth didn't like our location. The fifth made very pointed inquiries about the number of girls we had had during the last year, and then declined engaging "where they changed help so often." The sixth didn't ever "negoshumate" with a gentleman; "the madame must come hussell." The seventh wanted too many privileges, and had lost her front teeth. The eighth asked my name and place of business, but, never having heard of me before, very dryly remarked that "she only lived with the first families." The ninth was a fair-haired, blue-eyed German, who was not only willing, but exceedingly anxious to undertake any thing. She promised to go to my wife in the course of half an hour; and I, thoroughly disgusted with this world, and particularly with the portion of it which I had just explored, looked at my watch, and found it was two o'clock P. M.

When I reached home, at the usual dinner-hour, Effie met me, smiling.

"Did the new girl come?" I inquired.

"No, I haven't seen any."

I did not give vent to my pent-up emotions. I only played the sympathizing husband, and, somewhat crestfallen, started on another tour of the same nature the next morning.

Without confessing it to Effie, I determined to save time and steps and try the intelligence-office. A polite clerk at the entrance stopped me and registered my name, then I passed into the main room. A clerk sitting by a table numbered me and gave me a card. I was to take a seat correspondingly numbered. The room was filled with ladies talking to servants, and all sorts of persons hurrying hither and thither. A clerk spoke through a tube and called for a chambermaid and waitress for number twelve. In the course of ten minutes a tall, greasy-looking Irish girl came toward me.

"If you are sent to speak to me," I said, "go back and tell them you won't suit. Let another come as quickly as possible."

Instead of obeying, she dropped into the chair near by.

"Won't suit, eh? What ails me?"

"You are not neatly clad."

"Oh, that stuff on my dress is nothing; it will come out with a little sponging—"

I stalked across the room, and advised the young man in attendance to send a decent girl to me in short order. I conferred with six before I gave my address and sent one to my wife. The little performance occupied an hour and a half, and my office-work crowded me the rest of the day. I dined down-town. Having lost my key, I rung the bell of my own door about half-past nine. The discarded Jane admitted me.

"Effie, how is this?" I asked, before taking a chair.

"Oh, nothing extraordinary. The girl you sent, came. She seemed perfectly satisfied with the place, but, in the course of an hour, we heard the lower door slam, and saw her running down the street."

Toward evening Jane came for her money, and, not having enough by me, I detained her until you should come in. She went to work of her own accord, has put the house in order, and assisted me in every way possible."

"Keep her, if she will stay. I will promise never to complain of any thing hereafter short of hair-pins in the gravy. A dishcloth or two in the pudding will be a trifling grievance compared with what I have been through during the last six-and-thirty hours. And, Effie, say to your lady-friends that, if their husbands are too exacting in little things, and meddle in domestic matters where it would be more sensible for them to mind their own business, you know of a remedy."

I have always been a model; I am now one of the most docile of husbands. And it pays. Effie looks five years younger, and the servants no longer creep round the house in constant fear of my making discoveries to their disadvantage. A few words of well-timed commendation have cured Jane of her chief fault, and, since I have seriously thought about it, I believe her to be a most excellent servant.

M. J. LAMB.

A COMEDY AT FORLÌ.

THE ancient and romantic little city of Forlì, which lies at the foot of the Apennines, about forty miles from Bologna, is rather off the beaten road of travel, and has more of the mediæval flavor than any Italian town I have visited. Its population is not above sixteen or seventeen thousand; but it is full of associations, and impressed me more than Ferrara or Fienza, Mantua or Rimini, with all their mouldy memories of the past. It has its theatre and opera, as may be supposed, though neither the one nor the other is of a very high order. Still, I liked to go there, and to make up what the music lacked by pondering on what it suggests in regard to the historic past.

I was sitting one night in the pit, when a gentleman at my side entered into conversation with me, and I discovered that he was an American, the first I had met there. At the close of the performance we began to criticise it, when he remarked that he had witnessed a most extraordinary entertainment on that very stage, which had taken him altogether by surprise.

"Indeed," he continued, "I shall not forget it if I live a hundred years. Its impression will never be removed."

"That is very singular," I said. "I can't imagine how any very remarkable performance can be given in so small a city as this. The music must always be inferior where the patronage is so slight. Be kind enough to tell me what there was extraordinary in the representation of which you speak."

"Well, here we are at the Albergo. Let us go in and order a bottle of Lachrymæ Christi, and I'll tell you all about it.

"It was late in the autumn, seven or eight years ago. I was on my way from Bologna to Rimini, and concluded to stay here overnight, as I had never seen Forlì before. In the evening, as I was wandering around, I passed the theatre, and, observing that Bellini's 'Capuletti e Montecchi' was to be given, I went in. It was a little after the hour; but I found the opera not yet begun. Though the house was tolerably full, I had no difficulty in getting a seat. I waited patiently for fifteen minutes, and still no signs that any of the Capulets or Montagues had as yet been born. I did not wonder that the audience displayed some vexation and disappointment in cries of 'Basta! basta!' I sat for ten minutes longer. The house was growing somewhat uproarious, and I was on the point of going out when the stage-bell rang for the orchestra, and the instrumentalists began the sad and tender overture. That done, the long-delayed curtain rose, but on quite a different scene from that recorded in the *libretto*.

"Instead of the members of the rival houses, testy and turbulent, some twenty men, in the picturesque costume of the Abruzzi, appeared drawn up across the stage with guns levelled at the audience. One of their number, who seemed to be their chief, stepped to the foot-lights, and informed the people in front, in very un-Tuscan Italian, that they would be instantly shot if they made the least resistance.

"It occurred to me that this was quite a new version of an opera I had supposed myself entirely familiar with, and, in all my recollection of the lyric *répertoire*, I could not think of any drama which began exactly in that way.

"The audience was evidently dissatisfied with the first scene, and many of them, in spite of the menace and the levelled guns, started pell-mell out of the house. A number of the ladies screamed and jumped up in the boxes; but, in a few minutes, they became calm and quiet, and showed more coolness and self-discipline than their natural protectors.

"For myself, though I did not particularly relish the situation, I felt more amused than alarmed at its unexpected novelty, and I waited to see what would happen next. I noticed that the men who had attempted to quit the theatre had returned paler than when they sought to go out, and I overheard one of them say, 'The doors are all guarded by armed men, and we shall certainly be murdered, every one of us!' This was comforting at least, and I remembered with a kind of melancholy satisfaction that, as I had no creditors, I should leave no one to mourn for me, if the worst came to the worst.

"Fill your glass, my friend. Let me assure you that in this world no man is missed unless he leave debts behind him. Therefore, always owe somebody something if you wish to be remembered.

"The next thing in the programme was the entrance into the theatre of ten or twelve more of the black-bearded, peak-hatted, amateur or professional artists, who looked as if they would cut a throat for ten *baiochi*, and that the rate would be reduced if murders were required by the dozen. The new-comers, gun in hand and stiletto in belt, went to everybody in the house, and used such persuasive speech as to induce them to part with their valuables. They transacted business more rapidly and efficiently than I had ever known it to be transacted in Italy.

"In less than a minute, a fellow, who might have been poisoner and assassin-in-chief to the Borgias, stepped up to me, and, lifting his hat, said:

"'Buona sera, signore; scusàtemi;' and held out his hand for my personal property.

"I had prepared for him by concealing my watch and purse in an inside pocket. I presented two or three bank-notes received some time before in Palermo and not current anywhere, with an I. O. U. taken from an impostor in Paris, and worth ten per cent. less than nothing. Determined not to be outdone in politeness, I remarked, as I handed him the precious treasure:

"'Siete molto cortese.'

"He took what I offered without question, and, saying 'Cosi, va bene; grazie, signore,' turned his rapacious attention to my neighbor.

"Very soon the robbery was complete, and the thieves quitted the theatre, while the leader of the band (I don't mean the director of the orchestra) ordered the strangers on the stage to recover and shoulder arms, which they did, and marched off without a word.

"As soon as the bandits had gone, such a chattering, and swearing, and general tumult, arose among the audience, who then felt free to express their feelings at the outrage, that I could not help laughing. While this confusion was at its height, the manager appeared before the foot-lights and made an explanation of what had taken place.

"He said that, just as the performance was about to begin, a band of brigands had descended from the Apennines, surrounded the theatre, taken possession of all the entrances, bound the artists and everybody behind the scenes, and then proceeded to plunder the audience in the manner I have described. He thought there were about one hundred of them in all, and expressed the hope that the infernal scoundrels would yet be captured and shot—a sentiment which awoke general sympathy and hearty applause, but not an atom of expectation. He added, moreover, that he was very sorry for the unpleasant but unavoidable occurrence; that he was willing to refund the money we had paid for admission, and would be only too happy if the bandits would also make restitution. If we cared, however, to hear the opera, he would be charmed to present it, and so, bowing, he retired, amid loud bravos and clapping of hands.

"Nobody quitted the theatre; and, as I fancied some other novelty might be offered, my curiosity impelled me to remain.

"Bellini's composition was very fairly rendered. The artists and audience were in unusually good spirits after the peculiar *contre-temps*, and were on the best terms with each other.

"I felt some desire to know whether this sort of thing happened often or only occasionally, and on inquiry I was told it was altogether unprecedented. I was glad of this, for I like novelties, even when they are somewhat disagreeable, and I consider that episode worth twice the price of admission. In fact, this cool and ingenious method

of robbing a whole audience pleased me so much that, whenever I am in this part of the country, I visit Forlì in hope of seeing it again.

"I have known a great many changes of programme during an opera-season, but that was the first and last time I ever knew 'Fra Diavolo' substituted literally for the 'Capuletti e Montecchi' on any stage. I like Bellini; but I prefer bandits. Cameriere, cavate il tappo a quella bottiglia."

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

A GREAT SECRET.

MY friend, here's a secret
By which you may thrive:
I am fifty years old,
And my wife's forty-five—

A queen among beauties,
The wedding-guests said,
When we went to the church
With the priest, and were wed.

That's thirty long years past;
And I can avow,
She was no more a beauty
To me, then, than now!

For never the scath of a
Petulant frown
Has ploughed with its furrows
Her young roses down.

And still, like a girl, when
Her praises I speak,
Her heart fairly blushes
Itself through her cheek.

Her smile is more tender
For being less bright;
And the little bit powder
That makes her hair white,

And all the soft patience
That shows through her face,
In my eyes, are only
Like grace upon grace.

For still we are lovers,
As I am alive,
Though I, sir, am fifty,
And she's forty-five!

And here's half the secret
I meant to unfold,
She don't know, my friend,
Not the least, how to scold!

Nor does she get pettish,
And sulk to a pout,
So, since we fell in love,
We never fell out!

And here's the full secret
That saves us from strife:
I kept her a sweetheart,
In making her wife!

And if you but wed on
My pattern, you'll thrive,
For I, sir, am fifty,
My wife, forty-five!

ALICE CARY.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

THE past quarter of a century has witnessed the rise, in England, of a remarkable number of bold, radical, philosophical thinkers and writers. Almost every corner of the broad domains of science seems to have been invaded by vigorous and adventurous spirits, who have stoutly resisted taking any thing either for granted or from "authority;" have insisted on judging and knowing for themselves; and, while availing themselves of the lore of previous philosophers, have only lingered in their paths while they were lighted by what they themselves saw clearly. Conservatives have shuddered over the profanations of the august temples of ancient learning; men of piety have mourned the dethronement of Christian philosophers; politicians of the old school have wept, like Eldon, as they saw the vestiges of the ancient constitution one by one passing away. Theological, political, and social science have been no more secure than natural and exact science. All have been submitted to crucial tests on the part of operators who defied tradition when tradition assumed to close their eyes and impose silent obedience, and only respected tradition when tradition served them as guide-posts. The names of such men as Mill, Huxley, Tyndall, Faraday, Herbert Spencer, Congreve, Proctor, Colenso, Cobden—names famous each in its sphere—serve to stamp the era as one of bold investigations which startle, while they compel admiration from timid and groove-bound minds.

Perhaps the greatest immediate influence, impelling the thoughtful to this *frondeur* manner of grappling with philosophical problems, in England, has been that exerted by John Stuart Mill. But another, with many as potent, with some more potent influence, has been somewhat quietly but very deeply drawing to the same end, inspiring intellectual courage and breeding knights-errant of science—the influence of Auguste Comte. The Positivist is no longer to be ignored, much less despised. Of Comte's scientific theories, Mill himself is a disciple, and the *Westminster Review* has at least been a candid and elaborate expounder. Comte's religious philosophy is another thing; and those who study Nature according to Comte are by no means necessarily devotees of the sect which he has founded. Mill, who had no language too praiseful of the first, found none too bitter for the last.

There was something in the Positivism of Comte, and in its elucidations by Mill, peculiarly attractive to a set of cultivated and independently thinking young men who formed the nucleus, later, of a bold school of writers, whose productions have not ceased to startle the English intellectual world. The fundamental doctrine of the Comtist philosophy may—since it is of an eminent Comtist that we propose to write—be briefly stated. It is, that we have no knowledge of any thing but phenomena; and our knowledge of phenomena is relative, not absolute. We know neither the essence nor the real mode of production of any fact, but only its relation to other facts in the way of succession or of similitude. These relations are constant; that is, always the same in the same circumstances. The constant similitudes which conjoin phenomena, and the constant sequences which unite them as antecedent and consequent, are called their *laws*. And these laws are all we know about them. Their essential nature, and their ultimate causes, whether efficient or final, are unknown and inscrutable to men. Upon this doctrine all the scientific philosophy of Comte rests, and upon it he built an imposing structure, such as, whatever our beliefs may be, entitle him to be ranked with Descartes and Galileo, among searchers into the mysteries of Nature.

Among the foremost of those who adopted the leading ideas of this Positivism was GEORGE HENRY LEWES, who, during his editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*, contributed himself and admitted many other contributors to its pages, in defence of the great Frenchman's system. Professor Lewes is now known as one of the profoundest students in philosophical lore, ancient, mediæval, and modern, English and foreign, in his country. Long-continued ill health has abridged the number of his contributions to science; but those which he has been able to produce illustrate the wealth of a learning which has been long and patiently acquired. His attainments are mainly in the direction which has been stated; but he has proved himself skilled in the lighter and more graceful departments of literature. He has made an especial study of German and the great German writers, pursuing his studies among the profounder works of Scaliger, Eras-

mus, Kant, Schlegel, and Goethe. From early youth his predilections were for the profession of letters, uncertain and few as are the inducements to follow exclusively such a career.

He was born in London, in 1817, and received an education partly on the Continent, and partly under the tuition of Dr. Burney, at Greenwich. Like many literary men before and after him, he tried and soon wearied of a commercial training, returning eagerly to his books, and thenceforth stoutly sticking to them. At first, as the part of a general plan of philosophical study, he delved into anatomy and physiology.

Having acquired the elementary principles of these sciences, he went to Germany to extend the range of his studies. He was in that country during his twenty-first and twenty-second years, mastered the language, participated in the riches of its literature, and became deeply impressed with the works of its philosophers. Returning to London, he settled down as a student and man of letters, assiduously adhering to the line of investigation begun in Germany, and writing now and then for the papers and periodicals.

The first elaborate work by which he became known as an author—one which entitled him to no mean place among philosophical scholars, was "A Biographical History of Philosophy," in two series of two volumes each, the first series treating of ancient philosophy. In this work we have finished critical essays of the Greek sages, more especially of Socrates and Plato, as well as biographies.

Of Plato we learn much that is of the deepest interest. Mr. Lewes apprizes us that Plato has scarcely any imagery; and, though the Edinburgh reviewers dissented from this dictum, they admitted the truth of Mr. Lewes's description of Plato's illustrations as "for the most part homely and familiar." He called attention to Aristotle's estimate of Plato's style as capital—that it was a middle species of diction between prose and verse. There are indeed in Plato's works—and no one more readily recognizes them than Mr. Lewes—passages of diverse and singular beauty. But he points out that the Platonic system was not a mere poetic conception, but a great problem calmly and logically worked out. "Plato," he says, "never sacrifices logic to poetry. If he sometimes calls poetry to his aid, it is only to express by it those ideas which logic cannot grasp, ideas which are beyond demonstration; but he never indulges in mere fancies."



GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

It may be said that this view of Plato's methods of composition quite harmonizes with our conception of Plato's character. It was not severe; it was calm, judicial, excessive neither in intellectual hair-splitting nor in exuberant rhetoric. Plato often, as Mr. Lewes says, sacrificed the general effect to his scrupulous dialectics, and his incessant repetitions were designed to deeply impress on the reader's mind the real force of his method. Appended to Mr. Lewes's second volume of this series we find a very spirited translation of some of the more important scenes of the *Gorgias*; and the work as a whole seems to have received a hearty welcome from the English classicists, though some of them earnestly protested against many of the author's criticisms. It was published in 1847, when Mr. Lewes was in his thirtieth year; and soon after he illustrated the versatility of his mind by publishing a story called "Ranthorpe," which had good success. During the ensuing ten or twelve years his pen was very active. In 1848 appeared a novel called "Rose, Blanche, and Violet," and a study of the Spanish dramatists Lope de Vega and Calderon; in 1850 his "Life of Robespierre," a remarkable work, in which the dictator of the Terror was put before our eyes in a new light in many respects; and this year he also assayed his ability in dramatic writing, producing a tragedy—"The Noble Heart"—full of literary excellences but quite unsuited to the demands of the modern stage. He next devoted himself to a careful treatise on "Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences," in which we find many of his philosophical

views modified, and perceive that he had advanced—if the expression is right—from a metaphysical to a "Positivist" method of thought.

The work by which he is best known to general readers, and which doubtless gained him his fame in America, is his "Life and Works of Goethe"—much the best biography of the great German extant in our language. He was well qualified by his culture and predilections for German studies to engage in this undertaking, and this book is already a standard one in its department of literature.

"Seaside Studies," and the "Physiology of Common Life," the latter very popular, and full of the writer's graceful vivacity of style, were published in the same year, 1860; and in 1861 appeared another of his minute studies of the Greek philosophers, in "Aristotle; a Chapter from the History of Science." The commendations which this book called forth might well gratify so ambitious and zealous a

scholar. It was written with great vigor and independence of mind, as well as with a clearness of expression which had become a characteristic of Mr. Lewes's productions. It was, however, designed as only the introductory part to a much more comprehensive scheme which he had long projected, and has since, owing to ill health, unfortunately been compelled in a great measure to postpone; and was especially devoted to an exposition of "the origin and development of science—the embryology of science, so to speak."

The claims of Aristotle as a natural philosopher are discussed in the first volume, and a careful and succinct analysis of his physical treatise is made. There are few more interesting passages in modern scientific literature than Mr. Lewes's chapter on "The Anticipation of Modern Discoveries." We learn (with an even higher respect for Aristotle than we had before) that the old Greek had an acquaintance, more or less familiar, with some five hundred various species of animals—a wonderful thing when it is considered that Aristotle lived in the fourth century before Christ, and was actually the earliest of known writers on natural history. Mr. Lewes shows us, however, that Aristotle's practical knowledge of zoology was very limited. The traces of philosophical positivism are very clear throughout this book.

The light in which Lewes studied Aristotle, as every other man or work of science, ancient or modern, is discovered to us in many of the passages in the work on Comte; and we can do no better in defining the position of the author, who is, above all, distinguished as a follower of Comte, than to note briefly some of the ideas. According to Mr. Lewes, there are three distinct and characteristic stages which history reveals in man's attempts to explain natural phenomena. They have been named the supernatural, the metaphysical, and the *positive* stages. In the supernatural stage man explains phenomena by some "fanciful suggestion" suggested by the analogies of his own consciousness.

"Nature," says Mr. Lewes, "is regarded as the theatre whereon the arbitrary wills and momentary caprices of superior powers play their varying and variable parts. Men are startled at unusual occurrences, and explain them by fanciful conceptions. A solar eclipse is understood, and unerringly predicted to a moment, by positive science; but in the supernatural epoch it was believed that some dragon had swallowed the sun!" In the metaphysical stage, man explains phenomena by some *a priori* conception of inherent or superadded entities suggested by the *constancy* observable in phenomena, which constantly leaves him to suspect that they are not produced by any intervention on the part of an external being, but are owing to the *nature* of the things themselves. "The notion of capricious divinities is replaced by that of abstract entities, whose modes of action are, however, invariable, and in this recognition of *invariableness* lies the germ of science. In this epoch Nature 'abhors a vacuum;' organized beings have a 'vital principle;' matter has a *vis inertiae*." When we reach the stage of positivism, the stage illustrated by Comte, man explains phenomena by adhering solely to those constancies of succession and coexistence ascertained inductively, and recognized as the law of Nature, and in this stage the invariableness of phenomena under similar conditions is recognized as the sum total of human investigation; beyond the laws which regulate phenomena it is idle to penetrate. Mr. Lewes shows us, in his "Aristotle," that Grecian philosophy belonged to the metaphysical stage. The progress, according to him, has been gradual from this to the positive stage; the step from the one to the other beginning from Francis Bacon, the father of inductive science.

Enough has been quoted from Mr. Lewes, even in this brief sketch, to show that his style is perspicuous, bold, lively, not wanting in a polished grace, energetic, and far from dry. He seems to adapt himself well to the ordinary understanding, and he has certainly a right to be ranked among that most valuable class of scientific writers who within twenty years have done so much to make science *popular* by interpreting it so that it may be easily and generally comprehended. No one can rise from a perusal of the "Biography" and the "Aristotle" without a clear idea of the systems of the great thinkers of Greece; and while the dissentients from Lewes's Comtist doctrines will far outnumber those who yield to them, their discussion cannot but shed light upon the gravest problems which mysterious Nature everlight presents for the human brain to ponder.

Mr. Lewes partially followed out the general plan to which I have alluded, by publishing, in 1867, "The History of Philosophy from

Thales to Comte;" which comprises a sort of generalization and maturing of the ideas presented in the previous works, as well as giving the reader a broad survey of the progress and tendencies of the philosophies which from time to time prevailed in the learned world. Meanwhile he contributed to the *Edinburgh and Westminster*, to *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, and the *Cornhill*. He edited the *Leader* from its foundation in 1849 till 1854. In 1858 he read a paper before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, on "The Spinal Cord as the Centre of Sensation and Volition;" which he supplemented in the following year by some addresses on the "Nervous System," marked for their originality and bold antagonism to commonly-received ideas.

He founded the now famous *Fortnightly Review* in 1865, resigning the editorship, owing to ill health, in 1866, when he was succeeded by John Morley, a young Comtist of rare ability. The *Fortnightly* has always been noted for its independent and radical views. It first published Huxley's remarkable article on "The Physical Basis of Life." Mr. Lewes a few years since married Miss Evans, who stands in the foremost rank of English novelists and poets, under the *nom de plume* of "George Eliot;" and they now reside in a pleasant, umbrageous little nook in St. John's Wood, one of the quietest and prettiest quarters of London. It is surely to be hoped that Mr. Lewes will not be deterred by precarious health from further literary labors; and especially that he may be able to accomplish the lofty scheme which he long ago proposed to himself.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

ALBRECHT VON GRAEFE.

THE most eminent oculist of this century, or of any century, Dr. ALBRECHT VON GRAEFE, died at Berlin, July 20th, at the age of forty-two. He was born at Berlin, May 22, 1828. His father was for many years the surgeon-general of the Prussian army, which accounts for the infant Albrecht having had such distinguished sponsors at the baptismal font. They were the king and his son Albrecht, the father and brother of the present King of Prussia, the minister of war, Count Hacke, the Countess von Latteem, and Madame von Bredow.

A detailed account of the scientific labors of the deceased would be uninteresting to the general reader; it may not be out of place, however, to state that he effected as complete a revolution in eye-surgery as did Napoleon I. in the art of war. His labors and researches were eminently practical in their character. He strove, above all things, to base our knowledge of eye-diseases upon a thoroughly scientific foundation, and to relieve this important branch of medicine, as far as possible, from empiricism. How well he succeeded, is best known to his pupils, who may be found in all parts of the civilized world. Nearly all the leading oculists in this country have spent more or less time in Berlin, for the purpose of studying the specialty of their choice under the direction of this great master. Many a tearful eye has read the announcement of his early death, that but for his genius would have been in total darkness.

There is a terrible disease of the eye—acute or inflammatory glaucoma—which, if allowed to take its course, usually results in the rapid and total destruction of vision. Until within the last fifteen years this disease was deemed incurable; it was the terror of the physician, for he was ignorant of any means by which he could even retard its progress. The remedies usually efficacious in inflammations seemed more frequently to aggravate than to palliate it.

Graefe delivered humanity from this scourge. He discovered that if, in the first stages of the disease, a certain operation were performed on the eye—the excision of a portion of the iris—the inflammation and intense pain disappeared as if by magic; that vision was completely restored, even in cases where it had decreased to a bare perception of light; and, further, that the patient was insured against a relapse.

To Graefe's most brilliant achievements in the field of operative eye-surgery, may be reckoned the method he adopted, a few years ago, of operating for cataract. This new method, as shown not only by Graefe's experience, but also by that of other operators, renders this important operation very much less to be dreaded than it was formerly.

Of the greatest importance, too, are Graefe's studies of the various

forms of strabismus—squinting—and his improved method of operating for this deformity. The number of strabismus operations performed yearly by him was truly immense—far greater, for example, than the number performed by all the oculists in Vienna.

The major part of Graefe's scientific writings were published in his "Archives of Ophthalmology," which he began to issue in 1854, and comprise fifteen octavo volumes. The student finds in these archives a complete history of modern eye-surgery.

On receiving the news of his death, one of the most distinguished *survants* in Germany wrote:

"I am deeply moved by the melancholy tidings of our Graefe's death. His loss to science is irreparable, for men who, with the cares and responsibilities of an immense practice, find time to originate great ideas, appear only at intervals of centuries."

And Graefe was no less distinguished as a teacher than as a *savant* and practical oculist. As a lecturer, he was wonderfully clear and fluent; indeed, his delivery was, perhaps, too rapid. He spoke only for those who already had a considerable knowledge of eye-surgery; the beginner found it quite impossible to follow him.

To Graefe's intellectual greatness was united every other natural advantage, physical and moral. He was considered as a representative of one of the highest types of manly beauty, his head having been what the Germans call "ein wahrer Christuskopf"—a true Christ's head. The fascination of his manner and the extreme generosity of his nature were proverbial. His pupils and patients idolized him. In his associations with his colleagues, that modesty which so frequently adorns true greatness rendered him irresistible. I shall never forget the amiability of Graefe's manner toward me during the time that I, some years ago, attended his clinic. The scientific discussions in which he occasionally indulged with his pupils, he always conducted with so much modesty and tact, that his opponent quite forgot that he was arguing with the greatest of living masters.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY FENN.

REEMS'S CREEK AND THE OLD MILL.

ONE sultry day in June, a band of seven brothers toiled slowly up the sides of the Black Mountains; brothers they were not in blood, but in a tie that binds thousands throughout the world. The romantic idea had been conceived of celebrating St. John's Day (June 24th) on the summit of Mount Mitchell. Many had claimed the privilege of being of the band, but as they left their horses and all roads at the foot of the mountains, and took to walking in the wild, pathless woods, guided only by the hunter's eye and the compass-needle, only seven names answered to the call. Through thickets of rhododendron, magnificent with crimson flowers; up streams of crystal water, around cascades, rich in artistic beauty, and looking down into caverns far below; sometimes up a ridge almost perpendicular, then through a broad plateau, studded with noble chestnuts; or stopping a moment to look on the far-extended view from one of those queer bald spots the Indians call "Devil's Footprints"—thus they went: in front, that old mountain hunter and surveyor, Bob Blackstock, with his compass swung around his neck; next to him, the Grand Master; the rest trailed one by one behind, till far in the rear the last, who was weak in body, but strong in spirit. Just as the crimson sun was hiding itself behind the smoky tops of the Great Unaka, we touched the edge of the balsam-growth. Stopping at the side of a spring, whose drops, as they tumbled far below and went into spray, seemed, in the dying glow of the setting sun, to be a ruby aurora floating down the valley, faithful Bob threw off his knapsack, unsheathed his axe, and exclaimed:

"Here we rest to-night. This is the head-spring of Reems's Creek, and you are about three thousand feet higher in the world than at Asheville yesterday. Now for a fire, a house, and a bed."

"And a stew for our sick boy," said a voice behind him.

The sharp report of the rifle rang out on the clear mountain air, rolled and echoed far down the valley, and a fat gray squirrel dropped at our feet.

"He's got no business up here anyhow, interfering with the mast that belongs to the poor little chipmucks," added the hunter, as he

laid down his rifle, and forthwith proceeded to divest the animal of his skin.

Sweetly toothsome did it taste that night, for the boy was sore and weary; boy they called him, for of that party he alone stood less than six feet in height.

A great glowing fire was soon sending its smoke far upward, while the valley below and the hills above echoed and reëchoed the popping and crackling of the burning logs. A bed that a king might envy was made from the tender boughs of the balsam, with blankets spread over them. Supper was served, and then came pipes and stories.

"You say, Bob, that this is the head of Reems's Creek," asked the boy.

"Yes, this is the head-spring of Reems's Creek. It empties into the French Broad just above Alexander's. You know THE OLD REEMS'S CREEK MILL, on the right of the road as you go down the river. Well, that old mill is nigh about the oldest building this side the mountains. Old Reems built it there as a sort of fort, something of a store, and little of a mill. The old ford of the French Broad is just at the mouth of the creek. There wasn't many Indians this side the French Broad and Swannanoa, and the trail from the settlements east to Tennessee passed by the old mill, just about where the road does now; it left the river below. Some say that Daniel Boone first learned to shoot Indians and bear at that ford and on this creek. My father and Tom's (the old man was an honest hunter, and never would have killed even a squirrel this time of the year, nor in such a place as this, even for a sick boy)"—Tom was ready with a reply, but the story went on. "As I started to say, Tom's father and mine were the first settlers who left the river and built cabins up any of the creeks. No one would believe, from the looks of the rocky stream where the old mill stands, that a few miles up the stream are some of the prettiest valleys in the world. I showed you the old place to-day, and you never saw better land in your life. I know I never did, and tramped all over Mexico with Taylor and Scott.

"Then the mountain-sides are rich, too. There's old Craggy where the other fork rises; she don't deserve that name, for there's some extra land up there. When old Professor Somebody came to our house for a guide, with a letter from Zeb, I took him up a spur that Brigman had a cornfield on, just about thirty-five hundred feet higher than the sea. It was No. 1, and would run fifty bushels shelled to the acre close. He looked a little wild at it, then out with his instruments and made some calculations. I tell you he opened his eyes wider than a runaway steer. He said it was an astonishing growth and fertility for mountain-land. I didn't say much, for I knew he'd been used to the barren White Mountains, and if he'd seen the Rockies they wern't any better, for I'd tried them. As we came back to Asheville, I took him down through Nick's 'grass' plantation on top of Elk Mountain.* He stared at the tall timothy hard and long enough, but didn't say a word.

"Good land isn't all Reems's Creek has to boast of either. She's some on the men line. There's old Governor Swain, General Joe Lane of Oregon, and Zeb Vance, member of Congress, Governor, or what he is; he's 'Zeb' in Buncombe, and always will be. They were all born and brought up with not much more than a tow shirt to their backs, right down there in that valley you'll see the first thing in the morning. Come, turn in now."

"Not yet," said several. "Which way in the morning?"

"Straight up and on the ridge till we strike the road on the main Black, about half a mile from Otey's cabin."

"All woods?"

"No, we'll strike a bear-trail about three miles from here; and just there I saw a bear do the cutest thing. He couldn't have done better if he'd been a reg'lar educated Yankee."

"Give it to us!" exclaimed two or three.

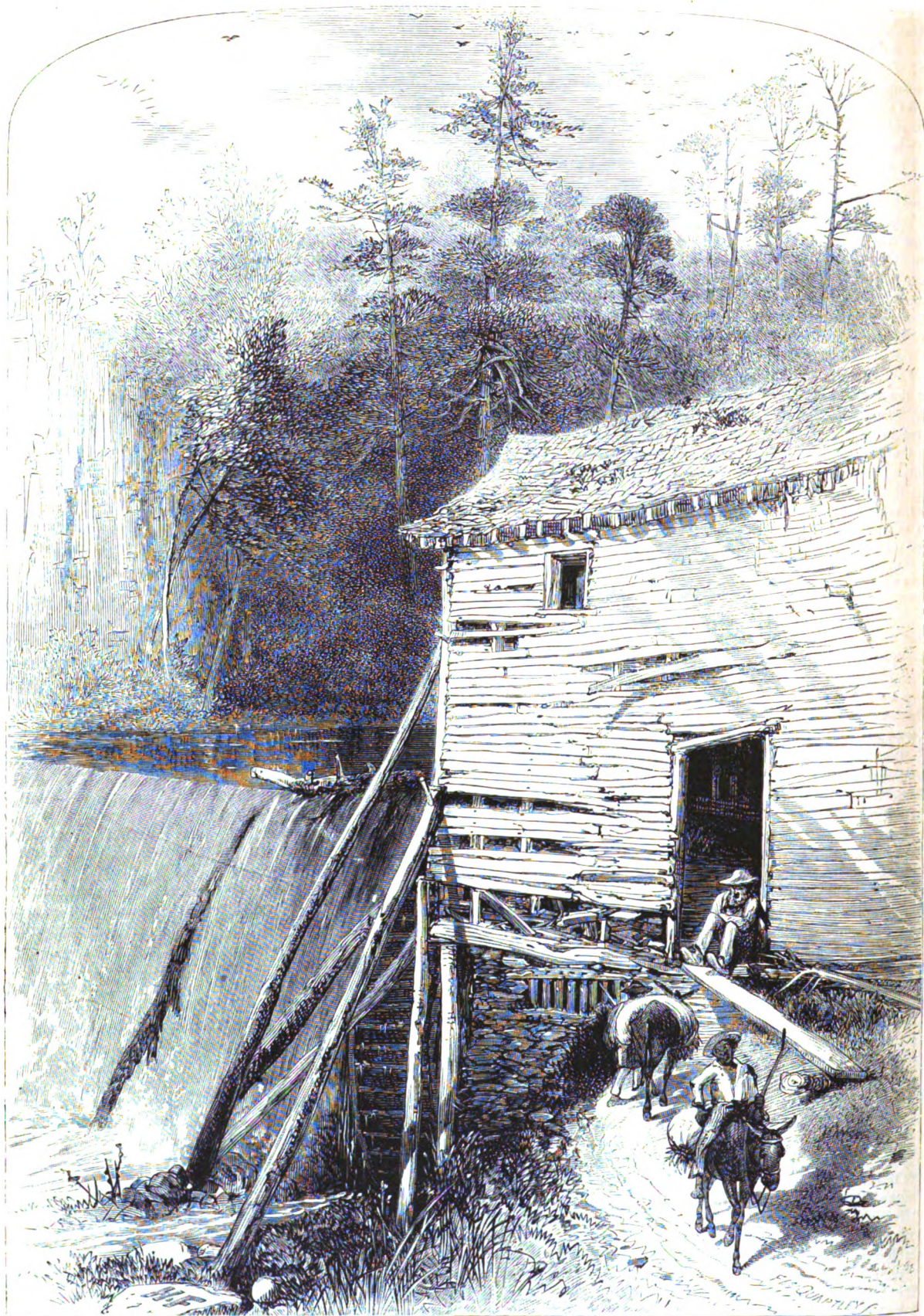
"Make it short," drawled fat Dickerson.

"Tell the truth, Blackstock," gravely said Grand-Master Robert.

"I knew somebody'd doubt my word, but I'll tell you THE BEAR-STORY.

"I had lost a lot of pigs at a mountain-bed, where I kept an old

* Hon. N. W. Woodfin, of Asheville, by comparing his own soil with that of the North, concluded that he could grow the Northern grasses, and also make cheese at home. He planted timothy and other grass, was gratified with the result, and the last three years have proved his wisdom in the erection and successful working of several cheese-factories; cheese from one of which, sampled in New York, was pronounced equal to any made in the North.



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—REEMS'S CREEK, NORTH CAROLINA.

sow or two, and I made up my mind I'd have revenge out of some bear, so I took my stand on the mountain near the bear-trail we'll pass to-morrow. It forked not far off. Now a bear, when he's travelling in summer, every now and then stops, rears up side of a balsam, and makes a scratch—his mark. This is especially done at a fork of their trails. Another bear comes along, and can't make his mark as high; he knows the other bear is the largest, so he turns back or takes the other fork. Well, the day I was up there I had waited full four hours, and felt particular wolfish, when there came a despicable little bear, but with an awful knowing look about him. I had a great mind to kill him just for spite, but thought I'd wait till he got to the fork. He stopped and looked carefully at all the trees down one trail. Then the little cuss just turned and rolled a big rock up to the tree that had the most marks, got on it, reared up, and made his mark far above the best of them. He got down, rolled that rock back to its place, and went on his road. From the way he shook all over, I just knew he was laughing hard to himself."

"And you didn't shoot him?"

"Shoot that bear? I'd about as soon shoot my father. Now, sick boy, it's time to go to sleep."

"Stop a minute. Is there any danger from snakes?"

"Nonsense, child! nobody ever heard of a snake on these mountains, where the balsam is the natural growth. Go to sleep, rest easy, and dream of Alexander's pretty daughters at the other end of the creek. I'll throw a maple-leaf into the Branch, with your love; it may get there some day. It's about as likely to as you are to get one of them."

Then, with the soft, rich odor of the balsam coursing through our lungs, the rippling music of the little rill, and the sighing of the trees above singing in our ears, we slipped away to sleep.

H. E. COLTON.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRIM.

LIKE Lincoln, Prim falls just as his work is done, just as he has guided the state through a great revolution. Both were hated alike by Tories and dreamers; both were upheld by the masses. Like Napoleon in France, Prim had the rare union of judgment and nerve that enabled him to see and to do what each instant needed.

Whether his aims were unselfish depends on definitions. In a land where the army is every thing, he, thirty years ago, saw that the future belonged to liberal views, and cautiously so said. The only general of known progressive feeling, the progressists' hopes centred on him. While that party was down, he spoke and acted with great care, so as to win the love of the troops, keep the party's favor, and retain his rank. When the three liberal parties of Spain came into power, Prim came back from exile at their head, and, during the trying and eventful two years since, has toiled to found freedom of thought and expression firmly in ruined Spain, and at the same time to keep himself in power and fill his purse. All three he has somewhat done; and, having led the establishment of the new order of things, he passes from the stage as the king he has made steps on the soil he has helped to free.

On sailing for Spain from New York, in July, 1869, I received from Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, president of the American branch of the Universal Peace Union, credentials as vice-president of the Union, together with a copy of resolutions and committee action against Cuban privateers. In a letter enclosing them he said:

"The latest action please communicate to the Spanish powers, and give us a report of its reception."

At Barcelona, in October, I asked Carlos Fernandez de Castro-verde, Director of Academic Instruction, if Prim would see me, as my mission was unofficial though friendly.

"Yes," said he; "Prim is accessible, especially to Americans, whom he likes; but it may take two or three days to gain admittance. The doo-keeper will probably tell you 'He does not receive to-day, call to-morrow.'"

In Valencia, the bright-eyed boy who drove me from the port to the town in a two-wheeled cart, with round canvas top, crimson curtains fore and aft, and black-leather seats along the sides, told me as we bowled along the stone road past gardens, and vineyards, and fields dotted with stone houses, that Prim was suspected of seeking to bring

back the hated Bourbons in the person of the Duke de Montpensier. This suspicion was at one time wide-spread. He was, on the other hand, charged with republican leanings. Be his faults what they may, he has given a good example to Spanish politicians by being true to his public pledges.

On reaching Madrid, I inquired at my hotel where General Prim could be found, and was told at the Ministerio de la Guerra, or War Department, he being Minister of War and President of the Council of Ministers, or, as we should say, prime-minister. The landlord failed to give more than a vague idea of the direction, so I sallied forth in that which he pointed out, and emerged on a broad street that runs west from the Prado, or Fifth Avenue of Madrid, to the semi-circular Puerta del Sol, or Sun-gate Place, where the City Hall stands.

I walked up to the first gentleman I met, and said, in Spanish:

"Sir, I am an American gentleman, and seek General Prim."

He pointed to a street that ran diagonally across the one wherein we stood toward the Prado. This led into a second broader avenue parallel with the first. After another inquiry I reached the Ministerio, a large square building, of light-gray stone, standing at some height above the street. Passing the scarlet-uniformed sentry at the gate, I walked up a paved path through a large garden, mounted two flights of steps, and reached a high archway, where a sentry paced and a corporal's guard lounged. Beyond appeared a great stone-floored courtyard in the middle of the building; opposite where I stood, another archway gave a glimpse of another street. Turning to the right, a broad flight of marble steps led to the second floor. At the landing idled a second guard. To the right a door stood open, passing through which a second door appeared on the right again. To the left, at a desk, sat a pompous-looking, fat, short man, to whom I spoke, but who did not seem to understand, and pointed to a burly fellow of forbidding look, who stood keeping the inner door (which was covered with green baize), and shut out with a frown every one who sought entrance, except now and then an officer. Finding my Spanish unequal to the occasion, I said to him:

"I am an American gentleman, and would like to see some gentleman who speaks French."

After shrugging his shoulders, frowning, and protesting, he went in, and directly opened the door with an invitation to come in.

The room was large, high, and richly figured with red and gold. Deeply-recessed windows looked out on the garden, and were hung with curtains of crimson velvet. Lounge-chairs and sofas of the same covering were scattered about, and a great battle-piece covered the farther wall. Below it was a desk, about which a group of officers chatted. A little gentleman in civilian's dress, with a cigarette in his mouth, asked me, in French, what I wished.

"I am an American, and have business with General Prim; is it possible to see him?"

"Not to-day; call to-morrow at eleven, and he will receive you."

"Shall I leave my card?"

"Certainly; it will be sent to him."

I wrote on a card: "I am the bearer of a friendly message from the American branch of the Universal Peace Union, and seek an interview to communicate it;" gave it to him, and took leave.

At eleven the next morning I remounted the wide stairs. When I reached the landing the officer gave command, the guard sprang to their feet, and came to a salute. Seeing every one else stepping toward the wall, I did so, and, looking round, saw, close behind, a short, stout gentleman, in plain black clothes and beaver hat, with iron-gray hair and mustache, followed by a dozen officers in uniform, and a guard. He touched his hat in acknowledgment of the salute, and passed into the first room. A moment later I entered and asked the doorkeeper for the gentleman who spoke French. He showed me in. At the desk sat a handsome young officer, with short brown hair, mustache, and goatee, leisurely writing. I said to him:

"I was here yesterday, and left my card for the general; is he here?"

"Yes," said he, without looking up; "your card was given him yesterday; you had better ask the American minister to present you."

"My business is not from the American Government, and it is not worth while to trouble the American minister with it; I was told yesterday to call at this time, and that the general would see me."

"Yes, but he is unexpectedly busy. Write a letter stating your object, and you will receive an answer at your lodgings."

"I should much prefer to present my matter in person; it will be more satisfactory to the body I represent."

"Well, write and ask when he will see you."

"Can you send in such a note now?"

"No; bring it to-morrow."

"I was told yesterday that he would see me to-day; I should like at least to know to-day when he will see me."

Knowing something by Washington experience of the airs taken by great men's servants, and that such answers are mostly given to save themselves trouble, I had reasons for persistency. After some further discussion he wrote something on a sheet of gilt-edged note-paper, placed it in an envelope, handed it to a messenger, who disappeared at once behind a crimson curtain that overhung a high doorway nearly behind the desk, and said:

"I have sent your name to the general; wait a few moments, and we will see when he can receive you."

"Thanks. Does he speak English?"

"No; but talks French."

Almost instantly the messenger returned, and, lifting the curtain, asked me to enter. I found myself in a second room like the first, but darker and more deeply curtained. He led the way through a third room, like the second, and, throwing back a heavy door, ushered me into a spacious apartment filling the northwest corner of the building. Not a sign of richness here; not a curtain on one of half a dozen great windows; not a touch of gilding or color on the bare walls. One library-table stood on the right of the door. Between it and the wall sat a middle-sized man, not the least Spanish in look, not the least like the gentleman whom I had seen come in with an escort. This man looked like a German and the head of a bureau, with a half-worn, greenish-black coat, an old pair of steel spectacles, short, black, curly hair, sprinkled with gray, and standing up as if its owner often ran his fingers through it, and a bright-blue thread twining itself among the ambrosial locks that overarched his unconscious brow.

He rose hastily as I entered, and put out his hand. In astonishment hardly hidden, I asked:

"Is this General Prim?"

He assented with a low bow, and begged me to seat myself at the other side of the table. I did so, and said:

"I have credentials from the Universal Peace Union. This league, in my country, has publicly protested against war with Spain, and against the fitting out in the United States of Cuban privateers. Its president has directed me to inform you of these facts, and to assure you that our efforts to this humane end will go on."

I then showed him my credentials, the papers already named, and the resolution of the annual meeting at New York, in May, 1869 (offered by John B. Wolff, of Colorado), "That no consideration of justice or national policy can justify a war with Spain," the latter authenticated by my signature as secretary of the meeting; explaining the meaning of each.

As he looked at the documents and listened, I saw that he was shrewd, sly, wrinkled, careworn, and harassed. He looked about fifty-five, simple, stern, and relentless, though courteous.

To examine the writings he took up a pair of eye-glasses with broken tortoise-shell frame, and put them on his nose behind his spectacles. When he understood their meaning he smiled, bowed, and said:

"Please return my thanks to your society for its good offices. I have been in America, and remember with gratitude and pleasure the kindness and courtesy I met with there. The Government of Spain is anxious to end the state of war in Cuba, and to prevent barbarities while it lasts; but both, especially the latter, are far from easy."

"It would please my society if I could present my message to the regent in person. Is there an opportunity?"

"Yes; call at the palace, and he will receive you."

I then handed him the *Journal de Genève*, pointing out my letter to Victor Hugo, which contained a protest against the attitude of the International League of Peace and Liberty (taken at its then recent congress at Lausanne) in demanding revolution before peace, which demand defeated disarmament, and made the present war possible.

He read it with evident interest, and, when he reached the statement that the revolutionary position of the friends of freedom caused the fear that kept up standing armies, he laughed and said:

"Yes, yes, they want a general upsetting; nothing else will satisfy them."

"Will you give me a written acknowledgment that I have performed my mission?"

"Yes; send me a letter stating what you have told me, and I will file and acknowledge it."

When I rose he did the same, rang the bell, and the messenger opened the door. I said:

"It has been suggested that I should issue an address to the people of Spain on behalf of the Peace Union (having already addressed the government), urging them to abstain from civil war, and settle all their differences peacefully. What do you think of that?"

He started back, looked up sharply at me, and said:

"You can publish what you please; we have liberty of the press here."

As during the rebellion just put down he had suppressed twenty daily papers in Madrid alone, this was slightly comic.

Repressing a smile, I replied:

"Yes; but I wish to do naught that may embarrass the government in its difficult task. As far as such an address might be read, it seems to me that it would help both government and people. But, before acting, I desire to know your opinion, for I do not wish to say what you would disapprove."

"Thank you," said he. "It will be best to publish it, for it could not embarrass and might help us. Pray let me see it before publication."

"Shall I have then another opportunity to see you before leaving Madrid?"

"Yes, yes; come when you please, I shall be glad to see you if I can."

I then took leave. A day or two afterward a ministerial crisis took place in regard to the choice of a king. Several ministers resigned, and Prim took on himself, in the hope of reconciling them to remain in the cabinet, the temporary discharge of part of their duties rather than hastily make new appointments. Under these circumstances I scarcely expected to see him again; but prepared the address (which Señor Díaz, Under-Secretary of State, kindly translated into Spanish) and the letter.

The day before leaving for Paris I called again and left the letter, with a photograph of himself, and a request that he would put his signature beneath it. Receiving no reply at my hotel, I concluded that the letter had been overlooked in the pressure of business, and called in the morning. The civilian-employé already mentioned said Prim had worked from eight in the morning till eleven the previous night; the night before till two A. M.; and that he was admitting no one. I said I wished my answer and photograph. After much explanation and some delay, my name was sent in to the private secretary, who at once came out, and, on learning my errand, said the matter had escaped attention. He stepped in and brought out the photograph with Prim's signature attached, and said:

"I give you a portrait of the general; wait a moment and I will give you something more;" and quickly went out.

The officials passed the photograph about among themselves with exclamations of evident astonishment. A marked increase of respect was visible in their manner.

The secretary soon returned from the archives, and, passing into the room of the President of the Council of Ministers of Spain, brought out, with his chief's signature, the following note:

"PRESIDENCY OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS,
MADRID, November 1, 1869."

"MR. J. K. H. WILLCOX:

"I have received your letter of yesterday, and much regret that the pressure of my duties makes it impossible to see you.

"At the same time I wish to convey my thanks for the sentiments you express on behalf of the Universal Peace Union as its worthy vice-president. You may say to its members that the Spanish Government cordially accords with every benevolent movement.

"Bidding you to accept the assurances of my esteem, I am,

"Yours, very respectfully,

"JUAN PRIM."

Prim at this time suffered under a chronic disease. This and overwork (which was plainly telling on him) probably weakened him,

so that the shock of bullets was more than he could outlive. The honors that are done him he earned; the errors he made he could hardly avoid.

JAMES K. HAMILTON WILLCOX.

THE DERBY COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.

SOME time last summer, Mr. Henry W. Derby, of this city, went abroad for the purpose of making a selection of paintings of the French and Belgian schools. So successful was he that he was able to gather a collection which surpasses, both in merit and representative interest, any thing of a similar character that has ever before reached our shores, and which, having been added to the Fall Exhibition of the Academy of Design, is now accessible to the public.

We find, in this collection, works by such men as Baron Henri Leys, Blaise des Goffes, Rousseau, Maréchal de Metz, Ziem, Van Marcke, Alfred Stevens, Merle, Bouguereau, Tassaert, Brion, Jules Dupré, Emile Lafond, Fromentin, Daubigny, Baron, Charles Jacques, Bréton, Edouard Frère, Tschagggeny, Willems, Gallait, Koek-Koek, Backalowiz, Comte Calix, Leyendecker, Diaz, Isabey, Boutibonne, and others, less noted.

Without pretending to give an exhaustive critique on a collection where all the examples are excellent, and whose entire consideration would far exceed our space, we desire to excite public attention toward certain of the most highly-important works, and thus open the entire collection to that study and examination which it so richly deserves.

Specially characteristic of the artist are the two paintings by BOUGUEREAU, "Spring" and "Autumn." Here we have the rich ripeness of color and the fulness of form peculiar to the best child-painter of the century. Although, in these pictures, the two babies occupy, as it were, subordinate positions, yet they are made to predominate through their perfect faithfulness to Nature and their actual vitality. Cupidesque and delicious, they occupy and sustain the attention of the observer to the exclusion of their surroundings, which are, nevertheless, faithful and suggestive in design and treatment. These paintings were exhibited at the Exposition of 1867, and were highly commended.

VAN MARCKE. A large painting, representing a mountain-scene, down whose rugged road, and over whose rude bridge, struggle ox-teams, spurred on by their teamsters. There is a massive and sturdy energy and dogged perseverance depicted in the heaving flanks and heads writhing under the yoke, which are at once recognized as eminently characteristic. The scene is natural and artistic, and gives ample evidence of the powers which have brought Van Marcke to his high position and reputation as a cattle-painter. He was a pupil of Troyon, and resembles that master in his work.

TSCHAGGENY, EDMOND. A sheep-picture. Accustomed to the delicate touch of Verboeckhoeven, we had yet to see this animal painted with vigor and perfect truth. Not only is the soiled and matted wool a marvel of execution in detail, but the true sheepish and fatuous expression is so retained in the faces of the animals that you seem to be gazing upon the group from a window. The simple accessories—the rude fence, the little peasant-girl who tends her charge, the tone of the sky, subdued to bring in bolder relief the principal figures—are all true to Nature, and worthy of the highest commendation as efforts of art.

BARON HENRI LEYS, an artist who has, we believe, but one other illustration of his work in this country, is well represented by "The Message"—an interior of some quaint old mediæval apartment; a lady standing, her face reflected in a mirror, engaged in reading a note; and the messenger, a slight and graceful page, leaning, with plumed hat in hand, upon a harpsichord. In the background, in an elevated oratory, as it would appear, a female figure is dimly perceived, apparently sitting engaged over some feminine labor with the needle.

This painting grows upon you as you study it, and chiefly from the strange effect of light, which, proceeding from some window in the background, shimmers through the oratory in a mild flood of radiance, bringing into relief and elaborating by contrast the architectural and other features of the room. The two principal figures are full of easy grace, rich in warm color, and natural in pose and occu-

pation. The tapestry on the walls, the painted figures dimly seen in the distance, and the old-time furniture, are all to the life, and highly suggestive. The mode of treatment peculiar to this artist has given him the name of the Belgian pre-Raphaelite, though it is difficult to our minds to associate his work with that of Millais and Holman Hunt.

Born in 1815, Henri Leys was a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin, a commander of the Order of Leopold, and his paintings—since his death, a few years since—are the most difficult to obtain of any modern artist. An historical painter of high reputation, he is chiefly noted for his absolute accuracy in mediæval costumes and accessories, and for his marked originality in composition and grouping.

KOEK-KOEK. A fine landscape, showing broad conception and poetic idea in composition, with masterly art in delineation. The scene is eminently pleasing; the middle distance, in particular, being noteworthy for the broad grasp of expanse in a limited space, and with the simplest form of artistic means. The extreme distance is painted with every suggestion of appreciation, while the foreground is worked up with a just perception of the meaning of Nature, without too minute copying of her forms.

CARL HOF is a new German artist, his latest work being painted during the present year. We mistake if this artist do not achieve a reputation the highest in his school of all present painters. The picture before us, "The Unexpected Return," is the best exponent of a class of art of which Meissonnier illustrates the more morbid and eccentric features. A composition of figures, in which some central idea is illustrated by its apparent influence upon different physiognomies, and the actions of different individuals, is quite worthy of the painter's genius for elaboration. But, when all breadth of effect is belittled by minutiae of detail, and the sentiment of the work becomes lost in the microscopical delineation of mere accessories, the painting ceases to be a work of art, and is only a daguerreotype, more or less perfect. The present artist, while pursuing the design indicated by the title of his work, has not wasted his labors on insignificant accuracies, but has, instead, presented a broad and truthful scene, full of thought and character, and most felicitous in individual action and expression.

The sudden and unannounced arrival of a gay cavalier, surprising a brilliant and interesting family party at the latter course of a well-spread feast, has startled one, who is evidently his betrothed, from her equanimity, and surprised the others into natural and well-expressed manifestations of astonishment and delight. Meanwhile, the ruling idea being kept in the foreground, there is not the least negligence perceptible in the attention to details. On the contrary, they are wrought out with surprising fidelity, and with sufficient minuteness to give one interesting and pleasurable study, while they enhance without hiding the main theme of the picture. In lavish luxuriance of color, in graphic excellence and judiciousness of composition, and in vigor and characteristic fidelity of treatment, as well as in originality of conception, this picture excels any other we have ever seen here exhibited of a similar character.

E. VOLZ. A large canvas, on which is depicted a scene common enough, and whose natural features are preserved with life-like accuracy. A scattered drove of cattle are slowly retreating homeward before a storm, and in their wayward movements follow the customary habits of the animal as seen under such circumstances. Every incident in the scene is followed with fine art, and a thorough conception of the design. The individuality displayed by the cattle, so characteristic of them; the still pool of water in the foreground; the little dwelling, half hidden by trees, on the left; the bold, natural effect of the storm-clouds, altogether make up a broad and graphic picture, quite worthy to introduce to us this able and conscientious artist.

BLAISE DES GOFFES. His fidelity to Nature, and marvellous exactitude in detail are extraordinary manifestations of art. As a painter of still life, and in his capacity for defining the exact character and texture of the article or stuff he is depicting, he stands preëminent. The picture exhibited, "Still Life and Flowers," is a favorable specimen of his work. A jewel-case, a jewel-hilted dagger, a crystal vase of pleasing form, an agate or cornelian vase, ornamented in gold enamel; a small ivory statuette, a bunch of flowers, and a quaintly-painted china salver—with these aids, the artist has composed a group more interesting than are usually seen in these lifeless sub-

jects, and certainly presenting every possible charm of faithful adhesion to the character of the originals, and to harmony in the grouping.

MARÉCHAL DE METZ, an artist who ranks first in his school in Europe, and who has painted no more worthy examples of his power than these two remarkable paintings in pastel, considered the finest of their kind in the world. They are: "Christopher Columbus chained on board his Vessel," and "Galileo observing the Stars," painted for Prince Napoleon, who received and refused extraordinary offers for them from Lord Elcho and others. They were exhibited at the Exhibitions of London and Paris, attracted great attention, and are widely known throughout Europe.

In the one, Columbus crouches low on the deck of his vessel, manacled and chained, and, with head sunk in his hands, ruminates bitterly on the injustice of the world to which he had given a content.

In the other, the great astronomer reclines at night upon a couch before an open window, and with a small telescope watches the stars, while he notes their movements and position in an ancient manuscript volume before him. A cold flood of night-light partially illuminates his figure, and renders hardly visible the feeble flame of the small lamp by whose light he works; a frugal lunch and flask of wine is placed at hand, and, this being all of accessory there is, nothing robs from the prominence of the grand figure, a chief phase in whose life is thus depicted.

In these two extraordinary pictures we are brought to the consideration of themes calculated to rouse our highest interest, since they are delineated with skill and genius worthy at once the subject and the master. Few would believe that such masterly genius and vigor could find translation through such a medium as is here used. With no brilliancy of color, broad distance, or extraordinary utilization of the resources of *chiaro-scuro* to aid the painter, we have here produced a grand and worthy conclusion through the simplest instrumentalities. These two paintings deserve, and will doubtless receive, the most earnest and conscientious consideration from our connoisseurs and art-critics.

ROUSSEAU. A characteristic landscape by this master, whose treatment of earth, sky, atmosphere, and perspective, is at once broad, effective, and original. The small canvas before us is full of the peculiarities of the artist, and will be certain to arouse interest and curiosity.

BARON H. Several small cabinet pictures, of which the best is "The Petitioner;" a most pleasing group, full of character and action. Brilliant in color, and full of light and radiance, with a warm tone, the special attribute of this painter, this little work is one of the gems of the collection.

GALLAIT. "The Troubled Conscience." No more charming picture by this remarkable artist has ever been exhibited in this country. A suppliant, confessing her sins in evident agony of terror and remorse, kneels at the feet of a holy father, whose sad and pained countenance expresses a peculiar and earnest sympathy with the sinner and the crime. The artist's genius is powerfully shown in the utter abandonment of grief on the one hand, and the strong and manly, yet human and tender appreciation on the other. In its grasp of the special features of the subject, and in intensity of feeling and earnestness of meaning, this picture should be specially noted.

ISABEY. "The Duel," a scene in a forest, is marked with that lavish yet truthful vitality which marks the works of this artist. The scene is indeed life-like, and the animated character of the contestants, is made more perceptible by the surroundings of forest-shade and twilight gloom, amid which their brilliant costumes and fell purpose seem alike incongruous and misplaced.

BILLET. A scene representing a group of "Card-Players" is full of interesting play of feature, and is artistically worked up and naturally composed.

But, space failing for special remarks on other paintings in this exhibition, we must be satisfied with pointing especially to such as are most noteworthy, leaving our readers to attest our selection or confute it by their own taste. Such seem to be—

J. L. BROWN'S two "Hunting Scenes;" large paintings, full of animation and life-like.

ALFRED STEVENS. Picture of a young lady, apparently a prima-donna at rehearsal, which will bear examination.

JACQUES. An enormous canvas, sustaining sheep, tended by a peasant, which would be most highly considered but for comparison with the painting by TSCHAGGENY, before considered.

BRION. "The Skittle-Players."

CHAPLIN. A most charming figure of a girl and cupids; brilliant in color, and vivid in the modelling of flesh and the glow of youthful beauty.

Two paintings by EDWARD FRÈRE are fair examples of his style, but not equal to others of this artist which have been previously exhibited.

BOUTIBONNE, FROMENTIN, ZIEM, and others, will attract, as honorable specimens of well-known artists.

SLANDERED NEIGHBORS.

ANIMALS, like men, are often sadly misjudged. Some are praised and honored for imaginary virtues, which they never possessed; and others are hated and persecuted, who are far better than their reputation. This is especially the case with animals which are not directly useful to man. He sees every virtue in those he has domesticated, because they render him manifold services; but the poor, nocturnal animals, which are forced to go in search of their food under the shelter of darkness, whose life is unknown to him, and whose forms are not pleasing to his eye—these he views with disgust and persecutes with unrelenting severity. Popular legends connect them with evil spirits; superstition endows them with marvellous but malignant powers, and gross ignorance ascribes to them a thousand misdeeds and grievous crimes, of which they are not only innocent, but utterly incapable.

And yet it is not only the duty of man, but all-important to his success in garden, field, and forest, that he should know which are his friends and which his foes among the countless hosts by which he is constantly surrounded. He may kill his best friends, thinking them his enemies, as the Italians do, when they slaughter mercilessly the little birds, which we import at considerable cost and entertain with lavish hospitality, or he may admire and cherish beautiful creatures, which in reality are either utterly useless, or actually his worst enemies. Nor can he ever hope to be as successful in his crusades against really dangerous foes as the agents are which Nature herself has appointed for the purpose. All the professional rat-catchers of England do not destroy as many rats in a year as the owls of a single county do in a month; to say nothing of the fee they demand, while the owls do their work without charge. The difficulty becomes still greater, when the enemy is almost invisible, as is the case with many worms and maggots, which escape our observation, while the marvellously sharp eye of the bird or the insect, that feeds on them, sees them at a glance. Thus a renowned naturalist, Fabre, of Avignon, noticing that a certain wasp always chose a large black beetle, in order to use its fat body as a depository for its eggs, was very desirous to procure one or two of these unlucky creatures. To make quite sure of the species, he managed first to rob the wasp several times of its prey on its return to the nest; but in ten minutes, on an average, the indefatigable wasp invariably brought a new victim home. Then the professor himself went on his hunt, armed with his supreme intelligence and all the ingenious contrivances devised by man's wit for the purpose. What was the result? After two days' incessant work in vineyards and clover-fields, searching through meadows and hedge-rows, stone-heaps and waste strips of land, he returned, crestfallen, with three wretched specimens in such a state of mutilation that no wasp would have thought them worth catching!

Men speak much of the calm peace that reigns in Nature! Peace forsooth! It is all war, incessant, merciless warfare, throughout all the realms of Nature. Men lie on the soft, green moss, under the dim shadow of wide-spreading branches, near the bank of a purling brook, at the hour when the great Pan is asleep, and all seems peace and harmony to them. But nothing is more treacherous than this impression. That tiny, bright-colored bird, which the eye follows with delight as it flits from branch to branch, ever and anon uttering a sweet, low note, is bent upon murder, and is all eagerness to catch the golden flies sunning themselves on the green leaves. The wood-

pecker, whose busy, merry knocking is heard from afar, feasts upon worms and beetles which he tears ruthlessly from their dark homes; and the beautiful dragon-flies, which dash merrily, and as if in mere wanton sport, across the bright water, are even then pursuing their own brethren with hideous voracity. Is the ibis, whom the old Egyptians worshipped as a deity; is the stork, viewed by thousands with a feeling of almost sacred awe; is the swallow, to whom we grant a home under our own roof-tree, less of a murderer than the buzzard whom we nail ignominiously to our barn-door, or the mole whom we kill without remorse, whenever we meet him on his nightly wanderings?

Among the prejudices cherished by the masses against harmless animals, few are stronger than that felt almost universally against bats, arising probably from the simple fact that they are children of the night, and forced to carry on their search after food in darkness. It may be, however, that their peculiar hideousness has given additional strength to this feeling, for the Jewish legislation already declared them unclean and accursed, and the Greeks borrowed their wings for the harpies, as Christians have done for the devil. A poor, lost bat need but fly into a room filled with company, and everybody is frightened. Superstitious people tremble at their mere presence as an evil omen, and the stronger-minded among the fair excuse their terror by a pretended fear for their hair—an apprehension which could be well founded only, if the accounts of insects being harbored in their chignons should be verified. It is true, these children of darkness are neither fair in form nor amiable in temper. The naked, black skin of their wings, stretched out between enormously-lengthened fingers, like the silk of an umbrella between the whalebone of the frame, the ugly claws of their hind-feet, the bare appendages which frequently adorn their noses and ears in the most eccentric manner, and their perfectly noiseless, almost mysterious flight by touch, and not by sight—all these peculiarities combine to make them unwelcome guests among men.

And yet they are real public benefactors. When the first warm sun of spring arouses them from their long winter sleep, which they enjoy hanging by their hind-feet, head down, and the whole body carefully wrapped up in the wide cloak of their wings, they begin their night hunts. A dozen fat beetles barely suffice for the supper of a hungry member of one variety, and sixty to seventy house-flies for one of another kind. All night long they pursue with indefatigable energy every variety of beetle and moth, of fly and bug, and enjoy most of all those which do the greatest injury to our fruit-trees and cereals. Even the only really formidable member of their race, the vampire, is much maligned; a gigantic bat, accused of sucking the blood of man and beast, it is strictly confined to a small district in the tropics, and even there occurs but rarely.

As bats are the indefatigable hunters of the air, so moles are incessantly at work underground. At the first glance, they show their admirable adaptation for a life beneath the turf. Their thick, round body, with its close, silky fur-coat; their sharp-pointed snout, with a long, exquisitely-sensitive trunk, like that of a miniature elephant; their broad, spade-like feet; their almost invisible eye, hid under a forest of stout hairs, and the absence of an external ear—all fit them for their active life and fierce warfare in utter darkness. They move in sandy soil at least as swiftly as a fish in water, and they are true Ishmaelites, having no friends among other animals, nor, their mates alone excepted, among their own kindred. The common prejudice, however, that they injure gardens and fields by gnawing roots, is utterly unfounded. This is easily proved, for, as of men, Brillat Savarin could say: "Show me what you eat, and I will tell you who you are!" so of animals we can say: "Show us their teeth, and we will tell you what they eat!" The mole has not less than twenty-four good-sized teeth: some, eye-teeth, shaped like sharp daggers; others, molar teeth, resembling a combination of formidable saws. Such destructive instruments are not given to vegetarians. Nevertheless, farmers and gardeners assert almost universally that moles are granivorous—another proof of the utter falseness of the old saying, "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" For, next, naturalists have examined the stomachs of moles, and what did they find? Not a trace of vegetable food, but an abundance of half-digested earthworms, large quantities of hard, brown scales, and horny shields, and remnants of caterpillars and worms innumerable. In order to demonstrate the fallacy of the common prejudice beyond all doubt, Flourens, the secretary of the

Academy of Sciences, in Paris, put two moles into a cage, with an ample supply of roots and beets for their food. The next morning he found the roots untouched, but only one mole; the other had been devoured by the survivor! A few hours later, the poor mole showed signs of weakness and exhaustion; a bird was put into his cage, and instantly the mole rushed upon the poor sparrow, disembowelled him, and did not rest till he had eaten more than half of his body. After his repast, he appeared once more plump, and became quite lively. The same experiment was several times repeated, till one night the mole was left in its cage with a large supply of lettuce, cabbage, and beet-roots. The next morning it was found dead; it had died of starvation! The only injury which moles really do is caused by their long passages and frequent mole-hills, by which roots are loosened and meadows disfigured; but this stands in no proportion to the incalculable benefit they bestow upon man by destroying the numerous enemies of plants in gardens and fields, which dwell underground, and are invisible to human eyes, especially worms, maggots, and so-called mole-crickets. Of these they consume daily more than half their own weight! Hence it is that skilful gardeners, after having overcome the old-fashioned prejudice against toads, which now are carefully kept as the best protection of the most valuable plants, also begin to appreciate the merits of moles, and actually purchase them in early spring, to make them useful in cleaning their gardens and fields both thoroughly and promptly.

Another animal, unjustly despised and mercilessly persecuted, is the hedgehog, a perfectly harmless creature, fond of peace and goodwill among neighbors, and quite a titbit to the palate of French peasants. Fast asleep during winter in its warm, cosy bed, under a large stone or the interlaced roots of a tree, it comes forth in early spring to hunt for its prey along hedge-rows and sunny banks. Its peculiar endowment is a powerful muscle under the skin, which enables it to roll itself up into a perfect ball, presenting on all sides a formidable array of sharp-pointed quills. The air of defiance which this gives to the poor, helpless animal, seems to provoke the desire of boys especially, to compel a surrender. They are thrown into the water, they are tickled with reeds and thorns, and the most cruel means are employed to induce them to give up their defence, efforts which almost uniformly end in their death. To excuse the wanton cruelty, the innocent animal is charged with every kind of crime, and yet it little deserves such harsh treatment. It is true, the hedgehog is not exclusively carnivorous, as the bat and the mole; it loves a little fruit at times, and even finds its way into the dairy in search of cream and butter; but it does not, as many believe, climb into fruit-trees, gather pears and apples on its quills, and then triumphantly carry home its ill-gotten wealth to its young! It lives upon insects, snails, and beetles, which it either catches running, or digs out with its nose and its claws; above all, it is fond of field-mice. In this respect they are far more useful even than cats, and would have been long since domesticated but for their unpleasant odor and the great noise they make when out on their hunting-expeditions. If they lack agility and swiftness, they succeed by patience and cunning, and their boisterous efforts frighten away even more mice than they destroy, so that they are most useful in barns and stables.

Another striking peculiarity of hedgehogs is their insensibility to animal poisons, a privilege which rests by no means upon popular tradition only, but has been abundantly proved by repeated experiments. The great Russian zoölogist, Pallas, saw a pet hedgehog of his feast to its heart's content upon Spanish flies, although no other animal touches them, on account of their powerful acrid juice. A German naturalist placed repeatedly the most venomous of European serpents, a viper, into the same cage with a hedgehog, and in every instance the latter, though severely bitten by its agile and formidable adversary, finally obtained the victory and devoured the enemy. Other savants go still further, and claim that, like cockroaches, they can eat arsenic, opium, and corrosive sublimate, with impunity; but this remains to be authenticated. It is surely quite enough if the poor, persecuted creature destroys thousands of the most dangerous enemies which man has to encounter in tilling the ground, and, moreover, defies the ancient foe of his fall, the serpent. Instead, therefore, of the cruel treatment which it receives, it deserves to enjoy the same tender regard which we pay to useful domestic animals, the true and faithful friends of mankind.

SCHELE DE VERE.

TABLE-TALK.

WE do not escape, even at this late day, discussions as to the influence of war for good or evil. The other night, when listening to Mr. Robertson's comedy of "War," a very animated discussion between two of the characters as to the glory and the misery of war, recalled an eloquent passage in Alison's "History of the French Revolution," which, when it first appeared—we were then in our "green and salad days"—impressed and exalted us mightily. Referring to it as soon as convenient, it seemed worth while reproducing it here, for the sake of showing how fallacious are the arguments of the best writers in defence of what we hope in time to see recognized as nearly an unqualified misery. "That war," says Alison, "is an unbounded source of human suffering to those engaged in or affected by it, can be doubted by none. But is not suffering necessary to the purification of the human heart? Is it not in that ordeal that its selfishness, its corruptions, and its stains, are washed out? Have we not been told by the highest authority that man is made perfect by suffering? Is not misfortune, anxiety, and distress, the severe but solitary school of individual improvement? And what is war but anxiety, distress, and often agony, to nations? Its great and lasting effect is to counteract the concentration of human interests upon self, to awaken patriotic and generous affections, to rouse that generous ardor which, spreading from heart to heart, obliterates for a time the selfishness of private interest, and leads to the general admission of great and heroic feelings. Peace exhibits the enchanting prospect of rich fields, flourishing cities, spacious harbors, growing wealth, and undisturbed tranquillity; but beneath that smiling surface are to be found the rankest and most dangerous passions of the human heart. There it is that pleasure spreads its lures, and interest its attractions, and cupidity its selfishness. There are to be found the hard-hearted master and the reckless servant, the princely landlord and the destitute tenant, the profligate husband and the faithless wife. Amid war are to be seen the ravaged field and sacked city, the slaughtered multitude and famished group, the tears of the widow and the groans of the fatherless; but, amid all that scene of unutterable woe, the generous and noble affections often acquire extraordinary force; selfishness gives place to patriotism, cupidity to disinterestedness, luxury to self-denial, and heroic virtue arises out of suffering. . . . Peace may give men a larger share of the enjoyments and comforts of the world, but war often renders them fitter for a future state of existence." That some measure of truth may be discovered in all this, we will not question. There are very few evils, indeed, without their compensations; but it is no defence whatever of a misfortune to point out certain indirect advantages that may spring from it. We may console ourselves for what we suffer by reflecting upon those circumstances that mitigate the evil, but a misfortune is still an infliction notwithstanding our ingenuity in detecting or imagining certain favorable consequences. As

to the virtues which Alison eloquently depicts as arising from war, we dispute them nearly altogether. The effect of war is to intensify selfishness. It makes men reckless of their own lives, and reckless of the lives of others; it hardens them to suffering, renders them indifferent to calamity, and extinguishes all the nicer refinements of feeling and perception. Question any man who has served in war; elicit from him the facts of camp-life, the incidents of the battle-field, the circumstances of the march or the forage. We shall discover that here, and not under the "enchancing prospects of peace," are to be found "the rankest and most dangerous passions of the human heart." If war sometimes teaches self-denial, it as often permits self-indulgence. If in war occasionally the "generous and noble affections acquire extraordinary force," more frequently the rudest and most brutal instincts are developed, and innocent, gentle youth are transformed into profane, ribald, sensual, reckless men, most unfitted, the ordinary critic would suppose, "for a future state of existence." The idea of war being a discipline for heaven is certainly very original with the Tory historian, and might be commended to the consideration of the Evangelical Alliance. But the immoralities of war are too well known to need pointing out. The essential fallacy in the historian's eloquent sentences is the assumption that war alone affords full opportunity for self-abnegation and heroism, and that the consequences of uninterrupted peace are ease, selfishness, luxury, a sloth of mind, and a decay of virtue. Life under very few of its aspects exhibits this picture. Luxury, ease, and sloth, are, in the most prosperous conditions of a people, the fortune of very few; the great multitude need no wars to teach them self-denial, no fire and sword as means of a salutary distress, no slaughter to extinguish selfishness. Fortitude is the daily lesson of the poor. Self-suppression is the one unvaried experience of their lives. To labor, merely that they may eat; to undergo ceaseless hardships; to struggle with disease, and bear up under loss of loved ones—these are the unobtrusive, silent heroisms of the great bulk of mankind, and no new distress or agony can be needed to awaken those virtues which the historian describes. Even men of superior rank have always the severe discipline of life—misfortune, sickness, death—as the "salutary school of improvement." They need no "sacked cities, slaughtered multitudes, famished groups," to prepare them "for the duties of this life, or to fit them for a future state of existence." That certain luxurious men, who ever the "primrose paths of dalliance tread," may be stirred, awakened, and elevated by war, is doubtless true. And the approach of war often arouses a whole people into one sympathetic burst of patriotic enthusiasm. But the real effect of war is in the end to bring out the worst passions of men; and, for what good it may bestow with one hand, it sheds with the other a hundredfold of ruin, both physical and moral.

—When, a few years ago, a popular weekly journal, in this city, began to give publicity to many purely private and domestic matters, there was a general outcry against

it. The proprietors, however, discovering that where they lost one subscriber, on account of this objectionable innovation, they gained two, persisted in their purpose; and their success in chronicleing the very small beer of society, the balls and parties given by the nobodies, the betrothals which no one but the persons concerned, one would suppose, could care about, the comings and goings of would-be fashionable people, has induced a very general imitation of the thing throughout the country. It would appear that this matter of social gossip has passed through the same experience that Pope assures us is the case with vice, which "we first endure, then pity, then embrace." Recently a journal, expressly devoted to recording the matters that in the old, dull times were supposed to be sacred to the home-circle, has appeared in New York under the title of *Our Society*, and in Philadelphia an evening paper has rushed into the public chronicleing of strictly private affairs, with a boldness and dash that are enough to take one's breath away. But, while *Our Society* gives frankly full names, the Philadelphia reporter has not as yet ventured beyond initials. Initials, however, in his brilliant hands are more entertaining than Smiths and Browns and Robinsons discussed in prosaic English. *Our Society* tells us that "Mr. Matthew Bird, of West Twenty-second Street, visited his *fiancée*, Miss Mary E. Beatty, at her home in Norwalk, Conn., during the holidays." This is as direct, circumstantial, and matter-of-fact, as it is unnecessary, although we hope Mr. Bird enjoyed his visit. The Philadelphia fellow, in a more vivacious and delightful way, tells us that "Mr. S. H. L.—d thinks he is a particularly 'bright star,' to which the Woodbury ladies are irresistibly attracted." *Our Society* says that "Miss Kate Raymond, a charming young lady from Bordentown, N. J., is visiting her friend Miss Bordenhamer, of Fifth Avenue" (will the time come when our daily papers will have to be enlarged, to make room for this sort of intelligence?); but from Philadelphia we learn that "every one declares that the beautiful Miss L. E. is 'sweet.'" *Our Society*, in fact, is altogether behind its Philadelphia rival in spirit and *vim*. Its five columns, in the number now before us, of the names of ladies who received on New-Year's day, in New York, are about as bright and fresh as the directory. The list of ladies, and the days for their regular receptions, are not a whit more interesting, excepting to those people who go to it for their invitations. But the gossip of our sister-city is another thing. Here are a few more examples, which we transcribe for the edification of our readers: "Miss Mattie M—e looks well in green plaid." "Miss E. Z. looked charming in her blue silk, last Monday." "Miss B. S., of Greene Street, is always pleasing to the gentlemen, and dresses with taste." "The charming Miss — was radiant at the sociable, on Thursday evening." "The beautiful Miss Anna S—h, of Wallace Street, converses delightfully." "Three young gentlemen would like to know why Miss P. S. did not speak to them last Sunday?" (Is this query made in this manner by the three young gentlemen, to save letter-paper and postage, to insult a young lady, to show themselves asses, or is

it the dire invention of the editor?) "Miss L. C. is fond of fruit-cake." "Miss P. C., of North Twenty-first Street, has lovely eyes." The reporter has as many favors for polite young gentlemen of the street and the *salon*, but with the men what little modesty remains disappears entirely, and names, in full, are paraded for our delectation. "Mr. Harry Rosenbaum," we are told, "looks *dégagé* in his high hat." "Mr. Henry B. Neymer likes to dance the *Trois Temps*." "Mr. F. D. Howard sports a new high hat, which becomes him very much" (from which one may suppose that "high hats" and "new hats" are rare in Philadelphia society). "Mr. Cox, of Jefferson College, has handsome whiskers," but the "ladies say they would admire Mr. Frank Town better without his goatee;" and so on for over seventy paragraphs. How the Philadelphians like this sort of thing, we have no information; but the confidence with which the thing is published, would indicate that the editors know what they are about. It is reported, in this city, that *Our Society* is a success. People like so well to see their names in print, that they appear to take as much morbid delight in seeing themselves pilloried in this brazen fashion as a forger or a murderer experiences, it is said, in reading his own trial and sentence.

—"Richelieu" seems to us the best of Bulwer's plays, if it is not the best acting drama of the century. It is adroitly managed as to story, character, and situations. It has a good love-story, well calculated to enlist the sympathies of an audience; it deals in intrigue, craft, plot, and counter-plot; it borrows dignity and derives interest from great historical names; the scene is laid at a period admitting of picturesque contrasts; it is full of fine dramatic surprises, and has some of the most telling situations the drama affords; it is coherent, deftly constructed, moving always with steady pace and growing force to its climax; it is designed in its literary excellence to please refined minds, and in its powerful scenes to arouse the interest of ordinary intelligences; it is, in brief, a play happily balanced throughout, so as not to be beneath culture or "caviare to the general." The part of Richelieu was first acted, our readers will probably recollect, by Macready, who made it one of his best renditions. Forrest, to our minds, is happier in this part than in any other. Edwin Booth is considered in Richelieu only second to his Hamlet. It is a part not difficult to play. There is no uncertainty in the character, no complex or contradictory motives, no springs that the ordinary plummet cannot sound. Any actor skilled in his profession ought to be able to make an impressive picture of it. The fine contrasts of sternness and humor, of cunning and courage, of tenderness and severity, of pride and humiliation, of ambition and patriotism, are entirely comprehensible, and can easily be managed. But, if the play possesses no intellectual difficulties, it affords opportunities for the exhibition of the highest dramatic genius. And hence all our leading actors like to play it. When Mr. Booth produced the play some years ago at "Winter Garden," we cannot say his performance altogether pleased us. It seemed raw and crude, noisy

and theatrical, and quite inferior to Mr. Forrest's more careful and artistic rendition. But as he is now acting it at his theatre there is great improvement. There is complete and elaborate filling in; there is admirable reserve of force, and consequent concentration of effect in the powerful situations; there is full and adequate expression of all the gradations of feeling and passion; there is complete and admirable individualization of the character. It is excellent to see Mr. Booth so studious, so advanced, so determined to achieve the fullest triumphs of his art. We would urge him to rid himself altogether of one defect, now not nearly so marked as in former years, but which still adheres somewhat, of laying too much stress on minor words, thereby rendering the delivery stiff and hard. In reading, the use of *slur*, in lightly touching minor words, is important for a free, flexible, and agreeable utterance. Richelieu is produced superbly. It has been a long time in preparation, and every thing that scenic art could do to present a perfect picture of the era has been availed of. The pictorial feature of the representation is not allowed, however, to subordinate the actors, but is used skilfully and with rare taste to strengthen and aid them. "Richelieu," as it appears at Booth's Theatre, is a magnificent page out of a grand history; it is well worthy actors, scenic artists, and the attention of the most critical.

Scientific Notes.

Cave-paintings by Bushmen.

MR. GEORGE W. STOW, of Queenstown, South Africa, refers in a letter to the interesting subject of the old cave-paintings by the Bushmen, as follows: "During the last three years I have been making pilgrimages to the various old Bushman caves, among the mountains, in this part of the colony and Kaffraria; and, as their paintings are becoming obliterated very fast, it struck me that it would be well to make copies of them before these interesting relics of an almost extinct race are entirely destroyed. This gave rise to an idea in my mind, of collecting materials enough to compile a history of the manners and customs of the Bushmen, as depicted by themselves. I have, fortunately, been able to procure many fac-simile copies of hunting-scenes, dances, fightings, etc., showing the modes of warfare, the chase, weapons, disguises, etc. This promises to be a collection of very great interest. In some places, it is astonishing to what a degree of perfection some of the wild artists had arrived. I have found three different series of paintings, one over the other; and, as the most recent must be upward of fifty years old, the undermost are most probably very ancient. The colors are very permanent, and would last for ages, if not wantonly obliterated. Unfortunately, the Kaffir herds and others are constantly destroying them, and, by the time another generation has passed, few remains of them will be left. The pigments used in the caves were derived from ochreous concretions, abounding in some of the sandstones of the Karoo series of the interior of South Africa, as in the Rhenosterberg, Stormberg, and elsewhere. These concretions, when broken open, supplied the natives with paint-pots, and from among the several colors

of yellows, browns, reds, etc., the chocolate was selected for painting the human form in the caves."

The French *Académie des Sciences* has held its sittings regularly since the commencement of the siege of Paris, and the *Comptes rendus* has been published regularly every week. Every sitting is reported fully, and several numbers have had even more than the average number of pages. A large part of them is devoted to military science and to ballooning. The scheme put forward by M. Dupuy de l'Ome, was fully discussed and illustrated by copper-plates: an article contributed to the *Presse*, by Mr. Giffard, the celebrated engineer, when reporting upon his aerial experiments as much as twenty years ago, has been reprinted. It was shown that Dupuy de l'Ome's experiment was almost of the same nature, and the *Académie des Sciences* has apologized for not publishing it in proper time. M. Dumas and M. Elie de Beaumont, although members of the former senate, now act in their capacity of *secrétaires perpétuels* of the Academy. M. Leverrier has not appeared at any of the sittings. M. Chasles is most punctual in his attendance. Lectures are given at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, and are to be given at the *Collège de France*. No lectures have been given this session at the *Sorbonne*. Since the commencement of the siege, a few numbers only have been issued of the *Revue des Cours Scientifiques*; *Les Mondes* and *Cosmos* have been entirely suspended.

A large number of the animals at the *Jardin des Plantes* and *Jardin d'Acclimatation* have been sold and slaughtered for food, even the bears having now been sacrificed. The trees in the latter garden have been almost entirely cut down either for charcoal or for the necessities of the defence.

War Notes.

Gambetta.

THE world will think very highly of M. Gambetta when the war is over. He has been the one capable man whom France has produced. It is he that has continued the war. It is he that has lifted up the name and fame of France after the dishonor of Sedan. He has given his country, for three months, courage, unity, organization. He made the Army of the Loire, which was a very creditable army, and is even now fighting on, although at the critical moment it could not hold its ground against the discipline and steadfastness of the Germans. He found a general who was at least successful in one engagement, and had enough military knowledge to avoid a repetition of the blunders of McMahon. He has been blamed in England for interfering with D'Aurelles before he finally retreated from Orleans, and for proposing to inquire subsequently into the circumstances which led to that retreat. This blame is, we think, wholly unmerited. No civilian, having the whole fortunes of a great country depending on him, having by unceasing efforts got together and equipped and organized under the most discouraging circumstances an enormous army, would have learned, without a word of remonstrance, that the general he had chosen proposed to retreat at the very crisis of the fortunes of the nation. When D'Aurelles insisted that, as the general in command, he must know best, M. Gambetta at once acquiesced; but, so little did General d'Aurelles know his own mind, that he subsequently sent back to say that he thought he could continue the struggle with advantage.

But, although a government must allow a general to take a decisive step as to the necessity of which he can judge and the government cannot, it is nothing short of the duty of the government to inquire subsequently into the circumstances which have led to a great national mortification and calamity. But M. Gambetta, whose action is now the action of France, had to consider not only what would happen. He had to consider what would be the best course for France that he could take; and he has decided that he ought to go so far toward making peace as to propose an armistice. It must have cost him a deep pang to have brought himself to such a conclusion; but he has acted like a bold and honest man in not allowing his private feelings and interests to stand in the way of doing what he must have considered to be a painful public duty. Count Bismarck has freely blamed him and his colleagues for usurping the government of France, and preventing France from expressing its real feelings and wishes. All that can be said in reply is that France has amply ratified the decision of M. Gambetta. France did not want an armistice, or peace, or the meeting of a national assembly. It wanted war; it wanted to fight; if possible to save Paris, and to drive away the invader; and at least to regain honor and consideration in Europe. For this end it needed a man who would and could govern, who could raise armies and decide who should lead them; and such a man it found in M. Gambetta. He has doubtless committed numerous blunders, as he certainly has, whether intentionally or not, been audacious in his mendacity. But he has done what he offered to France to do, and what France wanted and allowed him to do.

Lorraine—1871.

I.

Sweetly the June-time twilights wane
Over the hills of fair Lorraine;
Sweetly the mellow moonbeams fall
O'er rose-wreathed cottage and ivied wall.
But never dawned a brighter eve
Than the holy night of St.-Geneviève,
And never moonlight fairer fell
Over the banks of the blue Moselle.
Richly the silver splendor shines,
Spangles with sheens the clustered vines,
And rests, in benediction fair,
On midnight tresses and golden hair.
Golden hair and midnight tress
Mingle in tender lovingness,
While the evening breezes breathe upon
Marie and Jean—and their hearts are one!
The spell of silence lifts at last—
"Marie, the saint's sweet day is past!
Her vesper-chimes have died away.
Where shall we be on New-Year's-day?"
With answering throb, heart thrilled to heart,
Hand met hand with sudden start.
For in each soul shone the blessed thought,
The vision fair of a little cot
Nestled beneath the lilac-spray,
Waiting the blissful bridal-day.
Low bowed in tearful silence there,
Their hearts rose up in solemn prayer;
And still the mellow lustre fell
Over the banks of the blue Moselle,
And still the moonlight shone upon
Marie and Jean—and their hearts were one!

II.

Six red moons have rolled away,
And the sun is shining on New-Year's-day.

Over the hills of fair Lorraine,
Heaps of ashes and rows of slain!
Where merrily rang the light guitar,
The angry tramp of the red hussar
Flings on the midnight's shrinking breath
The direful notes of the dance of Death!
Underneath the clustered vines
The sentry's glittering sabre shines;
Over the banks of the blue Moselle,
Rain of rocket and storm of shell!
Where to-day is the forehead fair
Crowned with masses of midnight hair?
A summer's twilight saw him fall
Dead on Verdun's leaguered wall.
Where, alas! is the little cot?
Ask the blackened walls of Gravelotte.
Under the lilac broods alone,
A maid whose heart is turned to stone;
Who sits, with folded fingers, dumb,
And weepily prays that her time may come:
Yet see! the Death-god's baleful stare,
And War's black eagle screams afar;
And lo! the New Year's shadows wane
Over the hills of sad Lorraine.

Miscellany.

Literary Speakers.

THERE are many men who possess every gift by which the most brilliant after-dinner speakers are distinguished—imagination, wit, keen powers of ridicule, a polished style—all except one: sufficient strength of nerve to stand upon their legs for ten minutes in the presence of two or three hundred pair of eyes. At their desk, with a pen in their hands, these men are perhaps among the most thoughtful and suggestive of writers; and over a glass of wine, with half a dozen friends, the liveliest and most sparkling of talkers; but the instant they feel themselves on their feet, asking permission to propose a toast, or acknowledge their own health, they sink to the level of the ordinary stutters of commonplace. Thackeray belonged to this class. It was a positive torture to him to be called upon to make an after-dinner speech. "Why don't they get Dickens to take the chair?" he used to say, peevishly, when a deputation had just pestered him into attending their anniversary at the London Tavern. "He can make a speech, and a good one. I'm of no use. They little think how nervous I am; and Dickens does not know the meaning of the word." And this was the fact. Thackeray scribbled out a draft of all his speeches, and revised, and altered, and polished them as he did a chapter in "Pendennis" or a "Round About Paper," and then learned them by heart. But it was a thousand chances to one whether he got through half of what he had thus prepared, and, whether he did or not, he was like a toad under a harrow all the evening, and very seldom made the slightest play with his eloquence.

And this is generally the case with men of Thackeray's type. It was the case with Theodore Hook. In a club smoking-room the witty editor of *John Bull* would mount the table and keep a select circle of boon companions laughing for a couple of hours, by mimicking the style of most of our parliamentary orators, Peel, Palmerston, Croker, Althorp, "the brilliant Baron," Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Follett, reproducing their style, their thoughts, all their little affectations and tricks, with astonishing fidelity. Yet, when called upon to put a few sentences together at a lord-mayor's din-

ner, the keenest wit in London was brought to the stand-still at his third sentence for a thought or a phrase, and never, it is believed, in his life, got beyond a dozen sentences. Pen in hand, Jeffrey was the most fluent of men. He threw off page after page of a slashing criticism for the *Edinburgh Review* in the course of the evening, without a single erasure or interlineation, without even a pause for a word. But at a dinner-table it was a mere chance of hit or miss whether his speeches were brilliant successes or contemptible failures; and, in the most important after-dinner speech that he was called upon to make, that of proposing the health of Charles Kemble when presenting him with a testimonial in the name of the City of Edinburgh, he broke down at the very outset of his speech, and had to sit in confusion and shame. Lord Lytton's speeches read well, but to listen to them as they fall from the lips of their author they are as flat as champagne in decanters. Goldwin Smith is ineffectual. Anthony Trollope is surprisingly feeble, although, perhaps, now and then, as in his recent speech at the anniversary of the Newspaper Press Fund, you may trace a flash or two of the author of "Barchester Towers." Froude is as dull as an alderman. Edmund Yates is pert. Sala talks like a school-boy repeating a half-learned lesson. Tennyson, it is said, has never risked his reputation by the slightest attempt at any kind of eloquence; and Longfellow systematically refuses to touch a toast-list even with a pair of tongs. These names run so high and so low, in the ranks of literature, that one would be disposed to lay it down as a rule that poets, novelists, and historians, are not of the stuff that brilliant after-dinner speakers are made of. Their intellects are not sufficiently flexible. Their wit is not portable. Their nerves are too weak. Charles Dickens was, probably, the only exception to the rule; and, with Charles Mathews and Mr. Lowe, he was the best chairman in London. He never lost his balance. His wit was always sparkling. His strokes of humor never failed to tell. He was as much at his ease at the head of the table with two hundred guests, as he was in his own library-chair throwing off a page of dialogue between Mr. Grengious and Rosa. He did not know what nervousness was. "The first time I took the chair at a public dinner," he told one of his friends, "I felt just as much confidence as if I had done the same thing a hundred times before." And his fluency was equal to his self-possession. He was never at a loss for a happy expression, a bit of humor, or a telling anecdote.

A Levee of Charles V.

The court circles in Madrid have recently been indulging in a ghostly sort of picnic. The minister of state invited the diplomatic body to accompany him to the Escorial. The court journals give a decorous account of the expedition, showing how "they arrived at the royal seat in a vernal temperature, and at once directed themselves to the palace, which they visited with minuteness. They then passed to the grandiose monastery of St. Lawrence, which they went through, expressing their admiration of the rigid architecture of the immortal Herrera, the tapestries and other works of art contained in this eighth wonder of the world." Here the official account discreetly goes off into generalities, veiling the great event of the day. We have seen a letter from one of the participants in these Castilian high jinks, which enables us to supply the hiatus of the chronicler. The party was introduced to the corpse of Charles V. himself, whose sarcophagus, in the great crypt under the chapel, had been opened for the occasion. There was a scaffold in front of the niche appropriated to the great Austrian,

with ascending stairs, and the heavy coffin-lid was slid back on beams—disclosing the mortal shell of Charles Quint. The clothes had mouldered away, and some priestly tinsel was thrown over the mummy, to hide its dry, brown nudity. The chest was bare, massive, and drum-tight, giving a hollow sound when tapped, and still measured thirty-six inches, after the waste of centuries. The head was thrown back a little, and the forehead bound with a gold cloth. There were no eyes—only a pair of plastered-up pits. There was no nose—only a high, bony ridge, looking down into a brainless hollow. The mouth was merely a distorted, three-cornered hole, and the incisors had fallen down the yawning throat. But the chin was there as in life, thin and aggressive, with an unwholesome brown stubble on it yet, that looked wonderfully like the Titian in the Museo. The gay pleasure-party went up the latter in groups, and came down rather silent and thoughtful. The scintillant remark that emperors are but men, after all, was made in all the modern languages—for diplomats are never wasteful of wit.

They then moved off in a pensive procession to the toy-house of Charles IV., "whose preciousnesses," says the court journal, again becoming communicative, "they observed with attention, regaling themselves with an exquisite punch." They took the evening train for Madrid, loud in their praises of the delicate courtesy of Mr. Sagasta. This keen and witty intrigant doubtless remembered the story of the Cid, who won his last battle the day after his death, strapped upright in his saddle, and must have thought how much more of majesty there would be in the imperial mummy of the Escorial, throned in the Palace of the Orient, than in any live princeling now open to a royal engagement.

Poor Humanity.

More than half a century since, the following lines were found in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, beside a skeleton remarkable for its symmetry of form. They were subsequently published in the London Morning Chronicle, and a vain effort made to ascertain the author, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas:

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot
With dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor, hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here!

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void!
If social love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed;
But through the dews of kindness beamed;
That eye shall be forever bright,
When sun and stars are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
The silent tongue shall plead for thee,
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied ruby shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought—
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

Kaiteur Water-fall, Demerara.

The great Kaiteur Fall, recently discovered by Mr. Brown, has a clear descent, according to barometrical observations, taken simultaneously by Mr. Brown at the bottom, and by Mr. Mitchell at the top, of seven hundred and fifty feet. Above, the Potaro glides smoothly in a slight depression of the table of conglomerate sandstone, and disappears over the edge in a body which is estimated at eighty yards in width, and of depth uncertain in the centre, but shallowing rapidly toward either bank. When the fall was discovered, in April, 1870, the rocky channel was completely covered, and the stream must have had a width of at least one hundred yards. During the summer it diminishes in volume, and the Indians state that it continues to do so till October, when only the central and deeper portion, about one-third of the whole, remains. The best time, therefore, for a visit is in spring, at the end of what appears to be the rainy season of this elevated tract.

As the fall was seen by the exploring party who discovered it, nothing can be imagined more beautiful. The central portion, which is never dry, forms a small horseshoe, or re-entering angle, and the water in this part preserves its consistency for a short distance from the edge. But everywhere else, and here also at a few feet from the top, all semblance of water disappears; it breaks up, or blossoms, into fine foam or spray, which descends in the well-known rocket-like forms of the Staubbach and similar water-falls, but multiplied a thousand times, into a small dark pool, over a semicircular curtain. The cavern behind the fall is the home of thousands of swallows, which issue from it in the morning, and may be seen returning in their multitude at night. The fall itself is one vast descending column of a fine, dry-looking, snow-white substance, bearing a resemblance in color and consistency to the snow of an avalanche, but surpassing all avalanches in size and in the beauty of the forms taken by the material as it falls. Rainbows of great splendor were observed, one from the front of the fall in the morning, one from the summit in the afternoon; but this last reverted, forming a colored loop or ring, into which the whole mass seemed to precipitate itself, and disappear and dart out underneath, black and foaming at the gorge and outlet of the pool.

The Land of Flowers.

Florida—by far the largest and most accessible of our Atlantic States, the first among them to be settled by Europeans—remains to this day the most sparsely peopled. With a coast line of over five hundred miles on the Atlantic, and over six hundred on the Mexican Gulf, with several good harbors, and considerable inland navigation, she has hardly more inhabitants than square miles. Yet her natural attractions are certainly considerable. Her climate is semitropical, yet not excessively hot, being modified by breezes from the ocean and the gulf. Her timber is more abundant and accessible than that of any other State, while game and fish are nowhere else so abundant. Her soil is of unequal value, but much of it is decidedly fertile. It is too soon by many years to talk of draining her rich

swamps; but very much of what seems to a casual view but white sand is really composed of minute marine shells, and produces large crops at a moderate cost. For the growth of fruits, she cannot be surpassed. Oranges of fine quality are produced in great abundance and at a good profit, though frost sometimes destroys fruit and tree together. Lemons, limes, peaches, figs, grapes, pomegranates, olives, blackberries, thrive admirably. Horned cattle, sheep, and swine, thrive and multiply on the wild grasses with little feeding and less care. Very large herds of cattle have cost their owners little besides the trouble of marking the calves so that they may be identified. Some raisers have each twenty-five thousand head or thereabout, and are rapidly enriching themselves by pasturing stock on everybody's land. The Confederate armies were largely supplied with beef from these magnificent herds. Whenever Florida shall be systematically cultivated, even in part, her cultivators will derive great advantage from the early maturing of their crops. Berries, fruits, vegetables, will be sent by daily lines of steamers to every great seaboard city months before those of the North will be ready for market. New potatoes in May, and fresh grapes in July, will command prices far exceeding those paid three months afterward.

The Fountain of Tears.

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion,
So gently and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune restless
To him who hath suffered and hears—
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart
broken,
And yield to the long-curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kissed
you;
Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought—if that cheers;
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken:
Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over, and baffle resistance,
And roll down bleared roads to each dis-
tance
Of past desolation and years,
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no past and no morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

The New-York Cathedral.

The great Roman Catholic cathedral, covering the entire block between Fifth and Madison Avenues, and Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, is rearing its vast proportions above the ground-

level with increased rapidity. The entire area of ground occupied by the edifice proper is one and a half acres. In natural symbolism, the church "is founded upon a rock," the primeval strata backbone of Manhattan Island; very slight excavations were made to reach it. The huge enterprise, commenced a number of years ago, during the lifetime of the late Archbishop Hughes, is now progressing toward completion as rapidly as circumstances will admit, under the direction of Archbishop McCloskey. The time estimated as necessary to finish the work is about twenty years. At present considerably over one hundred men are employed in quarrying, stone-cutting, masonry, and general labor. The marble used is quarried at Pleasantville, on the Harlem Railroad, and is brought directly on the premises by a special branch track. It is of the very best quality for building purposes, being of fine, large crystals, of an even consistency and uniform color. Some of the blocks are very heavy, weighing from ten to fifteen tons each. The progress of operations during the past summer season has been much more rapid than previously. An additional number of mechanics are to be employed during the winter in the carving and trimming of stone. The walls have now reached a height of fifty-four feet to the triforium, and are ready to receive the cornices and parapet.

A Voice of the Time.

By FRANCES BROWN.

By Folkheim's bending vines and corn

The broad Rhine rolls over silvery sands,
And there in his porch at early morn

Old Franz, the mayor of the village, stands.

A shepherd youth draws quickly near,

"Good master Franz, if you know it, say,

What sound is that in the east I hear,

Like thunder, hollow, and far away?"

"God keep it far from our village, boy!

That sound, nigh sixty years ago,

Made me and mine from our dwelling fly

To the wintry woods and the drifting snow.

It made my grandsire rise and flee

From ripened fields in the harvest days,

And pause on the mountain-side to see

His village and land in one wide blaze.

"Thus, through our luckless generations,

Have armies burst on the land like waves,

And left behind but their desolations,

The ruined homes, and the battle-graves.

It was now for a statesman's cherished scheme,

And then for a prince's power or pride,

But ever the reckoning read the same,

The cannon roared and the thousands died.

"Oh, storied Rhine, if all the blood

Poured forth on thy fair banks could appear,

Since first there met by thy silvern flood

The Roman sword and the Teuton spear,

That crimson wave should far outflow

Thine own by the summer sun set free

From the hoary heights of the Alpine snow

To the sandy bays of the Northern Sea.

"And now in old Europe's thoughtful days,

Is this what her boasted knowledge brings?

With tomes and teachers in all our ways,

Has the world never a school for kings?

Nor yet for nations, whose praise attends

The statesman's craft and the conqueror's crime,

Whose skill is taxed and whose science bends

To serve destruction from clime to clime?

"Oh, men whom Nature has made brothers,

In wants and perils, in hopes, and fears,

Who at the knees of Christian mothers

Have prayed in your tender, loving years—

Is there no dear remembered truth

Left in your hearts from that better day;

No voice of wisdom, no thought of ruth,

That yet forbids you to waste and slay?

"Must you be still the spoil or sport,

The ready tools to the victims blind,

Of those that in cabinet and court

Sit plotting treason against mankind?

Have your best and your wisest hoped in vain

For the promised time when strife shall cease,

And nations rest in the glorious reign

Of Him whose name is the Prince of Peace?"

Professional Life in New York.

The number of lawyers in New York is variously estimated from four to seven thousand. It is sometimes said that there is one lawyer to every hundred inhabitants; if so, how can they live? One of the first counsellors of the city said to us, a few days ago, "There are about four thousand lawyers in the city; five hundred of these do all the important business; and the most lucrative cases are confined to fifty of these." If this be true, and there is little reason to doubt it, why do so many students enter the legal profession? The answer given here is, that law requires little capital. No young man can now begin business, as a merchant, unless he is wealthy. A man needs a small fortune to be able to rent one room on Broadway. A young lawyer can make business if he is enterprising and popular in manners. Most business men employ attorneys to make all such papers as country merchants write for themselves. The sale of real estate employs many lawyers in looking up titles and making deeds. Still, it is very difficult for a young practitioner to earn, for some years, more than a meagre support for himself; he cannot enter into family relations. The effect of such a life is patent to all.

The physicians rank next to the lawyers in numbers; but they hardly amount to more than a thousand. They fall more readily into practice than lawyers; still only one in a hundred becomes widely known; very few become rich from their professional income. The ministers are last, but not least, in this enumeration. We do not know the number of churches in New York; but we suppose they cannot exceed four hundred. These are but partially filled on the Sabbath. A few eminent preachers, ten perhaps, have crowded houses; the rest preach to two or three hundred hearers. We have been told that about one in ten of the population attend church. The sabbath is becoming a day of amusement. Citizens visit the park more on that day than on any other. Pleasure and recreation are more earnestly sought, at all times, than spiritual culture. The ministers, therefore, have a hard field of labor; but it is quite as respectable, and, probably, more remunerative, than the professions of law and medicine.

Close Stoves.

Of all the nuisances in the shape of modern economical inventions, one of the most unmitigated, in our opinion, is the dark, mirth-dispelling, jail-resembling, close stove. Doubtless they economize fuel at the expense of health; but we never attempt to infuse vital warmth into our shivering frame by one of these gloomy iron boxes, but we wish these deadly foes to cheerfulness, and their inventors with them, were sunk at the bottom of the Atlantic. If wood were forty dollars a cord instead of eight, or coal fifty dollars a ton instead of ten, we would burn it in an open fireplace. We would rather freeze, even, in view of a generous, blazing, roaring open fire, than undergo

the gradual thaw effected by a cheerless, blue-imparting, suffocating iron stove. True, this invention affords a cheap means of dispelling the cold; but who at evening has not marked the difference between the cheerless warmth of heated iron, and the rich, generous, comfortable, and all-pervading temperature which steals through the frame when the ruddy open fire sends its dancing flames across the snug sitting-room—when the red embers blaze and glow with a tempting spell that charms you to the hearth; when, if there be a friend present, you pour out your whole soul in a flood of unbidden confidence, and only tear yourself away at twelve, "the very witching time o' night," when the clock, with a single quivering peal, startles you from your tranquil and delicious reveries?

We believe there is not a more common source of contamination to the air of our dwellings, school-houses, and churches, than the almost universal use of stoves. Heated iron not only absorbs rapidly the oxygen so necessary to the lungs, but at the same time exhales a deleterious suffocating effluvia. Hence the severe headache to which almost every one is subject who respire the atmosphere in the vicinity of a heated iron stove. When the laws of human posture are reversed, and men stand on their heads instead of their feet, then will air-tight stoves, *et id genus omne*, which now heat the former and cool the latter, answer in a very small degree the purposes for which they were designed. The pain in the brain, which they now almost universally cause, proceeds from the want of a sufficient oxygenation of the blood in the lungs. It is said that a similar effect has been produced on quadrupeds, by causing venous instead of arterial blood to pass into the head. Besides all these formidable objections to the close iron stove, there are the further ones, that it produces, as generally managed, a very uneven temperature, and a much higher degree of heat than is healthful.—*Western Monthly*.

The Moabite Stone.

This curious relic of antiquity was the subject of a paper recently read in the department of Ethnology and Anthropology of the British Association. The author of the paper, Rev. C. D. Guisbert, says that this stone dates back nine hundred years before Christ, and that the inscriptions are more ancient than two-thirds of the Old-Testament books. Out of fifteen Moabite cities mentioned in the Old Testament, the names of eleven are to be found on the stone. From the inscriptions, Dr. Guisbert has arrived at the conclusions that the Moabites had attained a high degree of civilization, and were superior to the Israelites in military ability. He was also of the opinion that our alphabet was derived, through the Greeks and Romans, from the Moabites. He also contended that, at the period indicated by the inscriptions, an organized temple service existed among the Israelites living out of Palestine, and that the service was analogous to that of the Moabites. He also stated that the word "Jehovah" was in common use among the Israelites nine hundred years before Christ, although afterward it was considered too sacred to be named. Dr. Rawlinson, in the discussion that followed, objected to the conclusions of the paper, and attributed to the Phenicians the merit of the discoveries claimed for the Moabites.

Castles.

Types of architecture have sometimes a curious connection with epochs in history. The castle was essentially the device of the Norman. It has been remarked that it united three func-

tions generally separated. It was a fortress, a prison, and a domestic dwelling-house—not merely a place where a garrison ate and slept, but a luxurious mansion according to the available luxury of the day. These buildings were thus peculiar to the countries swept by Norman power, or inhabited by kindred populations taking their habits from the Normans. Pasquiar tells us that the reason for saying in derision of a boastful fellow that he has a *château en Espagne*, is because there are no chateaus in Espagne. The country was in the hands of the Moors when the Normans were consolidating their influence over the rest of Europe. The date when this influence began in each district, whether by invasion or otherwise, coincides curiously with that of the style of castle-building. England's oldest castles are the round-arched Norman of the Conqueror's period. Those of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, go back no farther than Edward I.—*Blackwood*.

Varieties.

THE Winston (N. C.) *Sentinel* tells of the following two very singular cases of sudden death: "Salathiel Hier, a citizen living in the southern portion of the county, was taken sick, and a few days ago was visited by his neighbor, Alfred Gimble. Mr. Gimble was standing by the bedside, holding him by the hand. He asked him how he was getting along. Hier told him he thought he was going to die. Gimble remarked that we all had to die some time. Almost before the sentence was finished he dropped dead, with Hier's hand clasped in his, nearly pulling him out of bed. Hier was so frightened and excited by the circumstance that he died in a short time."

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er, Shook hands, and were as friendly as before; "Zounds!" said the client, "I would fain know how You can be friends who were such foes just now?" "Thou fool!" said one, "we lawyers, though so keen, Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between."

A wealthy bachelor, having had one or two lawsuits for breach of promise, now replies to any young lady who wishes a few minutes' private conversation, "No, you do not, madam. It cuts me to the heart to be compelled to doubt the honorableness of your intentions, but that sort of thing is played out. My rule is imperative, and, if you have any business with me, it must be transacted in the presence of two witnesses!"

Paris is about eight miles in diameter, and the Prussian "target," Notre-Dame, is in the heart of the city, four miles from the nearest fortified wall. The circle of forts without these fortifications are from two to five miles farther off, and the Prussian lines are from five to eight miles from the forts. These facts explain why the besieging army do not bombard Paris, and why Notre-Dame is not so good a target as Strasbourg Cathedral.

Mr. Kirkcup, an English artist and an ardent spiritualist, is in the habit of holding daily intercourse with Dante, who, he informs us, "is a little vain of his personal appearance." His costume was formerly of the orthodox color, but, having been promoted to a higher spiritual rank, he now floats in a garb of blue, rose-color, and green, and is "very well satisfied with the change."

Mexico seems, at last, to have entered on the road of progress. Schools and free libraries are multiplying and improving; reformatory penitentiaries are taking the place of the barbarous old jails; the highways and bridges are greatly bettered; telegraphs are branching all over the country; and there are several important railroad enterprises under way.

James Brabazon Pilkington has been undergoing a series of trials in Ceylon, and been

twice condemned as a raving maniac, on the sole ground that, in a casual quarrel with Sir Hercules Robinson, governor of the island, he shook his fist in that mighty man's face and called him a brute. However, by a vigorous fight, he was at last freed.

A Quaker Indian agent, who has recently visited the Cherokees, Choctaws, and other tribes, gives it as his opinion that the Indian females can be elevated, and adds that "hoop-skirts are more useful in a family than war-whoops."

In 1830 the United States had forty-one miles of railroad. In 1870 the United States had fifty thousand miles of railroad. Ohio has nearly four thousand miles—more than any other State except Pennsylvania and Illinois.

For over thirty years an old gentleman at St. Albans, Vermont, has made a practice of getting out of bed every night at eleven, twelve, two, and four o'clock, to enjoy a comfortable smoke.

A poet asked a friend what he thought of his last production, "An Ode to Sleep." "You have done such justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight," was the reply.

Three of the students at the Troy Academy are sons of Japanese nobles. They were brought there under the auspices of the Dutch Reformed Church, but reserve the privilege of paying their own expenses.

It must have been consoling for sick soldiers on low diet in the military hospitals during the late war to sing, "When this cruel war is over, we shall meet again."

The *Springfield Republican* is of the opinion that in New England the lyceum has had its day, and that people are beginning to conclude they have been lectured enough.

The difference between a bouquet of flowers and the "bouquet" of wine is, that one makes a nosegay, while the other makes a gay nose.

A contemporary proposes the establishment of "training colleges," wherein young women may be taught how to rear infants according to the latest lights of medical and social science.

A convention was held in Oregon lately to devise means for elevating the Indians of the Pacific coast. On the eastern reservations whiskey is found to be very effective.

Politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

Dr. Doddridge's prescription for the hour—"Forget the steps already trod, and onward urge thy way."

At the battle of Gravelotte a trumpeter was killed by a ball which went in at the mouth of his instrument.

In a bookseller's catalogue appears the following article: "Memoirs of Charles I., with a head capitally executed."

Several of the large Australian establishments are said each to can one thousand sheep daily.

One-sixth of the female population of England work out-of-doors.

General Trochu is said to be descended from Racine.

There are seventy-four thousand doctors in the United States.

In Colorado there are many men of many mines.

A bad place to get out at—the elbow.

A bad omen—to owe men money.

A grate nuisance—bad coal.

The Museum.

IN our geological illustrations we now reach the Pliocene period, the third and con-

cluding subdivision of the Tertiary epoch. This period was marked in some parts of Europe by great movements of the terrestrial crust, always due to the same cause, namely, the continual and gradual cooling of the globe. This cooling, during which the outer zone of the fluid mass passed to the solid state, produced irregularities and inequalities in the external surface, sometimes accompanied by fractures through which the semifluid or pasty matter poured itself, leading afterward to the upheaval of mountain-ranges through these gaping chasms. Thus, during the Pliocene period, many mountains and mountain-chains were formed in Europe by basaltic and volcanic eruptions. These upheavals were preceded by sudden and irregular movements of the elastic mass of the soil—by earthquakes, in short. M. Lecoq says: "Arrived, finally, at the last period which preceded our own epoch—the epoch in which the temperate zones were still embellished by tropical forms of vegetation, which were, however, slowly declining, driven out, as it were, by a cooling climate, and by the invasion of more vigorous species—great terrestrial commotions took place: mountains are covered with eternal snow; continents now take their actual forms; but many great lakes, now dried up, still existed; great rivers flowed majestically through smiling countries, whose surface man had not yet come to modify." There is strong presumptive proof that in this period the greater part of the European area, including the Alps and the Apennines, emerged from the deep. In Sicily, Newer-Pliocene rocks, covering nearly half the surface of the island, have been raised from two to three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Fossil shells have been observed at the height of eight thousand feet in the Pyrenees; and, as if to fix the date of upheaval, there are great masses of granite which have penetrated the lias and the chalk. Fossil shells of the period are also found at a height of ten thousand feet in the Alps, at thirteen thousand in the Andes, and at eighteen thousand in the Himalayas.

The terrestrial animals of the Pliocene period present us with a great number of creatures alike remarkable from their proportions and from their structure. The mastodon, which makes its first appearance in the Miocene formation, continues to be found, but becomes extinct apparently before we reach the upper beds. Other mammals present themselves of genera totally unknown till now; some of them, such as the hippopotamus, the camel, the horse, the ox, and the deer, surviving to the present age. The fossil horse, of all animals, is perhaps that which presents the greatest resemblance to existing individuals; but it was small, not exceeding the ass in size.

The rhinoceros, which made its appearance in the preceding period, appears in great numbers during this epoch. Of all fossil ruminants, perhaps the largest, and certainly not the least curious, is the Sivatherium, whose remains have been found in India, in the Sewalik Hills, one of the spurs of the Himalayas. Its name is taken from that of Siva, the Indian deity worshipped in that part of India. It was about the size of the elephant; it belonged to the deer tribe, and was probably the most gigantic species that ever existed. It somewhat resembled the existing elk, but was much larger and more massive. The head presented an arrangement which has not been observed in any other animal known; it carried four horns, two rising above the forehead in broad tines, and the two others, of larger size, projected forward from above the eyes. These four horns were very divergent, and calculated to give this colossal stag a very strange aspect.

The birds of this period were very numerous, | vultures, eagles, gulls, swallows, pheasants, | animals, and remains of the whale are found
and of many species which still exist—such as | etc. The dolphin appears among the marine | differing very little from those now living.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal Landscape of the Pliocene Period.

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The subjoined table will show the gross earnings and operating expenses of the main line of the CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD (Salt Lake to San Francisco), and the number of miles operated in each year, from the commencement to the present time:

Miles Operated.	Gross Earnings.	Operating Expenses.
1865..... 31 to 56	\$401,941.92	\$121,669.53
1866..... 56 to 94	864,917.57	200,710.61
1867..... 94 to 137	1,470,653.50	330,913.33
1868..... 137 to 468	2,300,767.17	843,066.54
1869..... 468 to 742	5,670,822.25	2,993,523.19
1870..... 742 to 900	7,920,710.98	4,060,564.95
Total.....	\$18,629,813.39	\$8,550,548.15

The following will show the aggregate net earnings, interest liabilities, and surplus earnings for the same period:

Net Earnings.	Interest on Outstand- ing Bonded Debt.	Surplus of Net Earn- ings over Interest.
\$10,079,265	\$4,184,221	\$5,895,042

From the foregoing tables it will be seen that the Central Pacific Railroad has earned, in six years, more than \$10,000,000 net over operating expenses, and nearly \$6,000,000 over operating expenses and interest on its bonds; while, during four years and a half of that time, the road was under construction, without through business, and, for the first three years, with less than 100 miles in operation.

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RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

["RALPH THE HEIR," SUPPLEMENT No. XV.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF JANUARY 21.]



A Meeting in the Conservative Interest.—Chapter XXXIX.

CHAPTER XLII.

NOT BROKEN-HEARTED.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone at Newton Priory, and the late squire's son had left the place—protesting as he did so that he left it forever. To him also life in that particular spot of earth was impossible, unless he could live there as lord and master of all. Everybody throughout that and neighboring parishes treated him not only with kindness, but with the warmest affection. The gentry, the farmers, and the laborers, all men who had known him in the hunting-field, in markets, on the bench, or at church, men, women, and children, joined together in forming plans by means of which he could remain at Newton. The young squire asked him to make the house his home, at any rate for the hunting-season. The parson offered half the parsonage. His friend Morris, who was a bachelor, suggested a joint home and joint stables between them. But it was all of no avail. Had it not been for the success which had so nearly crowned the late squire's efforts during the last six months, it might have been that his friends should have prevailed

with him. But he had been too near being the master to be able to live at Newton in any other capacity. The tenants had been told that they were to be his tenants. The servants had been told that they were to be his servants. During a few short weeks, he had almost been master, so absolute had been the determination of the old squire to show to all around him that his son, in spite of the blot upon the young man's birth, was now the heir in all things, and possessed of every privilege which would attach itself to an elder son. He himself while his father lived had taken these things calmly, had shown no elation, had even striven to moderate the vehemence of his father's efforts on his behalf; but not the less had he been conscious of the value of what was being done for him. To be the promised future owner of the acres on which he had lived, of the coverts through which he had ridden, of every tree and bank which he had known from his boyhood, had been to him a source of gratified pride not the less strong because he had concealed it. The disappointment did hit him sorely. His dreams had been of Parliament, of power in the county, of pride of place, and popularity. He now found that

they were to be no more than dreams—but with this additional sorrow, that all around him knew that they had been dreamed. No—he could not stay at Newton even for the sake of living with friends who loved him so dearly. He said little or nothing of this to any one. Not even to Gregory Newton or to his friend Morris did he tell much of his feeling. He was not proud of his dreamings, and it seemed to himself that his punishment was just. Nor could he speak to either of them or to any man of his past ambition, or of what hopes might remain to him in reference to Mary Bonner. The young squire had gone forth with the express purpose of wooing her, had declared his purpose of doing so, and had returned to Newton at any rate without any ready tale of triumph on his tongue. What had been his fortune the rival would not ask; and while the two remained together at the priory no further word was spoken of Mary Bonner. He, Ralph the dispossessed one, while he believed himself to be the heir, had intended to bring her home as a fitting queen to share his throne. It might be that she would consent to be his without a throne to share; but in thinking of her he could not but remember what his ambition had been,

and he could hardly bring himself now to offer to her that which was comparatively so little worth the having. To suppose that she should already "be fond of him," should already long for him as he longed for her, was contrary to his nature. Hitherto when he had been in her presence, he had stood there as a man whose position in life was almost contemptible; and though it would be unjust to him to say that he had hoped to win her by his acres, still he had felt that his father's success on his behalf might justify him in that which would otherwise be unjustifiable. For the present, however, he could take no steps in that direction. He could only suggest to himself what had already been her answer, or what at some future time might be the answer she would make to his rival. He had lost a father between whom and himself there had existed ties, not only of tender love, but of perfect friendship, and for a while he must bewail his loss. That he could not bewail his lost father without thinking of his lost property, and of the bride that had never been won, was an agony to his soul.

He had found a farm down in Norfolk, near to Swaffham, which he could take for twelve months, with the option of purchase at the expiration of that time, and thither he betook himself. There were about four hundred acres, and the place was within his means. He did not think it likely that Mary Bonner would choose to come and live upon a Norfolk farm; and yet what other work in life was there for which he was fit? Early in January he went down to Beamingham Hall, as the place was called, and there we will leave him for the present, consoling himself with oil-cake, and endeavoring to take a pride in a long row of stall-fed cattle.

At this time the two brothers were living at Newton Priory. Ralph the heir had bought some of his uncle's horses, and had commenced hunting with the hounds around him; though he had not as yet withdrawn his stud from the Moonbeam. He was not altogether at his ease, as he had before the end of February received three or four letters from Neeft, all of them dictated by Waddle, in which his conduct was painted not in the most flattering colors. Neeft's money had been repaid, but Neeft would not understand that the young heir's obligations to him had by any means been acquitted by that very ordinary process. He had risked his money when payment was very doubtful, and now he intended to have something beyond cash in return for all that he had done. "There are debts of honor which a real gentleman feels himself more bound to pay than any bills," Waddle had written. And to such dogmatic teachings as these Neeft would always add something out of his own head. "There ain't nobody who shan't know all about it, unless you're on the square again." Ralph had written one reply since he had been at Newton, in which he explained at some length that it was impossible that he should renew his addresses to a young lady who had twice rejected them, and who had assured him that she did not love him. He professed the

greatest respect for Miss Neeft, a respect which had, if possible, been heightened by her behavior in this matter—but it must now be understood that the whole affair was at an end. Neeft would not understand this, but Neeft's further letters, which had not been unfrequent, were left unanswered. Ralph had now told the whole story to his brother, and had written his one reply from Newton in conformity with his brother's advice. After that they both thought that no further rejoinder could be of any service.

The parsonage was for the time deserted, Gregory having for the present consented to share his brother's house. In spite of that little thorn in the flesh which Neeft was, Ralph was able to enjoy his life very thoroughly. He went on with all the improvements about the place which the squire had commenced, and was active in making acquaintance with every one who lived upon his land. He was not without good instincts, and understood thoroughly that respectability had many more attractions than a character for evil living. He was, too, easily amenable to influence from those around him; and, under Gregory's auspices, was constant at his parish church. He told himself at once that he had many duties to perform, and he attempted to perform them. He did not ask Lieutenant Cox or Captain Fooks to the Priory, and quite prepared himself for the character of Henry V. in miniature, as he walked about his park, and rode about his farms, and talked with the wealthier farmers on hunting mornings. He had a full conception of his own dignity, and some not altogether inaccurate idea of the manner in which it would become him to sustain it. He was, perhaps, a little too self-conscious, and overinclined to suppose that people were regarding his conduct because he was Newton of Newton—Newton of Newton with no blot on his shield, by right of his birth, and subject to no man's reproach.

He had failed grievously in one matter on which he had set his heart; but as to that he was, as the reader knows, resolved to try again. He had declared his passion to the other Ralph, but his rival had not made the confidence mutual. But hitherto he had said nothing on the subject to his brother. He had put it by, as it were, out of his mind for a while, resolving that it should not trouble him immediately, in the middle of his new joys. It was a thing that would keep—a thing, at any rate, that need not overshadow him night and morning. When Neeft continued to disturb him with threats of publicity in regard to Polly's wrongs, he did tell himself that in no way could he so effectually quiet Mr. Neeft as by marrying somebody else, and that he would, at some very early date, have recourse to this measure; but, in the mean time, he would enjoy himself without letting his unrequited passion lie too heavily as a burden on his heart. So he ate and drank, and rode and prayed, and sat with his brother magistrates on the bench, and never ceased to think of his good fortune, in

that he had escaped from the troubles of his youth, unscathed and ungraded.

Then there came a further letter from Mr. Neeft, from which there arose some increase of confidence among the brothers. There was nothing special in this letter. These letters, indeed, were very like to each other, and, as had now come to be observed, were always received on a Tuesday morning. It was manifest to them that Neeft spent the leisure hours of his Sundays in meditating upon the hardness of his position; and that, as every Monday morning came, he caused a new letter to be written. On this particular Tuesday, Ralph had left home before the post had come, and did not get the breeches-maker's epistle till his return from hunting. He chucked it across the table to Gregory when he came down to dinner, and the parson read it. There was no new attack in it, and, as the servant was in the room, nothing was then said about it. But after dinner the subject was discussed.

"I wish I knew how to stop the fellow's mouth," said the elder brother.

"I think I should get Carey to see him," suggested Gregory. "He would understand a lawyer when he was told that nothing could come of it but trouble to himself and his daughter."

"She has no hand in it, you know."

"But it must injure her."

"One would think so. But she is a girl whom nothing can injure. You can't imagine how good and how great she is—great in her way, that is. She is as steady as a rock, and nobody who knows her will ever imagine her to be a party to her father's folly. She may pick and choose a husband any day she pleases. And the men about her won't mind this kind of thing as we should. No doubt all their friends joke him about it, but no one will think of blaming Polly."

"It can't do her any good," said Gregory.

"It cannot do her any harm. She has a strength of her own that even her father can't lessen."

"All the same, I wish there were an end of it."

"So do I, for my own sake," said Ralph. As he spoke he filled his glass, and passed the bottle, and then was silent for a few moments. "Neeft did help me," he continued. "and I don't want to speak against him; but he is the most pig-headed old fool that ever existed. Nothing will stop him but Polly's marriage, or mine."

"I suppose you will marry soon now. You ought to be married," said Gregory, in a melancholy tone, in which was told something of the disappointment of his own passion.

"Well—yes. I believe I might as well tell you a little secret, Greg."

"I suppose I can guess it," said Gregory, with still a deeper sound of woe.

"I don't think you can. It is quite possible you may, however. You know Mary Bonner—don't you?"

The cloud upon the parson's brow was at once lightened. "No," said he. "I have heard of her, of course."

"You have never seen Mary Bonner?"

"I have not been up in town since she came. What should take me up? And if I were there, I doubt whether I should go out to Fulham. What is the use of going?" But still, though he spoke thus, there was something less of melancholy in his voice than when he had first spoken. Ralph did not immediately go on with his story, and his brother now asked a question. "But what of Mary Bonner? Is she to be the future mistress of the Priory?"

"God only knows."

"But you mean to ask her?"

"I have asked her."

"And you are engaged?"

"By no means. I wish I were. You haven't seen her, but I suppose you have heard of her?"

"Ralph spoke of her—and told me that she was very lovely."

"Upon my word, I don't think that even in a picture I ever saw any thing approaching to her beauty. You've seen that thing at Dresden. She is more like that than any thing I know. She seems almost too grand for a fellow to speak to, and yet she looks as if she didn't know it. I don't think she does know it." Gregory said not a word, but looked at his brother, listening. "But, by George! there's a dignity about her, a sort of self-possession, a kind of *noli me tangere*, you understand, which makes a man almost afraid to come near her. She hasn't sixpence in the world."

"That needn't signify to you now."

"Not in the least. I only just mention it to explain. And her father was nobody in particular—some old general who used to wear a cocked hat and keep the niggers down out in one of the colonies. She herself talked of coming home here to be a governess—by Jove! yes, a governess. Well, to look at her, you'd think she was born a countess in her own right."

"Is she so proud?"

"No—it's not that. I don't know what it is. It's the way her head is put on. Upon my word, to see her turn her neck is the grandest thing in the world. I never saw any thing like it. I don't know that she's proud by nature—though she has got a dash of that too. Don't you know there are some horses show their breeding at a glance? I don't suppose they feel it themselves; but there it is on them, like the Hall-mark on silver. I don't know whether you can understand a man being proud of his wife."

"Indeed I can."

"I don't mean of her personal qualities, but of the outside get up. Some men are proud of their wives' clothes, or their jewels, or their false hair. With Mary nothing of that sort could have any effect; but to see her step, or move her head, or lift her arm, is enough to make a man feel—feel that she beats every other woman in the world by chalks."

"And she is to be mistress here?"

"Indeed she should—to-morrow, if she'd come."

"You did ask her?"

"Yes—I asked her."

"And what did she say?"

"Nothing that I cared to hear. She had just been told all this accursed story about Polly Neefit. I'll never forgive Sir Thomas—never." The reader will be pleased to re-

member that Sir Thomas did not mention Miss Neefit's name, or any of the circumstances of the Neefit contract, to his niece.

"He could hardly have wished to set her against you."

"I don't know; but he must have told her. She threw it in my teeth that I ought to marry Polly."

"Then she did not accept you?"

"By George! no—any thing but that. She is one of those women who, as I fancy, never take a man at the first offer. It isn't that they mean to shilly and shally and make a fuss, but there's a sort of majesty about them which instinctively declines to yield itself. Unconsciously they feel something like offence at the suggestion that a man should think enough of himself to ask for such a possession. They come to it, after a time."

"And she will come to it, after a time?"

"I didn't mean to say that. I don't intend, however, to give it up." Ralph paused in his story, considering whether he would tell his brother what Mary had confessed to him as to her affection for some one else, but he resolved, at last, that he would say nothing of that. He had himself put less of confidence in that assertion than he did in her rebuke with reference to the other young woman to whom she chose to consider that he owed himself. It was his nature to think rather of what absolutely concerned himself, than of what related simply to her. "I shan't give her up. That's all I can say," he continued. "I'm not the sort of fellow to give things up readily." It did occur to Gregory at that moment that his brother had not shown much self-confidence on that question of giving up the property. "I'm pretty constant when I've set my mind on a thing. I'm not going to let any woman break my heart for me, but I shall stick to it."

He was not going to let any woman break his heart for him! Gregory, as he heard this, knew that his brother regarded him as a man whose heart was broken, and he could not help asking himself whether or not it was good for a man that he should be able to suffer as he suffered, because a woman was fair and yet not fair for him. That his own heart was broken—broken after the fashion of which his brother was speaking—he was driven to confess to himself. It was not that he should die, or that his existence would be one long continued hour of misery to him. He could eat and drink, and do his duty and enjoy his life. And yet his heart was broken. He could not piece it so that it should be fit for any other woman. He could not teach himself not to long for that one woman who would not love him. The romance of his life had formed itself there, and there it must remain. In all his solitary walks it was of her that he still thought. Of all the bright castles in the air which he still continued to build, she was ever the mistress. And yet he knew that she would never make him happy. He had absolutely resolved that he would not torment her by another request. But he gave himself no praise for his constancy, looking on himself as being somewhat weak in that he could not overcome his longing. When Ralph declared that he would not break his heart, but that, nevertheless, he would stick to the girl, Gregory envied him, not doubting of his success, and believing that it was to men of this calibre that success in love is generally given. "I hope with all my heart that you may win her," he said.

"I must run my chance like another. There's no '*Veni, vidi, vici*,' about it, I can tell you; nor is it likely that there should be with such a girl as Mary Bonner. Fill your glass, old fellow. We needn't sit mumchance because we're thinking of our loves."

"I had thought—" began Gregory very slowly.

"What did you think?"

"I had thought once that you were thinking of—Clarissa."

"What put that into your head?"

"If you had I should never have said a word, nor fancied any wrong. Of course she'll marry some one. And I don't know why I should ever wish that it should not be you."

"But what made you think of it?"

"Well—I did. It was just a word that Patience said in one of her letters."

"What sort of word?" asked Ralph, with much interest.

"It was nothing, you know. I just misunderstood her. When one is always thinking of a thing, every thing turns itself that way. I got it into my head that she meant to hint to me that as you and Clary were fond of each other, I ought to forget it all. I made up my mind that I would—but it is so much easier to make up one's mind than to do it." There came a tear in each eye as he spoke, and he turned his face toward the fire that his brother might not see them. And there they remained hot and oppressive, because he would not raise his hand to rub them away.

"I wonder what it was she said," asked Ralph.

"Oh, nothing. Don't you know how a fellow has fancies?"

"There wasn't any thing in it," said Ralph.

"Oh; of course not."

"Patience might have imagined it," said Ralph. "That's just like such a sister as Patience."

"She's the best woman that ever lived," said Gregory.

"As good as gold," said Ralph. "I don't think, however, I shall very soon forgive Sir Thomas."

"I don't mind saying now that I am glad it is so," said Gregory; "though as regards Clary that seems to be cruel. But I don't think I could have come much here had she become your wife."

"Nothing shall ever separate us, Greg."

"I hope not—but I don't know whether I could have done it. I almost think that I oughtn't to live where I should see her; and I did fear it at one time."

"She'll come to the parsonage yet, old fellow, if you'll stick to her," said Ralph.

"Never," said Gregory. Then that conversation was over.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ONCE MORE.

At the end of February Ralph declared his purpose of returning to the Moonbeam, for the rest of the hunting-season. "I'm not going to be such an ass," he said to his brother, "as to keep two sets of horses going. I bought my uncle's because it seemed to suit just at the time; and there are the others at Horsball's, because I've not had time to settle down yet. I'll go over for March, and take a couple with me; and, at the end of it, I'll get rid of those I don't like. Then that'll be the end of the Moonbeam, as far as I am concerned." So he prepared to start, and on the evening before he went his brother declared that he would go as far as London with him. "That's all right," said Ralph, "but what's taking you up now?" The parson said that he wanted to get a few things, and to have his hair cut. He shouldn't stay above one night. Ralph asked no more questions, and the two brothers went up to London together.

We fear that Patience Underwood may not have been in all respects a discreet preserver of her sister's secrets. But then there is nothing more difficult of attainment than discretion in the preservation of such mysteries. To keep a friend's secret well the

keeper of it should be firmly resolved to act upon it in no way—not even for the advantage of the owner of it. If it be confided to you as a secret that your friend is about to make his maiden speech in the House, you should not even invite your acquaintances to be in their places—not if secrecy be the first object. In all things the knowledge should be to you as though you had it not. Great love is hardly capable of such secrecy as this. In the fulness of her love Patience had allowed her father to learn the secret of poor Clary's heart; and in the fulness of her love she had endeavored to make things smooth at Newton. She had not told the young clergyman that Clarissa had given to his brother that which she could not give to him; but, meaning to do a morsel of service to both of them, if that might be possible, she had said a word or two, with what effect the reader will have seen from the conversation given in the last chapter.

She'll come to the parsonage yet, Ralph had said; and Gregory in one word had implied his assured conviction that any such coming was a thing not to be hoped for—an event not even to be regarded as possible. Nevertheless, he made up his mind that he would go up to London—to have his hair cut. In so making up his mind he did not for a moment believe that it could be of any use to him. He was not quite sure that when in London he would go to Popham Villa. He was quite sure that if he did go to Popham Villa he would make no further offer to Clarissa. He knew that his journey was foolish, simply the result of an uneasy, restless spirit—that it would be better for him to remain in his parish and move about among the old women and bedridden men; but still he went. He would dine at his club, he said, and perhaps he might go down to Fulham on the following morning. And so the brothers parted. Ralph, as a man of property, with many weighty matters on hand, had, of course, much to do. He desired to inspect some agricultural implements, and a new carriage—he had ever so many things to say to Carey, the lawyer, and wanted to order new harnesses for the horses. So he went to his club, and played whist all the afternoon.

Gregory, as soon as he had secured a bed at a quiet inn, walked off to Southampton Buildings. From the direct manner in which this was done, it might have been argued that he had come up to London with the purpose of seeing Sir Thomas; but it was not so. He turned his steps toward the place where Clary's father was generally to be found, because he knew not what else to do. As he went he told himself that he might as well leave it alone; but still he went. Stemm at once told him, with a candor that was almost marvellous, that Sir Thomas was out of town. The hearing of the petition was going on at Pereycross, and Sir Thomas was there, as a matter of course. Stemm seemed to think it rather odd that an educated man, such as was the Rev. Gregory Newton, should have been unaware that the petition against the late election at Pereycross was being carried on at this moment. "We've got Sergeant Burnaby, and little Mr. Joram down, to make a fight of it," said Mr. Stemm; "but, as far as I can learn, they might just as well have remained up in town. It's only sending good money after bad." The young parson hardly expressed that interest in the matter which Stemm had expected, but turned away, thinking whether he had not better have his hair cut at once, and then go home.

But he did go to Popham Villa on the same afternoon, and—such was his fortune—he found Clarissa alone. Since her father had seen her in bed, and spoken to her of what he had called the folly of her love, she had not

again given herself up to the life of a sick-room. She dressed herself and came down to breakfast, of a morning, and then would sit with a needle in her hand till she took her book, and then with a book till she took her needle. She tried to work, and tried to read, and perhaps she did accomplish a little of each. And then, when Patience would tell her that exercise was necessary, she would put on her hat and creep out among the paths. She did make some kind of effort to get over the evil that had come upon her; but still no one could watch her and not know that she was a wounded deer. "Miss Clarissa is at home," said the servant, who well knew that the young clergyman was one of the rejected suitors. There had been hardly a secret in the house in reference to Gregory Newton's love. The two other young ladies, the girl said, had gone to London, but would be home to dinner. Then, with a beating heart, Gregory was ushered into the drawing-room. Clarissa was sitting near the window, with a novel in her lap, having placed herself there with the view of getting what was left of the light of the early spring evening; but she had not read a word for the last quarter of an hour. She was thinking of that word scoundrel, with which her father had spoken of the man she loved. Could it be that he was in truth so bad as that? And, if it were true, would she not take him, scoundrel as he was, if he would come to her? He might be a scoundrel in that one thing, on that one occasion, and yet be good to her. He might repent his scoundrelism, and she certainly would forgive it. Of one thing she was quite sure—he had not looked like a scoundrel when he had given her that assurance on the lawn! And so she thought of young men in general. It was very easy to call a young man a scoundrel, and yet to forgive him all his iniquities when it suited to do so. Young men might get in debt, and gamble, and make love wherever they pleased, and all at once—and yet be forgiven. All these things were very bad. It might be just to call a man a scoundrel because he could not pay his debts, or because he made bets about horses. Young men did a great many things which would be horrid indeed were a girl to do them. Then one papa would call such a man a scoundrel, because he was not wanted to come to the house; while another papa would make him welcome, and give him the best of every thing. Ralph Newton might be a scoundrel; but if so—as Clarissa thought—there were a great many good-looking scoundrels about in the world, as to whom their scoundrelism did very little to injure them in the esteem of all their friends. It was thus that Clarissa was thinking over her own affairs when Gregory Newton was shown into the room.

The greeting on both sides was at first formal and almost cold. Clary had given a little start of surprise, and had then subsided into a most demure mode of answering questions. Yes; papa was at Pereycross. She did not know when he was expected back. Mary and Patience were in London. Yes—she was at home all alone. No; she had not seen Ralph since his uncle's death. The question which elicited this answer had been asked without any design, and Clary endeavored to make her reply without emotion. If she displayed any, Gregory, who had his own affairs upon his mind, did not see it. No—they had not seen the other Mr. Newton as he passed through town. They had all understood that he had been very much disturbed by his father's horrible accident and death. Then Gregory paused in his questions, and Clarissa expressed a hope that there might be no more hunting in the world.

It was very hard work, this conversation,

and Gregory was beginning to think that he had done no good by coming, when on a sudden he struck a chord from whence came a sound of music. "Ralph and I have been living together at the Priory," he said.

"Oh—indeed; yes—I think I heard Patience say that you were at the Priory."

"I suppose I shall not be telling any secret to you in talking about him and your cousin Mary?"

Clarissa felt that she was blushing up to her brow, but she made a great effort to compose herself. "Oh, no," she said, "we all know of it."

"I hope he may be successful," said Gregory.

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"I never knew a man more thoroughly in love than he is."

"I don't believe it," said Clarissa.

"Don't believe it! Indeed you may, Clary. I have never seen her, but from what he says of her I suppose her to be most beautiful."

"She is—very beautiful." This was said with a strong emphasis.

"And why should you not believe it?"

"It will not be of the slightest use, Mr. Newton; and you may tell him so. Though I suppose it is impossible to make a man believe that."

"Are we both so unfortunate?" he asked.

The poor girl with her wounded love, and every feeling sore within her, had not intended to say any thing that should be cruel or injurious to Gregory himself, and it was not till the words were out of her mouth that she herself perceived their effect. "Oh, Mr. Newton, I was only thinking of him," she said, innocently. "I only meant that Ralph is one of those who always think they are to have every thing they want."

"I am not one of those, Clarissa. And yet I am one who seem never to be tired of asking for that which is not to be given to me. I said to myself when last I went from here that I would never ask again—that I would never trouble you any more." She was sitting with the book in her hand, looking out into the gloom, and now she made no attempt to answer him. "And yet you see here I am," he continued. She was still silent, and her head was still turned away from him; but he could see that tears were streaming down her cheeks. "I have not the power not to come to you while yet there is a chance," he said. "I can live and work without you, but I can have no life of my own. When I first saw you I made a picture to myself of what my life might be, and I cannot get that moved from before my eyes. I am sorry, however, that my coming should make you weep."

"Oh, Mr. Newton, I am so wretched," she said, turning round sharply upon him. For a moment she had thought that she would tell him every thing, and then she checked herself, and remembered how ill-placed such a confidence would be.

"What should make you wretched, dearest?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell. I sometimes think the world is bad altogether, and that I had better die. People are so cruel and so hard, and things are so wrong. But you may tell your brother that he need not think of my cousin Mary. Nothing ever would move her. H—sh—! Here they are. Do not say that I was crying."

He was introduced to the beauty, and, as the lights came, Clarissa escaped. Yes—she was indeed most lovely; but, as he looked on her, Gregory felt that he agreed with Clarissa that nothing on earth would move her. He remained there for another half-hour; but Clarissa did not return, and then he went back to London.

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WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

FROM A PAINTING BY RUDOLPH LEHMANN.

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THE STORY OF TWO SILENT PEOPLE.

WITHIN a certain luxurious country flower-garden, well apart from any city, and still surrounded curiously by a high brick wall, stained and striped with the weather, and all awry with age, and where there are many flagged walks, with disorderly weeds thrusting themselves out between the jointures of the tiles; many rich beds and patches of plants of velvety colors; many decaying props resting upon greenish foundations and supporting decrepit trellises; a disfigured fountain, long since dry and nearly overgrown; a row of dismal, tottering vases, rusty, cracked, and infirm; and also, again, where there is a relieving stretch or two of rich ground, scrupulously cared for, and bearing some bright rows of blooming hyacinths, there are two men, at the time when the scene becomes at all interesting to us or to any one.

One is upon his knees. He is a man of sixty years, with whitish hair, reddish thick eyebrows, a long, narrow head, a florid complexion, and thin lips. He has a trowel, and is deeply busied at one of the cultivated beds.

The other is his visitor, and stands beside him looking down at the work. He is also old; as old as the other, and quite as white. His face is still thinner, something less colored, but still healthy and strong. He is dressed with a little more care, not wholly to be accounted for by the fact that his character of visitor would require it, for it is evident that he is more of the world than his host, though both faces carry equal traces of high refinement.

This last, however, has an air of shrewdness which, though not wanting in the other, is much less apparent. The eyes of the same face glance rapidly over the distressed garden many times, and often rest upon the stooping man with much interest and curiosity. They appear to be strangers to the place, and perplexed strangers also, for they seem forever to be demanding why and wherefore the reason of some mysterious inconsistencies. They also regard the worker with something of the same questioning. He finally addresses him with a pleasant voice, but with the barest suspicion of patronage in it, engendered probably by his poor opinion of the delicate but soiling labor of the other.

"Tysoner, is it not a little singular that we should meet, we two whose interests are so peculiar, so very peculiar?"

"Indeed yes, Benidict, very singular; and, I may add, very happy, may I not?" He poises the point of his trowel upon a stone and looks upward with something like a momentary glow in his face. The other responds quickly:

"Yes, you may; and I echo it twice over. Extremely and almost religiously happy. So much so, indeed, that, human-like, I instinctively dread some balk; but if it happens, it must come from something beyond my voice and influence. At any rate, as I feel now."

"And beyond mine also, as I feel now," echoes Tysoner, and again turns thoughtfully to his flowers, but presently resumes: "And really, Benidict, I should think myself a poor guardian of my bright charge if I could not answer for his openness of heart and his generous frankness when it is so apparent. I can imagine no hint of an obstacle for his part." It appears from the infirmness of his tones, and from a mistiness in his eyes as he again looks upward, that the reference is fraught with tender thoughts. To this the other answers quickly as before:

"And I, too, as a guardian of my bright charge, am right in believing in her ready love and gentleness. If it comes to pass, I shall feel that my duty is beautifully rounded, Tysoner."

"And I, too, believe me—I shall too."

They grasp each other's hands for an instant in their honest fervor, and then fall apart again as before, one to his trowelling, and the other to his questioning glances, and the last is much more coherent in his occupation than the first, and becomes calm again much more quickly. He appears much more given to thinking than to dreaming and musing, and, under this idea, a trifling degree of calculation which gathers in his face becomes somewhat explainable. He disperses it several times, as if unwilling that the other should discover it, but it invariably returns as he grows absent to his surroundings. Finally he takes refuge in talking again:

"And I understand you, Tysoner, that he never had a glimmer of the world through those two senses; that he was born, has lived his twenty-one years, and is still at this present moment exactly so."

There is something categorical in the tone which makes the questioned man look up hastily, but he is quieted and reassured by the sad interest of the face which regards him, and his reply is in accord:

"Ay, sorrowfully and completely so. And in regard to her I am to understand that such is precisely the case?"

"Precisely the case."

Here there is another pause, during which Tysoner, still kneeling, toys aimlessly with his trowel, as if endeavoring to make up his mind to enter upon a branch of the subject not yet broached, and Benidict seems engaged in an identical operation. They both remain silent for a moment or two, searching for methods of opening not too abrupt and dissonant. Tysoner finds one first, or is allowed to find it first:

"I suppose our bounden and sworn duty as guardians to these poor children, helpless and hampered as they are, should be very exactly lived up to, even to extravagance."

"Certainly, Tysoner. Rigidly and without sentiment. I am glad you mention it. Go on, sir; I follow you closely."

Thus heartily and openly encouraged, he goes on to:

"We should be sadly neglectful should we permit them to know each other, as we both hope may be the case, and still by any neglect of their interests deprive either of them of their accustomed comforts and luxuries, or expose them to any harshness as man to man, which might have been evaded had they remained in ignorance of each other. You agree, sir?"

"Fully, in every particular mentioned or implied. And as we may mutually open up to them two new lives, we should take care that they should be full of pleasant paths, or at least as barren of pitfalls and anxieties as we can make them; otherwise we should be criminal."

"It seems a little hard," continues Tysoner, "that affairs so delicate, and having so much to do with the higher natures which will be alone considered by our innocent principals, should be so closely allied to possessions, to property, to money; which they will never dream of at all."

It is now that Benidict becomes keenly alert, though under the cover of a somewhat listless manner, and behind a softened and sympathetic face. He nods gently as Tysoner gradually comes to the point, and drops an opportune word to bridge over an impending silence. He feels his companion's eyes upon him, and he is alive to their object, and therefore he pretends to attach as little importance to the turn conversation has taken as is consistent with common interest.

"I may or may not have been a good steward to my poor boy's inheritance," said Tysoner, "but I think it stands well. Here in this particular spot there is rack and ruin, for the reason that his dying father told me to let the house and garden die also, with the exception of these two hyacinth-beds, which David loves the perfume of; and so you find them in the process of death; but all the wide fields are blooming, the houses are in repair, the mills are occupied, and the tenants are prosperous."

Benidict's clear-cut and grave face becomes suffused with pleasure in spite of himself; there is a sweet ring in this for him, and Tysoner, still toying with the trowel, goes on ringing it.

"I think I have farmed his acres to the best advantage, and I have a live-stock to his name which is not to be equalled in the county. He has many shares in railroads, and also many mortgages on estates all about here. There is one which I value much, for it will give him a beautiful place on the other side of the mountains, am told. I have not seen it, but my lawyer has. It is vast and elegant, but wants care—its name is Stonebridge—Benidict! Sir, what ails you?"

Tysoner suddenly beholds a crimson-faced man, with starting eyes and open mouth, gasping for breath, and turning violently away, hardly able to keep his feet. He approaches him, leads him to a seat, where he slowly recovers, and becomes tolerably calm again, and able to speak faintly. He protests that he is subject to fits, turns, which leave him thus susceptible to the heat of the sun. He had one of these yesterday, and was imprudent to stand in the garden thus. He was foolish. He would soon recover. "Pray go on," he says. But it appears that Tysoner has finished, and has nothing to say or do but to assist the ailing man, who soon volunteers to speak for his own account, but does so weakly:

"Ethel is her name, Tysoner; I don't know that I told you her name. And in its sound, if you are at all given to dreaming, which I am, you may see her. Golden-haired, blue-eyed, slender, and spirit-faced. Do you see?" Tysoner nods smilingly, and turns his eyes toward the house, buried amid the foliage not far away. Benidict watches him sharply, but again grows frank as the face turns back again. "I can hardly bear to associate her with her wealth. The memory of the sweet presence, which is almost foreign to this world, fills me up, and no room is left for affairs of money—but this is nonsense, and must be nonsense to you, Tysoner; and, so as you have spoken plainly to me, so I will to you."

Upon this he does speak, and speaks much, and with a polished erasion of exactness. He does not essay particulars, nor affect them, but still there is an easy slipping about among real points which he neither holds nor elaborates. He is by no means prolix nor voluble, but rather given to hesitancy and halting, in the manner of a man who tries hard to separate his lingering mind from a pleasanter subject, but who labors as if unused to it. He oftentimes wanders off into this pleasanter subject, but drags and forces himself back time after time, until he forgets to do so, and so rambles widely from money, and dwells upon Ethel.

The other, nothing loath, in view of his great interest in her, follows him closely, and thus they sit in the long, warm afternoon, talking dreamily and speculating in low voices, and with many smiles and some few quavers in their tones at times, upon the strange features of such a marriage as they are planning between them. They conjure the strange young couple, and hint tenderly at the vagaries of their lives; how strange it must appear in the eyes of others, and, indeed, how strange, how very strange in the minds of the two people themselves.

The vision grows upon them. And as Benidict rises to go away, the two old men strike hands warmly and gently, and in this position go toward the pathway.

Even at this moment, when distrust, or rather dissatisfaction, seems farthest in abeyance, still there crops out in Tysoner's keen mind the idea that he has been told nothing, even if he himself has said nothing, and so, acting upon this, he hopes they may meet once more very soon—the sooner the better, perhaps.

"Certainly," replies the other, "nothing could be more to my mind. Does this day week meet your fancy?"

"Any suggestion of yours, Benidict, will oblige me, so let us say his day week, at the same hour."

"Yes, at the same hour."

They stop a moment to mutely gaze upon a wide-spread, sunny, beautiful intervalle which lies before and beneath them, redolent with midsummer scents, and filled with warm colors of midsummer belongings. Tysoner points out a road running through it, and a clump of willows and poplars, in the midst of which is a reddish house, with a dimly-seen sign-board swinging before it.

"It is there that my dear boy ends his daily stroll. He walks out with a great stick, drinks some cider or beer at the place, and then goes back again to his books and studies."

"Ah," says Benidict, carelessly, "and does he choose the afternoon?"

"No, the morning invariably. He loves the different air."

After a moment they say adieu again, but still linger. Finally, Benidict resolutely starts, having been deeply engaged in thinking for a moment, and steps away, but calls back to know if after all it would make a difference if he came that day week at a little earlier hour than he did this day. Tysoner responds, "Not the slightest," and so, with raised hats and cheerful faces, they separate; each goes his way—one to his carriage at a little distance, and the other to his hyacinths in the neglected garden.

And thus ended the second meeting of two white-haired wary guardians of strange treasures, one of whom is worthy, and the other miserably unworthy.

They happened upon each other by accident, and an accident disclosed what threw them together in a singular sympathy, and both mutually flashed upon the thought which governed their conversation. To join the children would be a fitting and complete end to their undertakings. People would marvel at it, and even they, as they first contemplated it, were a little startled and irresolute, but this was quickly overcome.

What Tysoner now thinks of it is best seen as he again kneels by

his hyacinths. Over his faded and deeply-lined face there rests an expression of calm joy and almost gratitude. He fails to work, but hesitates with his trowel deeply buried in the loam, and dreams what is richly pleasant to him. He lingers over it; his eyes gathering mist at times, and his lips giving way to a certain tremulousness when certain visions grow and group in the stained wall opposite. He often comes back to himself and plunges at the flowers, but just as often wanders off again, rambling among fancies, sweet to look upon, and conjuring sights of happy import. All is centred upon the boy. All is incense to him. What concerns the boy, the bright-spirited, manly boy, concerns him, and, if there is a new and great happiness opening upon him, Tysoner feels it as strongly and as fully; and, therefore, as Tysoner now views this matter, he is strongly and fully happy, so much so, in fact, that he remains kneeling and reflecting until he is reminded and aroused by the shades and damp chilliness of the evening, whereupon he slowly rises and walks away.

What Benidict now thinks of it is best seen by running on ahead of his horse and looking at him as he comes up. He appears to be a man more exultant than profoundly contented, and rapid smiles break upon his face, resembling grimaces rather than tokens of pleasure. In their quick turns they are supplanted by expressions indicative of much scheming and planning. He lies withdrawn and shrunken in the corner of his carriage, and at times breaks into a quiet paroxysm of laughter, in which he strikes his hands upon his knees, and then relapses again. He also breaks out into spasmodic sentences which hint at some suspicious fool who will be befooled in his turn; at some maudlin sentiments fit and convenient to put on at certain times; some close pinch; and also some hopes that this same close pinch may become no closer. Then follows a period of cloudy anxiety and abstracted thought, which finds no exponent but a single sentence pronounced in a tone indicative of the dismissal of a wearying subject.

"He must love her if he has eyes, and I'll answer that they shall be filled with your best looks, Mistress Ethel."

At this he suddenly reins up, and stands upon the seat, and looks off over the darkening valley toward the inn, and, after a long examination of the dimly-seen roads, he steps back again, and drives on rapidly, and loses himself in the overhanging woods.

On the following day, also on the next day to that, and on all following days, and, therefore, on the day known to us as the day week, promptly at ten in the morning a young man emerges upon the porch of the house of the dismantled garden, and, while standing in the breezy sunlight, looks blithely about him, balancing his heavy walking-stick in his hand. He is of good height, slender build, with lightish hair, and a strong mouth. There is a fine, inspiring freedom about him, shown out, even in repose, by the attitude of his head and shoulders. He has a quick and appreciative eye, which catches the cool view, the flowers, the shadows, and the merry, fresh, fluttering action of the clouds of sunlit leaves about him in a single sweep. He throws his shoulders back under the effect, and fills his chest slowly through his parted lips. He smiles to himself, and, with a gesture and face expressive of overflowing spontaneous gladness, breaks away and flies down the steps to the walk. He reaches it and looks back, meeting the face of Tysoner, who is standing at a window watching him. He nods gayly to him, and extends his arms to their utmost, as if embracing all the beautiful landscape, and looks up at the sky, and all about, and then brings his eyes back to Tysoner again, who waves his hand and smiles. The boy makes some rapid sign with his fingers, though he is quite near enough to speak; and Tysoner, instead of replying by words, also rapidly telegraphs some message with his fingers, whereupon they both nod and smile again, and the boy turns upon his heel and breaks into a swinging stride, which is a well-practised one, and which bears him rapidly away.

As he goes, there comes up behind him from the opposite direction the man whose appointment brings him this road, and who fixes his eyes upon the departing lad with much interest and satisfaction. He rests a moment to study him as he tramps onward, and then, after gazing off over the intervalle toward the inn upon the lowlands, he approaches the house, where he is heartily welcomed by Tysoner, and drawn within.

There is something of a bad change in his appearance since a week ago; he is not so erect, nor is his face so firm, and some dark-purplish circles have appeared about his eyes. Tysoner notices this, and anxiously inquires the reason.

"Ah, and so I look as ill as that? I hoped you would not notice it. Another bad turn, Tysoner; it is two days old now, and was a very bad one, indeed—a very racking and torturing one. It twisted me up like a scorched leaf, and, had it not been for Ethel, I should not have been here—no, nor anywhere in this wicked world.—My God!"

The last two words are aspirated, not violently, but rather calmly; giving the idea that the girl's name had in some manner been a *sesame* to a cavern suddenly opening upon him and filled with shadows which oppressed him rather than frightened him; such, perhaps, as some visions of black ingratitude developed by her very care of him, or of stinging remorse, also brought to work by the same means. He quickly suppresses it all, however, and passes off his momentary seriousness in some light way, and they sit down to chat together, and to talk of what obtrudes itself upon them, and with which they are surrounded, the thrice-beautiful day.

They linger over it for a considerable time; both seem content to dally with it, and muse upon it, and yet they continue to keep it in hand so long that they each come gradually to observe that the other is loath to leave it for the impending subject, the cause of their meeting; and so they curiously become sharpened and almost imperceptibly cooler to one another as the time passes, and by slow degrees they slip into a distant but minutely-polite civility.

It is under this chilling cloud, therefore, that they finally arise and formally go into a darkened parlor where there is a table with a formal bottle of red wine and two formal claret-glasses, and they then calmly seat themselves with a determined air of business, and begin formally to talk it over, leaving all sentiment and tenderness to the birds and summer rustlings outside.

It is a question of how much property has Ethel, and how much property has David—a question in which frankness should be tardy, where hearing should be more plenty than telling, and where figures and not similes should predominate. A certain wise old yellow-bird, living a sleepy life in a cage at one of the cool windows, notices that all these particulars are well attempted by the pair, who courteously fence with each other with the most deadly cordiality.

They talk, and glance, and wait. Benidict, fingering the slender stem of his glass, is an adept, and, as a result, is told much more than he tells. He makes considerable ado in way of recompense, but it is mostly froth, and Tysoner finally begins to feel it. The sly old bird, educated perfectly in his master's moods, sees with considerable fright that he is departing from his usual smoothness of manner, and that he sits erect with tightly-closed hands, yet scrupulously courteous in his bearing. Not so much as a tone escapes him which bears suspicion or distrust in it, yet he is keenly observant. He has a feeling of not getting on at all, of being baffled and put off in some indefinite way, and yet there is an unmistakable candor in Benidict which, though verbose, is far from satisfying.

As a matter of fact, Benidict learns satisfactorily. He has the limits, the area, the whereabouts, and the description of David's possessions, and appears to be so careless at what he hears that he nearly yawns. But Tysoner is fed with vague impressions. There are hints of great estates somewhere, and of some sort. There is a rambling talk of lots, and acres of wide woodland, and fertile fields, but there is nothing tangible, nothing definite and placed to his rigid mind. Finally he breaks in upon Benidict rather abruptly. He has an estate under description at the moment:

"Pardon me, Benidict, but you surely forget that I am ignorant of its whereabouts. Your close association with it makes you oblivious that I am a stranger. You have it in your mind in all its beauty, no doubt, and, though you forget I am ignorant, yet I am sure you are very pardonable."

"I ask to be pardoned, certainly," rejoined Benidict, quickly; "but my deep love for Ethel makes me like to dwell upon what concerns her, so that I forget that I am explaining to any one else; you'll excuse me?"

"Ten thousand times," cried Tysoner, heartily, and flushing a trifle at his want of confidence. "And it was also my deep love for my poor boy that made me for the moment so particular; but pray forget it."

Whereupon Benidict goes on still ingeniously indefinite, but by mischance mentions the place as being in the region beyond the Blue Hills. At the mention of these, Tysoner interrupts him with the question:

"Then you must know something of Stonebridge?"

Benidict meets with a sudden accident. The slender stem of his glass cracks to pieces in his hand, and the bowl shivers on the marble. He reclines in his chair, not with the air of a startled and apologetic man, but of one who is being calmly stifled. For a moment he is pale and apathetic; he gazes silently at the fragments of glass without seeing them, and, having something the appearance of one upon whom there has rushed a volume of poisonous air, having in this case perhaps some withering memories conveyed upon the breath which has been fashioned into "Stonebridge."

Presently he releases himself, and, raising his eyes, he meets those of the wondering Tysoner, who hints that perhaps the room is close for him. He catches at this, and says that it is close.

"Let us get out of it. Come into the air. It is suffocating; let us walk along and talk where there is more sunshine."

The wise old bird, still sharply watchful after his master, is impressed with the idea that his master is sharply watchful after his visitor. He has never seen him so cold in the presence of illness, or more chary of sympathetic words and looks. On the contrary, as a positive condition, he has never seen his thick eyebrows sink lower, or his lips become more tightly compressed, or his steps more deliberately placed, or, as a whole, he has never witnessed such a general appearance of ruffling in all ways, or of becoming more openly antagonistic. He sees them pass out at the door, sees Benidict look long and eagerly over toward the reddish inn once again, and then sees the two walk away together casually, as it appears, toward this very inn, and, as they go, they fall some distance apart, although the path by no means requires it. Benidict is speaking as they disappear in continuation apparently of something which the bird has had the misfortune to lose.

"Yes—yes, I'd do every thing and any thing for Ethel, so lame and unfitted for the world—and especially now. I would do twice as much as before. I and mine would fall before my wish to serve her now, and I wish that God would grant, by some miracle, that I should have no reason to emphasize *now*, above all the rest of the time."

At this there are looks of astonishment from Tysoner, but they pass on in the glowing light out of sight and hearing, but still apart. Meanwhile he of the heavy staff and brilliant face has been fulfilling his contract with Health, and has been busy at tramping his stout not laboriously but elastically and happily. The old route is new to him. The rough road-side walls of lichen-bowlders, the beautiful sky, the wide-stretched, dreamy prospect, and the grassy blooming fields on his either hand, never pall upon him, or elude his devotional glance.

The word is a proper one, for he is a deep worshipper. A man of ardent temper within the form of a boy. One who would throw himself at the feet of the beautiful if it were a happy beauty, and who would forget grandeur for a smile. Other men like him would have sung or called at something under the arousing impulses of the sun and landscape, but he was as silent as the grave, though there was recompensing hymn in his softened eyes and blithesome step.

Suddenly he stops with a violent flush in his face, and looks about him. He then hurriedly withdraws a pocket-almanac, and runs his eyes over the dates of June, and fixes upon one intently. He is flected with a strange mixture of surprise and wild pleasure in his glance. This is quickly replaced by a shadow of regret, during the lingering of which he turns upon his heel and gazes back toward the house he has left in the distance. And then again this fades as quickly as it came, and he keeps on with his march, swinging his staff gleefully over his head in circles, and, strangely, all without a single word or sound from his parted lips.

He walked as if his spirit outflowed his body, and he were engaged in a walking-race after it. He turns into a descending by-lane which rambles to the right and left of trees and rocks, as if too timid to go through any thing. A good mile brings him to a gravelly meadow road, overhung with huge shady elms and marshalled poplars. Twice he stops at some turn of the way to put out his arms toward the quiet loveliness of the spot, as if to embrace it, and then twice goes on with glistening eyes and a face of enthusiasm and vigor. His beautiful face grows more beautiful; and his full and delighted heart rests plainly upon his forehead, in his burning gaze, in his flushed cheeks, and in his silent lips, so painfully and absolutely silent.

He turns joyfully into the shadowy inn-yard; a cool, breezy

of green boughs and trellised vines. He is here met upon the little flagged walk by a soft-faced woman, the hostess, who welcomes him as Tysoner bade him adieu, with some gestures of her hands, something slower than Tysoner's, and a smile. She is replied to by the same method, but at greater length. She reads:

"A thousand good-mornings to-day—to-day of all days! I do not comprehend the day, and I am inclined to be lonely."

There is such a touch of absurdity in this, that they both burst into a laugh, loudly on her part, and silently on his. "But why to-day in particular?" she asks. Ah, he will tell her some time, and he shakes his head mysteriously. Then she for her part must needs have a mystery, and so takes his hand, and draws him aside, with her finger to her lip, though she hastily withdraws it, with a repentant blush, as the mockery of the action flashes upon her. She leads him slowly to a place whence they gaze down a deeply-shaded path-way, at the farther end of which, seated upon a garden-chair, with her hands folded upon her lap before her, and beautifully played upon by the sunlight and leaf-shadows, is a sweet-faced, golden-haired girl, day-dreaming. To such a tone of spirit has the boy been brought by the charms of the day, and his thoughts have been so hallowed by the glories he has been so quick to see and love, that the vision before him slips in upon him calmly, but very deeply, and he feels ready to thus stand and intently gaze forever. He watches the gentle breathings of the air upon her, the posture of her slender form, the grace and happiness of her face, so bright and brilliant. He would have gone to her at once and stood beside her, trusting in some vague way that she would not have flown from him, for, being open and generous, he could be thus strongly confident that no suspicion could fall upon him. The hand of his hostess restrained him, however, and she passed him, and advanced toward the young girl. She arose quickly, with a smile.

The hostess stopped and made some signs, as she had to David. Her answer came also without words, as his did, but by the way of a slight, white, rapidly-glancing hand, and the sympathy of an exquisite face.

"Ah, madam, I could be happy here, all is so beautiful, so sunny. Every thing is like me, silent, yet full of language."

The hostess slipped aside, and the eyes of the two fell upon each other at a flash.

The boy trembling spoke in his saddening fashion:

"And I, too, am like all the rest, without ears and without a tongue. And you?"

She answers also tremblingly, but eagerly, with dimming eyes:

"And I also. I grope with my fingers for crutches."

He approaches with a quick smile, and hastily spells out a fancy. "And perhaps, for my part, it was meant so that I might be able to talk with you."

She smiles in return, and gives him a hand warmly.

"Ah, yes, perhaps. Who knows?"

The hostess breaks in upon them for a moment, and then leaves them, and goes away.

Thus the two fall together. Each strangely and sorrowfully bereft, and each divinely rich in sympathy and love. Each sadly lamed, and still each fully rounded and endowed in a thrice recompensing way, and in ways so much alike. They look upon each other as either would upon a deep and miraculous pleasure.

Her fairy-like hands, with their quick shuttle-play of words, with her reflective face smiling and ingenuous, his lightening-like impetuosity and his frankness, seem alike to each something rare and valuable.

They sit awhile, mysteriously asking and answering, describing and relating, and then rise and stroll slowly away together; not separated, nor yet arm in arm, but in the fashion of childhood or of ancient days, long past—that of hand in hand; while with parted lips he gazes wonderingly at the rapidly, brilliantly talking other hand, which in some manner has become suddenly dear to him.

After a period of silence and desertion at the inn, which perhaps is not so strange at this particular hour of the day nor to this particular place, the other pair approach it, still preserving their ominous distance, though Benedict lags in a manner still more ominous, inasmuch as his step has grown feeble and halting. Tysoner crosses rapidly and stops at the red palings, and commandingly calls:

"Fairley!—Fairley!—Joanna Fairley!"

She comes hurriedly, in the form of the hostess, and breathlessly waits upon him, glancing fearfully at Benedict, who has grasped the

palings tightly, and manfully labors to look strong, but fails badly.

"Where is my boy? Where is David? At the table, inside?"

"No sir," she answers promptly, pointing off, "he has slipped away into the woods beyond." She would have added more information, but for some covert influence of Benedict's eyes, which quiet her here. Tysoner impatiently replies, and, turning on his heel, strides away, while Benedict lingers to whisper a question, which he does with anxiety and a paler face.

"And she, has she gone? Are they together?"

"Ay, together," she replies with a nod of satisfaction.

His face flushes, and a short-lived smile of gratification breaks over it and disappears. He turns shortly about and catches up with Tysoner after much effort, and addresses him:

"Tysoner! Tysoner! Wait for me, it is very bad on me just now." Here he presses both his hands to his temples, and walks in this position for some distance, while the other tardily nears him with a look of pity, and they continue slowly.

"Tysoner, let us go over it once more, calmly this time. Let us look at it coolly, not hastily. You are too hot, Tysoner, very much too hot."

"Well," replied the other, chafing under the allegation. "Perhaps I am. But you are so unreasonable, so preposterous."

"No, not unreasonable, but discreet. Why should I lay bare my charge's affairs at this stage? I know nothing of how she may love or dislike your charge, nor how he may love or dislike her."

"But you wormed his affairs out of me. You know every thing. Didn't your discreetness prick your conscience when I was talking? You aren't open, Benedict, you're not above-board." There is a touch of savageness in this last, a tone which suggests stronger tones behind.

"This isn't being calm, Tysoner," protests the other with a vain attempt at laying his hand upon Tysoner's shoulder. "You are dropping back."

"Just look at it, and see why I should be cool, or why I shouldn't drop back. What do you tell me? Not a single fact or tangible story. What do I ask you? Every thing that I must know before I can trust my boy's property out of my hands. When I mention estates, you press your head and tremble; when I mention encumbrances, you turn pale as a ghost; when I breathe the single, common word, mortgages, you seem fit to drop and die where you step. What does all this mean? Fairness? openness? I tell you it looks to me like something else."

Tysoner evidently looks to see an outbreak on the part of Benedict, and seems ruffled purposely to meet him. But his antagonist is calm, keeps his eyes upon the ground, and presently speaks in a tone as quiet as his bearing.

"No, this should not begin with measuring property, Tysoner. It is a matter of affections and fitness. Let them meet. Let them try their temperaments. There may be some sad discrepancies, sad grounds for future miserable haggings and quarrels, for which, if not found by this method, you and I would be responsible. So, I say, let them meet."

"And I say," retorts the other, angrily, facing around and beating one hand into the other, "and I say, keep them apart. Separate them. Don't allow them in the same township together. Keep strict watches, and make commands, rather than have one lay his eyes on the face of the other. Your plan looks like a scheme, Benedict; I tell you it all looks like a scheme, and so I am going to warn my poor maimed boy that even he is not safe."

At this point begins the strange scene of two old men, both white-haired, both somewhat bent, and both importunate, fiercely wrangling. They pass insensibly on, blind to the paths, and also to obstructions. Both are accusative, one of his own intent, and the other by way of retaliation. The latter soon slips into a retreat, and essays a silence; or, perhaps, is forced into it by lack of breath and energy, for his illness, latterly kept in hand by force, seems to be creeping upon him.

As he stumbles along, with his ears tortured by the words of Tysoner, whose bitter reproaches for heartlessness seem to pierce him, he glances about at every turn, nervously awake to his surroundings. It appears to him that Tysoner is immeasurably larger than he, or that he himself is wonderfully shrunken. He feels that a crushing ban is being put upon him, and he begins to pray that something may crowd in to stop the angry slurs, which have long since silenced him.

He is also harassed by a wild fear, which is evidenced by a more

eager gazing and peering before, behind, and on either hand. It is forced upon him by finding that his eyes and his malady are engaged in a race, and for this reason he hunts at every step. Suddenly he halts, erects himself, gazes beyond at the opening of the glade upon the river-bank, and then slips backward, and rests against a sturdy trunk. He beholds a consummation. He sees it in the idolatrous lingering of Tysoner's charge, at the feet of Ethel, in his glowing smile, his tender eyes, and parted lips, and also in her gaze, strangely bright and strangely eloquent.

Tysoner also sees them at the same moment. He trembles from head to foot. He turns his eyes swiftly upon Benidict, and transmits through them a swift intelligence, and a look of consuming, furious anger. He suddenly quits him, and plunges forward, and breaks in upon the two with flaming eyes, and seizes the boy by the wrist and drags him fiercely up and out into the glade, where Ethel follows, with wringing hands and dilated eyes, and clasps him by the arm.

"So, Benidict!" shouts Tysoner, hoarsely, still holding the boy's hand, "it is a plan? What is there yet to come? Let us have it!"

The man thus addressed feels himself rapidly sinking, and so answers weakly, but with all his mustered strength.

"There is nothing more to come of it that I shall do, Tysoner. I have brought them to meet each other in spite of you, so that she shall have a home and a heart to fly to in her need. I gave her the last, but—I have taken the first away."

The purplish rings gather more deeply about his eyes, and, even as they gaze at him in astonishment, his limbs droop one by one, like those of a wounded animal.

"And pray what may you mean by that?" demands Tysoner, with a strong attempt at ignoring the sight. "Answer, man!"

"Mean?—I mean years of torture, of cutting, hacking remorse; years of struggles to cover my cheat; years in which her pure face and loving words to me have been turned to piercing stings. I mean that Stonebridge, and every acre of hers, is mortgaged to you and yours."

The boy tore away from Tysoner, who stood aghast, and placed himself before them, and motioned vehemently.

"What is all this, what does it mean, sir?"

He gets no reply, for the reason that the young girl suddenly darted between them, and ran to the support of Benidict, who was falling. He sank slowly down, with her arms about his neck. A moment passed in oppressive silence; and then he roused himself to look upward at her face, which bent over him. He raised his hand to his breast and spoke to her, and as brokenly and disjointedly as if he had articulated:

"My darling—he will tell you how it is—it is cruel. I was your enemy—"

"No, no, not my enemy, you could not be," she breaks in passionately, "but my friend."

He chokes and gasps at this as if it were a garrote.

"No, I am your bitter enemy—he will tell you how—I have cheated you out of Stonebridge." He waits to see some change in her face, but none comes, save to deepen its beauty and its pitying sympathy.

"There is still another cheat which is just now finished—if you are happy, very happy, it is through a lie told by me to him that you are so—he will tell you that, Ethel darling, with all the miserable rest—I might have a glimmer of satisfaction perhaps—yes, I could be quite happy—do you love him?"

"No!" thundered Tysoner, bursting from out the pity which had begun to make him more tender, "your wretched plan stops here, Benidict. They shall never have another word together!" Here he turned upon the boy, and rapidly gesticulated. "You have been drawn into a meeting with the girl. The man is a knave. I command you to leave the wood. I order you to go out of her sight!"

The girl looked appalled at his flaming face and outstretched arm, and buried her face in her hand. Benidict closed his eyes and sank more heavily upon his arm.

The boy approached Tysoner with a face also flaming, though less with anger than enthusiasm, and silently said the following:

"If both were true, I should be none the less happy. And I am happy above all men. What is mine is henceforth as much hers. We should be happy to have your love, but you command me no longer—remember the day!"

Tysoner caught his breath through his pallid lips, his charge and trust had expired. The control was to be controlled no longer, and

he, the controller, thus bereft, lonely, and useless, turned away in bitter, stifling, and harrowing silence.

The boy knelt by Benidict, with Ethel opposite. The suffering man, now something easier and calmer, thus brokenly addressed them, in the same strange, mute way:

"Ethel, I am asking pardon of you upon my knees." She gently places her hand upon his, but he releases it and goes on: "I am conscious that good has mysteriously come out of it, but I hide my face with shame. Kiss me, and think of me ever after as always kneeling before you with bowed head, and in prayer—and this between you is to be—"

She catches at the question, and with her beautiful hand answers tearfully, "Yes, forever!" And smiles to him thus implicated, who also answers with more firmness of motion, but reverently:

"Yes, irrevocably, and forever!"

Then, as there are some strange changes in the reclining face, they fly to the river together for water, and are gone a moment. They return and find that Benidict has dragged himself to where Tysoner stands, and see that something is being said in a language they never knew, and even that gaspingly and painfully:

"Tysoner, for myself I say nothing, but for Ethel everything. She is true and lovable, and worthy of love. Do not shut yourself to her, for the crime is mine, and this way of recompense is mine alone."

"No," is the deep response, "nor to you; will you take my hand? So, hold it tightly, Benidict. See, I hold yours tightly and shake it."

They raise him and bear him gently to the road-side inn, where he rests far into the summer days, and then is borne gently elsewhere, and from among them, and out of their sight. From this the remaining three go on together, and the journey is eminently happy, for it lies in pleasant places, and they who travel it take notice of the way-stones, and conjure from them eternal and grateful memories of that whence they started.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

DAISY'S TRIALS.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VI.

AND how was it with Daisy now? Just thus: life seemed one uncomprehended ache. The long, lovely summer days, the long, lonely summer evenings, were full of an intolerable something, the reason of which, the nature of which, she was always vainly trying to discover. Sometimes Daisy, busy with her needle, in the house or in the garden, while Myrrha rode with Mr. Stewart, would think for hours uninterruptedly, and in these hours she thought much of her child. There was something in the world (had it been dead, she knew she would have been told) which was hers, and no other's. And, instead of clasping it close, she had shut her arms and her heart against it. Therefore, of her loneliness she had no right to complain.

"She will stay with me till she is married, I suppose," Daisy said to herself, one evening, looking at Myrrha; "I suppose, she must be married from here. Well, I hope it will be soon. I shall be glad to have it over. Will Kenneth be happy? Will Kenneth be happy? That should be my only question, my only care. Will Kenneth be happy?" She sighed. "Perhaps," she went on, "when a man is as old as Kenneth before he marries, when he marries he likes to have his wife young enough to be to him something of a child: he isn't used to sympathy and companionship, and doesn't need them. If only I could believe in Myrrha. If her childishness were more of the sweet, simple sort. But she is so strange a mixture. In some ways, so old-hearted, so worldly-wise. If I could even be sure that she loves him—that she can love any thing but herself."

Myrrha sat on a low chair, her face on her hand, her elbow on her knee, gazing into the fire that had been lighted to please her. She said, the evening was cold, and that to be cold made her cross. She said, too, that her ride, which had been unusually short that afternoon, had been "nasty" and "disagreeable." Her attitude was disconsolate, the expression of her face was sullen. After several timid glances at the girl, Daisy, in crossing the room, paused behind her, and laid a soft hand on her shoulder.

"Myrrha," she began—her voice trembled with earnestness, and her eyes moistened as she spoke—"you are not playing with him, as you tell me you have done with others, are you? Remember he is not a young man, with all the chances of life before him. He has

suffered much. He has had in life much sorrow and little joy. And, Myrrha, he is so good; so noble, so patient, so unselfish, so good. Forgive me for speaking to you so, but, Myrrha, he is so dear a friend of mine, his happiness is so much to me. Tell me you love him, and that you mean to be to him a good and faithful wife."

"Whom in the world are you speaking about, Aunt Daisy?" Myrrha asked roughly.

"Of whom should I be speaking, but of Mr. Stewart?"

"Mr. Stewart! I make Mr. Stewart 'a good and faithful wife!' You've been asleep and dreaming, Aunt Daisy."

"Do you mean, Myrrha, that you are not engaged to Mr. Stewart?"

"Certainly, I do mean, Aunt Daisy, that I am not engaged to Mr. Stewart. Why, he's old enough to be my father! That you should be engaged to him, that you should make him a good and faithful wife, would be much more suitable."

"Myrrha!"

"Aunt Daisy, you're a fool—or—ah yes, I know I'm rude and rough, but I don't mean it unkindly. Your love Mr. Stewart, and he's fond of you. You are always hankering after him; the idea of his marrying me has been making you look like a martyr. Why on earth don't you marry him, and have done with it? I begin to think you must be married already, or something! How else is one to understand your conduct? You know he's fond of you, you know you love him as you love your life, but you 'don't mean to marry.' Now, Aunt Daisy, I've some common-sense, and I know there must be more in this than meets the eye: something more than old-maidish nonsense and scruples."

Daisy had turned from pale to red, and then from red to pale; but she had been too much taken by surprise to check this outbreak, and Myrrha went on:

"I'll tell you what I think of Mr. Stewart, and then you'll understand that I, at least, am not dying of love for him. I think him a detestable prig, an insufferable pedant, and a ridiculous coxcomb. You may tell him so, with my compliments, if you like, Aunt Daisy." So saying, Myrrha left the room.

In five or ten minutes she returned to it, knelt down before Daisy, and held her soft cheek to Daisy's lips. "Please forgive me, Aunt Daisy. I was abominably rude. Something had put me out."

Daisy kissed her, but did not speak. Myrrha got up, lingered irresolutely a moment, then went away.

Daisy did not attach much importance to Myrrha's plain denial of any engagement between herself and Mr. Stewart; she knew that Myrrha was clever at all kinds of prevarication, and not even appalled by positive untruth. She concluded there had been between Myrrha and Mr. Stewart some more or less serious quarrel; she had noticed that Mr. Stewart had looked gravely displeased, and had bid Miss Brown good-night very coldly.

The next day, Mr. Stewart did not come to the cottage, nor the next. Myrrha had no rides; she drooped visibly. The third day Daisy noticed that Myrrha seemed always listening, and on the watch. She was much in the garden, always where she could see the gate.

In the afternoon of this third day, Mr. Stewart walked over. Myrrha met him at the gate, and Daisy saw the meeting from the open drawing-room window.

Mr. Stewart was about to pass Myrrha with a bow.

She stepped in front of him. "My visit is to your Aunt Daisy, Miss Brown."

Myrrha laid her hand on his arm, pleadingly. Daisy could not hear what was spoken now, the tone of both was low. But Myrrha's upturned, earnest face, and Mr. Stewart's attentive, listening attitude told her enough. Evidently Myrrha succeeded in obtaining forgiveness for whatever offence she had committed. She kept her hand upon his arm, and, Myrrha laughing, Mr. Stewart trying still to look grave, they came into the house, into the drawing-room, where Daisy sat.

"Aunt Daisy," Myrrha said, coming and kneeling down before her, "I am Mr. Stewart's captive, and he insists upon bringing me to your feet. Our quarrel, the other day—the quarrel that made me so cross—was about you, Aunt Daisy. Mr. Stewart will only forgive me on condition that I express my sorrow for having spoken rudely and falsely. I express my sorrow for having spoken rudely and falsely. Please forgive me, and then I shall be taken for some rides again."

Daisy leaned down and kissed her.

Myrrha sprang up.

"There, now I shall get a ride to-morrow, sha'n't I, Mr. Stewart?"

"Certainly, if you wish, and if the weather allow."

"All the same," muttered Myrrha, nodding to herself, as she moved away, "I said nothing but what was true."

And so, for a little while, things went on just as before again.

One day, Mr. Stewart asked Daisy to show Myrrha some of her sketches, adding:

"I'm surprised to find she didn't even know you could draw."

"I never do draw now."

"But you will let her see how you used to draw. If my memory is at all accurate, she will be able to learn a good deal—should she choose to do so—by looking over your portfolio. May I fetch it? Is it where I can find it?"

"No; I must look for it myself."

Daisy went to her room and dragged a large, old portfolio out of a closet; hastily turning over its contents, she withdrew several sketches, which she put away out of sight. They were studies of foreign scenes, and would have led to much questioning. She sent the folio down-stairs, and was a few minutes before she followed it. It was painful to her, to have looked it over; it was ruffling too many pages of memory.

Daisy, when she returned to the drawing-room, sat apart, took up a book, and tried not to turn the attention of either her eyes or her ears toward the table where Myrrha and Mr. Stewart sat. She was not long left in peace.

"Where is this, Daisy?" Mr. Stewart asked. "An old farmhouse I don't remember to have seen. A curious study of greens and grays."

Daisy looked up. Mr. Stewart held in his hand a careful drawing of Moor-Edge farm-house, made long ago, before it had come to be the house of her dear old nurse. Daisy paused, her color changed; she answered, trying to speak carelessly:

"That is the farm-house nurse expected to go to, when she married. She asked me to make her a picture of it. I did that for her, before she was married. I thought she had it."

"Didn't she go to it, then? Isn't this where you stayed with her?"

"Oh no."

Mr. Stewart then was evidently about to ask something more. But Daisy, though she tried not to do so, looked up at him. There must have been terror and appeal in her eyes, for his were inquiring and compassionate. Daisy's look, falling from Mr. Stewart's face, fixed itself on the picture: a trance-like feeling came over her, as if she had suddenly begun to dream. It was as if out of those walls and windows, no longer pictured but real, her child cried to her; and in her heart there was a responsive cry. By-and-by, when she thought she could do so unobserved, she rose up and left the room. Unobserved! One pair of love-watchful eyes, one pair that shone with somewhat malicious curiosity, noticed the feebleness with which she moved.

"Aunt Daisy is not well. Hadn't I better go to her?"

"I think she would rather be alone."

"Aunt Daisy has just told you a falsehood, and telling falsehoods doesn't agree with poor dear Aunt Daisy. You have often spoken of Aunt Daisy as a model of candor and simple truth. I admit she isn't clever at speaking what isn't true; and doesn't seem to be used to it!"

"Your Aunt Daisy is a model of candor and simple truth. Speaking of her as such, I spoke truly of her."

"Yet she has just told you a lie. You know that as well as I do!"

"I think, Miss Brown, it would be more becoming in you to refrain from such free speaking."

Myrrha appeared not to hear this remark. She said, with a show of feeling:

"Sometimes, Mr. Stewart, I feel afraid that poor Aunt Daisy is very unhappy; that she has some secret which preys upon her. If she has, wouldn't she tell it to you who are such an old friend? If you told her you were sure she had a secret, and begged her to tell it to you, don't you think she would?"

Myrrha gave a quick, investigating glance into Mr. Stewart's face. She was wondering if he already knew or guessed Aunt Daisy's secret. A secret there was, she was by this time quite sure.

"You young girls are so full of romantic fancies in this novel-reading age. Your Aunt Daisy is not the sort of woman to have any thing concerning herself to conceal. If she has a secret it is not her own. Possibly, that farmer her old nurse married has got into difficulties, and she has promised not to tell any one where he is now living."

"You suspect something quite different from that," said Myrrha, nodding knowingly. "That is a quite absurdly inadequate cause for things I have noticed. I have my own suspicions, but—"

"I will not have your Aunt Daisy and 'suspicions' named together," he answered, angrily. Then he went on more calmly: "You entirely fail to understand your Aunt Daisy's character. Though she may have more delicacy and reserve of feeling than is usual in these days, she is not a woman to have secrets and concealments. Where she loves she would trust."

"But perhaps, Mr. Stewart, poor Aunt Daisy, who seems so lonely, has never loved any one enough to trust him entirely."

Those words of Myrrha's fell coldly on Mr. Stewart's heart. Myrrha went on: "You see, Mr. Stewart, Aunt Daisy is so peculiarly lonely. I am the only connection, not to say relation, she has whom she knows. And I don't think she loves me very much, and I know she doesn't trust me at all. Whom else has she?"

"So you evidently don't think, Miss Brown, that your Aunt Daisy loves and trusts me?"

"I can only answer by stating facts. Aunt Daisy has, I am sure, a secret. You don't know it, she doesn't mean you to know it. I suppose, therefore, she doesn't trust you. As to loving you, it wouldn't, of course, be proper she should love you, unless as her lover; and, it seems, she won't have you as that. You are a man, you are no relation, you are not a proper person for Aunt Daisy to love and trust, unless she meant to marry you. Aunt Daisy doesn't mean to marry you. Aunt Daisy isn't the sort of woman to do what isn't proper; therefore, I suppose, she doesn't love and trust you."

"How logical!"

"You needn't sneer at me."

"How is it you state so positively that your Aunt Daisy doesn't mean to marry me?"

"Hasn't she told you so herself?" was Myrrha's counter-question.

"I was asking the reason of your belief."

"She has told me that she doesn't mean to marry; and I'm quite, quite sure that there's some serious secret at the bottom of her not meaning to marry."

"You can't, I suppose, understand that there may be women who don't wish to marry, merely because they don't wish to marry?"

"You mean that for impertinence; but—"

Here the entrance of a servant, asking for Daisy, interrupted them; soon after Daisy herself came into the room. Within a few minutes of that Mr. Stewart rose to take his leave.

"Myrrha," he said, bluntly, "I want a few words alone with your Aunt Daisy."

He spoke holding the door open.

"You mean I am to go away?"

"If I may so far trouble you."

She swept out, giving him, as she passed him, a somewhat mocking smile and a significant nod.

Daisy looked frightened, and began to tremble. "Is any thing the matter? If it is only—about Myrrha—you needn't trouble to tell me. I know."

"It is not about Myrrha, it is about myself and yourself. It is only a word. I want no answer. You needn't speak. I only want you to know that I am changed in nothing—that I am ready, that I am longing to take all your cares and troubles, of whatever kind they may be (remember, I say it, and I mean it, of whatever kind they may be), to be my cares and troubles. Twice lately you have said to me what was not true, Daisy; more than I can tell you it has hurt me that you should do that; but I trust you, nevertheless. You needn't speak. I merely wish you to know that I am waiting for you still, that I shall always wait for you till I get you. That as much as ever I wanted you, which is as much as a man ever wanted a woman, I still want you for my wife."

Daisy was now trembling very visibly. He went away before she had said any other word.

"With all your cares and troubles of whatever nature," she repeated. "What a stress he laid upon that. To think how he loves

me! And how I love him! And I may not tell him I love him, love him, love him! May not throw my arms round his dear neck, and say, 'Take me, do with me any thing you will.'"

Daisy dreamt, wide-eyed, of the deliciousness of such surrender. Then Myrrha came in.

"Well, Aunt Daisy, may I congratulate you? Do you still say you don't mean to marry?"

"Yes, Myrrha, there is no change." But she felt as if there were change—as if the whole world had changed. She wished the girl good-night, and locked herself into her own room.

Daisy had no sleep that night. All the fight was fought over again. All the perplexity of her trouble was reawakened; but the core of her consciousness was sweet, was love. When she drew aside her curtains, and looked out into a fair, still autumn dawn, she said:

"He shall have the truth. It will tear my life out to tell him; but he has a right to my life. He shall have the truth. Things sha'n't go on in this way any longer. I am wasting his life. He shall have the truth." It had come, she felt, to the ultimate extremity—she must now say to Kenneth: "All this time I have been deceiving you. I have been a wife. I am a mother. You think me innocent, loving, truthful. I hated my husband. I deserted my child. I have lied with my whole life. I have deceived you."

At first she thought she would write her confession; but she felt as if she must know how he would look when he heard it, how he would feel it, how he would bear it.

Mr. Stewart, when he came to the cottage next morning, found Myrrha still in her morning-dress, standing at the gate.

"You have forgotten we settled it would not any longer be too warm for morning rides?"

Myrrha made no answer, except:

"Oh, Mr. Stewart!"

He saw that she had been crying, and looked painfully excited; he was off his horse and at her side in a moment.

"Is any thing the matter? Your Aunt Daisy is not ill?"

"Send the man away," commanded Myrrha.

"Not till I know I shall not want him."

"Come out of his hearing then."

With a muttered, "Confound the girl!" Mr. Stewart followed Myrrha from the gate. Myrrha presently stopped, turned and faced him with the words:

"Mr. Stewart, Aunt Daisy is gone."

"Gone." He stood quite still a moment. Then he went to the gate to order his groom to take the horses back; to have his hunter saddled, and waiting at the corner of the lane in as short a time as possible.

"Now, Myrrha, just the simple truth of all you know, as quickly as possible," he said, returning to her. "What do you mean when you say that your Aunt Daisy is gone?"

"Mean? I mean just what I say. Aunt Daisy is gone!"

"When? How? Where?"

"I don't know any thing about where: I know very little about any thing; and what I do know I won't tell you if you speak so crossly, and look so angry, as if it were my fault. As if I were not as great a sufferer as anybody. As if I hadn't had enough to shake my nerves already." And Myrrha began to sob.

"There, there," said Mr. Stewart, soothingly. "I beg your pardon if I was ungentle. Now be a good, sensible girl, Myrrha, forget yourself for once, and just tell me what there is to tell. Not much, I expect. It will prove to be a much-ado-about-nothing sort of story. Come, just tell me all you know." He took her hand, drew it through his arm, and led her to a garden-seat. Myrrha dried her eyes and sat down.

"It was a letter did it, Mr. Stewart, a letter that came this morning—of this I feel quite sure. But she told me nothing, she never trusted me. I know nothing. But I'm sure it's something very bad. I believe we shall never see her again. I fancy, I've an impression, that she's gone away to drown herself."

Here Myrrha, who was vaguely alarmed, and had a very genuine consciousness of the discomfort of her own position, began to sob again.

"I want neither your beliefs, nor fancies, nor impressions, nor any such nonsense as you have just spoken. Just tell me, from the beginning, what took place. First, when you say it was a letter did it, what do you mean by 'did it'?"

"I mean frightened her so that she ran away."

"Ran away, pshaw! Possibly she heard of the illness of some friend, and is gone for the day, to be back at night."

"Mr. Stewart, it was much more than that!" Myrrha said, with angry solemnity. "She is not coming back. She told me as good as that she was not coming back."

"Her words—tell me in what words she said she was not coming back." Quite unintentionally he slightly shook Myrrha's arm as he spoke. Myrrha withdrew it indignantly.

"How rough, how unkind you are!" she exclaimed. "You might have some feeling for me, Mr. Stewart; I'm sure I'm to be pitied. What can I do? What will become of me? I can't, young as I am, stay here alone, and where am I to go?"

"We will settle all that afterward; the first thing is for me to know all I can about your Aunt Daisy. What were her words when she 'as good as told you' she was not coming back?"

"She said that if she didn't come back, I was to ask you for advice; that you would be a true friend to me."

"Was that this morning or last night?"

"This morning."

"And about the letter? It came by post?"

"I suppose so; the post was in when I came down. I was late this morning, for I didn't sleep well last night, and I woke with a headache; one of my very bad headaches. I've been subject to them ever since—"

"Never mind about your headaches just now. Your aunt had read this letter, to which you attach so much importance, when you came down?"

"No; and I don't think she had seen it. It lay under one for me."

"You saw nothing different from usual in your Aunt Daisy till she read that letter?"

"No. She flushed up when I gave it to her. I didn't suppose it could be interesting, and I was surprised to see her flush."

"Why didn't you suppose it could be interesting?"

"It didn't look like a gentleman's letter, or a lady's. I didn't pay any particular attention to her as she read the letter, because my own letter was very interesting" (with a conscious air), "and it was long. I didn't notice Aunt Daisy till I'd finished it, and then—"

"Well?"

"Then I looked up, and was going to tell her something" (this spoken with that same conscious air), "but I saw her looking so that she frightened me."

"How did she look?"

"She looked awful, just like a person coming out of a bad swoon."

"What did she say?"

"Of course I asked her what was the matter. At first she didn't seem alive enough to speak. The first thing she did say was just to ask me to ring the bell for Mrs. Moss."

"Well! when Mrs. Moss came, what did your Aunt Daisy say to her?"

"She just told her she'd had bad news, and must go away."

"Go away for a day or so, she said, of course?"

"She said nothing of the sort. She only told Mrs. Moss to pack a few things for her as quickly as possible, and to send at once to the village to order the fly."

"To take her where?"

"To the station."

"Well, go on."

"That is all."

"You have nothing more to tell me?"

"Nothing."

"Child, why in the name of all that was irrational, didn't you send to me at once?"

"She told me not to do so."

"She left no message for me?"

"Yes, she did."

"Myrrha, you would try any man's patience. What was it? And why didn't you deliver it at once?"

"Have you given me time? Haven't I had enough to do in answering your questions? The message was only this—I was to tell Kenneth that she would soon write; that, meanwhile, he was not to be anxious for her, that no harm had happened to her, or, as far as she knew, was likely to happen to her."

"No harm had happened to her, or, as far as she knew, was likely

to happen to her!" Mr. Stewart repeated this to himself, as he went off to find Mrs. Moss. From her he gathered no further information; but it somewhat reassured him to find that she evidently expected her mistress's return within a very short time.

"You should have gone with her, Mrs. Moss."

"Sir, she forbade it utterly."

Mr. Stewart went into the breakfast-room. He looked about there keenly and searchingly, possibly hoping to find the envelope of the letter, and so to get some clew. Presently Myrrha stood beside him.

"Mr. Stewart," she said, in a just audible whisper, "what can it mean? Won't you tell me what you think is the matter? The more I think about it the more frightened I get. Aunt Daisy had a strange look in her eyes sometimes, quite like a person who had been, or might be, mad. I feel sure that she had some dreadful trouble to hide. I can't help thinking that she has gone away to destroy herself."

Mr. Stewart turned upon Myrrha savagely; but the girl looked so white, so scared, such a fragile, unstable creature, that, instead of the harsh words that rose to his lips, what he spoke was mere reassuring banter. Then he stood, perhaps ten minutes, contemplating his own hand apparently, seeing nothing, and thinking profoundly.

"What are you going to do?" asked Myrrha, when he moved.

"Going to do? I'm going to find her—to take care of her. She is not fit to be alone and in trouble. It is what you say, of how ill she looked, that makes me anxious; otherwise, of course, one would merely wait till she came home."

"Mr. Stewart, what shall I do? She told me to ask you."

"What shall you do? Why just stay here quietly till your Aunt Daisy comes back."

"She will never come back."

"Or, if you prefer to do so—if you think you will be lonely here—just return to your friends. That might be best—to return to your friends."

"I have no friends to whom I can return."

"Stay here, then, for the present. For the present, Myrrha, I have no thought to spare for your affairs."

"Of course not. I never expected you would have. I knew you would be far too much alarmed about poor Aunt Daisy."

"I'm not alarmed, but I'm anxious."

"She told me to do all I could to comfort you; but, of course, I know I can do nothing. And she said you would be kind to me."

"So I will be, by-and-by, when I've time to think about you. Good-by, now." And so he left her.

"He cares more for Aunt Daisy's little finger than for me, and all the world besides. And I do like him. And I love Redcombe. And I can't go home, and I won't go out as a governess, and what am I to do? What will become of me?"

And Myrrha burst into passionate crying. It didn't matter if she did make her eyes red and her face swollen; there was no one to see her, and there would be nobody; at which terribly pathetic thought her sobs and tears burst forth afresh.

Mr. Stewart, as he went away, thought to himself: "Of any woman but Daisy, acting as she acts, speaking as she speaks, one would have the most serious suspicions. But Daisy is, has been, and will be, Daisy."

CYCLOPEAN-WALLED TOWNS.

THE remains of the walls of a class of cities found in Italy, Sicily, Spain, Greece, and Asia Minor, called Cyclopean, or Pelagic, are of the highest interest to the antiquarian. They are made of huge blocks of stone, of from five to twenty feet in length, and mostly of a polygonal or parallelogram shape, put together without cement. As they are prehistoric, and have been in the condition in which they now are since the commencement of our historic period, they have caused much speculation with regard to their origin. Some have supposed them to have been made prior to the deluge; others, that they were built from about the year 2000 down to 1400 B. C. Louis Petit Radel, a member of the Institute of France, who devoted some forty years of his life to their study, was of opinion that they were made by the Canaanites, after they were driven out by the children of Israel, in 1491 B. C. These cities were very numerous, as more than four hundred have been figured and described. In Italy they are found throughout the central and southern parts. Most of

the principal hills east of Rome show substructions of this class of fortifications. It would seem that the time was when the whole population had to live crowded together in fortified towns, which, for ease of defence, were mostly built on the tops of thimble-shaped hills.

These towns carry us back, in imagination, to the time when that prophecy, perhaps the most improbable one that was ever uttered, was proclaimed by the prophet, that the time should come when every man would sit under his own vine and fig-tree, no one daring to molest or make afraid. We have seen the fulfilment of this prophecy on a larger scale in this country than in any other on earth, and it appears as though God has preserved these heavy substructions of ancient fortifications as a kind of landmark, to show the progress the world is making, through the influence of the Bible, to that time when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fawning together, and a little child shall lead them.

Even now, from habit or necessity, the people in the same parts of Italy where, 1500 B. C., they had to live in fortified towns, seem to have to do so still. The farming population all live in towns, and are careful to return home before sunset. It was a matter of surprise, especially the priests, that I dared travel on foot and alone, and be sometimes to until nine, ten, and eleven o'clock at night before I would reach a town. On one occasion, particularly, just at night, seeing a town some three miles ahead, I asked a peasant what inn I had best stop at. He replied: "There is one on this side of the town, but you had better go into the central part, as it is safer; never stop in the outskirts of a town, for it is not so easy to commit a murder in the crowded part."

Pliny says that, according to Aristotle, towers were invented by the Cyclopeans, and, according to Theophrastus, by the Tyrrinthians. The Scholiast of Statius pretends that every thing that was remarkable for its great size was said to have been formed by the Cyclopeans, and Lactantius observes that the ancients call all such edifices as are well-constructed, Cyclopean. The great difficulty, however, is to ascertain who the Cyclopeans were, whence they originated, and at what period they flourished. Strabo had as confused ideas about the Cyclopeans eighteen centuries ago as we have at present. He says they were a Thracian nation, and the best artists of the age in which they lived. They appear to have been particularly skilful in constructing military fortifications, and to have diffused their architectural knowledge throughout Greece and many parts of Italy, Sicily, and Spain. These countries were colonized by the Pelasgi of Greece, who learned the art of military construction from the Thracian nation; but it is more probable that the Cyclopeans themselves were the Pelasgians, who settled at a very early period in the Peloponnesus, for it is generally allowed that they were strangers and not aborigines.

It is of interest to observe how nearly the Romans adopted a similar mode of building. It seems as though they had taken from the Cyclopean walls the principle upon which they constructed their roads. There are fine specimens of these ancient roads in various parts of the Via Appia, and in the Triumphal Road to the top of Mount Albanus, in the Via Latina, Praenestina, Æmilia, Aurelia, and, in fact, in all the roads which led out of Rome. The irregular, polygonal shape of the stones, which form the Cyclopean wall, prevents any perpendicular motion of the great masses, and acts, although perhaps in a less degree, in the Roman roads, by preventing their being moved horizontally out of their proper place. Stones of the common parallelogram form would be much more easily deranged. The force of the shock and the action of the stones on one another, while any heavy vehicle passes over them, is diminished by the number of angles which act in different directions; and these polygonal blocks of stone are still more firmly kept together by heavy curbstones, which are placed edgewise on each side, throughout the whole extent of the road. Although these pavements of polygonal stone have been in use more than two thousand years, they are not in the least disturbed from the order in which they were placed. I speak of the pieces of road which have been suffered to remain.

There are four different styles of these Cyclopean walls recognized in Italy and Greece, and there appears to have been a regular parallel advancement of the arts of Greece and Italy in those remote ages. The reign of Perseus, for whom the Cyclopeans built the walls of Mycenæ in Greece, has been fixed at about 1458 B. C. In Italy, Cora was founded by Dardanus about 1423 B. C. Aaron had died in 1452, Moses in 1451, when the Children of Israel entered Canaan. Troy was founded in 1400. The walls of Mycenæ and Cora are similar in

their construction—they approach the parallelogram form—and this mode of construction ceased in Greece about the period of the capture of Troy, 1184 B. C., at which time Æneas sailed for Italy, and it is reasonable to suppose that it was discontinued about the same period in Italy.

We may trace, by the comparison of the different styles of Cyclopean construction, the regular advance of architecture, from the roughest and most irregular manner, to the most perfect symmetry. The most ancient Cyclopean walls that have been observed in Greece are those of Lycosura, in Arcadia, which, Pausanias says, "was the most ancient city in the world, the first the sun ever illumined with his rays, and that, from these venerable walls, men learned how to build cities." It appears to have had only one gate. The remains of the town are scattered round the Acropolis, and seem to have occupied a space of about two miles in circuit. The Acropolis appears to have possessed four edifices of the Doric order, of which the columns are of small proportions, and the capitals of very ancient form. The ruins of Ecetra, close by Signia, some thirty miles east of Rome, in the mountains of the Volsci, appear to have belonged to the same period. There are nothing but the remains of a very heavy, rude wall, which are like the first or earliest class of Cyclopean walls, and which appear the oldest of any I have seen in Italy.

Tyrius, on the plain of Argos, has no vestige of the town remaining. The walls enclose a space of about two hundred and forty-four yards in length, and fifty-four in breadth. Their general thickness is twenty-one feet, and in some places twenty-five. Their height, in the most perfect part, is forty-three feet. Hesiod and Homer mention the "well-built walls of Tyrius." Apollodorus and Strabo assert that it belonged to Prætus, for whom it was fortified by the Cyclopeans. Prætus is supposed to have reigned over the kingdom of Tirynthis about 1379 B. C. The walls of Tyrius are probably now nearly in the state in which they were seen by Pausanias, in the second century, for the town does not appear to have been rebuilt after its destruction by the Argians, about 468 B. C. The great strength and extraordinary bulk of these walls induced Pausanias to compare them to the Treasury at Orchomenos, and to the pyramids of Egypt. The walls, when entire, were probably not less than sixty feet in height. There is a pointed gate, whose form bears perhaps the most ancient resemblance to that of the Gothic arch. It is seven feet ten inches broad at the base, and nine feet high, but is considerably lowered by the accumulation of earth. It is composed of approximating blocks. There is another gate, of the same kind, in the Acropolis. One of the gates of Mycenæ is of a similar shape, and other examples are found near Missolonghi in Ætolia, and at Thoricus, in Attica. There is a beautiful one in the walls of Arpinum, and another at Signia, in Italy. The architects of this period constructed no round arches which have come down to us. There is one of these pointed ones in the ruins of an aqueduct in old Tusculum, near Frascati.

The walls of Tyrius and Mycenæ constitute the finest Cyclopean remains that are to be seen in Greece; but these are inferior to the more stupendous structures of Norba, in Latium, which was a Pelasgic colony, and of Signia, Ferentinum, Alatrium, and Arpinum.

It was the opinion of the Greeks that Mycenæ was founded by Perseus, the brother of Prætus. The walls were said to have been erected by the Cyclopeans, who raised the walls of Tyrius. The city was destroyed by the Argians, about 468 B. C.; but the strength of its walls defied their powers of demolition. The walls which remain are of the rough style and of the more improved construction, composed of hewn and well-compacted polygons. This characterizes the second style of Cyclopean masonry. Of the earlier styles, few remains are observable at Mycenæ. Pausanias, in his description of Mycenæ, says: "A part of the peribolos of Mycenæ still remains, and a gate upon which are lions. These are said to be the work of the Cyclopeans, who built the fortress at Tyrius for Prætus." This gate probably remains in the condition in which it was seen by Pausanias. It formed the principal entrance to the Acropolis; but it is at present rendered impassable by accumulations of stone that are piled up nearly to the lintel. Its breadth at the top is nine feet and a half. The lintel is fifteen feet and a half in length, six feet eight inches in breadth, and four feet in thickness. The stone on which are the sculptured lions is twelve feet broad at the base, and nine feet ten inches in height; its general thickness is two feet. The street which leads to the gate is thirty feet and a half in breadth. The lateral walls are nearly regular in their construction, while those which con-

stitute the peribolos, or circuit of wall, are formed of irregular polygons. They are composed of hard, compact breccia, procured on the spot; but the block on which the lions are sculptured is a green marble.

Pausanias says that the subterraneous chambers of Atreus and his sons, in which they kept their treasures, were among the ruins of Mycenæ, as also the sepulchres of Atreus, and of all those who, together with Agamemnon, were treacherously slain by Ægistheus after their return from Troy. Pausanias does not enter into a description of the Treasury of Atreus; but his account of the Treasury of Minyas at Orchomenos, in Bœotia, will also apply to that of Atreus at Mycenæ, which is still entire. He says it is of a circular form, with a ceiling terminating in a point, but not acuminated, and that it was one of the wonders of Greece. A space of twenty feet in breadth, between two parallel walls, leads to the Treasury of Atreus. The entrance is nine feet and a half wide at the base, and seven feet ten inches at the top, and about nineteen feet in height. It leads, by a passage of eighteen feet in depth, contrived in the solid mass of the wall, to the subterraneous circular apartment, which resembles a Gothic dome, and is concentrated in a key-stone at the top. The Treasury of Minyas was of larger dimensions than this of Atreus; it was of white marble, while this of Atreus is of a hard, beautiful breccia, cut upon the spot. The whole front of the edifice appears to have been sumptuously embellished, and bears many striking lineaments of the Egyptian style.

The interior form of the Treasury is that of a Gothic dome. Its present height is forty-nine feet, but the earth is raised above its ancient level. Its diameter is forty-eight feet. The stones are all parallelograms, and placed in regular layers, of which thirty-four are exposed to view. They are united with the greatest precision, without the aid of cement. The stones are not of equal dimensions, but the layers are generally about two feet in thickness. This edifice consisted of two chambers; a door leads from the first into the second, which is a square of about twenty-seven feet, and about nineteen in height in its present state; the present height of the door is nine feet and a half; the breadth at the base, four feet seven inches, but at the top four inches less. It has a triangular cavity over the lintel, similar to that over the portal of the great chamber, and to that over the gate of the lions.

The thickness of the walls of this edifice is eighteen feet. The lintel of the great portal is composed of two masses of stone, the largest being of the dimensions of twenty-seven feet in length, seventeen feet in breadth, and three feet nine inches in thickness, weighing about one hundred and thirty-three tons. No single masses, except those of Egypt and Baalbec, can, in point of magnitude, be compared with this stupendous stone. It is of breccia, like the rest of the building. The interior of this edifice was decorated, which is seen from the great numbers of long bronze nails which are still found in it, even to the roof. These nails have large heads, and project about one-third of the way.

Three styles of early construction are visible in the walls that enclose the Acropolis of Orchomenos. The rough Tirynthian style is seen only in a few places; the polygonal is predominant, and the walls appear to have experienced at least two overthrows.

The most ancient citadels of Greece and Italy were not only used for the defence of the inhabitants, but as a protection for their flocks, which in the most early periods constituted their principal wealth. Prisons, large cisterns, granaries, treasuries, and Grecian theatres, were also excavated in the solid rock both in Greece and Italy.

Signia was an ancient town of Latium, about thirty miles east of Rome, on the spur of the Volscian Mountains, about twelve hundred feet above the plain. The modern town, of about three thousand five hundred inhabitants, occupies a part only of the site of the ancient city. The latter embraced within the circuit of its walls the whole summit of the hill, which stands boldly out from the Volscian Mountains, with which it is connected only by a narrow neck. The line of the ancient walls may be traced throughout its whole extent. The place is one of the most remarkable specimens of the Cyclopean or Pelasgic cities in existence. And yet, how many of all the Americans who have visited Rome have even seen or heard of it? The city had five gates, two of which retain their primitive construction; and one of them, known as the Porta Saracenica, presents a remarkable instance of the rudest and most massive Cyclopean construction. The architrave is formed by single masses of stone, not less than twelve feet in length, laid across from one impost to the other. The

other of the two gates was similar in style. There are, within the circuit of the walls, the remains of a temple, now converted into a church of San Pietro, of Roman date, and built of squared blocks of tufa, and, close by, a fine circular reservoir of water, lined with the *opus Signinum*. There are several inscriptions of imperial date preserved in the modern town. The temple shows the work of three different ages in its walls. On entering this church, I asked my *cicerone* who was the protecting saint of the town, and he replied: "St. Bruno;" and he went on to speak of his faithfulness, and gave as an example:

"After Garibaldi had defeated the King of Naples, in 1849, at Velletri" (which was, but a few miles distant, in sight), "he" (Garibaldi) "tried for eight days to find his way into Signia; but he failed, because St. Bruno threw dust in his eyes."

I afterward told Garibaldi of this, at which he smiled.

Nosba, without an inhabitant, presents in its existing ruins one of the most perfect specimens of Cyclopean walls. A great part of the circuit of the walls is entire; without regular towers, the blocks are mostly polygonal limestone, though the principal gate is flanked by a rude projecting mass which serves the purpose of one, and on the east side there is a great square tower or bastion, projecting considerably in advance of the general line of the walls. Its position is one of great natural strength. It stands on the brow of the Volscian Mountains, some fifteen hundred feet above the Pontine Marsh. A history of Latium, which I met with in a convent on Mount Albano, on the site of the old temple of Jupiter Latiaris, states that, when the Romans conquered this town, the people set fire to every thing that would burn, and then threw themselves into the flames. The site of Nosba is fine, and commands a most extensive and superb view of land and sea.

In numerous instances, as at Ferentinum, the Pelasgic or Cyclopean wall is the foundation upon which the early Latins built, and upon this the Goths. The style of building determines the age in which each particular kind of wall was made, and the people who did it.

The cities of Arpinum, Alatrium, Ferentinum, and Alba, like Signia and Nosba, are each worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. Upon all these structures, history throws no light, and all that we can know for certain is that the architects of those distant days possessed science and genius which have not been surpassed in later times.

L. G. OLMSTEAD.

"WAITING FOR AN ANSWER."

WITH ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 153.

DARK, drooping eyes in dreamy glory;
Dear, fluttering heart so kind and true;
Fair page whereon is writ the story
Forever old, yet new!

All in a mesh of dreams entangled:
Oh, breathe thy words of rapt delight,
Sweet lips—twin petals of the rose bespangled
With diamond dews of night!

No longer o'er thy distaff leaning,
To one lone, longing heart that waits,
Thy message send of deepest meaning,
Thou kindest of the Fates!

Without, the happy birds are singing
Their last song in the gathering gloom;
And languorous airs soft scents are bringing
From musky buds and bloom.

Still rapt within thy dreams entrancing;
Still toying with yon necklace fair;
Still drooped thine eyes, nor ever glancing
Up from that page, so fair.

Oh, gentle word of all completeness!
Of tender grace and loveliness!
Fair messenger, with all thy fleetness,
Bear thou her answer—"Yes!"

GEORGE COOPER.

CENTRAL SOUTH AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORERS.

II.

WITH a brief sketch of some of the more eminent of the explorers of this region, we close this paper. Of Dr. Livingstone, who, in his earlier explorations, several times crossed this belt, discovering, in one of his journeys, the beautiful and grand Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, we have no need to speak. His history is indelibly fixed in the minds of all our readers. That he may accomplish successfully his present long and perilous expedition, and either emerge on the west coast or among the upper streams which compose the Nile, we, in company with all his friends, earnestly hope. No man living has passed through greater dangers, or encountered them with greater intrepidity. Long may he live, and realize the full fruition of his toils in the destruction of the slave-traffic, and the elevation, civilization, and Christianization of Africa! The missionaries Hahn, Rath, Scheppmann, and Baur, have spent many years in Damara-Land, and have become familiar with the country and its inhabitants. Rev. J. Hugo Hahn, who is a Russian by birth, but a missionary of the Rhenish Missionary Society, has resided in or near Damara-Land (having, in the commencement of his labors, established a station at Eikhams, the Kraal of Jonker Afrikaner, in the borders of Namaqua-Land) for about thirty years. He and his son, Mr. Josaphat Hahn, who was born in this part of Africa, have, during the past year or two, communicated to the German geographical journals very full and interesting descriptions of the soil, geology, mineral, vegetable, and animal productions of the country of the Damaras, and a careful account of the origin, history, habits, manners, customs, religion, and government of the Ova-Herero and Ovambo. The task of the missionaries, especially in the present condition of the Ova-Herero, is a difficult one, and their success, notwithstanding their assiduous and faithful labors, has not been great. The people seem, as a general rule, to be unimpressible by any of the considerations of religion—as impervious to moral impressions as a rhinoceros is to a musket-shot. They are very willing to be fed and supported by the missionary; but, as for his doctrine, they give no heed to it. The Makololo and Matabele, among whom Dr. Livingstone and several of his associates have labored with great assiduity, are almost as unimpressible. This is not due to any want of intellectual perception, for all these people are quick-witted enough, but to a moral obtuseness, which wards off religious truths, and perhaps, in part, also to an intense fondness for show and display, be it ever so tawdry. The Gospel is too plain, simple, and severe, for their tastes. Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains that the labors of these devoted missionaries among the Zingian tribes of the African Continent have met with but very little success.

Among the most eminent and successful elephant-hunters and explorers of Central South Africa have been Frederick Green, Francis Galton, Charles John Anderssen, James Chapman and his brother Edward, Mr. Baines, Carl Mauch, and, somewhat earlier, Mr. Harris and Roualeyn Gordon Cumming. Of these, Galton and Anderssen (whose journeyings in this country were confined to the region from Lake Ngami to the west coast), the brothers Chapman and Baines (who traversed nearly the whole breadth of the continent), and Harris and Cumming (who only visited the central portion), published narratives of their travels; Mauch, the latest and most scientific of all the explorers, has given, in Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, a condensed account of his recent discoveries.

Mr. Galton was a gentleman sportsman of fair education, but without any particular scientific tastes; but Anderssen, who accompanied him in his first journey to Damara-Land, and who subsequently returned there, and spent the greater part of seventeen years in that region, dying there in January, 1868, was a man of considerable scientific attainments and of great energy and force of character. Charles John Anderssen was born in Sweden, about 1815. His mother was of English birth. From his earliest youth he was fond of adventure, and, while acquiring his education, devoted much attention to field-sports and the pursuits of natural history. It had been, from his boyhood, his earnest desire to visit and explore Africa, where he might indulge to the full his love of hunting, his tastes for natural history, and his fondness for adventure and discovery, but the great expense of such

an undertaking had deterred him. In 1849 he visited England, bringing with him a considerable collection of living animals, and specimens of natural history, which he had accumulated in his hunting-excursions in his native country. He was desirous of disposing of these, in order to obtain the means of making an ornithological survey of Iceland. He had nearly completed his arrangements for this purpose, when he made the acquaintance of Mr. Galton, who asked him to accompany him to South Africa, and offered to defray all the expenses of the undertaking. He accepted the liberal offer, and the two friends reached Cape Town, June 24, 1850, and Walfisch Bay, on the western coast, on the 20th of August. For the next two years they explored Damara-Land in company, not very successfully, when Mr. Galton returned to England, and published a narrative of his travels. Anderssen remained in the country two years longer, penetrated to Lake Ngami, and in 1854 returned to England and published his "Lake Ngami Wanderings in Southwestern Africa." The book achieved a great success, and, supplied by its sale, and by the proceeds of his hunting, with the means for further exploration, he soon returned to Africa, revisited Lake Ngami and the River Tiouge, and, returning to Cape Town, sailed for Walfisch Bay, and again, in company with Frederick Green, undertook the exploration of Damara-Land, in the hope of finding and tracing the course of the Cunene River. He was unsuccessful in this, and suffered terribly, being nearly killed by an elephant he had wounded, separated from his friend, and in great peril of being murdered by hostile natives, and finally, after having discovered and explored for a considerable distance the Okovango, a large and perennial stream, which probably flows into Lake Ngami from the northwest, was attacked with the jungle-fever, from which he suffered for many months, and narrowly escaped death. The results of these expeditions were given to the public in his "Okovango River." Having disposed of his ivory, etc., at Cape Town, Mr. Anderssen returned in 1861 to Damara-Land, and, finding that the Namaquas, under Jonker Afrikaner, were plundering the Ova-Herero, his sense of justice and righteous indignation was so thoroughly roused, that he proposed to take the command of the Ova-Herero and lead them against the invaders. There was too little unity of purpose among the tribe to make such a proposition practicable; but, gathering a band of the boldest of them, with his own servants, he attacked the Namaquas, and defeated them in several engagements; in the last of these he was severely wounded, and, no surgical aid being obtainable, he undertook the voyage to the Cape in a sailing-vessel, and, though undergoing severe tortures with his wounds and shattered bones, he was landed at Cape Town, submitted to the operations necessary, and, after some months, recovered so far as to be able to return to Damara-Land. He now purchased a large herd of cattle, and, driving them to the neighborhood of Ondonga, in the Ovambo country, settled down on a cattle-farm. He had married some years before, and his family were with him. After two or three years of prosperity, his old enemies, the Namaquas, made a raid again into his vicinity, and captured the greater part of his cattle, and those of some of the Ovambos. He pursued them, attacked them, and recovered most of the plunder; but, on his way home, weakened and broken down with fatigue, and the opening afresh of some of his wounds, he was attacked by the jungle-fever, and died after a few days' illness. The native tribes have a superstitious horror of death, and Nayuma, the king of the Ovaquambi, who was with him, fled with all his people, and would not consent that the body of the brave hunter should be buried on his territory. Anderssen's faithful servant, Axel Ericksen, a Swede by birth, though himself weak from illness, bore his master's body off to a favorable position, dug a grave with an axe and a tin dish, and buried him. The native chiefs seized Anderssen's effects, but Nayuma had the grace to have a monument of thorn-trees and ox-horns erected over the grave to keep the hyenas away.

Mr. James Chapman is an English gentleman, now in the prime of life (he was born in 1831), who has spent nearly seventeen years in Central South Africa, hunting and exploring. He possesses a fine fortune, and is an accomplished naturalist. He has made several journeys from Walfisch Bay across the continent to Lake Ngami, to the Kraals of Lechulathebe and Sekeletu, to the *Eitroctoe* or salt-pans, the bed of a former lake, now covered with salt and sulphates of soda and magnesia, to the falls of Zambesi, of which he obtained several very fine photographic views, and to Mosilikatse's capital. He had not, when last heard from, succeeded in reaching the east coast, as another young and daring adventurer has since done, by descending the Limpopo.

Mr. Chapman is a good observer, and a brave and daring traveller, and has made many valuable contributions to science; but these have been, for the most part, rather in the direction of natural history and ethnology than of geography. His two volumes of travels give a very clear and simple picture of the hardships of the life of the traveller and hunter, even under the most favorable circumstances, in this terrible wilderness; yet, strange as it may appear, like all the rest, he seems fascinated with this roving life, and willing to forego all the delights of civilization, and of the society which he is so well qualified to adorn, and to prefer the perils of the wild, the association with dirty, gluttonous, and treacherous savages, and the pursuit of wild beasts. It is a strange taste, but to it science is indebted for some of its greatest discoveries and its most remarkable trophies. In these journeyings, Mr. Chapman has at different times been accompanied by the missionary Rath, by Mr. Frederick Green, by his brother Edward, and by Mr. Baines, the artist.

It had been satisfactorily ascertained some years since by Livingstone, Green, Anderssen, and Chapman, that the elevated plateau which crosses the continent, about south latitude 19° , and forms the water-shed between the Limpopo and Zambeze, throwing a long spur southward about the twenty-eighth meridian of east longitude from Greenwich, was primitive in its character, being formed, where

ever the rock is exposed, of granite, gneiss, porphyry, or basalt. At the Victoria Falls, on the Zambeze, one of the most remarkable cataraacts of the world, the hard basaltic rock forms the walls of the precipice. Livingstone had heard of golden sands being brought down to the Zambeze by some of its tributaries; and there were reports that, many years ago, there had been mines of the precious metals somewhere near the east coast. The information on this point was, however, vague and indefinite, and Livingstone was not inclined to attach much importance to it.

It remained for a German geologist, Carl Mauch, a native of Würtemberg, to discover the third of the three great gold-fields, which has been opened to human industry and enterprise in our time.

Mr. Mauch, who is, we believe, a graduate of the Freiberg School

of Mines, sailed from Trieste, for South Africa, in 1863, and, after spending some time in Cape Town and Natal, visited Potchefstroom, the capital of the Transvaal Republic, and, having made the acquaintance of Pretorius, the president of that republic, made a rapid but tolerably complete geologic and geognostic survey of the state. During this work, which occupied him the greater part of 1864, 1865, and the early months of 1866, he formed an intimacy with Mr. Hartley, a famous elephant-hunter of the Transvaal, and his sons, and agreed to accompany them, in one of their hunting-expeditions to the north, ostensibly for the sports of the chase, but really to explore the geology, mineralogy, and natural history of the country. His first expedition was made in

the latter part of 1866 and the beginning of 1867. Setting out from Potchefstroom, July 27, 1866, they journeyed nearly due north, for about two hundred and fifty miles, following, for much of the distance, the banks of the Crocodile River, an affluent of the Limpopo. On the Tropic of Capricorn they turned to the northwest and ascended to the southern spur of the elevated plateau of which we have spoken, which here, as well as elsewhere, forms the water-shed between the Zambeze and Limpopo, though nearer to the latter. Following this plateau, for a distance of about four hundred and fifty miles, passing through Mosilikatse's kraal, and, proceeding north of it, they entered a rough, rocky country,

which abounded in game. Mauch made the best use of his eyes possible, and obtained the bearings by means of a pocket-compass; but Mosilikatse was intensely jealous and suspicious of the traveller, and prohibited him from making any notes, or using any instrument for taking observations, or making any collection of mineral, vegetable, or animal substances. The travellers were, during their entire stay in his dominions, constantly dogged by Mosilikatse's spies, who became at last insufferably insolent; and, having reached the Fole, one of the larger affluents of the Zambeze, they were compelled to turn back, in order to rid themselves of this annoyance. Mauch had made himself familiar with the vegetable and animal productions of this region, and, from numerous indications, had become convinced that there was gold in some of the quartz-veins



CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSSEN.

which occasionally came to view on their route, but the impossibility of bringing away any specimens prevented the completion of his discovery. Having returned to Potchefstroom in the winter of 1866-'67 he determined to attempt the exploration of this region from another direction, which would not involve a passage through Mosilikatse's kingdom. His friend Hartley offered to guide him by a route farther east, toward a district which, from his account, seemed to have formerly been the seat of extensive mines. In the spring of 1867 the second expedition set out from Mr. Hartley's farm, in the eastern part of the Transvaal Republic. They proceeded north to Zutpansberg, near the Meket, a tributary of the Limpopo, and, crossing the latter river, skirted the eastern base of the hills whose summit they had traversed in their previous journey. Much of this region is infested by the tsetse-fly, and they were obliged to take many precautions to avoid the loss of their teams. Their first discovery of gold was made near the banks of the Chascha, one of the northern affluents of the Limpopo, not far from its northwestern bend. Here they found a number of holes excavated in the quartz-veins; and rude mining-implements, evidently the tools of a savage race of remote times, lay around. Breaking with his hammer some pieces of the quartz from the mass, Mauch found grains of gold thickly disseminated through it, and the sands of the river also contained particles of gold. Having definitely fixed the location of this deposit, Mauch and his friends proceeded northward to the Tuti River, a mountain-stream tributary of the Limpopo. Here at an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, they found a still more extensive deposit of gold, which had apparently never been worked. After obtaining specimens of this, they went forward; and nearer the Zambeze, about one hundred and sixty miles west of Tete, a Portuguese settlement on that river, a third gold-field was discovered, which bore evidence of having been worked imperfectly by the Portuguese in the seventeenth century. After a careful survey of the three fields, Mauch and his companions returned to Potchefstroom, and thence, in the winter of 1867-'68, he proceeded with his specimens to Natal, and later to Cape Town. The excitement which these discoveries produced at both these places was almost as great as that caused by the announcement in New York of the gold discoveries in California, in 1848, or in Melbourne of the Australian deposits, in 1851. Mr. Mauch published a map of the gold districts and the routes leading to them, in the spring of 1868, and hundreds of companies were formed, both at Natal and Cape Town, to go to the gold-regions. The distance overland from the Cape was from thirteen to sixteen hundred miles, and, from Natal, from eight to eleven hundred miles; and there seemed to be no other feasible route. The journey from Natal was shorter, but the companies from the Cape traversed the whole distance in wagons.

In July, 1868, Mr. St. Vincent Erskine, son of the colonial secretary at Natal, undertook to descend the Limpopo, and ascertain where it entered the Indian Ocean, and whether there were any obstructions at its mouth or in its lower course. Repeated attempts had been made to find the entrance to the river, but all had hitherto proved unsuccessful. Mr. Erskine made Leydenburg, a small town in the eastern part of the Transvaal Republic, his starting-point, and, late in July, marched directly thence to the junction of the Oliphant River with the Limpopo, and, embarking in a boat at that point, descended to the ocean, finding the river without serious rapids or shoals, and, unlike most African rivers, with no delta or malarious marshes at its mouth. He regards it as navigable for steamers of good size to the mouth of the Oliphant River, and perhaps higher. Its embouchure into the ocean is near Inhampura, and so considerably farther south, and nearer Natal, than geographers have supposed. When communication by steamer with the country in the immediate vicinity of the gold-fields is once established, this region will be even more accessible than most of the gold districts of Australia.

It is not easy to predict what will be the effect of this discovery, and of the still more recent discovery of diamonds in the adjacent region, on the future exploration of Africa. The towns and villages which will inevitably spring up in the gold-region, peopled, as they will be, mainly by Europeans, will be valuable advance-posts in the hitherto unexplored territory, from which travellers can go forward into that vast tract which now is more entirely unknown than any portion of our globe. From the east and the west, from the north and the south, the lines of discovery are approximating, until we may hope, ere long, to have a map of Africa on which there shall be no broad territory

branded as "unknown," and the young and daring spirits of England and America will be obliged to seek for new and untried sensations in the centre of Asia, of South America, or on the Arctic or Antarctic Continents.

L. P. BROCKETT.

THE EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN AT HOME.

BY THE ROVING AMERICAN.

VI.

AS A PUBLIC MAN.

THUS far we have attempted only to describe the life of the private Egyptian gentleman, who lives at ease on his income, and literally "kills time" without utilizing it. But this is a very small class—smaller in Egypt than in most countries—owing to the absence of any hereditary aristocracy outside of the reigning family, and the rapid mutations of position and fortune under the rule of a dynasty more absolute than that of Russia. The mere whim of the viceroy may make the pipe-bearer of to-day the high public functionary of to-morrow, and reduce the pompous pacha to the condition of the exile and beggar with equal promptitude. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," defined by our highest authority as "inalienable rights," are found to be very easily alienated in the East, and, under most of the previous reigns in Egypt, have been held by a most uncertain tenure.

Commerce is not regarded as an employment suited to the Eastern gentleman; and law, medicine, and literature, do not rise to the dignity of professions in a country whose interpreters of law are the *ulemas*, or priests; whose medicines are locks of hair placed on saints' tombs; and where professional doctors are unknown, and whose chief literature is of an oral description, derived from two books, the "Koran" and "The Thousand-and-one Nights."

Public life, therefore, is the ambition, and office-holding the occupation, of nine out of ten of the Egyptian gentlemen; and it is made to pay as well as in this country—not by the salaries, which are small, but by the "perquisites," which are infinite. Indeed, this is so well understood, that Mehemet Ali, having accidentally taken a fancy to that *rara avis*, a really conscientious man, and, having elevated him from a lower post to a higher one in the custom-house on his plea of insufficiency of pay in the first, lost all patience on being the third time importuned for another change on the same pretext.

"I know well," said the irate viceroy, "that the salary is small, but two of your predecessors in the same place are now men of fortune. If you are such an *homan*" (ass) "as not to be able to profit by it in the same way, you deserve to starve."

The man took the royal counsel, dropped his scruples, and grew as rich and "respected" as some of our public characters here who adopt the same code of ethics.

The temptations to abuse trusts confided to them are greater there than here. In the first place, there is no responsibility to a public, which does not exist in those communities, and where publicity through the press is not to be feared, even did anybody read the few journals published in the Ottoman dominions. Secondly: the office-holder retains his office by the uncertain tenure of his viceroy's, or superior's, will or caprice, and, therefore, must "make hay while the sun shines." Thirdly: he knows that everybody, from the grade immediately below the viceroy, accepts "presents"—in other words, plunders those immediately below him, ending with the *sheik el valier*, or sheik of the village, who bastinadoes the soles of the feet of the miserable *fellahs*, or peasantry, until the torture extracts the last copper *para* out of their mouths, where they have concealed it in the hope of holding out long enough to save it. The great vice of all Eastern administrations hitherto has been bribery, known by the euphonious name of "bakshish," or presents, with which the inferior buys justice, or forbearance, or the possession of his own, from persons in authority.

Whether, among his new reforms, the enlightened prince, who now rules over Egypt under the new title of Khédive, is attempting to introduce this, the Roving American cannot say; but he does know that his predecessor, Saïd Pacha, did essay that experiment, and broke a brave and loyal heart in trying to change, like Aladdin, his old lamps

for new. Every Egyptian gentleman, therefore, on arriving at years of puberty—say sixteen—turns his attention to two things—establishing his harem by getting a wife, and procuring an office with good appointments and prospective bakshishes.

The first matter gives him personally no trouble. Courtship and flirtation, or making one's self agreeable to the "object of affections," are impossible in a state of society where such object is invisible, as well as all other feminine objects, except one's mother and grandmother, and disreputable *gawazhie*, or dancing-girls, of most unequivocal character.

The wife is sought for and provided by his female relatives, and he has to take her on their description, and by their inventory of her charms of mind and person. All the trouble our Egyptian gentleman has before marriage is on the day preceding and on the wedding-day, when the fantastic marriage-festivals are in course of celebration, and he beholds his almond-eyed gazelle for the first time when he lifts her veil in the bridal-chamber, the illimitable resources of the photograph even being denied him.

So his harem is provided for, and, whatever his troubles may be after marriage, its sacred veil usually conceals them from the world. So let them also be sacred to us, consoling ourselves with the thought that not even Indiana can boast of greater facilities for release from the conjugal yoke, or Utah for many wives, than the land of Moses and Rameses. The Turk may have four legal wives all at once, and, with the great facilities for divorce, a man who lives to a good old age may equal the patriarchs or King Solomon, even in these degenerate days, and convulse the soul of our own Brigham with emotions of envy. Mr. Lane had a highly-respectable friend at Cairo, who had rejoiced in eighty different wives during his very-much-married life of sixty years.

So our Egyptian friend has no difficulty on the first head. The second requisite for respectability, viz., the official position, costs more trouble, unless the young man have influential relatives, or is befriended by some important person near the viceroy or one of his high officials—say by the barber or eunuch of some high personage, these being the confidential retainers.

The barber, who every morning takes between his knees the head of the personage, soaping it softly over and shaving it as smooth as a billiard-ball, that the turban (or fez) may "gird the shaven brow," is probably the most influential, and has more opportunities of approaching familiarly the great. But the eunuch, who is also a person of great trust, having in charge what is supposed to represent the heart of the personage, is a most valuable ally in all ambitious aspirations, and, being as covetous as he is cruel, can be won over by "bakshish kitter"—liberal largess.

Any outside influence brought to bear on the harem also, such as that of the *dellabs*, or saleswomen to the harems, tells; for Eastern men are much influenced by their wives, who love political as well as amorous intrigue—possibly because they see so little of them. Through some one of these back-door influences our Egyptian passes into office, and the guiding principle he carries into it is to utilize it to the greatest extent in the shortest possible time, and to do as little as he safely can for his salary. In these two particulars, it strikes the Roving American, after a lengthened absence from his native land, that the Egyptian spirit and practice are not altogether unknown even in this republican land.

But your Eastern office-holder differs from your Western in some important items. Thus he makes no loud pretensions as to public virtue, nor adds hypocrisy to his other vices. It is true he accepts and pockets his bribe under the name of "present" (bakshish), but why need we use an ugly name for an agreeable thing? and he never pretends that it really is any thing but a bribe, and feels in honor bound to give value received for it.

It has been truly as well as wittily said that there were seventeen kings in Egypt, viz., the viceroy, fifteen foreign consuls-general, and one greater than all combined, King Bakshish, who rules "the court, the camp, the grove," in the East, as well as in some small and remote countries of the West—of course, where our own bird of freedom never soared or screamed, and far, far remote from the sacred soil which bears the hallowed name of Washington!

Office-hours in the East are very irregular, except in some few of the government departments, where rigid rules are necessary; but punctuality, order, method, and red-tape, are sadly wanting everywhere.

The office itself into which you are ushered is usually a bare, unfurnished room, in a barrack of a building, with dirty, slipshod Copts and Syrians in their long black robes, with pen and inkhorn thrust in at their girdles, shuffling about in their red slippers from room to room. They are the chief clerks and accountants in Egypt, posts which the Turks and other natives are too lazy and too ignorant to fill.

Where it is not necessary for a high official even to know how to sign his own name to documents, a duty which he performs with his seal-ring and a little Indian-ink, why should he trouble himself with the three R's of Alderman Curtis, "Reading, riting, and rithmetic?" Accordingly, very few Egyptian gentlemen of the old school did trouble themselves to acquire those accomplishments, although the new school of Egyptians, under the more enlightened rule of the two last viceroys, has been educated at London and Paris, and numbers many cultivated men in its ranks. Nubar Bey, the Reschid Pacha of Egypt, can read, write, and speak, with equal fluency and precision, almost every European language, and many of the younger Egyptians, such as Halil Bey, Loutfy Bey (whose wife is a New-Yorker), are equally well instructed. Yet still the great majority of the high functionaries are not educated men, a superficial smattering of French being their chief educational acquisition, and their ignorance of all foreign topics marvellous to witness. Ismail Pacha, the present Khédive, himself a well-educated man, is striving hard to bestow the blessings of education on his people, but it is up-hill work, owing to native apathy and reverence for old usages among the masses.

Let us follow one of these Copt accountants, and enter an office. There is only a small divan in one corner, covered with chintz, on which are piled, in great confusion, a number of long slips of paper covered with Arabic writing. Squatted in one corner of the divan is a portly figure, pipe in hand, stamping with his seal-ring these strips of paper, which the Copt clerks hand him, seldom taking the trouble even to glance at their contents, and sinking back with a grunt of satisfaction when his arduous duties are completed.

He rises when you enter and are presented to him, courteously salutes you, and seats you by his side, sweeping a mass of papers on the dirty stone floor, to make room for you, and, immediately ordering fresh pipes, serenely smokes with you as long as you choose to remain, without troubling himself about his business avocations.

In the judicial functions more energy is displayed, and substantial justice often awarded, where King Bakshish does not intervene.

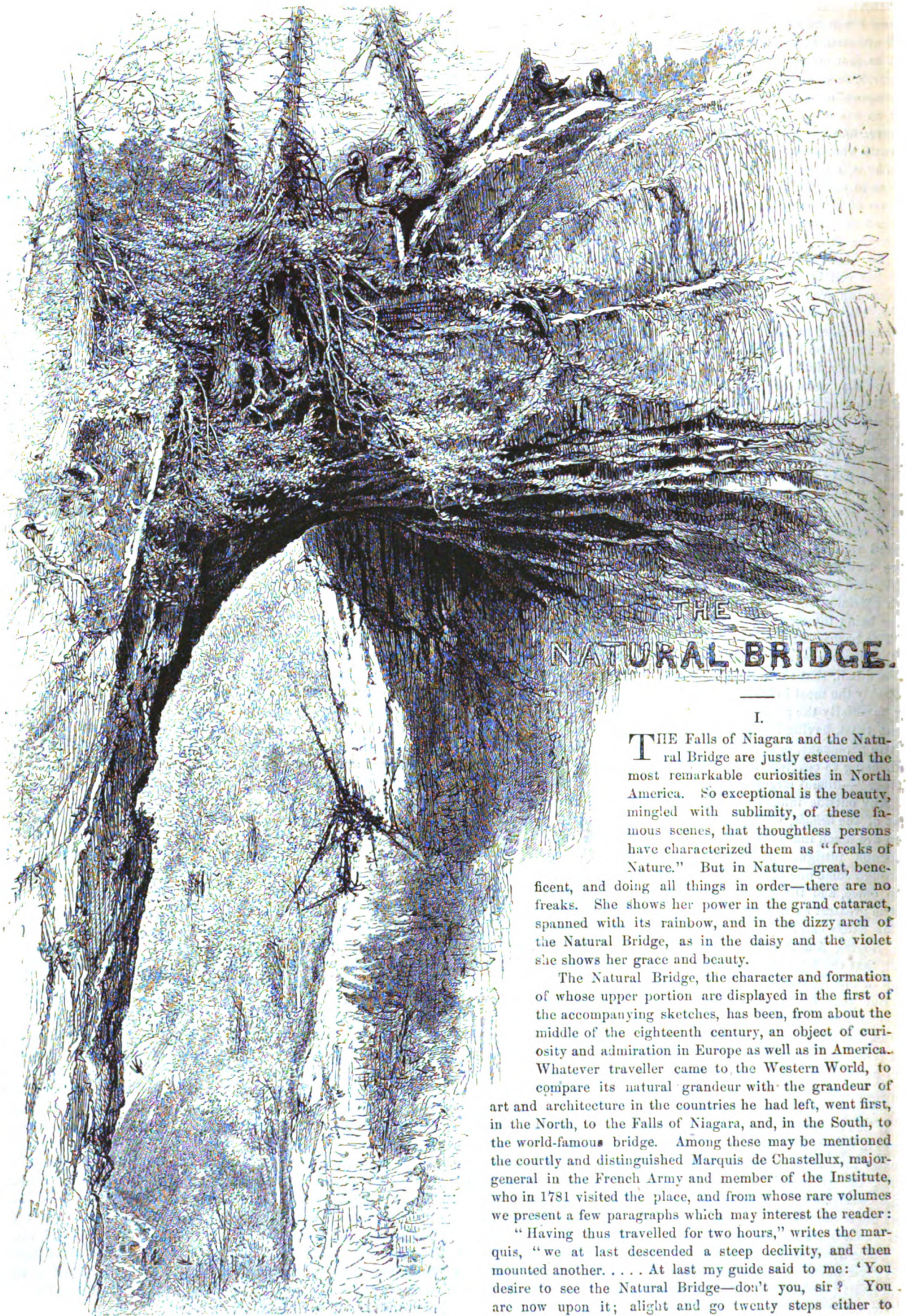
I believe the stranger and the poor man really have a better chance in a Turkish court, under a native *cadi*, than under more imposing forms in the West. But the "dignity of the court," in so far as outward appearances go, is not preserved at all, and an almost ludicrous familiarity seems to preside over the discussions between the judges and the culprits brought before them, who bawl out vociferously their pleas in *propria persona*, without the intervention of an advocate.

The judicial function in the East, except as connected with some other official position, such as chief of police, or governor, is not rated very high, nor attains the dignity it does with us. Places which bring the possessor near the person of the sovereign rank higher, and are more prized, the government being purely a personal one—an Eastern Caesarism, pure and undefiled.

One of the most marked results of office-holding there is precisely the reverse of what happens here, and that is, every office-holder grows portly and fat, and the longer he remains in office the larger he looms up before the public gaze. Whether it be that their perquisites are more nutritious, or their consciences less troublesome than in other climes, the Roving American deposeth not, but states the fact as a curious one.

But already the Roving American, though his experiences in that clime were recent, begins to recognize that in Egypt, as elsewhere, the "good old times" are giving way to the new, which do not seem quite so good.

Now that the familiar viceroy is transmuted into the Khédive, with American officers organizing his army, and Cairo rejoices in the apparition of a Parliament of Notables in baggy breeches and fez caps, who is there that does not begin to fear for the disappearance of the distinctive East—the East of our boyhood, the fairy realm of Haroun el Raschid, and of "The Thousand-and-one Nights?" To seize and photograph these dissolving views, which still live in his memory and heart, is the purpose of these sketches by the Roving American.



I.

THE Falls of Niagara and the Natural Bridge are justly esteemed the most remarkable curiosities in North America. So exceptional is the beauty, mingled with sublimity, of these famous scenes, that thoughtless persons have characterized them as "freaks of Nature." But in Nature—great, bene-

ficient, and doing all things in order—there are no freaks. She shows her power in the grand cataract, spanned with its rainbow, and in the dizzy arch of the Natural Bridge, as in the daisy and the violet she shows her grace and beauty.

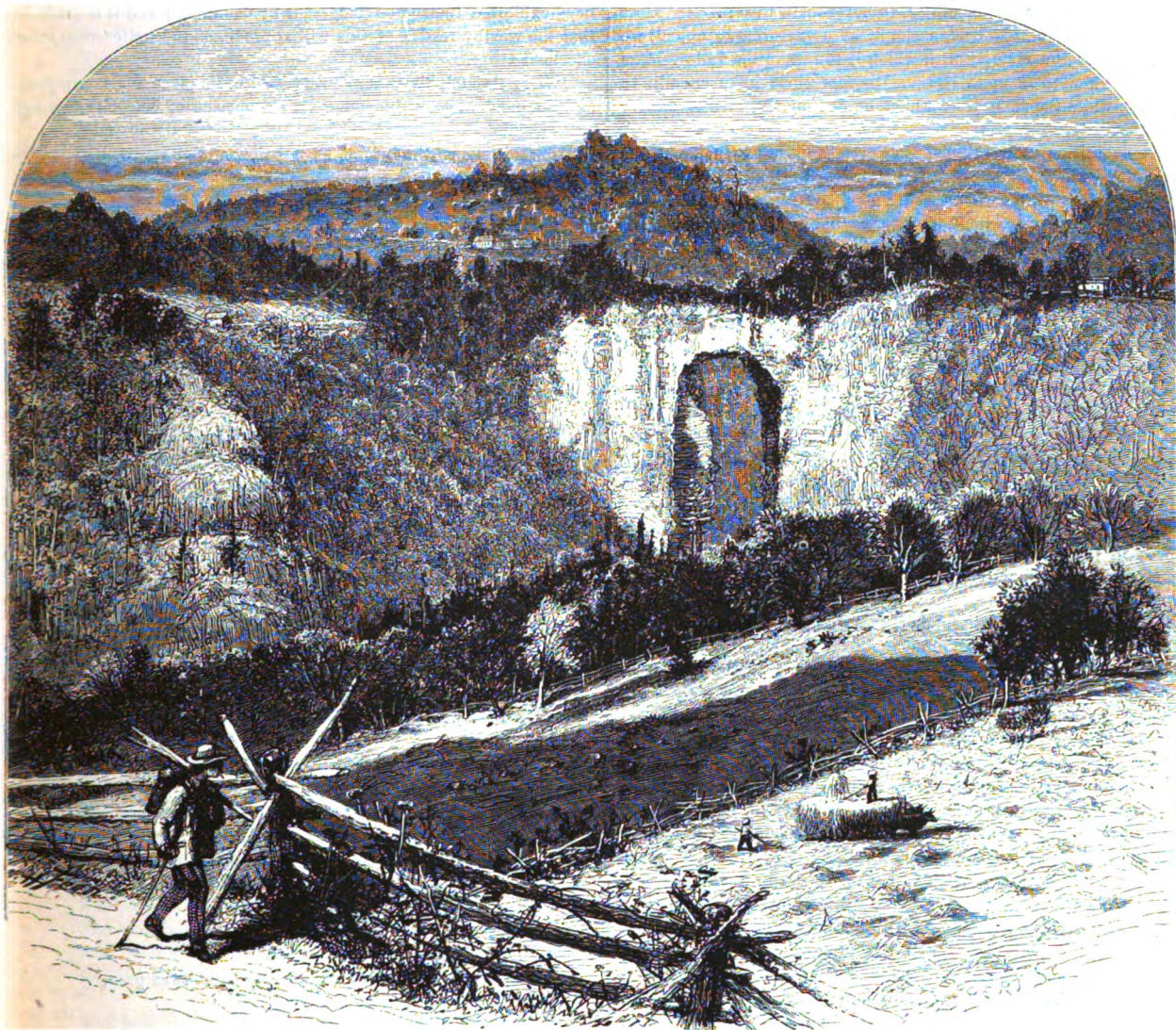
The Natural Bridge, the character and formation of whose upper portion are displayed in the first of the accompanying sketches, has been, from about the middle of the eighteenth century, an object of curiosity and admiration in Europe as well as in America. Whatever traveller came to the Western World, to compare its natural grandeur with the grandeur of art and architecture in the countries he had left, went first, in the North, to the Falls of Niagara, and, in the South, to the world-famous bridge. Among these may be mentioned the courtly and distinguished Marquis de Chastellux, major-general in the French Army and member of the Institute, who in 1781 visited the place, and from whose rare volumes we present a few paragraphs which may interest the reader:

"Having thus travelled for two hours," writes the marquis, "we at last descended a steep declivity, and then mounted another. . . . At last my guide said to me: 'You desire to see the Natural Bridge—don't you, sir? You are now upon it; alight and go twenty steps either to

the right or left, and you will see this prodigy.' I had perceived that there was on each side a considerable deep hollow, but the trees had prevented me from forming any judgment or paying much attention to it. Approaching the precipice, I saw, at first, two great masses or chains of rocks, which formed the bottom of a ravine, or, rather, of an immense abyss. But, placing myself, not without precaution, upon the brink of the precipice, I saw that these two buttresses were joined under my feet, forming a vault of which I could yet form no idea but of its height. After enjoying this magnificently-tremendous spectacle, which many persons could not bear to look at, I went to the western side, the aspect of which was not less imposing, but more picturesque. This Thebais, these ancient

The arch is not complete; the eastern part of it not being so large as the western, because the mountain is more elevated on this than on the opposite side. It is very extraordinary that at the bottom of the stream there appear no considerable ruins, no trace of any violent laceration which could have destroyed the kernel of the rock and have left the upper part alone subsisting; for that is the only hypothesis that can account for such a prodigy. *We can have no possible recourse either to a volcano or a deluge, no trace of a sudden conflagration or of a slow and tedious undermining by the water.*"

The point here touched upon is one of the most interesting, in a scientific view, connected with this famous curiosity. The marquis, it will be seen, declares his conviction that the "prodigy" was neither



VIEW OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

pinces, these enormous masses of rocks, so much the more astonishing as they appear to possess a wild symmetry, and rudely to concur, as it were, in forming a certain design—all this apparatus of rude and shapeless Nature, which art attempts in vain, attacks at once the senses and the thoughts, and excites a gloomy and melancholy admiration."

Such are the terms in which the gallant marquis describes his first sensations, when, as yet, the view from the summit was all he had seen. He goes on to say:

"But it is at the foot of these rocks, on the edge of a little stream which flows under this immense arch, that we must judge of its astonishing structure. There we discover its immense spurs, its back-bendings, and those profiles which architecture might have given it.

caused by a volcanic upheaval, a conflagration burning in the heart of the rock-ribbed mountain, nor by the attrition of water slowly wearing away the stubborn limestone. These views are supported by men of science, as the following paragraphs will show. They are taken from the memoir of the Baron de Turpin, an engineer of ability, sent by the Comte de Rochambeau to measure the great structure:

"The mass of rock and stone which loads this arch," says the baron, "is forty-nine feet solid on the key of the great centre, and thirty-seven on that of the small one; and, as we find about the same difference in taking the level of the hill, it may be supposed that the roof is on a level the whole length of the key. It is proper to observe that the live rock continues also the whole thickness of the arch, and that on the opposite side it is only twenty-five feet wide in

its greatest breadth, and becomes gradually narrower. The whole arch seems to be formed of one and the same stone; for the joints which one remarks are the effect of lightning, which struck this part in 1779. The other head has not the smallest vein, and the intrados is so smooth that the martins, which fly around it in great numbers, cannot fasten on it. The abutments, which have a gentle slope, are entire, and, without being absolute planes, have all the polish which a current of water would give to unhewn stone in a certain time. The four rocks adjacent to the abutments seem to be perfectly homogeneous, and to have a very trifling slope. The two rocks on the right bank of the rivulet are two hundred feet high above the surface of the water, the intrados of the arch a hundred and fifty, and the two rocks on the left bank a hundred and eighty."

The baron then proceeds, as though weary of his "great centres," "intrados," and other technicalities, to burst forth with:

"If we consider this bridge simply as a picturesque object, we are struck with the majesty with which it towers in the valley. The white-oaks which grow upon it seem to rear their lofty summits to the clouds, while the same trees which border on the rivulet appear like shrubs."

This exhibition of sentiment, however, appears to exhaust the baron's stock, and he returns to his better-loved science, adding:

"We see that these rocks, being of a calcareous nature, *exclude every idea of a volcano*, which, besides, cannot be reconciled with the form of the bridge and its adjacent parts. If it be supposed that this astonishing arch is the effect of *a current of water*, we must suppose, likewise, that *this current has had the force to break down and carry to a great distance a mass of five thousand cubic fathoms, for there remains not the slightest trace of such an operation.*"

What, then, was the mystery of the origin of this celebrated structure? Science is powerless in face of the wonder, and perhaps, after all, the conclusion of De Chastellux is the only one attainable—that "it is to the labor only of the Creator that we owe the magnificent construction of the Natural Bridge"—to which he adds: "The opinion of the Comte de Buffon, whom I have since consulted, has left me no doubt upon the subject."

From this strictly scientific, but, we think, suggestive and interesting, view of the great curiosity, we pass to details and circumstances connected with it, calculated, perhaps, to interest in a larger degree the general reader.

Mr. Fenn's second drawing furnishes a distant view of the bridge, the surrounding country, and objects in its vicinity. It will recall, doubtless, to many persons, agreeable recollections of the landscape which saluted their eyes as they first drew near the place—and the names of such are legion, for the spot has been, for more than half a century, the resort of parties led by a desire to explore the beauties of the romantic scene. Of the daring of some of these visitors, in climbing, or venturing to the brink of the precipice, we shall give one or two instances, kept alive by tradition. Among these traditions, the most thrilling is that of the unshrinking nerve displayed by Miss Randolph, a young *Virginienne*, a great belle of her time, which was the early portion of the present century. The young lady had ridden, with a gay party of youthful maidens and gallant cavaliers, to the bridge, and reached it on a beautiful evening of summer. Miss Randolph is said, by those who knew and remember her, to have been a young lady of surpassing loveliness—tall, slender, with sparkling eyes, cheeks all roses, and noted for her gayety and mirthful *abandon*. Reaching the summit of the bridge, the party dismounted, cautiously approached the brink, fringed with trees growing among the rocks, and gazed into the gulf beneath. Of the terrifying character of the spectacle, President Jefferson's words will give some idea:

"Though the sides of the bridge are provided, in some parts, with a parapet of rocks," he says, "yet few men have resolution to walk to them and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the parapet, and look over it. Looking down from this height about a minute gave me a violent headache; the view is painful and intolerable."

Reaching this dizzy brink, the party of young ladies and gentlemen gazed below, when one of the gallants, pointing to the broken stump of a huge cedar which had once towered aloft upon a jagged abutment, separated by an intervening cleft from the main structure, expressed his conviction that no human being lived sufficiently daring to stand erect upon it. A gay laugh echoed the words, a silken scarf

brushed by him, and the whole party uttered a cry of terror—Miss Randolph, at one bound, had reached and now stood erect upon the dizzy pinnacle. Tradition relates that her companions looked at her, white and speechless, as so many corpses. Her death seemed certain. A wild spirit of bravado had given her courage for this terrible proceeding; but, perched thus on her slight footing above the frightful abyss, she must lose her nerve, grow dizzy, and be hurled upon the rocks beneath—the beautiful being of a moment since—a mass of mangled and unrecognizable flesh and bones. For an instant, the daring young lady stood erect, riding-whip in hand, her scarf floating, her eyes sparkling with triumph; then, at a single bound, she regained her former position, and, with a gay laugh, asked if any gentleman could do as much.

Tradition declares that, despite their gallantry, the youthful cavaliers exhibited their good judgment by declining; and it is probable that the worthy reader of this will approve, as the writer does, their excellent sense.

"Miss Randolph's Stump" remained in its place for many years, and the incident gave the young lady a species of celebrity throughout Virginia.

Illustrations of the bridge, from below and above, will appear in the ensuing number of the JOURNAL.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

AT the great exposition,
At Paris held in eighteen sixty-seven,
Miscalled the World's, because the world was there,
To spend its cash called spare,
But not to profit by the fair,
Given by Fair France to better her condition,
By bringing to her dought some foreign leaven
To make it rise, alas! to fall again,
And turn her *pain* to pain—

Two monarchs came,
The very first in European fame:
One was the Prussian William, gray and tall;
The other, Alexander,
The Russian czar, himself not very small—
The man who tried to imitate Leander,
And swim the Hellespont—without the drowning—
And yet will do't, in spite of England's frowning.

Well, these two monarchs greatly liked each other;
They called each other brother;
They wandered through the streets and avenues,
And smaller *rues*,
And boulevards, and Champ de Mars,
Without a single aide-de-camp or servant,
Of every little whim to be observant,
Alone, and quite unknown—
In short, incog.
Que sais-je what they sought? Perhaps 'twas prog,
Peculiar prog, the taste of frog,
Or steak of horse,
To know what sort of meats the French would feed on,
When William should come back with armed force—
A little plan, perhaps, they then agreed on;
Perhaps to study
The natural history of man—and woman
(A science very human),
And see grisettes, the ruddy,
In pretty little caps,
Which they don't doff, *on dit*, when taking naps.

So it fell out, one day,
The monarchs had been asked by Nap to dine,
To taste imperial wine,
Entirely *sans façon*, no sort of party,
But just to eat and drink, and have a hearty
Laugh at the world's expense—a royal time;

Surely, that's no great crime,
For kings and emperors must be very serious—
They must not laugh in public, nor appear
Otherwise than imperial and imperious,
For very fear
That other folks will think that they are men,
And pry into their titles now and then.

Well, on this day, when they were asked to dine,
And to do so "did seriously incline,"
They found themselves far distant from the spot—
The streets quite dusty, and the weather hot—
When, looking at his watch, the king cried out:
"Why, what are we about?"

We dine at seven, and now 'tis half-past six;
We're surely in a fix!

Here are we now, a mile across the Seine,
About the Latin Quarter,
While in the Tuileries the best champagne
Is in iced water."

"And then, besides, far worse betides,"
Said Alexander—"we don't know the way,
And not a carriage or a cabriolet,
Quatre places ou deux, appears in sight.
Was ever such a plight?"

"No matter," said King William; "let us try
To learn the way from some kind passer-by."
And so, accosting a good-looking man,
He said: "Monsieur, pray tell me, if you can—
And if you please—

The nearest way to reach the Tuileries."
"*Mais certainement*"—the Frenchman bowed quite double—
"I can with little trouble;

I go myself to dine at Les Trois Frères,
And pass the palace on my journey there:
So go with me." And, thanking him, they went—
Conductor Heaven-sent—

By cross-streets and short cuts the nearest way,
Until at length they came upon the *quai*.

Thus, travelling fast and far,
They crossed the river by the Pont des Arts,
And stood before the palace-portal wide;

And then their guide,
Waving his hand with graceful courtesy,
Outspoke: "*Messieurs, voici*

Les Tuileries;" and now, if I may ask,
As guiding you has been a pleasant task,
And as you seem to Paris come from far,
Pray tell me who you are."

The emperor raised his hat and bowed,
As if to say, "You do me proud,"
And said: "I am the Emperor of Russia, sir!"

The king raised his,
And, with unaltered phiz,
Replied: "And I the King of Prussia, sir!"

And here, no doubt, the matter would have ended,
But that the kind Parisian seemed offended
At what to him was a discourteous joke.
Then Alexander spoke:

"Pray tell us too your name, the name of one
Who for our sakes this courteous deed has done."

The Frenchman took his hat entirely off,
And, with a shrug that had a spice of scoff,
Shaking his head, he simply said:

"I am the Emperor of China, sirs!"

How strangely it occurs

That such great men should, now and then,
Each other meet in Paris, as we do!

Two emperors and a German king—*parbleu!*
Parbleu! Messieurs!! Adieu!!!"

And, bowing low, he left them lost in wonder,
And then to fear that they had made a blunder;

But, when at last they saw his true intent,
The king said, "*Sapperment!*"
And Alexander swore a Russian oath,
Quite strong enough for both.
Then each laughed roaringly, and held his side;
They laughed until they cried,
And thus were hardly able
To tell the story at Napoleon's table.

They had a jolly time, and many toasts—
"The Fair," "La France," and "their imperial hosts;"
But many a bumper quaffed each royal diner
To "Hip! hurrah! THE EMPEROR OF CHINA!"

HENRI DE COISSY.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

[From Advance-sheets of Darwin's New Work.*]

HE who wishes to decide whether man is the modified descendant of some preëxisting form, would probably first inquire whether man varies, however slightly, in bodily structure and in mental faculties; and if so, whether the variations are transmitted to his offspring in accordance with the laws which prevail with the lower animals; such as that of the transmission of characters to the same age or sex. Again, are the variations the result, as far as our ignorance permits us to judge, of the same general causes, and are they governed by the same general laws, as in the case of other organisms; for instance, by correlation, the inherited effects of use and disuse, etc.? Is man subjected to similar malconformations, the result of arrested development, of reduplication of parts, etc., and does he display in any of his anomalies reversion to some former and ancient type of structure? It might also naturally be inquired whether man, like so many other animals, has given rise to varieties and sub-races, differing but slightly from each other, or to races differing so much that they must be classed as doubtful species? How are such races distributed over the world; and how, when crossed, do they react on each other, both in the first and succeeding generations? And so with many other points.

The inquirer would next come to the important point, whether man tends to increase at so rapid a rate, as to lead to occasional severe struggles for existence, and consequently to beneficial variations, whether in body or mind, being preserved, and injurious ones eliminated. Do the races or species of men, whichever term may be applied, encroach on and replace each other, so that some finally become extinct? We shall see that all these questions, as indeed is obvious in respect to most of them, must be answered in the affirmative, in the same manner as with the lower animals.

It is notorious that man is constructed on the same general type or model with other mammals. All the bones in his skeleton can be compared with corresponding bones in a monkey, bat, or seal. So it is with his muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, and internal viscera. The brain, the most important of all the organs, follows the same law, as shown by Huxley and other anatomists. Bischoff, who is a hostile witness, admits that every chief fissure and fold in the brain of man has its analogy in that of the orang; but he adds that at no period of development do their brains perfectly agree; nor could this be expected, for otherwise their mental powers would have been the same.

Man is liable to receive from the lower animals, and to communicate to them, certain diseases, as hydrophobia, variola, the glanders, etc.; and this fact proves the close similarity of their tissues and blood, both in minute structure and composition, far more plainly than does their comparison under the best microscope, or by the aid of the best chemical analysis. Monkeys are liable to many of the same non-contagious diseases as we are; thus Rengger, who carefully observed for a long time the *Cebus Azarae* in its native land, found it liable to catarrh, with the usual symptoms, and which when often recurrent led to consumption. These monkeys suffered also from apoplexy, inflammation of the bowels, and cataract in the eye. The younger ones when shedding their milk-teeth often died from fever. Medicines produced the same effect on them as on us. Many kinds of monkeys have a strong taste for tea, coffee, and spirituous liquors: they will also, as I have myself seen, smoke tobacco with pleasure. Brehm asserts that the natives of northeastern Africa catch the wild baboons by exposing vessels with strong beer, by which they are made drunk. He has seen some of these animals, which he kept in confinement, in this state; and he gives a laughable account of their behavior and strange grimaces. On the following morning they were very cross and dismal; they held their aching heads with both hands, and wore a most pitiable expression; when beer or wine was offered them, they turned away with disgust, but relished the juice of lemons.

* The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex. By Charles Darwin. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co.

An American monkey, an *Ateles*, after getting drunk on brandy, would never touch it again, and thus was wiser than many men. These trifling facts prove how similar the nerves of taste must be in monkeys and man, and how similarly their whole nervous system is affected.

Man is infested with internal parasites, sometimes causing fatal effects, and is plagued by external parasites, all of which belong to the same genera or families with those infesting other mammals. Man is subject like other mammals, birds, and even insects, to that mysterious law, which causes certain normal processes, such as gestation, as well as the maturation and duration of various diseases, to follow lunar periods. His wounds are repaired by the same process of healing; and the stumps left after the amputation of his limbs occasionally possess, especially during an early embryonic period, some power of regeneration, as in the lowest animals.

The whole process of that most important function, the reproduction of the species, is strikingly the same in all mammals, from the first act of courtship by the male to the birth and nurturing of the young. Monkeys are born in almost as helpless a condition as our own infants; and in certain genera the young differ fully as much in appearance from the adults, as do our children from their full-grown parents. It has been urged by some writers as an important distinction, that with man the young arrive at maturity at a much later age than with any other animal: but if we look to the races of mankind which inhabit tropical countries the difference is not great, for the orang is believed not to be adult till the age of from ten to fifteen years. Man differs from woman in size, bodily strength, hairiness, etc., as well as in mind, in the same manner as do the two sexes of many mammals. It is, in short, scarcely possible to exaggerate the close correspondence in general structure, in the minute structure of the tissues, in chemical composition, and in constitution, between man and the higher animals, especially the anthropomorphic apes.

Man is developed from an ovule, about the one hundredth and twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter, which differs in no respect from the ovules of other animals. The embryo itself at a very early period can hardly be distinguished from that of other members of the vertebrate kingdom. At this period the arteries run in arch-like branches, as if to carry the blood to branchiæ which are not present in the higher vertebrata, though the slits on the sides of the neck still remain, marking their former position. At a somewhat later period, when the extremities are developed, "the feet of lizards and mammals," as the illustrious Von Baer remarks, "the wings and feet of birds, no less than the hands and feet of man, all arise from the same fundamental form." "It is," says Professor Huxley, "quite in the latter stages of development that the young human being presents marked differences from the young ape, while the latter departs as much from the dog in its developments, as the man does. Startling as this last assertion may appear to be, it is demonstrably true."

After the foregoing statements made by such high authorities, it would be superfluous on my part to give a number of borrowed details, showing that the embryo of man closely resembles that of other mammals. I will conclude with a quotation from Huxley, who, after asking, Does man originate in a different way from a dog, bird, frog, or fish? says: "The reply is not doubtful for a moment; without question, the mode of origin and the early stages of the development of man are identical with those of the animals immediately below him in the scale: without a doubt in these respects, he is far nearer to apes, than the apes are to the dog."

The bearing of the three great classes of facts now given is unmistakable. But it would be superfluous here fully to recapitulate the line of argument given in detail in my "Origin of Species." The homological construction of the whole frame in the members of the same class is intelligible, if we admit their descent from a common progenitor, together with their subsequent adaptation to diversified conditions. On any other view the similarity of pattern between the hand of a man or monkey, the foot of a horse, the flipper of a seal, the wing of a bat, etc., is utterly inexplicable. It is no scientific explanation to assert that they have all been formed on the same ideal plan. With respect to development, we can clearly understand, on the principle of variations supervening at a rather late embryonic period, and being inherited at a corresponding period, how it is that the embryos of wonderfully different forms should still retain, more or less perfectly, the structure of their common progenitor. No other explanation has ever been given of the marvellous fact that the embryo of a man, dog, seal, bat, reptile, etc., can at first hardly be distinguished from each other. In order to understand the existence of rudimentary organs, we have only to suppose that a former progenitor possessed the parts in question in a perfect state, and that under changed habits of life they became greatly reduced, either from simple disuse, or through the natural selection of those individuals which were least encumbered with a superfluous part, aided by the other means previously indicated.

Thus we can understand how it has come to pass that man, and all other vertebrate animals, have been constructed on the same general model, why they pass through the same early stages of development, and why they retain certain rudiments in common. Consequently we ought frankly to admit their community of descent; to take any other

view, is to admit that our own structure, and that of all the animals around us, is a mere snare laid to entrap our judgment. This conclusion is greatly strengthened, if we look to the members of the whole animal series, and consider the evidence derived from their affinities or classification, their geographical distribution, and geological succession. It is only our natural prejudice, and that arrogance which made our forefathers declare that they were descended from demigods, which lead us to demur to this conclusion. But the time will before long come when it will be thought wonderful that naturalists, who were well acquainted with the comparative structure and development of man and other mammals, should have believed that each was the work of a separate act of creation.

As soon as some ancient member in the great series of the Primates came, owing to a change in its manner of procuring subsistence, or to a change in the conditions of its native country, to live somewhat less on trees and more on the ground, its manner of progression would have been modified; and in this case it would have had to become either more strictly quadrupedal or bipedal. Baboons frequent hilly and rocky districts, and only from necessity climb up high trees; and they have acquired almost the gait of a dog. Man alone has become a biped; and we can, I think, partly see how he has come to assume his erect attitude, which forms one of the most conspicuous differences between him and his nearest allies. Man could not have attained his present dominant position in the world without the use of his hands, which are so admirably adapted to act in obedience to his will. As Sir C. Bell insists, "the hand supplies all instruments, and by its correspondence with the intellect gives him universal dominion." But the hands and arms could hardly have become perfect enough to have manufactured weapons, or to have hurled stones and spears with a true aim, as long as they were habitually used for locomotion and for supporting the whole weight of the body, or as long as they were especially well adapted, as previously remarked, for climbing trees. Such rough treatment would also have blunted the sense of touch, on which their delicate use largely depends. From these causes alone it would have been an advantage to man to have become a biped; but, for many actions, it is almost necessary that both arms and the whole upper part of the body should be free; and he must for this end stand firmly on his feet. To gain this great advantage, the feet have been rendered flat, and the great-toe peculiarly modified, though this has entailed the loss of the power of prehension. It accords with the principle of the division of physiological labor, which prevails throughout the animal kingdom, that, as the hands became perfected for prehension, the feet should have become perfected for support and locomotion. With some savages, however, the foot has not altogether lost its prehensile power, as shown by their manner of climbing trees and of using them in other ways.

According to a popular impression, the absence of a tail is eminently distinctive of man; but, as those apes which come nearest to man are destitute of this organ, its disappearance does not especially concern us. Nevertheless it may be well to own that no explanation, as far as I am aware, has ever been given of the loss of the tail by certain apes and man. Its loss, however, is not surprising, for it sometimes differs remarkably in length in species of the same genera: thus in some species of *Macacus* the tail is longer than the whole body, consisting of twenty-four vertebrae; in others it consists of a scarcely-visible stump, containing only three or four vertebrae. In some kinds of baboons there are twenty-five, while in the mandrill there are ten very small stunted caudal vertebrae, or, according to Cuvier, sometimes only five. This great diversity in the structure and length of the tail in animals belonging to the same genera, and following nearly the same habits of life, renders it probable that the tail is not of much importance to them; and if so, we might have expected that it would sometimes have become more or less rudimentary, in accordance with what we incessantly see with other structures. The tail almost always tapers toward the end, whether it be long or short; and this, I presume, results from the atrophy, through disuse, of the terminal muscles, together with their arteries and nerves, leading to the atrophy of the terminal bones. With respect to the os coccyx, which in man and the higher apes manifestly consists of the few basal and tapering segments of an ordinary tail, I have heard it asked how could these have become completely embedded within the body; but there is no difficulty in this respect, for in many monkeys the basal segments of the true tail are thus embedded. For instance, Mr. Murie informs me that in the skeleton of a not full-grown *Macacus inornatus*, he counted nine or ten caudal vertebrae, which altogether were only 1.8 inch in length. Of these three basal ones appeared to have been embedded; the remainder forming the free part of the tail, which was only one inch in length, and half an inch in diameter. Here, then, the three embedded caudal vertebrae plainly correspond with the four coalesced vertebrae of the human os coccyx.

As man at the present day is liable, like every other animal, to multimorph individual differences or slight variations, so no doubt were the early progenitors of man; the variations being then as now induced by the same general causes, and governed by the same general and complex laws. As all animals tend to multiply beyond their

means of subsistence, so it must have been with the progenitors of man; and this will inevitably have led to a struggle for existence and to natural selection. This latter process will have been greatly aided by the inherited effects of the increased use of parts; these two processes incessantly reacting on each other. It appears, also, as we shall hereafter see, that various unimportant characters have been acquired by man through sexual selection. An unexpected residuum of change, perhaps a large one, must be left to the assumed uniform action of those unknown agencies, which occasionally induce strongly-marked and abrupt deviations of structure in our domestic productions.

Judging from the habits of savages and of the greater number of the *Quadrumana*, primeval men, and even the ape-like progenitors of man, probably lived in society. With strictly social animals, natural selection sometimes acts indirectly on the individual, through the preservation of variations which are beneficial only to the community. A community, including a large number of well-endowed individuals, increases in number, and is victorious over other and less well-endowed communities; although each separate member may gain no advantage over the other members of the same community. With associated insects many remarkable structures, which are of little or no service to the individual or its own offspring, such as the pollen-collecting apparatus, or the sting of the worker-bee, or the great jaws of soldier-ants, have been thus acquired. With the higher social animals, I am not aware that any structure has been modified solely for the good of the community, though some are of secondary service to it. For instance, the horns of ruminants, and the great canine teeth of baboons appear to have been acquired by the males as weapons for sexual strife, but they are used in defence of the herd or troop. In regard to certain mental faculties the case, as we shall see in the following chapter, is wholly different; for these faculties have been chiefly, or even exclusively, gained for the benefit of the community; the individuals composing the community being at the same time indirectly benefited.

In regard to bodily size or strength, we do not know whether man is descended from some comparatively small species, like the chimpanzee, or from one as powerful as the gorilla; and, therefore, we cannot say whether man has become larger and stronger, or smaller and weaker, in comparison with his progenitors. We should, however, bear in mind that an animal possessing great size, strength, and ferocity, and which, like the gorilla, could defend itself from all enemies, would probably, though not necessarily, have failed to become social; and this would most effectually have checked the acquirement by man of his higher mental qualities, such as sympathy and the love of his fellow-creatures. Hence it might have been an immense advantage to man to have sprung from some comparatively weak creature.

The slight corporeal strength of man, his little speed, his want of natural weapons, etc., are more than counterbalanced, firstly by his intellectual powers, through which he has, while still remaining in a barbarous state, formed for himself weapons, tools, etc., and secondly by his social qualities, which lead him to give aid to his fellow-men, and to receive it in return. No country in the world abounds in a greater degree with dangerous beasts than Southern Africa; no country presents more fearful physical hardships than the arctic regions; yet one of the puniest races, namely, the Bushmen, maintain themselves in Southern Africa, as do the dwarfed Esquimaux in the arctic regions. The early progenitors of man were, no doubt, inferior in intellect, and probably in social disposition, to the lowest existing savages; but it is quite conceivable that they might have existed, or even flourished, if, while they gradually lost their brute-like powers, such as climbing trees, etc., they at the same time advanced in intellect. But granting that the progenitors of man were far more helpless and defenceless than any existing savages, if they had inhabited some warm continent, or large island, such as Australia or New Guinea, or Borneo (the latter island being now tenanted by the orang), they would not have been exposed to any special danger. In an area as large as one of these islands, the competition between tribe and tribe would have been sufficient, under favorable conditions, to have raised man, through the survival of the fittest, combined with the inherited effects of habit, to his present high position in the organic scale.

We are naturally led to inquire where was the birthplace of man at that stage of descent, when our progenitors diverged from the *Catharine* stock [of apes]. The fact that they belonged to this stock clearly shows that they inhabited the Old World; but not Australia nor any oceanic island, as we may infer from the laws of geographical distribution. In each great region of the world, the living mammals are closely related to the extinct species of the same region. It is therefore probable that Africa was formerly inhabited by extinct apes closely allied to the gorilla and chimpanzee; and as these two species are now man's nearest allies, it is somewhat more probable that our early progenitors lived on the African Continent, than elsewhere. But it is useless to speculate on this subject, for an ape nearly as large as a man, namely, the *Dryopithecus* of Lartet, which was closely allied to the anthropomorphous *Hylobates*, existed in Europe during the Upper Miocene period; and since so remote a period the earth has

certainly undergone many great revolutions, and there has been ample time for migration on the largest scale.

At the period and place, whenever and wherever it may have been, when man first lost his hairy covering, he probably inhabited a hot country; and this would have been favorable for a frugiferous diet, on which, judging from analogy, he subsisted. We are far from knowing how long ago it was when man first diverged from the *Catharine* stock; but this may have occurred at an epoch as remote as the Eocene period; for the higher apes had diverged from the lower apes as early as the Upper Miocene period, as shown by the existence of the *Dryopithecus*. We are also quite ignorant at how rapid a rate organisms, whether high or low in the scale, may under favorable circumstances be modified: we know, however, that some have retained the same form during an enormous lapse of time. From what we see going on under domestication, we learn that within the same period some of the co-descendants of the same species may be not at all changed, some a little, and some greatly changed. Thus it may have been with man, who has undergone a great amount of modification in certain characters in comparison with the higher apes.

We have thus far endeavored rudely to trace the genealogy of the Vertebrata by the aid of their mutual affinities. We will now look to man as he exists; and we shall, I think, be able partially to restore during successive periods, but not in due order of time, the structure of our early progenitors. This can be effected by means of the rudiments which man still retains, by the characters which occasionally make their appearance in him through reversion, and by the aid of the principles of morphology and embryology. The various facts, to which I shall here allude, have been given in the previous chapters. The early progenitors of man were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement; and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles. Their limbs and bodies were also acted on by many muscles which now only occasionally reappear, but are normally present in the *Quadrumana*. The great artery and nerve of the humerus ran through a supra-condyloid foramen. At this or some earlier period, the intestine gave forth a much larger diverticulum or caecum than that now existing. The foot, judging from the condition of the great-toe in the foetus, was then prehensile; and our progenitors, no doubt, were arboreal in their habits, frequenting some warm, forest-clad land. The males were provided with great canine teeth, which served them as formidable weapons.

At a much earlier period the uterus was double; the excreta were voided through a cloaca; and the eye was protected by a third eyelid or nictitating membrane. At a still earlier period the progenitors of man must have been aquatic in their habits; for morphology plainly tells us that our lungs consist of a modified swim-bladder, which once served as a float. The clefts on the neck in the embryo of man show where the branchiae once existed. At about this period the true kidneys were replaced by the corpora Wolffiana. The heart existed as a simple pulsating vessel; and the chorda dorsalis took the place of a vertebral column. These early predecessors of man, thus seen in the dim recesses of time, must have been as lowly organized as the lancelet or amphioxus, or even still more lowly organized.

The most ancient progenitors in the kingdom of the Vertebrata, at which we are able to obtain an obscure glance, apparently consisted of a group of marine animals, resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians. These animals probably gave rise to a group of fishes, as lowly organized as the lancelet; and from these the Ganoids, and other fishes like the *Lepidosiren*, must have been developed. From such fish a very small advance would carry us on to the amphibians. We have seen that birds and reptiles were once intimately connected together; and the *Monotremata* now, in a slight degree, connect mammals with reptiles. But no one can at present say by what line of descent the three higher and related classes, namely, mammals, birds, and reptiles, were derived from either of the two lower vertebrate classes, namely, amphibians and fishes. In the class of mammals the steps are not difficult to conceive which led from the ancient *Monotremata* to the ancient *Marsupials*; and from these to the early progenitors of the placental mammals. We may thus ascend to the *Lemuridae*; and the interval is not wide from these to the *Simiadae*. The *Simiadae* then branched off into two great stems, the New World and Old World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the Universe, proceeded.

Thus we have given to man a pedigree of prodigious length, but not, it may be said, of noble quality. The world, it has often been remarked, appears as if it had long been preparing for the advent of man; and this, in one sense, is strictly true, for he owes his birth to a long line of progenitors. If any single link in this chain had never existed, man would not have been exactly what he now is. Unless we wilfully close our eyes, we may, with our present knowledge, approximately recognize our parentage; nor need we feel ashamed of it. The most humble organism is something much higher than the inorganic dust under our feet; and no one with an unbiased mind can study any living creature, however humble, without being struck with enthusiasm at its marvellous structure and properties.

TABLE-TALK.

THE current American notions of France

have been generally formed from superficial acquaintance with Paris, and a few famous authors like Voltaire, Rousseau, and the modern novelists. But France and French character are suggestive of much more than Paris, and Voltaire, and the novel-writers. What most of us know about France is limited to the external aspects of Paris-life and to the Parisian writers. But these, though naturally having the ascendancy of all light and sparkling bodies, represent only the most superficial traits of French character. The varied elements of race and of temperaments, the opposed and diverse moral and intellectual materials of France, are sufficient to show the fallacy of generalizations which represent the Frenchman as a giddy, extravagant, irreligious, immoral being. Outside of the whirl of Paris, France has engendered men of as cold and hard a temperament as Scotland's Knox, or New-England's Edwards; soldiers as obstinate as Grant; statesmen as pure as Washington and lofty as Burke; she has produced Calvin, the root of a vast and sturdy religious democracy; Descartes, the great reformer and liberator of European intellect, who is said to have done for the intellectual world what Luther commenced in the ecclesiastical world; Pascal, than whom no English moralist is more grave, and precise, and searching; and L'Hôpital, the wise and disinterested statesman. The Frenchmen most widely celebrated, like Voltaire and De Musset, for vivacity and shallowness, and yet for penetrating and stimulative wit, are, after all, like the light and sparkling wine of Champagne, significant of but a part of France. We must not overlook the crafty and quarrelsome Norman; we must make room for what Burgundy has given to France, the richest wine and the grandest eloquence, both of which suffer by transportation; fervid and splendid types, like Bossuet and Mirabeau. The truth is, the great renown of France is the result of the variety and keenness, the gravity and depth, the vast and multiform genius, she has engendered on her soil and nourished by her civilization. Her genius has been light, and keen, and irreverent, in the head, at Paris, but strong, opulent, heroic, at the extremities. Her greatest soldiers, thinkers, and orators, have come from the provinces, and from them again must come her salvation, now that her Parisian head is powerless to deliver her from her enemies. Duguesclin, Montmorency, Turenne, Marshal Saxe, Bonaparte—these great soldiers came from the provinces of France, and likewise the thinkers and statesmen, L'Hôpital, Descartes, Pascal, Richelieu, Montesquieu, and Mirabeau. The sad and patient Trochu comes from Brittany, which is said to afford the most unyielding element of the French nation, certainly the most devoted and religious, in the Protestant sense of the term, which is fidelity to an exalted sense of duty. The truth is, French character is about as multiform and many-sided as we can possibly conceive; and yet such is the force of prejudice, that among the English-speaking nations French

character is but another term for frivolity and irreligion. This, in spite of the fact that the historic life of France has afforded the great representative types of character, from Rabelais and Montaigne to Voltaire and Rônan; the type of Christian sweetness in Fénelon, the type of controversial and haughty power in Bossuet, of Protestant plainness and logic in Pascal, of genial humanity in Molière, of poetic sensibility in Lamartine, of poetic genius in Victor Hugo and George Sand, of intellectual discrimination in Saint-Beuve, of piety and grace in Eugénie de Guérin. If we would appreciate the French, we must understand the measure of the influence of these men and women, and we must be able to give an account of them, before we can presume to talk about French character, which is not one but many sided in its historical manifestations.

— "It is no doubt good," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, commenting on the fact that Christian kindness should not too exclusively limit its manifestations to Christmas, "to give coals and blankets to some of the poor once a year, and by so doing a certain amount of individual suffering is to a slight extent mitigated, but the root of pauperism remains untouched—nor shall we ever reach it by one day's digging. To lift the poorer classes in this country from the wretchedness of their existence, and to bring cleanliness, order, and comfort into their dwellings, requires a long-sustained and united effort on the part of their less afflicted brethren. It is not by putting a little food in their troughs, and leaving them in their pigstyes, that we shall benefit the poor. They require lifting from the state of degradation into which we have suffered them to fall; our dealings with them should be dictated by common-sense rather than by what we call charity. We should endeavor to place the blessings of civilization within their reach, instead of expecting them to live like Christians while they herd like pigs; but we shall never do this so long as we sit wrapped in the robes of respectability, serenely smiling at the thought of our own goodness, and forgetting that our hearts should be as evergreen as the Christmas holly that adorns our houses." Without disputing the excellence of this sentiment, we may ask whether the *Pall Mall Gazette* imagines that, by any form of alms-giving, the poorer classes can be lifted from the wretchedness of their existence? So far, experience shows us that poverty increases with the poor-rates, and that dispensations of charity seem, as a whole, to rather multiply need than to remove it. Certain stern economists are of opinion that the sole means of preventing impoverishment is in rigidly enforcing prudence and forethought, by compelling people who neglect the practice of those virtues to suffer the full consequences of their indolence, their heedlessness, or their vicious indulgences. This seems very harsh. But every one knows how the inexorable laws of Nature enforce caution and care. That fire will burn and water drown, are facts accepted without any reserve, and no one expects charity or tenderness from Nature when he disregards her obvious laws. Perhaps a similar inexorable consequence of a neglect of the laws of society would in the end be favorable.

But charity and good feeling are likely always to interpose and save men from at least a measure of those sufferings which otherwise would inevitably follow as the harvest of the seed they have sown. But the poverty, the misery, the suffering of the world, demand our care and consideration, even if the economists be right. Charity, indeed, can only "skin and film the ulcerous place;" something else is needed to reach to the root of social distress, and whoever can discover this will give the world the grandest Christmas-gift devised since the institution of the day. "In England," says Victor Hugo, "there is excellent accumulation of wealth, but very bad distribution." With a better distribution of the products of labor, would come those ambitions that lead to education and social elevation. Education, indeed, may be a necessary preliminary to this better distribution, and, as the problem of how to secure this more just equalization of wealth is one not likely soon to be solved, it may well be considered whether general, and perhaps compulsory, education, is not the thing nearest to the hand to do. A compulsory education is intensely repugnant to the prejudices of most of us, but, if we do not mistake the signs of the times, it is on the cards for the future. Even in England, where the intervention of government in personal matters is more resisted than almost anywhere else, the need of compulsory education is now widely discussed, and appears to be rapidly gaining adherents. The welfare, security, almost the existence of society, it is claimed, depend upon the elevation of the lower classes, and to this end there seems nothing so important as a general education.

— The history of literature is marked by its distinct eras, but contemporaries probably often fail to perceive the ending or the beginning of these periods. The undulations of a highway are scarcely noted as we travel over them; but at a distance, or in perspective, the distinct features of the ground become more obvious. It will be much more apparent ages hence than it is now that the close of the present decade is the definite completion of a literary era. And yet we have only to carefully survey the ground, even from our present point of view, to see how clearly the death of Charles Dickens has completed, in literature, the history of a certain humorous epoch, illuminated by the genius of such men as Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Albert Smith, Mark Lemon, and John Leech. We have included in this list a famous draughtsman, because mention of the great humorous lights of the period just closed would be incomplete without the name of Leech, who has been happily described as the Dickens of the pencil. The text to his pictures, moreover, was often as happy as the designs themselves, and gave him place among the writers. The group we have named—and there are other humorists, both of the pen and pencil, that might be included—forms a class of which there are no survivors and no successors. Reade, Wilkie Collins, Kingsley, George Eliot, and Trollope, form a distinct group. Of humorous or satirical writers in England, there are now very few, indeed, and no one of note. While we discover none upon

whom the mantle of Thackeray or Dickens can fall, we see no indications of a new method. The new school of humorous literature seems to be purely American; and the country so prodigal in wit and humor—which boasts of the comedies of Shakespeare and Sheridan; of the novels of Fielding, Smollett, Thackeray, and Dickens; of the writings of Swift and Sterne; of the essays of Lamb and Sydney Smith—is now heartily accepting the new and fantastic humors of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain, and extending even a cordial hospitality to our latest star, Bret Harte. What new form humor will take in English literature, no one, perhaps, can say; but, until this era arrives, we are only grateful of an opportunity to furnish our cousin Bull with first-rate specimens of a bran-new article, which we trust he will appreciate as heartily as we have his long excellent and unrivalled productions in the same line.

— The literary sensation of the month is evidently the publication of the first volume of Darwin's long-expected work on "The Descent of Man," from which we give copious extracts in this number of the JOURNAL. The specimens we have selected are sufficient to indicate the startling conclusions at which Mr. Darwin has arrived, though, of course, they are not extensive enough to show the elaborate process of reasoning by which he reaches these conclusions. It will be seen that he assumes without hesitation or qualification that man has descended, or rather we should say ascended, by gradual development, regulated by the principle of natural selection, from the lowest point of animal life. In other words, man was not specially created, but has been developed from some species of ape or monkey, which species was itself developed from some other kind of animal, thus going backward to the clam and the oyster, and even beyond, until we find the germs of every thing in the nebulous matter, or whatever it was, that first existed in the universe. All this process of development has been carried on, not by the Deity, but by Nature, exercising an occult power of selection, by which the best and strongest members of every species are preserved, and variations made which grow by successive advances into new species. This doctrine, of course, will be regarded by many as atheistic, though it does not necessarily exclude the idea of God as the Creator or First Source at the beginning. It conflicts, however, most positively with the Scriptural declaration that God specially created man and the lower animals, not by a slow process of development, but by a direct exercise of power. Aside from theological objection to it, we think every intelligent reader of the book will perceive that, with all the author's ability and ingenuity, his argument is little better than a string of assumptions, and that the facts on which he relies to prove his theory of development may all be explained by half a dozen other theories. He has not been able to find in the whole range of Nature one single proof to confirm his assumptions. Not the slightest trace has been discovered of a monkey changing into a man, of a bear becoming a whale, or of a fish growing into a land animal. Even the principle of natural selection

on which his whole scheme depends seems to us, as he has extended it, to be mainly arbitrary and imaginary, and to have little real scientific basis.

— Our comments in another paragraph, in regard to alms-giving, embody sentiments quite likely to excite the indignation of many worthy people. When a fire is raging in the house, they will argue, the inmates must be rescued without regard to how far culpable they have been in causing the conflagration. Very true. And yet this illustration brings to mind very good evidence as to the advantages of holding people rigidly to the consequences of their own indiscretions. In Paris, fire insurance never covers a loss upon the premises where the fire originated. Insurance only secures one against the carelessness of his neighbors, but gives him no immunity for his own. This would seem, at first glance, to entail a great deal of suffering upon innocent and unfortunate people, but the exact result is that there are no fires in Paris—or almost none. This is a great contrast with American cities, where everybody is insured against loss in case of fire, and where fires are so abundant that rates of insurance have steadily increased, and companies incautiously managed are almost certain to succumb to an accumulation of losses.

— The *New York Evening Post*, whose standard of taste is very high, and whose critical judgment is rarely at fault, compliments highly a recent number of the JOURNAL, which it says "is now printed on delicate tinted paper, and makes a beautiful appearance." Our tinted paper, in fact, we regard as an improvement which will in time strongly commend itself to readers of taste and discernment. It adds greatly to the beauty of our illustrations, the full effect of which can hardly be obtained on white paper, as all connoisseurs in art are aware.

— In the JOURNAL of January 28th, an error of the press occurred in the article "A Visit to Mauch Chunk," by which persons designing to visit that quaint little town would be grievously misled. Mauch Chunk is not reached in "five hours from New York by the *New-York Central*," as so positively stated, but by the *New-Jersey Central*—an error easily made, but a distinction with a very great difference indeed.

Literary Notes.

J. R. OSGOOD & CO. have published, in one volume, a complete edition of the poems of the late George Arnold, including I., "Drift, and other Poems," and II., "Poems Grave and Gay." The poems are prefaced with a gracefully-written memoir of the author by Mr. William Winter. Mr. Winter's estimate of Arnold, as a poet, will generally be accepted by the friends and admirers of one who died too young. "I believe," says Mr. Winter, "that Arnold will be recognized as truly a poet—as one, that is, who knew and worshipped and could interpret the beautiful; who understood, by poetic intuition, the heart of man and the sanctity of Nature; who felt, therefore, the deep, latent tragedy of human life, and heard the voice of God in rustling leaf and babbling brook and murmuring surges

of ocean; who widely sympathized with the aspirations of humanity, desiring that happiness might prevail as the fruit of justice; who uttered, in admirable forms of art, the truth which he saw and felt, and the ideal for which he longed; and who preserved, through care and sin and sorrow, a simple nature, a true heart, and perfect faith in goodness and beauty."

"Life and Nature under the Tropics; or, Sketches of Travels among the Andes, and on the Orinoco, Rio Negro, and Amazons," is a narrative by Messrs. H. M. and P. V. N. Myers, of a scientific expedition from Williams College to the tropical regions of South America, in the summer of 1867. The expedition was formed in two divisions: one proceeding from Caracas, upon the northern coast, penetrated to the Amazon by the course of the Orinoco and Rio Negro; the other, crossing the continent from the west, ascending the Andes to Quito, thence descending the slope of the Eastern Cordillera to the Rio Napo, and down this river, by canoe, to the Amazon. The scientific results of the western branch have already been given to the public by Professor Orton, and this work, while briefly referring to that division, gives mainly the results of the authors' own observations. The greater portion of the work is devoted to the Orinoco, Rio Negro, and the Andes, with two chapters only to the Amazon. The narrative is animated, vivid, and highly interesting, and by no means needs the apology given by the authors, of being "in our boyish way." "A boyish way" is often a very fresh, bright, and pleasant way.

D. Appleton & Co. have just published "General Surgical Pathology and Therapeutics, in Fifty Lectures, a Text-book for Students and Physicians, by Dr. Theodor Billroth, Professor of Surgery in Vienna, translated from the fourth German edition, with the special permission of the author, by Charles E. Hackley, A. M., M. D., Surgeon to the New-York Eye and Ear Infirmary," etc. Professor Billroth, one of the most noted authorities on surgical pathology, has, in the present volume, given us a complete *résumé* of the existing state of knowledge in this branch of medical science—a knowledge which, during the past ten years, the microscope has greatly advanced, and which, perhaps, has made more progress in Germany than elsewhere. Professor Billroth's work has reached four editions in Germany, and has been translated into French, Italian, Russian, Hungarian, and now into English—facts which should be some guarantee of its standing.

G. P. Putnam & Son have published, in one volume, an abridgment of Washington Irving's "Life of Washington." The five volumes, comprising the original work, are here compacted in one volume, by means of a condensation that omits no facts or incidents in the career of Washington, and yet retains the language of the author. This abridgment is designed for students, schools, or those who may desire in the family a compact volume which shall include both a history of the Revolution and a life of its most conspicuous leader. The abridgment is flowing, easy, connected, and gives no evidence of excision.

The Rev. W. W. Skent is engaged on a new edition of "Chatterton," for Messrs. Bell & Daldy's "Aldine Series," in which he is tracing to their sources Chatterton's ludicrous mistakes in the use of early English words; and at the same time showing what very good poetry Chatterton's lines make when turned into the modern English they were first

written in. The ignorance of old English among Chatterton's contemporaries must have been very far greater than that which now prevails. Mr. Edward Bell is to write the "Life of Chatterton" that will accompany Mr. Skeat's edition of the poet's works.

Signor Gaspare Barbèra, the most enterprising of Italian publishers, has just issued a republication of Dante's "Divina Commedia," with the valuable comments of Signor Andreoli, in one volume, which is sold for the very low price of thirty-eight cents. Still cheaper is the volume which contains the "Rime" of Petrarch, with Ambrosoli's notes and Leopardi's interpretations, of which the price is only nineteen cents. Thus, Dante and Petrarch are brought within the means of every student of Italian literature.

The "Dictionary of the Judges of England" comprises notices of upward of sixteen hundred judges. It is remarkable that among them there are only three Browns and three Smiths, and that there is no Robinson. As a body, their respectability, or their fortune, may be inferred from the fact that only one of them has been, in the space of eight hundred years, sentenced to be hanged, and that even on him the extreme penalty of the law was not carried into effect.

The "Alta California" of December 29th sets at rest a current story by the following: "It is stated that Frank Bret Harte has received offers from publishers of Eastern magazines, to write twelve articles for five thousand dollars. This has been declined, and Mr. Harte will continue in the editorial chair of the *Overland Monthly*. And San Francisco is right in thinking that it could not afford to spare him. And he is right in staying on the soil from which his genius has drawn such fruits."

"A Defence of the German Classical Writers" against recent attacks, especially Goethe and Lessing, by A. Bode, takes up the cudgels in their behalf, on the score of profligacy and self-admiration as respects Goethe, and of a fanatical hatred of Christianity as concerns Lessing, but in fact contributes little new information concerning those much-criticised celebrities.

Six new ballads, by Charles G. Leland, with the title of "Hans Breitmann as a Uhlan," have recently been published in London, and will soon be issued in Philadelphia by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. The brief tract by the same author, "France, Alsace, and Lorraine," published soon after the breaking out of the war, has been very favorably received abroad.

The concluding volume of Schelling's "Correspondence," of which his recent biography mainly consists, has been published in Leipsic. With the exception of several letters to Victor Cousin, it is chiefly addressed to relatives and disciples, and mixes up profound philosophical discussions with the familiar topics of the day in a somewhat odd compound.

G. P. Putnam & Son will shortly issue "Ghardaia; or, Ninety Days in the Desert of Sahara." It describes a journey from Algiers across the Atlas Mountains to Ghardaia, the great oasis of the Desert of Sahara. This work is by Dr. Naphegyi, a Hungarian gentleman residing in New York.

D. Appleton & Co. have published, in one volume, the third and fourth parts of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology"—Part III., General Synthesis, and Part IV., Special Synthesis. The previous parts of this great

work were, "The Data of Psychology," and "The Induction of Psychology."

Mr. Halliwell has discovered that Shakespeare's company of actors visited Bristol in the summer of the year 1597. Mr. Halliwell made this discovery in the course of an examination of the municipal archives of the city, in search of materials for his forthcoming work on the early English stage.

Mr. Hotten is preparing to bring out, in a collected form, the amusing "Comic Almanack," which Mr. George Cruikshank illustrated during some nineteen years, and to which Hood, Albert Smith, A'Beckett, the Mayhews, and others, contributed. The series extends from 1835 to 1853.

Among German works announced are Rudolf von Raumer's "History of Germanic Philology, especially in Germany;" Karl Müllenhoff's "German Antiquities," vol. i.; E. L. Rochholz's "Three Local Goddesses, Walburg, Verena, and Gertrude, as German Saints."

It is announced that the Princess Louise, with the express consent of her majesty, has accepted the dedication of Mr. Robert Buchanan's work on the Highlands, and that the book will appear immediately, under the title of "Hebrides and the Land of Lorn."

Mr. Frederick Myers, author of "St. Paul, and other Poems," is engaged on a "History of French Literature," similar in scope and aim to M. Taine's book on "English Literature."

The memoir of H. W. Longfellow by Rossetti, in the illustrated English edition of his works, is said to be "wisely critical, and worthy of the pen of one accustomed to deal with poets of the calibre of Wordsworth and Shelley."

The poet, Robert Buchanan, has in the press a lyrical drama, entitled "Napoleon Fallen," the scene of which is laid in the castle of Wilhelmshöhe, after the surrender of Sedan.

A new edition of Freiligrath's poems is announced in Stuttgart, to which romantic town the patriotic lyrist of Germany has retired from his protracted residence in foreign lands.

"The Autobiography of Lord Brougham" is announced as nearly ready for publication by Blackwood.

"A Life of Washington Irving," in German, by Adolph Laun, a popular writer, has been published in Berlin.

War Notes.

A Dinner with Bismarck.

A MEMBER of the Spanish embassy in Paris, M. Angel de Miranda, who left the city during the siege, and afterward dined at Count Bismarck's house at Versailles, has just published a pamphlet in which he makes some very curious revelations of the conversation he had with the count while they sat together, after dinner, over their wine. M. de Miranda's story, however, must not be taken too literally. "The house," he says, "is in one of the darkest streets of dark Versailles; it is humble in appearance, and almost bare. The heat in the anteroom was stifling; huge military cloaks and enormous boots littered the floor; and in a corner there were a dozen clerks sorting papers." On entering with his escort,

a Prussian lieutenant of hussars, he was received by Herr Hatzfeld, the head of the Chancellor's Cabinet, at whose appearance the lieutenant assumed that attitude of stiff submission which Heine once said "makes Prussian officers look as if they had swallowed the stick with which they had been beaten." The room in which Count Bismarck received M. de Miranda was full of smoke, and even hotter than the anteroom. Two candles stuck into bottles were burning on the mantel-piece; in the middle was a rickety table, on which were placed a jug of beer and four silver tankards. The count, after closely cross-examining his visitor as to the state in which he left Paris and the manner in which he crossed the Prussian lines, asked him to remain to dinner, adding that he had already dined himself, and begged M. de Miranda to excuse his being present, as he had some pressing work to do. After dinner the chancellor came in, and, seating himself astride on a chair opposite his guest, called for some Burgundy. Eight bottles were brought in. Count Bismarck tasted the first; it was Nuits, and he did not like it. A second bottle was opened, and the count, after tasting it, exclaimed: "Excellent! That's Romanée." M. de Miranda then complimented the chancellor on his cellar; but the latter assured him that the wine came from the Hôtel des Réservoirs, as he paid religiously for all he consumed, and refused on principle to take any thing on requisition. The conversation next turned on the state of Paris. M. de Miranda having observed that the Parisians were determined to resist to the last, the count said he did not believe they would hold out long, as it was merely the self-love of the Parisians which prevents them from surrendering. "In any case," he added, "we will wait, if necessary, but we will enter Paris. The king has quite made up his mind, although he wants to spare the Parisians as much as possible, not to sign peace except at the Tuileries." M. de Miranda then asked whether the count had no fears of a European intervention. "None whatever," was the reply; "the neutrals are at least as much our friends as those of France . . . besides which," he added, significantly, "each of them will, I think, have enough to do to look after its own affairs before long." As to M. Thiers's mission, the count said, "its real object was much less to make peace than to bring about a restoration of the house of Orleans." "I don't think," rejoined M. de Miranda, "that people in Paris thought so. In any case it was said that Russia and England had agreed to interfere." This idea seemed supremely ridiculous to Count Bismarck. "Russia and England agree!" he exclaimed; at the same time laughing loudly, with a glance full of meaning at Count Hatzfeld. "And you Spaniards, are you also going to enter into this terrible coalition against us? I expected that in this war you would have been our allies . . . so much so that the day after war was declared, I asked Marshal Prim what contingent Spain would send us. I was much surprised to see him withdraw from the consequences of his policy. . . . Tell him to reflect. . . . The Latin race is used up; it has accomplished great things, but now its destiny is at an end. . . . The Germanic race is young, vigorous, as full of virtue and initiative as you were formerly. It is to the Northern peoples that the future belongs, and they have only just commenced to play the glorious part which they are destined to fulfil for the good of humanity." "These words," says M. de Miranda, "were spoken with an animation which seemed to exclude all idea of mystification or duplicity. . . . The chancellor spoke as if he were thinking aloud." Then, resuming the

subject of the war, Count Bismarck said that if the present government still refused to treat after the capture of Paris, the Germans will occupy Paris and France "as long as may be necessary." "We will find a government that will treat at last, even if it were that of Robert Macaire. The principal thing we want is to make peace on the conditions we ask . . . the rest to us matters little. And, after all, who can say that the emperor will not return—or, at least, his dynasty? . . . I should not be surprised to see the majority of the nation recall him. . . . *Petit bonhomme vit encore!*" he added, with a laugh; then, turning to Herr von Hatzfeld, "By-the-by, I have just received a telegram; he is coming to-morrow." The individual here alluded to, M. de Miranda afterward found to be General Boyer, the emissary of Marshal Bazaine. "Whatever may be our conditions of peace," Count Bismarck proceeded, "France is too vain ever to forgive us for her defeats. She would in any case make war again as soon as she was strong enough. Our policy, in the interest both of Germany and of all Europe, must therefore be to diminish the territory of France as much as possible, so as to make her unable for a long time to disturb the general peace." The count added, alluding to the proposed annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, that it was the will of the king, and this was enough. "The French, accustomed to be the plaything of political adventurers, cannot understand our respect for the monarchy. In our country there is no sovereign will but that of the king. . . . I am only the instrument of his political will, as the generals are the instruments of his military will. When his majesty expresses a wish, it is my duty to propose the means of realizing it, and it is my glory sometimes to succeed in this task. At this moment, however, my actions are absolutely subordinate to those of the military leaders, who are not always of my opinion." This closed the conversation, which had lasted three hours.

Paris in Siege.

Evening lectures *à propos* of the situation are in course of delivery at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, where General Morin discourses upon the action of powder in fire-arms, and the warming and ventilating of ambulances; Professor Baron Dupin treats of the principles of fortification, strong places, entrenched camps, advanced works, and various accessory defences; Professor Treseu discusses the application of the general principles of mechanics to the construction of engines and machines of war; and Professor Payen descants on alimentary substances in reference to the siege—on meat, blood, gristle, bones, and fat, the theory of nutrition, and similar topics. The most attractive evening amusement appears, however, to be provided at the Paris shooting-galleries, notably those in the Boulevard St.-Michel, where something like half a dozen of these establishments are situated, at which ambitious marksmen are nightly obliged to form a *queue* while awaiting their turns to take aim.

If you are, however, neither for the Paris clubs, the Arts-et-Métiers lectures, nor even for pistol-practice, you are forced to resort to the dimly-lighted boulevards, where you find more than two-thirds of the shops closed, and fully two-thirds of the public lamps unlighted. You take your seat in some more or less deserted *café*; for it is only on special evenings, when rumors abound, that these establishments are at all thronged—before which, while you sip your *mazagran* and puff your *Londres*, the evening papers are noisily hawked. You know, however, that they are unlikely to con-

tain any news, unless by chance an old number of some London daily journal has found its way into Paris through the Prussian lines, when the struggle in front of the *kiosks* to secure copies and learn what has been lately passing in the world outside—for Paris has at length come to feel that she is no longer the world in herself—will be most exciting. Naturally, all the conversation at the *cafés* has reference to the war; and, on days when any thing like an engagement has taken place, the most extravagant rumors ordinarily circulate regarding the number of Prussian prisoners taken and the number of Prussian soldiers slain. Then all the talk will be of listening to no terms of peace until every Prussian has been chased from the national soil. Thus it is the Parisians persist in deceiving themselves with illusions after three months of utmost unvarying reverses.

If you stroll along the boulevards, you no longer encounter those seemingly light-hearted pedestrians whom you commonly associate with the spot; but, in place of them, men more or less grave-looking, and not unfrequently positively depressed, wearing the eternal and perpetual red stripes down the sides of their trousers, with just a few *flâneurs* and such *bouches inutiles* as managed to elude Préfet Kératry's minute researches, besides a swarm of beggars and itinerant traders and musicians. With their stalls placed against the shutters of the closed shops, and by the light of one or more guttering candles, hawkers of purses and photographs, songs and sword-sticks, and, above all, of scurrilous pamphlets and caricatures, will importune passers-by to purchase their worthless wares. "*Demandez la Plainte de Ratapoil Badinquet!*" "*Demandez le Sire de Framboisy, dont la femme danse le cancan avec tous ses amis!*" "*Demandez la femme Bonaparte, ses crimes et ses orgies!*" assail your ears in succession. Every now and then you find your progress interrupted by a knot of open-air politicians, vehemently discussing "the situation," declaiming against an armistice, and demanding that the *sortie* in force be no longer delayed; or a crowd encircling a group of juvenile street-singers, who have endeavored to illuminate the surrounding obscurity by ends of lighted candles placed on the ground in front of them; or gathered round an old man who professes to imitate the notes of all the song-birds; or congregated before a one-legged player on the accordion, who, seated on a camp-stool, rests his wooden leg on a little mat, while a couple of conical-looking dogs, one holding a pipe, the other a tray, in his mouth, squat gravely on other mats in front of him. A row of four wax-candles, protected from the wind by glass shades, light up this singular exhibition, which, now that so little suffices to amuse the Parisians, nightly attracts a considerable crowd.

As may be supposed, the *Petite Bourse* of the Passage de l'Opéra has entirely suspended its operations, and the *cabinets particuliers* of the *Café Anglais* and the *Maison Dorée* are dark and deserted—not a dinner or a supper has been served in *le grand siège* since the city was first invested. Before the doors of the theatres there are neither carriages nor noisy *touters* nor jostling crowds. A few people will perhaps stop for a moment when some *voiture* drives up at a slow pace and deposits a wounded soldier into one or the other ambulance.

The weary evening has at last whiled itself away. At half-past ten the last lights in the *cafés* are put out, and the *cafés* themselves are closed. You walk home through the silent and deserted streets, utterly regardless of the midnight robber who used to be in wait in gloomy *portes cochères*; for you know that armed men

are certain to be within call even in the least-frequented thoroughfares. Suddenly footsteps are heard approaching, and a sombre mass turns a corner of the boulevard, and proves to be a patrol of National Guards defiling past in silence. Occasionally they direct their steps to some lofty house, where a light has been seen moving *au cinquième*, and forthwith proceed to arrest the astonished occupant of the attic on the pretence that he has been signalling to the Prussians, of whom, although we see them not, we are incessantly reminded, and more than ever at this moment, when the distant booming of the cannon breaks the stillness of the night.

Parisian Dinners.

From a Paris Letter, November 29, 1870.

In ordinary times, when all Europe laid itself under contribution to enable Paris to dine sumptuously, with the majority of Parisians their dinner formed the serious occupation of the day; and even now, with empty larders and a girdle of half a million Prussians encircling us to prevent our replenishing them, the *menu* is still a matter of the gravest consideration. We have indulged in dishes which the *gourmets* of the Anthropological Society of London might well envy: bear, buffalo, and bison; yak, elk, and reindeer; ostrich, swan, and cassowary; dog, cat, rat, and guinea-pig—not to mention mule and ass. In a very few days, however, we shall all be constrained to revert to "the noblest conquest ever made by man over Nature," as Buffon grandly puts it, the supply of which is believed to be still considerable. Of course, after having devoured your three-days' rations at a single sitting, even if you restrict yourself to one meal *per diem*, you have to dine at a restaurant until your rationing day comes round again, and in this case require to exercise some discretion with respect to the establishment you patronize. If your purse is sufficiently long to admit of your expending a napoleon on wine to every franc's worth of animal food you consume, the entire resources of Paris will be open to you at Bignon's or Brebant's while you may be quite certain that those restaurants which offer you "*Filet Chateaubriand* and *filet de bœuf aux champignons*," *ad libitum*, simply serve you "*la viande de cheval*" under this assumed guise. Customers feeling perfectly satisfied of this will jocularly order "*un filet de cheval sans sel (selle)*." Indeed, this almost universal consumption of horseflesh has given rise to endless pleasantries. When the government first decided to fix the price of horse, people inquired whether it would be by the hour or by distance, and it has recently been suggested to change the habitual formula "*Monsieur est servi*" into "*Monsieur à cheval*." Only the other day I observed three slaughtered horses being delivered, between the lights, as we say, at the Grand Hôtel. The celebrated *table d'hôte* at this establishment having been but poorly attended for weeks past, one has observed a standing advertisement in the newspapers to the effect that "any respectably-dressed person will be admitted to dine there at eight francs per head, wine not included," apparently anticipating a rush of blouses at this figure. Eight francs per head for unquestionable horseflesh, the prime parts of which are sold by government decree at nine pence per pound, looks very like famine prices. At certain restaurants strangers are politely informed that dinners are only served to the regular *clientèle* who have handed over their ration-cards to the proprietor; and, at the *établissements de bouillon*, where most of the Garde Mobile dine when not on duty at the ramparts or the advanced forts, and which on

this account appear to be favored as regards their meat-supply, a notice has appeared for weeks past over their doors, warning customers that by order of the authorities only one plate of meat will be supplied to each person—said plate, too, consisting of certainly not more than half a dozen mouthfuls. Should you decide to patronize one of the “prix fixe” establishments, such as the “Diner de Paris” and the like, the following is the style of *menu* that will be submitted to your choice:

Hors-d'œuvres.—Sardines à l'huile, Saucisson de Lyon (ass or horse, but commonly understood to be the former), Boudin de table arille, and Boudin noir et blanc (horse).

Potages.—Vermicelle, Consomme, Pâté d'Italie (the bouillon, or soupe, being, of course, made of horseflesh.)

Poisson.—Morue saled, Harengs saurs.

Entrées.—Pieds de mouton poulette, Foie sauté Lyonnaise, Rognons sautés (bullock's or horse's liver, repeated in another form), Bœuf à la Bourgogne (horseflesh), Bœuf fumé façon Hambourg (ditto), Cœurs de mouton au riz, Côtelettes de porc saled, Filet de mulet à la reine d'Espagne, Tripe à la mode de Caen.

Rôtis.—Anon rôti (juvenile donkey).

Volaille.—None.

Gibier.—None.

Légumes.—Salsifis frits, Choux, Pommes de terre sautées.

Entremets.—Beignets soufflés, Gelée aux fruits.

Dessert.—Noix, Noisettes.

Fromage.—None.

The deputation of the Federal Parliament, which is to offer the crown of Germany to King William, is headed by President Simson, who, as Speaker of the Frankfort Parliament of 1848, made the same offer, but in vain, to King William's brother and predecessor.

Miscellany.

Alexandre Dumas.

PARIS was undoubtedly, above all European cities and capitals, a centre and focus of the human intellect, of the liberal arts, and of all the graces and accomplishments that distinguish the most refined societies from barbarous tribes or mere industrial agglomerations. Paris was not only the arbitress of taste and fashion in clothes and cookery, but the quintessence of a most composite national genius, in which something of German solidity was mixed and fused with the tenacious temper of the Norman, the gloomy imagination of the Breton, the free and fiery humor of the Gaul, the volatile exuberance of the Gascon, the volubility and acuteness of the Greek. French literature, with its exquisite sharpness and polish, was the mint—as German literature, with its prodigious depths of exploration, was the mine—of the thought, the wit, and the knowledge of mankind. No other literature had the same marvellous radiating power, the same luminous clearness, and brightness, and communicative charm. One hears with interest that the Académie des Sciences meet and read their papers as usual, with all the calmness of an Archimedes. But what has become, during these ninety days of imprisonment, of the inexhaustible play-writers, the incomparable story-tellers, the delightful essayists, whose language was universal, and whose dominion was one on which the sun never set? Twenty years of imperialism had, it is true, smoothed the declivity and the decline of intellectual France. The second empire subsisted, with scarcely an exception, upon the literary glories of the restoration and the monarchy of July. All the essayists and the philosophers belonged to the opposition, and of the novelists and the dramatists only About and Dumas the young-

er, and Sardou and Octave Feuillet, and Flaubert, could be counted among the products, or at any rate the contemporaries, of the Napoleonic decadence. And all of these were, like the Roman poets of the Augustan epoch, the descendants of a freer race—*progenies villosior*.

Among the few surviving figures of an era of political and social renovation there towered from time to time, but more seldom of late years, on the Boulevards of Paris, vast alike in bulk and in brain, one colossal survivor of the age of literary giants—Alexandre Dumas the elder, and (as no one has more gracefully and feelingly insisted than his son) Alexandre Dumas the greater. Dryasdusts who, for the best reasons in the world, would shut out from the domain of pure literature all that is not useful, ponderous, and unreadable, may pretend to treat the claims of the author of “Monte Christo” as those of a magnificent mountebank or buffoon, because he only wrote stories and plays and fugitive papers, which have delighted thousands upon thousands of his fellow-creatures, and charmed away their sorrows or their cares. Of course it is easy and perfectly correct to say that Alexandre Dumas, during forty years and more of incessant labor and prodigious variety of production, penned an immense amount of trash which the world has very willingly let die, and was at least the putative father of an innumerable worthless literary off-spring. It is not to the *feuilleton* that one turns for doctrine, for instruction, for edification, for sound learning, and profound scholarship. Yet, when the *feuilleton* was signed by a Balzac or a Dumas, there was often to be found in that dingy ground-floor of the daily paper a wealth of imagination, a fertility of invention, a depth and acuteness of observation, an abundance of life and character and incident, enough to make the fortunes of a thousand plagiarists and imitators, and to amuse the leisure moments of generation after generation of readers in all countries, and of all ranks and conditions. A man who can write such a story as “Monte Christo” is, in sober earnest, a sort of benefactor to the human race. No doubt, as the president of the Assize Court of Rouen remarked, when Dumas, in the witness-box, told the usher of the court that were he not in the native town of Corneille he should call himself a dramatic author—“There are degrees.” Still, any man who contributes half as much as Dumas has contributed to the harmless intellectual recreation of his fellow-creatures (for, with comparatively few exceptions, his works are as surprising for their inoffensive morality as for their audacity of design and exuberance of dialogue), deserves to be counted, after his kind, among those who have done faithful service in this sublunary world. And, for our part, we are not ashamed to confess our gratitude for many a pleasant hour to the great “romancist,” who is now beyond the reach of censure and of admiration.

Alexandre Dumas was really a phenomenal creature, an astounding compound of natural forces, a sublime instance of “variety of species.” Neither France alone, nor even Paris, could have given birth to such a prodigy. Paris might have produced the skilful dramatist, the ingenious novelist, the ever-ready *feuilletonist*; but the overpowering luxuriance of Dumas was tropical. The inordinate personality of the man was African. It was the strong dash of “color” in his veins that made his self-complacency so colossal, and bore him triumphant over difficult circumstances and an obscure condition, over cliques of critics and satirists, over jealousy and envy and ridicule, and his own enormous vanities and absurdities. He had the taste, the appetites, the splendor, and ostentation of a negro, and with all this an

almost pathetic instinct of chivalrous sensibilities, of generous devotion and self-sacrifice, and, as occasional touches in his plays and novels show, a singular gentleness and delicacy of feeling. What might have been grossness or coarseness in the pure African became refined rather than corrupted by the French *finerie* and the Parisian self-culture. Unlike the Parisians of pure blood, his most questionable scenes of sensual passion never degenerated into sheer indecency and nastiness.

Tennyson's New Poem.

Alfred Tennyson has just published a new poem, set to music, entitled “The Window; or, the Songs of the Wrens.” It is very slight in quantity as well as quality, and consists of only twelve short songs, of which the following are the best:

I.

ON THE HILL.

The flights and shadows fly!
Yonder it brightens and darkens down on the plain.
A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's eye!
Oh, is it the brook, or a pool, or her window-pane,
When the winds are up in the morning?

Clouds that are racing above,
And winds, and lights, and shadows that cannot be still,
All running on one way to the home of my love,
You are all running on, and I stand on the slope
of the hill,
And the winds are up in the morning!

Follow, follow the chase!
And my thoughts are as quick and as quick, ever
on, on, on,
Oh, lights, are you flying over her sweet little
face?
And my heart is there before you are come and
gone,
When the winds are up in the morning!

Follow them down the slope!
And I follow them down to the window-pane of my
dear,
And it brightens and darkens and brightens like
my hope,
And it darkens and brightens and darkens like my
fear,
And the winds are up in the morning.

VI.

THE LETTER.

Where is another sweet as my sweet,
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?
Fine little hands, fine little feet—
Dewy blue eye.

Shall I write to her? shall I go?
Ask her to marry me by-and-by?
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if asked to her face?
Ay or no, from shy of the shy?
Go, little letter, apace, apace,
Fly!

Fly to the light in the valley below—
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

X.

AT 1

Be merry, all birds, to-day,
Be merry on earth as you never were merry before.
Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far away,
And merry for ever and ever, and one day more.
Why?
For it's easy to find a rhyme.

Look, look, how he flits,
The fire-crowned king of the wrens, from out of
the pine!
Look how they tumble the blossoms, the mad little
flits!
“Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!” was ever a May so fine?
Why?
For it's easy to find a rhyme.

Oh, merry the linnet and dove,
And swallow and sparrow and throstle, and
have your desire!
Oh, merry my heart, you have gotten the wings of
love,
And fit like the king of the wrens with a crown
of fire.
Why?
For it's ay ay ay. ay ay.

XII.

MARRIAGE MORNING.

Light, so low upon earth,
You send a flash to the sun.
Here is the golden close of love,
All my wooing is done.
Oh, the woods and the meadows,
Woods, where we hid from the wet,
Stiles where we stayed to be kind,
Meadows in which we met!
Light, so low in the vale,
You flash and lighten afar:
For this is the golden morning of love,
And you are his morning star.
Flash, I am coming, I come,
By meadow and stile and wood:
Oh, lighten into my eyes and my heart,
Into my heart and my blood!
Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires?
O heart, are you great enough for love?
I have heard of thorns and briars.
Over the thorns and briars,
Over the meadows and stiles,
Over the world to the end of it
Flash for a million miles.

Varieties.

THE oldest stove probably in the United States, is the one which warms the capitol at Richmond, in Virginia. It was made in England in 1770, and warmed the House of Burgesses for sixty years, before it was removed to its present location, where it has been for thirty years. It has survived three British monarchs; has been contemporaneous with four kingly monarchies, two republics, and two imperial governments in France. The great American republic has been torn by internal strife, the breach partly healed, and still the old stove remains the same, unmoved in the midst of all.

Among the most important discoveries of the German Arctic Expedition was a new land, about thirty-six nautical miles east of Spitzbergen, and situated north of the seventy-seventh degree of latitude. This territory is larger than Spitzbergen, and presents a very wild and rugged appearance, being filled with almost perpendicular mountains and cliffs.

There are nearly seven thousand French Canadians employed in the factories and workshops of Connecticut. The region along the St. Lawrence is prolific in quiet, industrious laborers; and, as it does not produce very much of anything else, the young people have emigrated in large numbers to the adjacent New-England States.

A sick man, slightly convalescing, was asked by a pious friend who his physician was. He replied: "Dr. Jones brought me through." "No, no," said his friend, "God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor." "Well, maybe He did, but I am certain the doctor will charge me for it."

An escaped menagerie elephant played burlar in St. Louis a few nights ago, forcing open several houses and frightening the female occupants, and being driven away from one of them only by the blows of a sword on his trunk. He died of cold in the streets before morning.

"Horse," says Changarnier, "is not bad eating, with bread and salt, when the horse is fat." But an Englishman, on the other hand, who has no relish for French tricks and manners, sings:

"I cannot eat the old horse,
The horse I used to ride."

Scotland has three thousand eight hundred and ninety-five places of worship.

A French man-of-war and a German merchantman that had sailed in company for several days, exchanging friendly signals, entered the harbor of Sydney, September 4th, when they first learned that war existed.

A man in Milwaukee, who professed to be engaged in the "construction of a six-bladed horse and a leather frying-pan," was taken to a lunatic-asylum.

Gardeners mind their peas, actors mind their cues; but church-wardens, instead of minding their p's and q's, very often give their attention to their pews and keys.

The Marquis of Lorn, who is to marry the English Princess Louise, is generously supplied with names, his cognomen being John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell.

A Shakespearian motto for prison philanthropists—"Thus conscience doth make Howards of us all."

When a man is crusty, is it right to describe his temper as tart?

A New-Haven factory turned out three hundred thousand pairs of spectacles last year.

A woman's answer to Mrs. Stanton's "Why not" lecture: "Oh, because!"

There are about two hundred thousand Jews in the United States.

The Church of England in Jamaica has been disendowed.

"A pound of flesh"—a prize-fight.

Inn genius—an hotel clerk.

Platonic love—a "love of a bonnet."

The Museum.

THE architecture of the Dyaks, in Borneo, is very peculiar. The houses are all built on posts, some of them twenty feet in height, and the mode of access to them is by climbing up a notched pole, which answers the purpose of a ladder. The chief dwelling in every village, and indeed, practically, the village itself, is a long house, which is of wonderfully-large dimensions, sometimes more than five hundred feet long, and inhabited by as many as five hundred people. Throughout the entire length of the house runs the broad veranda, or common room, which is open to all the members, and at the side are rooms partitioned off for the different families. Although the veranda is common ground to all the tribe, each family occupies by tacit consent the portion of the veranda opposite their own rooms. These rooms are strictly private, and none except the members of the family, or their intimate friends, would think of entering them. The chief, or *orang-kaya*, of the long house has a much larger room than the others, and the space in front of his room is considered to be devoted to the use of the lesser chiefs and councillors. One of the rooms inhabited by the *orang-kaya* was visited by a traveller, who describes it as not an attractive apartment. On each side of the entrance there was a piece of furniture somewhat resembling an old English plate-rack, upon the lower shelf of which was placed a flat stone. A large fire was burning on the stone, and on the range above were wood, rice, pots, and other utensils. There was no chimney to the house, but a sort of flap in the roof was lifted up, and kept open by a notched stick. This flap answered both for window and chimney, and when it was closed the room was in total darkness, besides being at once filled with smoke. A number of fire-places, varying according to the population of the house, are arranged along the veranda, and, as a general rule, one of the primitive ladders is placed at either end, so that, when a visitor enters the house, he sees throughout its entire

length, the range of his eye being only interrupted by the posts, which, after supporting the floor, pass upward, and serve also to support the roof. Outside this veranda extends another, called the outer veranda. It has no roof, and is exposed to the blazing sunbeams. It is used, not as a habitation, but as a kind of storehouse and drying-ground. As the flooring is made of bamboo, the Dyaks can easily, if they choose, keep the interior of their rooms clean. This, however, they seldom choose to do, limiting their cleanliness to the simple process of sweeping any offal through the floor, so as to fall under the house. They never think of removing it after it has fallen, so that by degrees the heap of refuse becomes higher and higher, and gradually diminishes the distance between the floor of the house and the soil beneath.

The reasons for building the Dyak houses on piles are several, the chief being that such a house acts as a fort in case of attack. The custom of building on piles is universal, but only those tribes that are liable to invasion employ piles of the height which have been mentioned. This mode of architecture also protects the inhabitants from floods and from the intrusion of reptiles. The Dyaks do not use the bow and arrow, and, before they learned the use of fire-arms, a house built on piles, some twenty or thirty feet in height, made a very secure fort, which could not be fired, and which exposed the storming party to certain and heavy loss. Even since the English have taken up their residence in Borneo, some of these houses, belonging to revolted chiefs, have given great trouble before they could be taken, artillery appearing to be the only weapon to which they at once succumb. The piles are made of the hardest ironwood, and are very thick, much thicker than is needed for the support of the house. The reason for this strength and thickness is, that, in case of attack, the assailing party dash under the house, protecting themselves from missiles by a canoe which they turn keel upward, and hold over their heads while they chop at the posts, so as to bring the house and its defenders down together. If the posts are but moderately stout, they will sometimes succeed; but, if they are very thick and strong, the defenders can remove part of the floor, and throw on the attacking party weights sufficiently heavy to break through their roof and kill them.

The thatch, as well as a considerable portion of the material, is obtained from the nipalm, a tree which to the Borneans is almost a necessity of existence, and supplies a vast number of their wants. It grows in large numbers at the water's edge; its huge leaves, fifteen or twenty feet in length, projecting like the fronds of vast ferns. When dried, the leaves are woven into a sort of matted fabric, called "ataps," which is used sometimes as thatch, sometimes as the indispensable covering of boats, and sometimes even as walls of houses, the mats being fastened from post to post. By the use of these ataps, certain portions of the roof can be raised on sticks in trap-door fashion, so as to answer the double purpose of admitting light and securing ventilation.

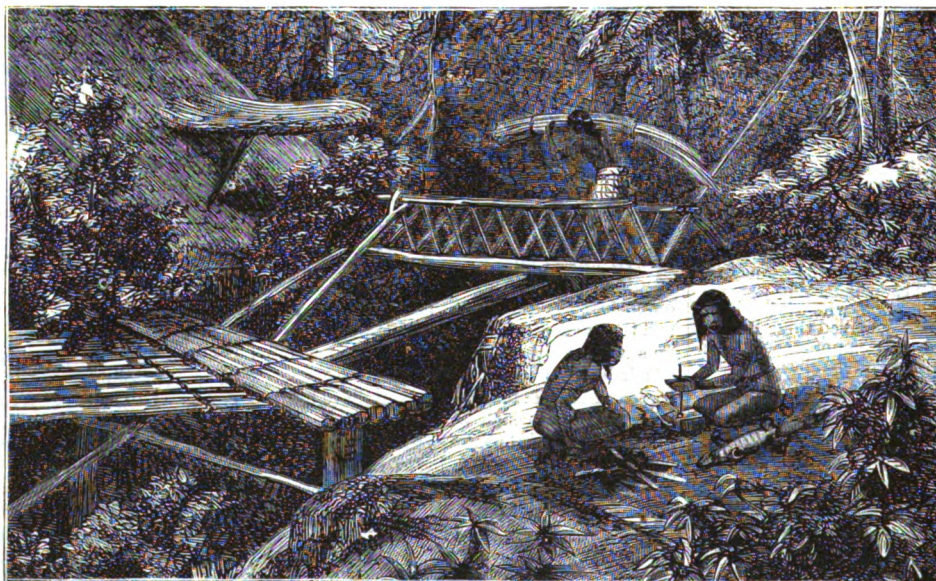
In the olden times, when a long house was projected, the erection of the first post was always accompanied by a human sacrifice. A deep hole was dug in the ground, and the huge post was suspended over it by rattan lashings. A girl was laid at the bottom of the hole, and at a given signal the lashings were cut, permitting the post to drop into the hole, crushing the girl beneath its weight.

These houses are often approached by bridges which are very curious structures, so ap-

parently fragile that they seem unable to sustain the weight of a human being, and of so slight a character that to traverse them seems to imply the skill of a rope-dancer. As these houses are often built on the side of a steep hill, a pole is laid from the platform to the hill, and, if it be a tolerably long one, supported by several rattan ropes fastened to trees. A very slight bamboo hand-rail is fastened a little above it, and the bridge is considered as complete. One of these simple bridges is shown in our second illustration. Near the foreground is a man engaged in making fire by means of twirling one stick upon another, after the manner of savage tribes. There is, however,



A Dyak Village.



A Dyak House.

one improvement on the usual mode. Instead of merely causing a pointed stick to revolve upon another, the Dyaks use instead of the lower stick a thick slab of very dry wood, with a deep groove cut on one side of it, and a small hole on the other, bored down to the groove. When the Dyak wishes to procure fire, he places the wooden slab on the ground with the groove underneath, and inserts his pointed stick in the little hole and twirls it rapidly between his hands. The revolution of the stick soon causes a current of air to pass through the groove, and in consequence the fire is rapidly blown up as soon as the wood is heated to the proper extent.

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OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

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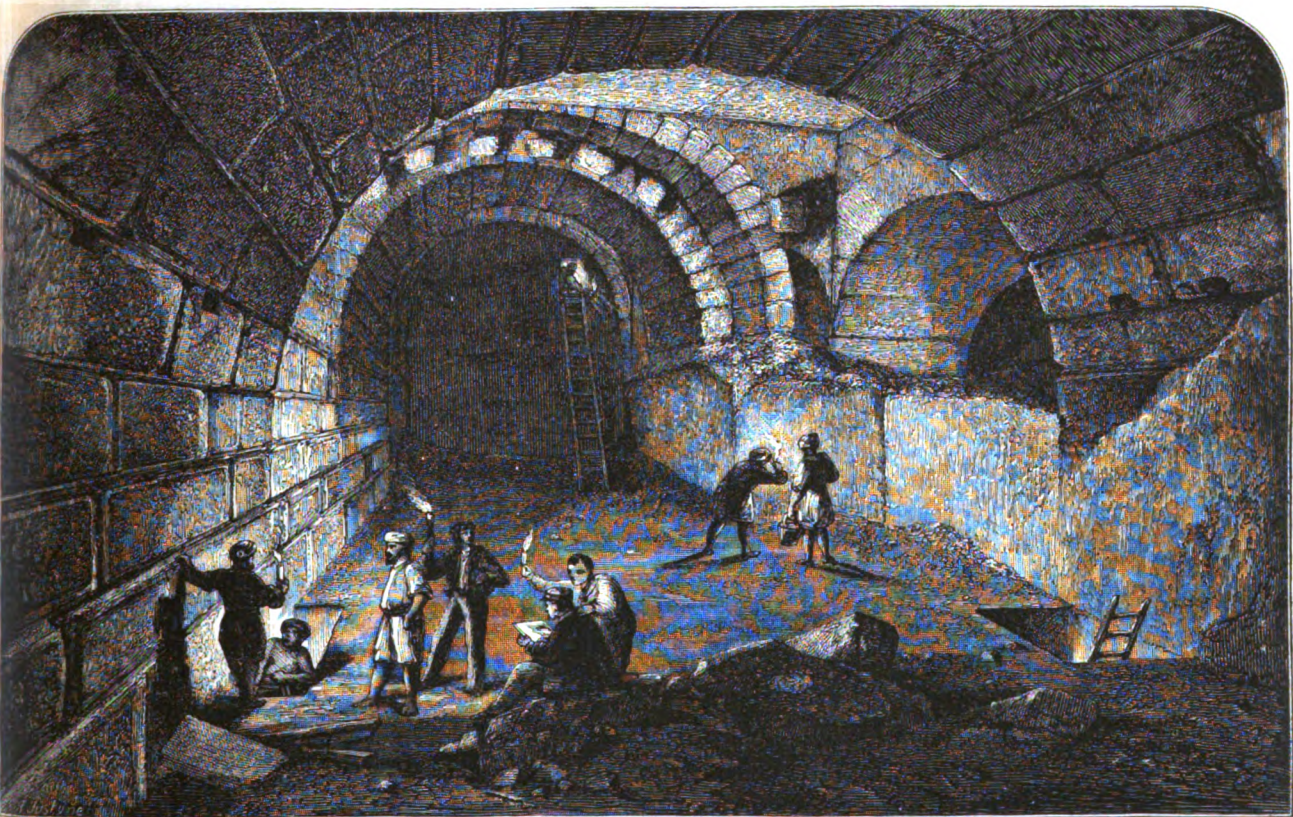
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

{ PRICE TEN CENTS.
{ WITH SUPPLEMENT.

THE RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM.*

THIS is the somewhat pretentious title of the narrative of recent English explorations of Jerusalem, by means of excavations conducted by Captain Wilson, of the Royal Engineers, under the auspices and at the expense of the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Without, perhaps, fulfilling the meaning of the old crusading war-cry,

exact knowledge of the scenes and localities in which their religion first appeared on earth. The explorations have solved many difficult problems, and settled many fierce and protracted controversies. Shafts have been sunk and tunnels made in the most secluded and mysterious parts of the sacred city, and structures brought to light that have not



WILSON'S ARCH, DISCOVERED AT JERUSALEM IN 1867.

the "Recovery of Jerusalem," it is undoubtedly a record of researches and discoveries of the highest value, and of the greatest interest to scholars, antiquarians, and, above all, to Christians who desire an

been seen by mortal eyes since the days of Titus, or perhaps of Solomon.

The beginning of this great work was the Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem, made by Captain Wilson, of the English Royal Engineers, in 1864-'65. Early in the year 1864 the sanitary state of Jerusalem attracted considerable attention; that city, which the Psalmist has described as "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," had

* The Recovery of Jerusalem. A Narrative of Exploration and Discovery in the City and the Holy Land. By Captain Wilson, R. E., and Captain Warren, R. E. With an Introduction by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster. D. Appleton & Co.



ROBINSON'S ARCH.

become one of the most unhealthy places in the world, and the chief reasons assigned for this melancholy change were, the inferior quality of the water, and the presence of an enormous mass of rubbish which had been accumulating for centuries. With the rubbish it was hardly possible to deal, but the water-supply seemed an easier matter, and several schemes were proposed for improving it, either by repairing the ancient system, or by making new pools, cisterns, and aqueducts. Before, however, any scheme could be carried out, it was necessary to obtain an accurate plan of the city, and with this view Miss Burdett Coutts placed a sum of five hundred pounds in the hands of a committee of gentlemen interested in Jerusalem.

The committee obtained from Lord de Grey, then Secretary of War, the services of a party of Royal Engineers, under the command of Captain Wilson, who reached Jerusalem on the 3d of October, 1864, and by whom the survey seems to have been made in the most thorough and satisfactory manner. He was followed in February, 1867, by Captain Warren, of the Royal Engineers, with a party of assistants, by whom the excavations were made, the record of which fills the greater part of this volume.

But, before entering into any details of these explorations, it may be well to lay before those of our readers who are not familiar with the subject a slight sketch of the topography of the Holy City.

Jerusalem is emphatically a mountain-city. The Bible teems with allusions to this peculiarity in its situation. Built on the very backbone of the country, the summit of that long ridge which traverses Palestine from north to south, and only approached by wild mountain-roads, the position of the city was one of great natural strength, and this gave the inhabitants that feeling of security from hostile attack which seems to be implied by the Psalmist in the well-known verse, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people." The modern city stands, as the ancient one did before it, on the southern extremity of a spur, or plateau, enclosed by two ravines, which bear the familiar names of Kedron and Hinnom. The ravines rise at the water-shed within a short distance of each other, at an altitude of twenty-six hundred and fifty feet above the Mediterranean; the easternmost, the valley of Kedron, or Jehoshaphat, runs eastward for one and a half miles, and then makes a sharp bend to the

south; the westernmost, the valley of Hinnom, after following a direction nearly south for one and a quarter miles, turns to the east, and, passing through a deep gorge, joins the Kedron at Bir Eyûb, a deep well south of the city. Both ravines are at first mere depressions of the ground, but after the change in their respective courses they fall more rapidly, and at Bir Eyûb are six hundred and seventy feet below the original starting-point. A third ravine, the Tyropœon—valley of the Cheesemongers, or perhaps Tyrians—rises well up in the plateau, and, after passing through the city and dividing it into two unequal halves, joins the Kedron at Siloam. On the eastern spur, Mount Moriah, once stood the temple of Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod, and on the western, which is one hundred and twenty feet higher than Moriah, were situated the palace of Herod, the three great towers Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamne, and the Upper City of Josephus.

The sides of the valleys of Kedron and Hinnom are now encumbered with rubbish, but they are still sufficiently steep to be difficult of access, and every here and there places are found where the rock has been scarped or cut perpendicularly downward to give additional security. It was probably in these natural defences which protect the city on the south, east, and west, that the Jebusites trusted when they boasted to David, "Thou wilt not come in hither; the blind and lame shall drive thee back." The only side on which the city could be attacked with any chance of success, was on the north; and here, as Josephus tells us, it was defended by three walls of great strength, able, before the introduction of gunpowder, to offer a stubborn resistance to any force brought against them.

The modern city is entirely surrounded by a massive, well-built wall, provided with numerous flanking towers, and is protected on the north by a ditch partly cut in the rock. There are five gates now open, and five closed; of the former the Jaffa Gate is on the west, the Damascus Gate on the north, St. Stephen's on the east, and the Sion and Dung Gates on the south. Of the latter, the Bab az-Zahiré is on the north, the Golden Gate on the east, and the Single, Double, and Triple Gates on the south. The plateau, on which the city stands, slopes uniformly to the southeast, and contains about one thousand acres; it is of tertiary limestone, and the upper beds provide an extremely hard compact stone, called, by the Arabs, "mezzeh," while

the lower, in which most of the ancient tombs and cisterns have been cut, consist of a soft white stone, called "melekeh."

On Mount Moriah, there is now a large, open space, called Haram esh-Sherif, a place of peculiar sanctity in the eyes of all true Moslems. Its surface is studded with cypress and olive, and its sides are surrounded in part by the finest mural masonry in the world. At the southern end is the Mosque el Aksa, and a pile of buildings formerly used by the Knights Templar; nearly in the centre is a raised platform paved with stone, and, rising from this is the well-known mosque, Kabbet es-Sakhra, with its beautifully-proportioned dome. Within this sacred enclosure, the Sanctuary, as we may well call it, stood the Temple of the Jews; all traces of it have long since disappeared; not one stone has been left upon another, and its exact position has for years been one of the most fiercely-contested points in Jerusalem topography. The two theories which have obtained the largest number of supporters, are, first, that which makes the Temple enclosure coextensive with the Sanctuary; and second, that which confines it to a square of six hundred feet at the southwestern corner of the same place. It is still uncertain which of these two views is correct, and the question can hardly be definitely settled till excavations are made within the Haram walls. On one point all are agreed, that the magnificent triple cloister, the Stoa Basilica, built by Herod, stood on the top of the southern wall, and the appearance of this, when perfect, must have been grander than any thing we know of elsewhere. It is almost impossible to realize the effect which would be produced by a building longer and higher than York Cathedral, standing on a solid mass of masonry almost equal in height to the tallest of our church-spires; and to this we must add the dazzling whiteness of stone, fresh from the mason's hands.

The western hill is thickly covered with houses, except on the west, where there is an open space, occupied by the gardens of the Armenian Convent. At the northwest corner is the citadel with its three towers, representing, probably, those built by Herod the Great, and, adjoining them, on the south, are the barracks of the Turkish garrison. One of the towers, that known as the Tower of David, stands on a mass of solid masonry, decidedly Herodian in character, and its dimensions agree well with those of the tower Phasaelus, as given by Josephus; another, which now protects the Jaffa Gate, is

smaller, and may, perhaps, be identified with the tower Hippicus, as, on an examination of an ancient cistern beneath, the remains of an aqueduct were found which formerly brought water into the city at that point.

Along the northern side of the hill, a street runs from the Jaffa Gate on the west, to the Sanctuary on the east, following, apparently, the course of a small, lateral branch of the Tyropeon Valley. North of this line stretches the Christian quarter of the town, rising gradually to the northwest, till it reaches the corner of the modern wall at Kalat Jalûd, a ruined castle, supposed by some writers to be the tower Psephinus, of Josephus. Nearly in the centre of this quarter lies the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is said to contain within its walls the Tomb of our Lord. At the time of the Crucifixion, the Sepulchre was without the walls, now it is well within them. Some writers explain this by saying that, after Constantine built his Church of the Resurrection, the town spread out and surrounded it, while others are equally certain that the present site must have been within the limits of the ancient city, and that we must look elsewhere for the Sepulchre, and even for the church built by Constantine. The solution of this difficult question depends on the course of the second wall which surrounded the city; if it ran to the east of the church, there is no reason why the present tradition should not be correct; if it ran to the west, the tradition must be wrong. Up to the present time, no one has seen any portion of this wall; the point from which it started and that at which it ended are alike unknown. It was, however, ascertained, during the progress of the survey, that the old arch near the south end of the bazaars, called the Gate Gennath, was a comparatively recent building, and that the ruins near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which had been pointed out as fragments of the second wall, were really portions of a church.

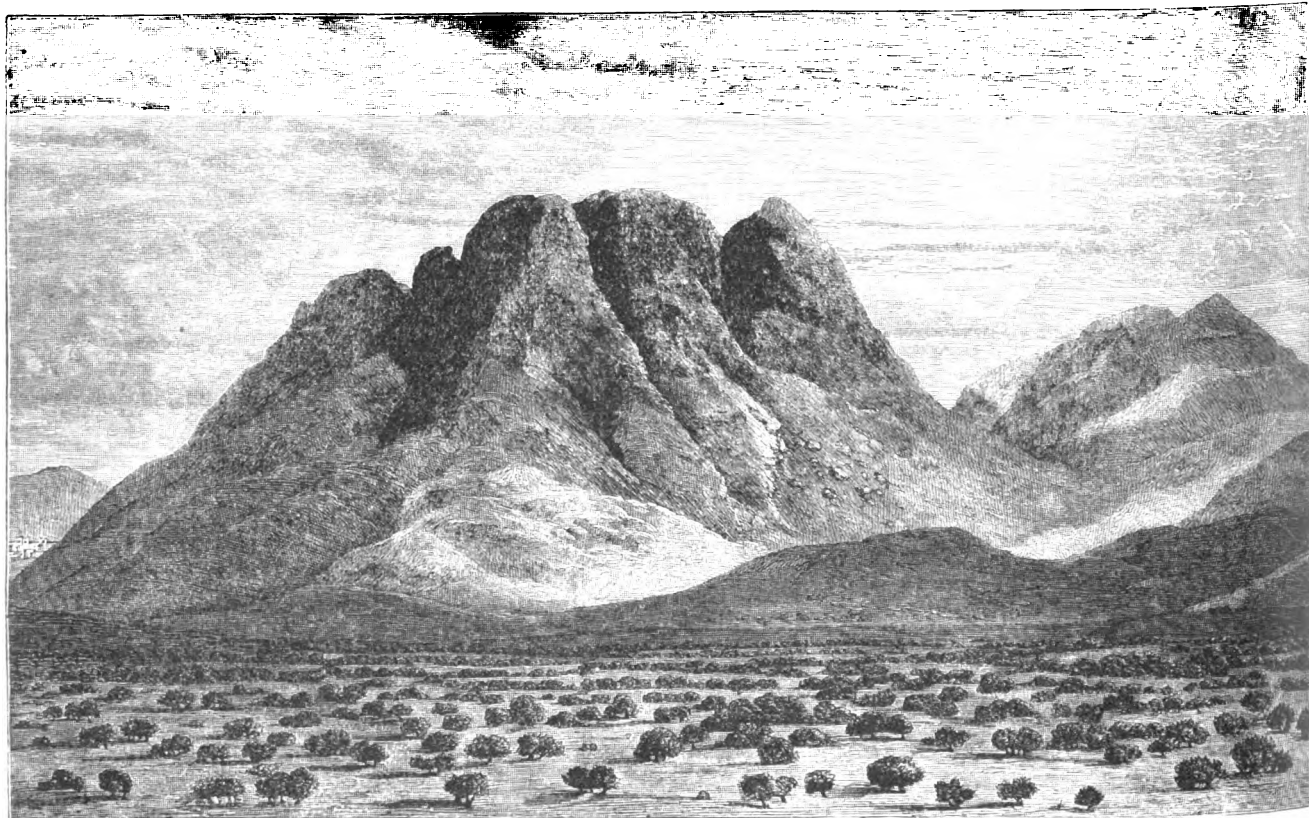
There is, in addition, a fourth hill north of the Sanctuary, and rising one hundred feet above it, which apparently corresponds to the Bezetha of Josephus. It is now principally occupied by Moslem houses, but the Sœurs de Sion have built a convent on its northern slope, and on its western face are the British and Austrian consulates. Immediately to the east of this hill is a small valley, which falls into the Kedron, about one hundred yards south of St. Stephen's Gate; on its left bank stands the church of St. Anne, and in its bed has been



RUINS OF CAPERNAUM.



THE SPRING OF HESBAN.



SINAI.

formed the traditional pool of Bethesda, called, in the most ancient manuscripts of the New Testament, Bethzatha, a name not unlike that of the fourth hill, Bezetha.

It is hardly possible, in a short paper like the present, to give any detailed description of the ancient buildings and traditional localities within and around Jerusalem. The two places of greatest interest are the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Sanctuary, and most of Captain Warren's excavations were made in the immediate vicinity of the latter.

Captain Warren's excavations near the Sanctuary were made in the face of many difficulties and dangers. In fact, they appear to have been carried on at the constant risk of life and limb to the bold explorers. The whole series of their progress was a succession of lucky escapes. Huge stones were day after day ready to fall, and sometimes did fall, on their heads. One of the explorers was injured so severely, that he could barely crawl out into the open air; another extricated himself with difficulty, torn and bleeding; while another was actually buried under the ruins. Sometimes they were almost suffocated by the stifling heat; at other times they were plunged for hours up to their necks in the freezing waters of some subterranean torrent; sometimes blocked up by a falling mass, without light or escape. And these labors had to be carried on, not with the assistance of those on the spot, but in spite of the absurd obstacles thrown in the way of work by that singular union of craft, ignorance, and stupidity, which can only be found in Orientals—workmen who in "winter could never get the idea drummed into their heads that working would make them warm"—Turkish dignitaries, believing that the sacred rock lies on the top leaves of a palm-tree, from the roots of which spring all the rivers of earth, and with a ready pretence for evading every request.

The results of the work, so far as it has been carried on, may be briefly summed up, thus:

1. Several ancient aqueducts and many ancient cisterns have been discovered, and the much-vexed question of how Jerusalem was supplied with water in the days of Solomon practically settled.

2. Considerable progress has been made in determining the course of the ancient walls, on which depends the authenticity of the Holy Sepulchre. The discoveries made tend to confirm its genuineness.

3. Important materials have been furnished toward the decision of the controversy respecting the area of the Temple.

4. The external aspect of ancient Jerusalem is in two or three points brought out with new force.

There are some proofs discovered of the form of the ancient houses.

There is also the astounding revelation of the immense height of the Temple wall above the Kedron Valley.

5. Some approximation to the date of the walls of the Temple has been made by the discovery of the supposed Phœnician characters marked in red paint on their surface.

6. The interesting discovery by Dr. Robinson of what he supposed to be the arch of the bridge, which later travellers much contested, has now been definitely confirmed by the disclosure of its remaining fragments.

7. The whole history of the cartography of Jerusalem is for the first time clearly set forth, while it has reached its best illustrations in the maps and contours now for the first time published.

Outside of Jerusalem the explorers have made great additions to our knowledge of the Holy Land. The Lake of Gennesareth, or Sea of Galilee, has been described more accurately and vividly than ever before, and at least a very near approach has been made, if not absolute certainty obtained, in fixing the hitherto uncertain locality of the places where the Saviour resided, Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin. The site of Capernaum has been identified almost beyond doubt.

The objects of pottery—described by Mr. Chester—open a new sphere of sacred archaeology hitherto almost untouched; the peculiarity of those in the early Christian era seems well worth noticing.

Of all the discoveries connected with the Palestine Exploration Fund, that of the Moabite Stone, if not the most important, is undoubtedly that which has excited the keenest and most general interest, and deservedly so.

1. It is the only inscription which has hitherto been found reaching back to the age of the Jewish monarchy.

2. It indicates the possibility—one might almost say the certainty

—that more such inscriptions might be discovered, if only we had the means of searching for them. It removes the disagreeable impression that, as no written record on stone had ever been found, no such record had ever existed. Strange, almost incredible, as this seemed, when compared with the acres of inscriptions (many of a much earlier date) in Egypt—yet it was a not unnatural conclusion, until this unexpected discovery broke the silence and dispelled the illusion.

3. Whether or not the King of Moab who is mentioned in the same "Mesha" as the monarch of whom we read in 2 Kings iii., he evidently belongs to the same dynasty. The few indications that the inscription contains of the state of Moab agree with those contained in the Sacred Books.

Whatever may be the variations of readings in other parts of the inscription, there is an entire agreement as to some of the most interesting parts. The name of Mesha, the names of Chemosh and Moloch, the name of Omri, the names of the various Moabite towns, above all, the name of Jahveh, or Jehovah, for the God of Israel, appear in both the versions here presented to us. The book gives the various versions of the inscription and the most accurate account of the discovery of the stone.

The most important and interesting question decided by this volume is, however, unquestionably that of the exact location of Mount Sinai, and of the route by which the Israelites passed through the desert.

The spot of the passage of the Red Sea—the course of the Israelites by the Wady Useit and the Wady Tayibeh—the identification of the Wilderness of Sin with the plain of El Murkhah—the identification of Rephidim with Feiran, and of the sacred hill of Aaron and Hur with the eminence crowned by the ruins of Paran—the identification of the Ras Sufsáfeh and the plain of Ráhab with the scene of the giving of the law and the Israelite encampment—the general failure of the ancient names—the probable change in the resources of the wilderness—the comparatively modern date of the Sinaitic inscriptions—all these points have now been established, as far as they are likely to be, by explorers who can speak with authority, as the first who have traversed, not one route only, but every possible route in the Desert, and have seen, not one or two only, but every possible scene of the great acts of the Exodus.

In conclusion, to quote the words of the learned Dean Stanley, himself one of the best of the explorers of the Holy Land, who says in his introduction to the work: "We commend this volume to the serious attention of all who care for the additional light which sincere desire for truth and patient investigation can throw on the most sacred of all books, on the most interesting of all geographies. Much has been done, but much remains to be done; and it is in order to stimulate and insure the completion that this instalment is given to the world. May that completion be worthy of the beginning, worthy of the indefatigable zeal and labor which first set on foot this new Crusade, worthy of the Holy Land and the Holy History which it is intended to illustrate and elucidate!"

DAISY'S TRIALS.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

MEANWHILE Daisy travelled all day. By road, by rail, by road. Lastly, she found herself, or thought herself, obliged to walk, a long walk of weary up-hill miles. By the time she had accomplished half this walk her limbs were hardly able to support her, her brain hardly able to be her guide. Her strength so failed and flagged that she feared to fall by the way.

By-and-by she turned out of the rough deep lane into an open field, to sit and rest under a hedge, where she was hidden from any chance passer-by, where yet the wind might blow upon her. It was a hot eerie sort of wind that was blowing that night. There had been a long drought, every thing had a crisp dryness; the silence of the time and of the solitary place was full of strange little sounds, each one of which startled poor timid Daisy, and set her heart beating in her ears. The dry leaves rustled on the trees, the bushes rustled as any bird or other small creature moved in them, the tall dry grasses rustled, and the ripe wheat on the other side the hedge. And all the innocent little sounds seemed to Daisy fateful and terrible, and she felt so ill, so deadly faint and ill.

No food had passed Daisy's lips that day. Mrs. Moss's care had

provided her with some, but she had forgotten and left behind the little bag into which it had been put; as she had, also, forgotten and left behind her a small portmanteau, losing sight of it at a station where she had changed lines. This evening there was no darkness, and there would be no darkness this night, for the moon was near the full, and the wind-swept sky was cloudless. Daisy felt as if she would have been glad of darkness; the moonlight made her head giddy. As she sat there, trying to rest, and to steady herself, every thing swam before her. Yet she dared not close her eyes and so try to rest her brain, for the fear they might not again reopen.

To faint there! To die there! The thought was dreadful. She imagined herself being found, when the morning sun fell upon her, by some laborer going to his work; imagined rough tongues and rough hands busy with her, and thought of the horror of it all to Kenneth Stewart when he should come to know, as there was no hope but he would come to know. This thought nerved her to attempt to get on again. How much she would have given for one glass of wine, and one small crust of bread, for a draught of milk, even! but, though she knew there was a farm-house in easy reach, where all these things were attainable, she shrank from being seen wandering alone so late. Just as she had risen to go back into the lane, Daisy became aware of an advancing footstep; she cowered down till it should have gone by. If it should stop at the gate, if it should enter the field, she believed she should die of fright. But the step went harmless on; was, probably, she thought, that of some late laborer returning from his distant work. She waited till she could hear it no longer, till it must have got far ahead, then went back to the lane and struggled up it; after an hour of pain and difficulty coming in sight of the roof of Moor-Edge farm.

There was from this point a shorter way of reaching the house than by keeping between the high hedges, a footway across the great steep field beneath it, now tented with corn-stooks. Daisy took this way. A little while and she could see all the windows of this side of the house; they were all closely shrouded. Walking on with her eyes fixed on the house, her feeble feet presently stumbled over something; a something that cried out with a plaintive little cry.

Daisy looked down: that something looked up. The moonlight shone full on the wistful face of a child who, curled up near one of the corn-stooks, had fallen asleep forgotten. Forgotten by whom? Why did it never occur to Daisy to think that it had been forgotten by one of the women working in the field? Why did Daisy at once (as if in the world there were but one child) take it for granted, with her heart, that this child was her own? To find it there, forgotten, told her fully what was the great trouble fallen on the house, and of the helplessness of the one who had been its helper. It was the foster-mother, then, and not the child whom death had taken. The hurried intimation of sorrow and death she had received had left it doubtful to her what had befallen.

As Daisy looked down upon the child the child looked up at Daisy. Before Daisy knew what she was about, before she understood any thing with her understanding, though with her heart she knew it all, the little forlorn child was in her arms; she, on the ground, on her knees, was pressing it to her bosom, covering it with kisses, bathing it with tears, tears of a most thankful joy! One would have said this woman's heart had long been hungry for this child!

It was all ended. The struggle was over. That child was now lord and master of its mother's life: she was conscious, in some vague sort, that what her arms held was now her world. Daisy was there, on the ground, a long time; coming, only by degrees, out of the sort of trance into which she had at first fallen to a sense of there being something beyond and outside this moonlit and tented field in which she lay with her child. The little one, feeling itself cradled softly, warmly, lovingly, had fallen asleep again.

Consciousness of the price to be paid for her child dawned upon her. That life, as Kenneth Stewart's wife, which had seemed to her so happy, she had been tempted to think that conscience could not trouble it, regret touch it, or sorrow reach it, would be, forever impossible. But all that might have been seemed far off and long ago, while the child which was in her arms was her present. Had it, at this moment, been possible that she should have had the choice between Kenneth Stewart and the child, there would have been no hesitation, but, for all answer, a closer, more passionately clinging clasp of the child. There might afterward have come times in which she would have thought it hard that, for this child's sake, a child who was not

the child of love, she should have, all her life, to live loverless, husbandless, and friendless—a widow loathing to remember that she had been a wife, a mother dreading to see the father of the child live again in her boy; but there was no room in her heart for such thoughts now.

"My son, my little son, my own darling little son!" was said with a very ecstasy of joyful possession. Poor foolish Daisy! With one faithful friend lying dead close at hand, her only other friend divided from her forever (as she believed) by what she held in her arms. What she held in her arms, nevertheless, for that time, made her happy! she could have believed, for that time, that all the intolerable ache of longing and loneliness that had filled the few last months of her life (while she had been believing in love between Mr. Stewart and Myrrha) had been caused by the want of her child. By-and-by it seemed to Daisy that a shadow passed between her and the moonlight—looking up she saw no one. But she was roused to the remembrance that it was late in the night, and that her child ought to be in his little bed. She who, just now, had hardly been able to move her unburdened limbs, got up and walked bravely to the house, carrying the child. The door stood open, Daisy went in. An old woman sat crying over the kitchen-fire. She showed no surprise on seeing Daisy.

"She said you'd be here by night. And so you've found the child!" she sobbed. "Poor, pretty, precious, forgotten lamb!"

She held her arms out to take the little one from Daisy. Daisy still retained him jealously.

"Which room is ready for me? The one I used to have? I'll put him to bed there," she said. For the first time she undressed her own child. He wakened, and seeing a strange face bending over him, cried, but she soon soothed him to sleep again. Then she went and stood by her dead friend.

"I hope you know"—Daisy whispered softly close in her ear—"I hope you know that it is as you prayed it might be—that the mother's heart is wakened in me, and that I will live for my child. I hope you know."

And then it seemed to Daisy, from whose eyes tears were freely streaming, as if the dear lips smiled. Daisy did not see any one but the old woman that night. Her friend's husband was sleeping the first heavy slumber of profound mental and physical exhaustion. Daisy, having drunk some broth old Keziah brought her, saying, "It's good, I knows, I made it for her," pointing to the room where the dead woman lay, threw herself, dressed as she was, on the bed, beside her child, with no expectation of sleep, no wish for it. But she did sleep till morning, and woke to find yesterday no dream. She kept still, for the little one still slept: she gazed at it worshipfully. This morning she began to think of Kenneth Stewart, and though he and his love for her still seemed to stand afar off, to be long ago, she wept for him. If her way had been made simple and straight, her life enriched with a priceless gift, what sorrow was piled up in his! He had held her always in a sort of shrine, and now what would he have to learn to think her? Toward him her conduct had been so cruelly deceitful, so miserably selfish and cowardly: she had never known it so plainly as now. She wept for him very bitterly, and, in simple language, prayed for him—that "he might not mind so very much."

The day to which Daisy had wakened was Sunday. Within the house the presence of death caused an unearthly-seeming stillness, and outside the house was the heavenly quiet of a stainless, stirless autumn morning. In such country as that about Moor-Edge, still, sunny, autumn weather has a profound and peculiar charm. Its calm seems to flow from billow to billow along the uplands, and to fill up the measure of the valleys, and to have at once a breadth, a substance, and a spirituality unknown at lower levels.

Daisy, opening her window early, and looking out, over a tract of shining moorland, down upon plains and valleys, felt both awed and soothed by the silent, soft radiance of the world. But by-and by the little one woke hungry, and Daisy made haste to take it down-stairs. Early as it was, breakfast was set ready for her and the child in the little sitting-room she used to call hers when she stayed at Moor-Edge.

Daisy's first most important care in the world was to feed the little one with its bread and milk, her greatest delight to find that he would take his food from her hand uncomplainingly, though seriously and sadly, and with eyes that sought about wistfully for the familiar face.

"Poor master's up and out," Keziah told her. "The funeral's to be after to-morrow. I most fear it'll be the death of him to see her taken away. Ah, but she was a good woman, if ever there was one." A pause, and the old woman's apron was passed across her face. "The child's taken to you wonderful," she then went on. "It's not a child like just any other child, as you'll find; it has strange ways with it. She didn't use to think it would live. Look to it now, ma'am; wouldn't you think it know'd each word we're saying, and more, and could talk most sensible-like if it chose, but it's never spoken, not one word."

As Daisy looked, the child returned her gaze with a searching earnestness; then the mouth and chin quivered, the eyes filled, and the face was suddenly turned and hidden in Daisy's bosom, seeking shelter with the cause of fear.

"You know he's my own child?" Daisy asked, jealously. "I'm a widow, and he's my own child. I was mad when I said I wouldn't own him. My own child, my own darling!"

"The mistress told me—when she knew she was dying she told me—I was to do about every thing as you bid me; but she said she was sure you'd own the child, that you wouldn't leave him motherless."

"I'm a widow, and he's my son—all the world may know it," said Daisy, proudly. "He's my own, own, own beautiful boy!" she added to herself and to the child.

All the morning Daisy sat in the great cornfield with her child on her knees, or strolled about it, carrying him in her arms. After dinner she took him out again. All thought spared from him was given to Kenneth Stewart; but, indeed, so foolishly was she engrossed by this new and wonderful toy, that the day was almost done before she knew. It was no use to write to-day, there was no post; to-night, while her child slept, she would write, she thought.

The day was declining in the same perfect calm, the same serene radiance, with which the morning had dawned. Just now and then the bell of a distant hill-side chapel dropped out a note; now and then the child made some little inarticulate noise; now and then came some Sunday sound from the farm-yard. Would all her life, foolish Daisy wondered, be as peaceful and as satisfied, now she had given herself to her child, as this day had been?

"And will my darling love me always, always love me?" she bowed her face over the child and asked.

Between them and the sunlight a shadow crossed, as between them and last night's moonlight a shadow had crossed. Half in play and half by accident the boy's hand had entangled itself in Daisy's drooping hair. When she had freed herself and looked up, no one was in sight. Yet this time the falling of that shadow made her shiver. Daisy fancied the evening was turning cold; she made haste to carry the child in-doors. With long, lingering kisses on his face, his neck, his hair, his pretty hands, she trusted him for a time to the care of the old woman, who sat in sad Sunday leisure crying by the kitchen fire.

Yet once more Daisy wandered out. Within walls there seemed no room to think. A new idea had taken hold of her, that she ought to go to Mr. Stewart, to speak, not to write, what she had to say. Daisy blushed at herself at last, remembering what foolish fond thoughts about her child had filled much of a day during which Kenneth, who loved her so, must have been suffering such keen anxiety. She had been planning to get for her child all manner of beautiful clothes—first, such pretty thick-white embroidered frocks; then, little suits of "real velvet," with tiny buttons of "real gold"—had been indulging in such dreams, as a child might dream about her favorite doll, while Kenneth—

"Oh, what a fool I am! what a selfish fool!" Daisy cried, with burning cheeks. "A coward, too! I shrink from seeing his pain, but he won't suffer more because I see him suffer. I think, indeed, he will suffer less from spoken than from written words. I will go to him. But can I? Who, now she is gone, will take care of my child, all the long hours I shall need to be away?"

A tall shadow of some one coming toward her round the shoulder of the field touched her feet. A few seconds after, she and Mr. Stewart stood face to face. Daisy flushed, and paled, and flushed again.

"You have found me, then?"

"Yes, I have found you."

"You startled me very much. I was just thinking of you. I was just resolving to go back to you, to tell you something that I thought you would rather hear than read. To tell you something, and—" this

added with a faltering voice, "to ask you to forgive me, and to bid you good-by."

"I don't think there is much you need to tell me, Daisy. I was here last night before you. I saw you last night in the moonlight; I saw you this afternoon in the sunshine. I don't think there is much you need to tell me, Daisy."

"You saw me with my son, then," said Daisy, with a sort of despairing pride. "Then there is no need to tell I am a mother, and have been a wife; but how I was trapped into being Graham's wife, and how I thought I should always loathe and hate the child that was his child, and yet that now I love it, love it, love it— Only I can tell you these things, Kenneth."

"Why were they not told sooner, Daisy? What had I done that you could not trust me?"

There was something in the simple-seeming words, or in the tone and look with which he spoke them, that brought her, before he could hinder, to the ground at his feet.

"Have pity! Don't speak to me like that! Don't look at me like that, as if I had broken your heart!"

He lifted her from the ground, and placed her once more on the sheaves where she had been sitting with the child. A moment she gazed up at him; then she covered her face, and burst into a passion of tears. His face worked convulsively as he watched her. When she seemed pretty well, for the time, to have exhausted her power of weeping, he said, very gently:

"And so, Daisy, you never loved me?"

That roused her.

"I always loved you—even before I ever thought you loved me, I loved you!"

"That I cannot understand."

"You are not a woman and a coward! You don't understand how, even to myself, I tried to pretend that what was so loathsome in the past had not been. And could I speak of it? And to you?"

"It seems you could not, so I say no more."

"Have pity! Don't speak so, don't look so, don't mind so much! I was never worth your having, Kenneth. You know it now. And, now that I am not any longer alone, now that I have come to love my little child, you'll try to forget me, Kenneth—promise you'll try to forget me."

"For yourself, then, Daisy, you now feel the child enough?"

For answer she suddenly dropped her face into her hands. Already, having again seen Kenneth's face, and heard his voice, she knew that the child was not enough. There was a silence of some length. The pale autumn sun had softly faded from out the sky, from off the earth. The mists lay lake-like in the valleys. Out of a profound quiet, and sounding as if from far away, came Kenneth's voice, asking:

"And what life, Daisy, do you now propose to yourself?"

"Just to go away somewhere with my child. Just to live always for my child."

The words, even to herself, had an inexpressibly-dreary ring in them, though they were spoken in a soft and tender voice.

"And you think you are fit for that, poor Daisy?" No answer. "And, though the child may be enough for you, are you enough for the child?"

"God helping me, I hope to be so," she said, very humbly.

"Daisy," and there was a choking in his voice, "I can't bear it. Get up, dear, and come with me. Come in-doors, to some place where we can talk quietly. There is much to be spoken between us, and the evening is chill."

He held his hands to her and lifted her up. They passed together into the house, and into the little parlor. A bright wood-fire burned cheerily, and the tea was set ready. Daisy wondered where the child was; but she tried to put him out of her thoughts, and to fix her whole attention upon Mr. Stewart, and what he had to say. For all else there would be time afterward, when she had parted from Kenneth forever. It was already just so dusk in-doors that she could not see the expression of Mr. Stewart's face, which was turned from the light. And for so long he did not speak! She bore this silence while she could; then, when she could no longer bear it, with the words, "Kenneth, Kenneth, can't you forgive me? can't you?" she slipped to the ground, a second time, at his feet; this time she wound her arms about them, and laid her face upon them. She was soon caught up and replaced upon the little sofa.

"Forgive me, if I seem cold and hard," he said. "All this is a great shock to me, Daisy, a great shock. For the time I seem to have lost both you and myself." And then, forgetting he had already put this question, he asked, "And what is it, Daisy, that you now propose to do?"

"To go away somewhere—to some place where nobody knows me—with my child."

"That is much easier said than done, Daisy. And, Daisy, it is not the right thing to do. You don't wish to throw suspicion on your son's birth? to injure his prospects in life, if he should live, and grow to manhood?"

"What is it you mean, Kenneth?" she questioned, with anxious humility.

"I mean that, by living under false colors, as you have, and by keeping your marriage a secret, as you have, an amount of harm both to yourself and to your child, that it will be difficult to undo, has been done. You don't understand to what you would expose yourself, and the injury you would be doing your child, if you persevered in an at all similar course of conduct."

Daisy pondered, with the hot color coming and going on her cheek.

"If he lives and grows up, you would wish him to be a gentleman among gentlemen, to take the position his birth entitles him to?"

Daisy shuddered, but answered:

"Of course, I would not wish to injure my own child. What must I do, Kenneth? You will advise me. You know, only too well, how foolish I am."

"Too foolish to take care even of yourself, Daisy; and yet you would undertake the sole charge of a child who may grow to be a man."

Daisy's attention wandered from the subject in hand.

"Why, Kenneth, do you speak so doubtfully about my child's living and growing up?"

"Isn't a child's living and growing up always a matter for doubt?"

A moment's pause; then Daisy answered what he had said before.

"There are many foolish mothers, Kenneth, whose children take no harm. I suppose God helps them! Don't tell me I must not have my child. I am not wise and good, I know, but I love it, and it has no one else."

"Having to choose between us, you choose the child. You say you loved me, and yet, after a few kisses given to this child, after a few hours during which it has been in your arms, having to choose between us, you choose the child."

"Kenneth, don't torture me. You know there is no choice. Don't tear my life in two, trying to make me believe there is a choice."

"Your heart still clings to me a little, then, Daisy."

"For the first time since I've known you, you're cruel! and it's a cruel time to be cruel. Even if my child did not need me, what could I now be to you? But my child does need me. I choose my child. I must go away with it. I will hide myself with it."

"There must be no hiding, Daisy. Every thing must be open and in the face of day. I've told you why this must be. You must take your husband's name at once, for the sake of your husband's son."

"To call him that—my husband's son!—is as if you tried to make me hate him," Daisy said, passionately.

"You know I would not wish to do that. I have seen him, pretty, harmless little fellow. Your choice is made to keep him, and mine is made to take you and him into my keeping. I won't pretend it was made without a struggle. But once made, it is made."

Daisy paused before she spoke. "That can never be," she then said, firmly. "You used to call me your flower, but I have been trampled into the mud, crushed into it! I will not be picked up and worn upon your breast."

"Yes, Daisy, you will. I will tell you why you will. All is different from what I had dreamt and hoped. For the present all the joy is gone out of life. Angry with you, poor child, I am not. How can I be? But all is changed. Nevertheless, more than ever you needed me, you now need me. You are entirely unable to bear the brunt and the burden of life with your child. I am entirely unable, because you are still so dear to me, to leave you to do so. You must be my wife, Daisy, sheltered under my name. You will not refuse me, because only so can I have any case or rest."

"No, Kenneth, no: don't set your will on this. It is not fit. I

am so utterly unfit. I could go so far away that our paths need never cross, and in time, thinking of me as happy with my boy, you would be able to forget me. I could go abroad. I would take his name if you think I ought. Why should I not be safe, living as a widow with my son?"

"Daisy, don't waste your strength and mine. Believe me, I know best what is best for both of us, for all three of us. Since you are not to be parted from your child, I take the child with you. It has a look of you in its face, Daisy, and of your Wattie. I won't be unkind to it."

"What folly to tell me that," she said, laughing and crying "You unkind to a child—to any thing?"

"To *this* child I could find it in my heart to be murderously unkind, but for that look of you and of Wattie," he said, passionately.

"I can't help feeling that one day you will repent, Kenneth. I can't help fearing I am wrong if—I shall be wrong if I yield."

"Leave off feeling and believing for the present," he said, "and just rest here," opening his arms to her, "and tell me all about it. I must know; there shall be no dark corners any more. If you can bear to tell me now, I would like to be told at once."

He sat by her, and put his arm round her, rather in support than in tenderness. Perhaps if she had known half of what was in his mind she would never have yielded. Yet the result of it all was just this—just what he had told her—that he felt his protection indispensable to her, and that he still loved her so truly and deeply that there could be for him no ease of heart or life unless he had her in his care. That was the result of it all; but he knew that for this he would pay a price. Though Daisy was blameless, no doubt, of all but the weak folly of concealment, that weak folly would prove to have drawn upon her fair name such a cloud of suspicious-seeming mystery, as it would be intensely painful to any man should rest upon the antecedents of his wife. He sat beside her in the fire-lighted dusk, half hiding his face with one hand, and listened to her story. What the story was we know; what it was to him to hear and to her to tell him, it is not easy to know. Once or twice she faltered, almost failed in power to speak.

"Must I go on?" she asked.

"If you can you had better, Daisy; it will be well to have it told and over."

"Yes," she answered meekly, and then soon continued. When she came to the finding Wattie lying drowned on the river-side grass, to the vow she had vowed kneeling by him, she broke into passionate weeping. "Kenneth, Kenneth, help me to forget it all!"

He strained her to him then with soothing words. "Courage, it will soon be over, and then, indeed, poor Daisy, I will help you to forget it all."

Nearer the end, when she had to speak of her husband's treatment of her, a literal holding her in hell, as it seemed to both of them, it was Mr. Stewart who, for a moment, interrupted her story, starting up with some inarticulate exclamation.

She pleaded then, "Let me spare you and myself, let me leave the rest untold."

"No, Daisy. All you can bear to tell I wish to hear. I am not a woman to stop my ears from hearing. It is not the horror of the thing itself, it is the horror of your having suffered it. Don't you understand?"

"Oh yes—I know. But, Kenneth, can you believe what I tell you? I, as I tell it, don't believe it. Surely his badness was madness. It doesn't seem to me possible that the same world that holds you can have held him. And oh, Kenneth, indeed, indeed, it is not possible that I, who was his, should be yours."

"You were not his," he said, almost roughly.

"My soul was not, my will was not; but only if I could be passed through fire, and so purified, could I bear that you should take me."

She came at last to the very end. The report of the pistol, the feeling something on her hands and face, the looking at something, not knowing what she saw—and then—not supported now by the fever-strength that the first time she told the story had borne her through—indeed, it had been told in a changed and softened spirit, nurse's words, "It may be God's will you should remember and forgive," occurred to her; there was half excuse in the way in which she had said, "Surely his badness was madness"—she sank against Kenneth in a deadly swoon.

"I have tried her too much!" Mr. Stewart said, remorsefully, as

he laid her on the couch. "Heaven help us both!" he added, as he looked down on her death-like face, and almost thought it might be better for them both if she never woke.

Her first words when she came to herself were: "And now, Kenneth, you know that I am right; that it is not possible that you should take me for your wife."

"A pearl is always a pearl, however foul the mud in which for a time it may have been lost," was his only answer, then. He would not let her talk. He called old Keziah to come and wait upon her and he left her. He himself walked over miles and miles of moorland. "To the edge of the world and back again," he told Daisy, whom he saw again that night for a few moments, before he went to the little inn at which he was staying. "And I'm come back unchanged, Daisy," he added.

And the ending of this story was according to his will. Not exactly "a happy ending," but yet an "ending" that held the possible beginning of happier things. All the days of her life, both stormy days and sunny days, Daisy loved her husband as perfectly as it was in her to do any thing. For a long time Daisy's child was thought to be dumb. It had a dumb look in its gentle face, a pathetic, struggling look. But, at last, it learned to talk, not till it was five years old, just enough to prove that it was not, mentally, like other children. Rough and careless tongues named it an idiot; but it was not that. Then it died. Unfit to lead any thing but a child's life, requiring to be always cared for as a child, when with its childhood its life ended, even the mother, in her first bitter grief, and conscious that a vacant place was left which nothing could ever fill, felt: "It is well. It would have been so terrible to die, and leave him without a mother."

And Myrrha?

Myrrha was Aunt Daisy's bridesmaid. Myrrha was triumphant. "I told you so, Mr. Stewart! I told you Aunt Daisy was, I believed, already married!" Myrrha lived with "Aunt and Uncle Stewart" till she herself married. Perhaps Myrrha lost some of her "wisdom" at Redcombe. When she married it was only a fair match, not a splendid one, and she was "in love."

Myrrha was disappointed in herself, rather ashamed of herself. Aunt Daisy did what she could to console her, and Myrrha was open to consolation that came to her in the shape of a liberal and fashionable outfit, and all kinds of beautiful and costly presents. Myrrha's husband had the prettiest and most stylish woman in the neighborhood for his wife. That "they got on very well together," was the history they gave of their married happiness.

THE END.

A BALLERINA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

IT was a summer evening of the year 1735. Through the open doors of the little balcony came a sound of gay talk and laughter from the luxurious saloon of the charming Parisian *danseuse*, Camille Petitpas. The sweet fragrance of roses pervaded, like an enlivening breath, the brilliantly-illuminated apartment, where, on satin-covered chairs and tabourets, sat the loveliest women of the capital, surrounded by their elegant and distinguished admirers.

Who could have recognized, in the richly-dressed mistress of the saloon, the little daughter of the locksmith of the Rue Montmartre, who eight years ago skipped, singing and laughing, about the obscure house of her father, or, with frock tucked up, and her pretty feet neatly encased in a pair of red-leather shoes, delighted master and men with her merry, original dances, while Jacques, the youngest of the workmen, made quaint music with two great keys and a jew's-harp! The heavy braids of her golden hair, loosened in the dance, fell like a mantle about her form; her saucy face glowed, her black eyes flashed, and the severest gravity could scarce resist the charm of her laughing mouth.

The grimy workmen gazed at her in wondering rapture. Their stout hands rested—even supper was awhile forgotten—no higher tribute could have been rendered.

The street-door was, by chance, left open one evening, and the ballet-master of the royal theatre, passing by, looked in upon the living picture—a circle of Cyclops, and the little one in the midst, dancing upon the shop-floor by the light of a single work-lamp and the

glare of the smith's fire. The unseen observer rubbed his hands with delight, that his good genius had led him there at the fortunate moment. Only a few days before the famous Mademoiselle Salle had suddenly gone with an English duke to his native country; the other dancers had grown faded and old in the storm of Paris life; the almost ærial frailty of Anne Camargo, his most promising pupil, gave him serious apprehension. But here bloomed before his ravished eyes as fresh a rose-bud as ever unfolded into perfect flower—a being of strength and vitality, sufficient, it seemed, to resist a simoom of the desert. He must have her, cost what it might!

On the very next day negotiations were begun. Camille had no mother, and aunts and cousins vied with each other in convincing the locksmith that a fortunate star had risen upon the house. The little girl herself was radiant with joy at the prospect of dancing all her life, admired by a larger and more distinguished circle than her father's workmen, and plying her little feet to music more intoxicating than that of poor Jacques's jew's-harp.

Jacques opposed the ballet-master's plans with strange violence, and seemed almost beside himself at the thought of Camille's becoming a dancer. His entreaties almost induced her to retract her consent. How handsome he looked as he caught her hands, with angry tears in his eyes, and, stamping his feet, adjured her to remain with her father!

"Listen, Camille," he cried; "I swear to you that I will do something great in the world, and then I will come and marry you, and you shall be a good, happy woman; you may dance for me every day if you will, only don't go among those wicked old monkeys and wanton girls who dance for all the world! Nobody else will love you as I do—only believe that! I will work and buy beautiful dresses for you, and gay ribbons, and the prettiest red shoes in the world!"

And, as he bent toward her with these words, and, half-shyly, half-boldly, encircling with his arm her slender waist, drew her to him and kissed her hair, she had already opened her lips to say, "Jacques, I will stay at home with my father," when just then she heard the voice of the ballet-master at the door, and burst hastily from his arms.

Jacques turned away, his eyes flashing with anger.

An hour later all was arranged, and on the same evening Camille Petitpas left her father's house for that of her teacher. In the twilight she met Jacques once more in the passage before the door of her room.

"Good-by, Jacques," she said, in a faltering voice, holding out her hand; "I cannot help it; I must go. But, of course, you will come to see me often, and then, Jacques—do you not see?—we can marry just the same when you have become a great man, and I—a great dancer. I hope you will not forget to love me."

"I will neither love you nor marry you!" he broke in, hastily. "Go; you deserve to be forgotten! You will never see me again!"

And throwing off her hand, he gained the staircase at a single stride.

The same evening he disappeared from the workshop, and the men said to each other, "That proud Jacques has gone with the soldiers."

Camille was heartily grieved at the loss of her young friend, but she had little time to spare for regrets; there was so much to learn and to do. The locksmith's daughter was soon the darling of the ballet-master. Her beauty developed every day more brilliantly; she mastered all her lessons with wonderful quickness, and took the most difficult steps, as if for pastime. But in the society of her gay fellow-pupils she did not forget her father, and often coaxed for herself leave to spend a few hours with him. Yet she danced no more, in tucked-up frock and red shoes, by the light of the smith's fire.

A little thoughtful and grave she would sit there. Where could he have gone—that naughty, wild Jacques? If she could but feel his lips on her hair!

On her eighteenth birthday she first appeared in a solo *pas* as a nymph of the Seine, and her triumph and her rosy beauty were the three-days' talk of Paris. Even the king remarked her, and cast an approving smile at his ballet-master. What a piece of good fortune! Père Petitpas sat quite confused and frightened in the back part of a box among a crowd of relatives. He saw his child whirl to and fro before his eyes in her airy costume, but she seemed strange to him, and he only nodded sorrowfully when one of the aunts whispered to him that Camille was the most enviable creature in the world. She

had danced far more beautifully, he thought, in the workshop at home. Even her face seemed less charming here. Then she was so like her dead mother; but all that had vanished! And whither?

From that evening the old man saw his daughter less and less often in his workshop.

Engaged as *prima ballerina*, she now had an establishment of her own. Again and again she invited her father with the tenderest urgency, but the locksmith visited her only once—never again.

"My rough fists are not fit for your pretty things," he said. "Come to me if you want to see me."

And, indeed, she did come sometimes; but a Parisian *prima ballerina* had few leisure hours and many admirers, and the Petitpas was still fresh and artless, and loved to listen to the praises of her black eyes, and rosy lips, and pearly teeth, her dimples, and her little feet. It seemed a strange caprice that her shoes, though fashioned of the daintiest satin, were always bright red. All Paris knew and admired the "little red foot," and some noble ladies already began to wear shoes *à la Petitpas*.

The famous ballerina led a life of joy and gayety, and, but for a cloudy remembrance of the lost Jacques which flitted now and then across her sky, she could hardly have believed in the existence of shadows.

But one evening, just at the close of the ballet, as she ended her dance amid the applauding shouts of the multitude, and, in her gauzy dress and floating, rose-wreathed hair, stepped behind the side-scenes, a boy pressed through the clustering throng of her admirers, and whispered to the beautiful danseuse:

"Come home, Camille Petitpas. Your father is dying!"

Camille forgot her waiting carriage—forgot all but the one fact that her father was dying.

Deathly pale, regardless of all anxious calls and questionings, she threw a mantle over her light costume, and ran out along the street in her silken shoes so hurriedly that the messenger of evil tidings could scarcely follow her.

Breathless with haste, she entered her father's house. The workshop was lighted, for the master had ordered his bed to be removed to the familiar room. The sick man sat erect, surrounded by the dark forms of his workmen, his eyes and cheeks glowing with fever. He did not recognize his child, who, sobbing, seized his hand.

"Who is the strange woman?" he cried, as if in terror. "Call my child to me—my merry little girl in the red shoes—that she may dance my heart light, and I may hear once more her joyous laugh!"

Then the ballerina stole away into her own little chamber of the old time, and took from an old chest a simple little frock. With trembling fingers she braided her hair, and, twisting a scarf about her shoulders, ran quickly down-stairs.

"*Me voici, papa!*" she said.

And Camille herself took down the keys from the nail, and began to play, as once Jacques had done, but the tears ran down her cheeks, as she danced in her red shoes by the firelight. A smile of rapture overspread the face of the dying man.

"She looks like my poor wife once more," he murmured. "It is Camille, my happy child—and Jacques will come and take care of her."

He sank backward.

"I will sleep now," he said, softly. "Greet Jacques, and—kiss me!"

She kissed him, sobbing. He turned his face to the wall. It was very still in the workshop; no one dared to move; only the sparks of the smith's fire crackled and flew upward. Low and lower the ballerina bent over the motionless figure; a cry escaped her lips—her father was dead.

Years had passed since then. Camille Petitpas was still the darling of Paris, unrivalled, except by one—Anne Capuis de Camargo. But jealousy had no abiding-place in Camille's warm heart, and if, sometimes, she wept a tear or two, it was only to yield, next moment, to her friend's irresistible charm, and embrace her with the more passionate enthusiasm.

Sitting, one night, among her so-called friends, of whom all except Camargo secretly longed to eclipse and supplant her, Camille looked radiant and care-free, as if some good fairy had laid in her bosom the gift of immortal youth and beauty. No one of them all had so child-like a laugh as she. She could not wear her costly robes with the Camargo's royal air, and many of her vivacious gestures and expres-

sions recalled the locksmith's little daughter, dancing in the workshop in her red-leather shoes; but this only added piquancy to her charms.

Just now she sat in a somewhat careless attitude, beating time with her ravishing feet upon the back of her little lapdog. Her pretty head was thrown back; a leaf or two had fallen from the fresh rose at her left ear, and the string of pearls in her hair touched her rounded shoulder. A kitten, wearing a golden necklace, played with a faded bouquet, which lay upon the train of her costly, silk-embroidered robe.

The new duke Felix de Balbe-Berton, and the philosopher Etienne Cordillac, had taken their places beside the hostess, and upon the tabouret before her sat handsome Captain Jacques, just breveted for his gallantry in the war against Bavaria, at the side of young Louis François Conti, and under the command of the Marshal de Belle-Isle.

Who but the ballerina would ever have recognized in this stately hero, whose brave face and burning eyes took captive every woman's heart, the young journeyman smith who had vanished so tracklessly when Camille Petitpas went to the ballet-master's house? He had, indeed, "gone with the soldiers," and had made himself known to his foster-brother, the Prince de Conti. Returned to Paris, he hastened to call upon the renowned ballerina, who received him with loud exclamations of delight. Yet, with all her joy, she had little wish to become his wife. Jacques might, indeed, be the darling of the young prince; but—he was always poor, very poor, and Camille liked satin garments and Alençon laces, and a merry, careless life, and dreaded every serious attachment.

How different seemed the Camargo, sitting, a little way off, in her blue-silk costume! how strangely grave the type of her beauty! None could resist the charm of the features, modelled after the antique; the beaming, blue eyes, shadowed by long, black lashes; the delicate, ethereal form; the slow, pure grace of motion; the chaste, sweet lips. But, though men deified Anne Capuis de Camargo, they scarcely dared to love her; only women clung to her with passionate devotion. Voltaire was talking to her in his piquant, sparkling style, while Bouffet, the elegant young artist, clandestinely sketched the pure outline of her profile.

Thérèse Prevot, a ballerina who was growing old, strove, at least by her splendid toilet, to eclipse her younger rivals. What an *embarras de richesse*, of purple velvet embroidered with gold, of laces and feathers! What glances and what smiles showered upon the young marquis who sat beside her!

The brilliant Mademoiselle Salle gave free play to her incomparable hands and arms, while disdaining the attentions of a colonel, to give audience to a young actor.

Love, the favorite theme of all ages, engaged the attention of these various groups. Now sighing, now smiling—now louder, now more low—they confessed the secrets of the heart, and praised the fascinating power which sways all human souls. The cheeks of the ladies grew rosier, the eyes of the men more ardent. Deep, long glances played at hide-and-seek. Only Camille Petitpas avoided meeting the eyes of her truest admirer.

Turning, with a gay laugh, to the Duke de Berton, she exclaimed:

"I shall never believe in the strength of a man's love until he has shown me the proof of an all-subduing devotion. We women are expected to devote our whole lives to men who would not give up the pleasures of a single month for love of us!"

The liveliest discussion was provoked by this avowal; and on all sides arose a sportive word-contest, which, here and there, grew louder and more earnest. The gentlemen crowded about the ballerina, begging for a test—the imposition of some sacrifice. The old days of chivalry seemed to have been revived, when knights and troubadours declared themselves ready to contend with monsters for the ladies of their hearts.

"*Et bien!*" cried Camille, at last; "I will begin with the three nearest me—let my sisters follow my example! I demand only the knightly service of one month. Let each do for my sake what seems to him hardest; and, at the end of the appointed time, the company here assembled shall decide which has brought the most worthy offering of love."

"And then?" asked the young captain.

"Then? The reward of the bravest shall be left to me—I will then cease to be fickle."

"We devote ourselves to the trial!" cried the duke, the philosopher, and the soldier.

The ballerina extended to each of her three subjects her hand to be kissed, and supper was then announced in the elegant little dining-saloon.

Roses were strewn upon the brilliant table; sparkling wine bubbled in the tall crystal goblets; laugh and jest hovered on beautiful lips; only on the captain's face a shadow rested, until the chiding glance and whisper of his lovely neighbor dispelled the gloom.

"I hope you do not mean to starve yourself for my sake," she said. "I should weep all my life over a sacrifice so great. Do you not wish to win the prize, four weeks from to-day?"

"How could the wish avail?" he answered, with a melancholy smile. "I am the smallest and most insignificant in the hive of your adorers, and must content myself with the sight of their swarming."

During the following days and weeks, the dwelling of Petitpas, indeed, resembled a beehive. The story of the strange wager had flown through all Paris, and the curious flocked in and out of her doors incessantly, eager to be eye and ear witnesses of the wonderful deeds to be accomplished by these devoted three. New candidates announced their readiness to undertake a second contest after the decision of the pending wager—so tempting a prize seemed that strange, flighty something called Camille's heart!

There was little to see or hear.

The duke, whose parsimony was proverbial, made the most strenuous attempts to ruin himself by the purchase of various gifts for the queen of his thoughts; but, in point of fact, his usual careful providence never for a moment forsook him, and, despite what he considered his unheard-of expenditures, he remained as rich as before. His rueful countenance, when the haughty daughter of the locksmith pushed all his pretensions carelessly aside, was a source of extreme amusement to all who looked on. No one could accuse the Petitpas of selfishness; she accepted a fresh rose with the same grateful smile as a costly vase, and cared for a gold chain as little as a knot of ribbon.

The philosopher Etienne Cordillac appeared no more, since the eventful evening, in the presence of the ballerina. He had imposed upon himself the severe penance of exile from her magic circle. He was sure of the prize. Could there be more perfect self-abnegation than voluntarily to relinquish the presence of the beloved one? He saw her only at mass, where, leaning against a pillar, he looked over to her as a shipwrecked mariner toward the distant shore. He followed her from the church, scarcely less faithfully than the lackey who carried her missal; and when, arrived at her house-door, with pretty coquetry she drew aside her silken veil a little, she always met his large, earnest eyes, and saw his bow of humble recognition. The daily-multiplying throng of Camille's admirers already awarded to Cordillac the palm of tender devotion, and with envious imagination saw him quit the field a conqueror.

The captain, to the astonishment of all, had for the second time in his life disappeared without trace. Nobody had seen him—nobody knew where he was staying. At first, Camille scarcely missed him, amid the throng that gathered about her; but by degrees she began to speculate seriously upon his absence, and to grow restless and unlike herself. Secretly distressed, she sent her servant here and there, for some clew of the vanished friend of her youth. This strange, old man had entered her service but a short time before, but his bronzed and wrinkled face inspired her fullest confidence, as he stood at the door bowing low, while she spoke to him, and humbly retreating a step or two, as she advanced. Old François was the only witness of her daily-increasing anxiety for Jacques. He had heard often enough of the feats of her errant knight—surely, she might trust him with the most delicate and hazardous commissions! Perhaps, Jacques had gone to Africa, to tame lions for his lady—perhaps he was seeking to bring the teeth of some giant as an ornament for the fairest of necks! Perhaps he had become a monk, and thus thrown his life at her little feet—and she had lost him forever! Camille had more sad thoughts in that one month than in all her life before—she was frightened at herself. She execrated her foolish wager, that hair-brained Jacques, and finally herself; and at François's quiet entrance she often looked up from her lace-work with eyes hot and swollen from weeping. Fortunately, such grief was not uninterrupted. The young Marquis Erequis was such a piquant jester, and the Chevalier Labord related to her so many *petites histoires scandaleuses*—Voltaire's sar-

casms were so brilliant, and Boufflet's sketches so charming—she was forced to forget her trouble awhile. Then came the excitements of the stage-dance, and the triumph behind the scenes, where François waited with endless patience, before he was allowed to cover, with her little blue mantle, the full shoulders of the ballerina, only to be pushed aside and trod upon, as he strove to assist his mistress into her carriage. Many a cavalier would have sworn that he had received, at such a moment, a smart cuff or a stout kick, from the old servant; but no! he must have been deceived—one glance at the bent form and withered visage plainly showed the impossibility of such violence. Indeed, so infirm was he that, in lighting visitors down the staircase, it often happened that he tottered against the wall, under the weight of the chandelier, not without jostling somewhat rudely the guests nearest him. The lights were extinguished, and in the dark and troublesome descent the unfortunate admirers of the lovely Petitpas tripped and stumbled, as if malicious spirits led astray their groping, uncertain feet. Before François could relight the lamps, they were already at the door.

Thus the days passed. Camille's eyes often had a sorrowful expression, and, for the first time in her life, her sleep was disturbed by frightful dreams. Starting up, sometimes, with a cry of terror, she would lean her arm upon the pillow, and weep like a frightened child.

At mass, she prayed longer and more fervently than ever before, and sometimes quite forgot to coquet with her admirers. Even the duke could not obtain a look from her.

Where was Jacques?

At last the day arrived, on which the curious throng pressed into the *salon*, for the decision of the far-famed trial of love. What a host of eager, charming faces! Even the beautiful, proud Camargo wore an air of unusual excitement. Camille herself, although in richest dress, was looking pale, and cast anxious glances toward the door, which François was incessantly opening, to admit fresh arrivals.

The philosopher, Etienne Cordillac, and the Duke de Balbe Berton appeared, each wearing a triumphant smile. Jacques was not there! The dial-hand marked the hour of ten—the decision must be spoken!

The duke stepped gravely forward, and placed a small book in the hand of the ballerina, whose disquiet increased every moment.

"You have only to glance over these pages, fairest of the fair," he said, "to see that I have almost ruined myself for your sake. Here are my receipts noted down—there the expenses of the last month. I am ready to complete the sacrifice for the prize of your heart!"

Petitpas laid aside the book, with a sad smile.

"And what have you done for me, Etienne Cordillac?" said her sweet voice

"I chose the hardest, voluntary exile! Who could do more for the queen of his thoughts?" cried the renowned philosopher.

"I!" replied a new voice, and François, the old servant, stood in the centre of the room. One moment, and the servant's dress fell upon the floor—the wig he removed with a low bow. In his uniform, his handsome face radiant with the ruddy glow of enthusiastic emotion, Jacques stood before his beloved and her brilliant circle.

"I think that I have accomplished the severest task," he said, sinking gracefully to his knee, and laying his wig at the feet of Petitpas. "I challenge all men to imagine a harder penance. Daily, hourly, to look upon the adored queen of my heart, without allowing myself to approach her, or receive one glance from her eyes—to do her a thousand little services, with the humble deportment of the most insignificant attendant—to lead to her with my own hands my most dangerous rivals, and to bring to her their letters glowing with love—could purgatory devise a sharper punishment?"

A cry of applause followed. The ladies were enchanted with the handsome lackey—the gentlemen crowded, laughing, to his side. Balbe and Cordillac acknowledged themselves outdone. And Camille? Smiling and blushing, she gave her white hand to her childhood-friend, then turned with bewitching grace to her vanquished adorers.

"If he is guilty of the slightest negligence in his service, I will send him away and employ another," she laughed, in exuberance of joy, with a tender glance at her beloved, "and who knows how soon I may be forced to do so, if—"

"Patience!" interrupted the philosopher, and the duke suppressed a sigh. But his face cleared again, as charming *Mademoiselle Salle* laid her little hand upon his arm, and whispered, teasingly:

"If I wanted a servant, there is nobody whom I would rather engage than you!"

They passed into the dining-saloon, Camille on the arm of her lover. The table glittered with costly furniture, and fresh flowers breathed perfume from the marble vases. Boufflet and Cordillac sat next to Anne Camargo; Voltaire, opposite her, by Mademoiselle Salle; the duke on the other side.

Suddenly, the beautiful Camargo leaned backward for a moment, and looking, with a smile, upon her neighbors, asked: "Shall we also lay a wager?"

"In a year—only not to-day!" cried Balbe, with comic energy. "I shall need as much time as that to scrape a *livrée* together!"

"And I shall need, I fear, more than one year to grow as handsome as the lackey of Petitpas!" said Voltaire.

Meanwhile, Camille's fingers were toying with a rose; softly they glided into the hand of her young friend.

"Are you not sorry that it is I who have vanquished you both?" asked the young officer, softly, seeking Camille's eyes. "Are you happy, Camille?"

"Oh, Jacques! happy as in that sweet time when I danced for you in the red shoes!"

Nobody ever heard of a change of servants in the house of the famous Petitpas; but all the ladies of Paris envied her so handsome, clever, and faithful an attendant.

A MUNICIPAL MOUTH AT DAYBREAK;

OR, otherwise, a Municipal Market at Daybreak, the only objection occurring in the unfitness of the respectable and honored word "market" to represent the place. There is associated with the term, probably through the popular medium of foreign illustrated papers, a strong impression upon the imagination, of high-storied, arched-roofed, iron, stone, and glass built triumphs of architecture and convenience, which is sadly outraged by the mean-looking markets of New York. He is a very reasonable man to whom it occurs that the building which shelters the transfer of Nature's gifts to man should be particularly appropriate in cleanliness, position, and even elegance, and who looks on all others with a protest at their insufficiency, and their ignorance of the dignity of their uses.

At the two extremities of Fulton Street, the city gulps its food in the most indecorous and unintelligible manner. It begins its breakfast at one in the morning, ends it at five, and is engaged until eight in swallowing it and fully disposing of it. It takes its meal with as much apparent respect for it as a man who goes to his table in his shirt-sleeves, with his boots off, his hat on, and who eats with his knife in his coal-cellar.

It is a terrible and indiscriminating bolting, and, as a mere monstrous action, is highly interesting to look upon. The lack of grace and convenience makes the matutinal hurry-skurry an eminently picturesque affair, and is invariably included in the sights by all New-Yorkers whose fate it is to entertain a foreign friend. Why this is so, Heaven only knows; unless, perhaps, the host, in his American rivalry of English misery, feels that he must throw in the markets along with Water Street, in order to hope to outdo St. Giles or Spital-fields.

In this light the gratis and voluntary exhibition of Fulton-Street deformities becomes mournfully bearable. To become fully aware of them yourself is quite a shock to your respect for the highly honorable city and all that it contains, and you write a highly-indignant letter to the press. But it is never printed until there occurs the semi-annual outbreak of journalistic bile in regard to this very matter, and your effectual putting of the case is prominently isolated and given to the municipality to ponder upon, with forty thousand other effectual puttings of the case, also prominently isolated as was yours.

Washington Market, like its rival at the other end of the street, begins in a shaky brick excrescence as a nucleus. Trundle yourself down to it at one or two o'clock on a clear morning, by way of a somnolent horse-car, and it strikes you as being an up-river village drowned out by a freshet, and shivered and soaked and racked to drift-wood, and which has stranded here in the mud with its solitary church, left intact by act of Providence. All the frame buildings of the settlement appear to have dissolved into mouldy walls and roofs of countless sizes and shapes, and to have been piled upon each other by some reckless power that had not the remotest sense of order in its work. Seen by the daylight it becomes a confused mass of gray-

ish shades marked with blackish stripes, existing in the ever-present interest of damp-rot, the whole closely resembling a huge bank of clayey marl. It has the condemning mark of glaring theatrical placards upon it, a multitude of tale-telling props about it, and a general staggering and infirm drunkenness all through its wretched area.

Seen at night it is startling. A brilliant moon makes vivid highlights upon some broken gutters, some disconnected and deviously-slanting roofs, upon the whitish unstable belfry with its pair of ancient steps leading downward, and plunges all the rest into a sudden inkiness. It is an unwholesome-looking place, appearing to be a spot condemned to die, and sink back to the earth, of a self-bred pestilence and impurity, and to be shut out forever from man as a plague-spot.

This mass of roofs covers the market proper; but, westwardly of it, there are squares of incoherently-arranged sheds running to the river-front, with muddy causeways between them, slippery with decaying fruit and redolent of spoiling vegetables. This is the place where the hardier and rinded fruits are mainly sold, and they lie piled in pyramids like the shot in an artillery-park. The market, taken in a mercantile sense and apart from the buildings, does not, however, confine itself to this limited though extensive quarter, but carries on a flourishing business in West, Washington, and Greenwich Streets, and north and south for a dozen or fifteen blocks. Fulton Street in its entire length from North to East Rivers is, at five in the morning, quite as much a bustling market as the very centre of the building itself.

At two or thereabouts the coming tide of wagons begins to set strongly in from all quarters, and the distant rumbling upon the pavements begins to grow deeper and quicker. They start out very suddenly from the gloom with their drooping horses and high canvas-covered loads, and plunge into some one of the many streets which make up the district, and in them take up the best position in the judgment of the driver, who instantly feeds his horses and goes to sleep upon his load. These market-wagons, coming from all parts of the outlying country, have a singular uniformity of shape and color, and even rival the jaunty milk-carts in gay appearance.

They curiously wedge themselves into impossible places at choice corners, and overlies each other after the manner of steamboats at a levee. It is highly pleasant to notice that the horses are almost invariably strong, wiry, and well cared for, and that a general neatness shows itself about the many teams.

The streets, after three o'clock, fill rapidly, and the temptation is very great to also add, noiselessly. Many men are groping shufflingly about, and there is a constant inroad of new arrivals, all bulky and plethorically swollen, and seeming, to a novice, to be very unmanageable, and still there is a strange silence upon all. Every thing seems to have been deeply narcotized or invisibly muffled. Teamsters' oaths and astonishing chaff are not to be heard even in the midst of the most complicated entanglements, a muttered growl or quiet gesticulation serving all purposes admirably. Wheels in some way avoid all noisy shocks, and the slow feet of the horses fail to give out any sharp rings upon the pavements, in consequence of the littering straw which covers the ground. Not a single cry is to be heard, and not a voice is violently raised, though within a stone's-throw hundreds of carts and teams are on the move. It reminds one strongly of some secret movement of an army corps, where all lights are quenched and all noises drowned, and where there is an underhand rendezvous for the purpose of some dreadful surprise upon the sleeping enemy.

All the overhanging door-ways and niches made in walls by closed shutters are rich in slumbering men. Spaces between barrels, made comfortable with potato-bags, hold unintelligible heaps of coarse, frowsy, dusty clothing, which upon an emergency are capable of developing themselves into mop-headed, bewildered countrymen, who stretch themselves, and in a flash are wide awake both in the matter of eyes and bargains.

Standing at a street-corner, you find the crossing thoroughfares crowded on both sides with thickly-packed rows of bulging carts, and of horses sleepily munching an early breakfast in the dark. Prostrate, angular forms, with their heads buried in their arms, are perched upon every available foot-board, and you stumble your way over them at every turn.

Opposite to the main entrance to the market proper, there is a long restaurant, which has kept its wide doors open all night, as it does every night, for the accommodation of the hungry and irregu-

lar crowd of market-people. It is very glaring with its flaming lights, and there are seats for seventy people at the different tables. Every thing is scrupulously neat, but the frequenters, at this early hour, are savagely uncouth and singular. They slouch in and sink into their seats with the bearing of men who are carrying heavy burdens on their shoulders, and even go so far as to incline their heads to one side, as if to give the imaginary weight a little more room. Their caps are small, close-fitting, and set well down over their ears. Their clothing is generally coarse blue, horribly soiled and dampened, and their boots have an appearance of always stamping recklessly in slaughtering. It takes no very sharp eye to detect a certain wolfishness of manner in their behavior, a strong inclination to perform all trifling actions with a double-handed blow, or a tearing pull. They are, however, very far from quarrelsome, and, on the contrary, are courteous and kind; but there is, nevertheless, a blood-thirsty look to their eyes, and a highly-uncomfortable appearance about their huge hands. An unquenchable odor of the market clings about them, and in their friendly manners toward each other they fling themselves into adjacent seats with a nameless carelessness, which reminds you startlingly of the trembling jelliness of sides of beef.

A quick-handed, white-aproned waiter, with a marvellous sprightliness (in view of the hour), leaps at the new-comer, with raised eyebrows, and ejaculates, seriously:

"Hoi?"

The butcher, without looking up from an imaginary quartering of a ghostly sheep, which he is carrying on with a table-knife, in company with two others beside him, instantly returns, with heartiness:

"You — hurry up!"

The result of this is a cup (and a thick cup, too) of milky coffee and three steaming-hot, heavy biscuits, evidently designed by some misanthropic, man-hating cook, with an eye to the final extermination

of the human race. These seem to be the only dishes offered at this time, as they, and they only, are partaken of by the country drivers, who, with their mortal antagonists, the market-men, throng the place. There is a cheerful clatter of dishes and jingle of pennies, which accords badly with the heavy-eyed crowd, which still seems to be under the narcotic influence before hinted at.

Six odd characters suddenly come in from the outer darkness in the shape of burly women, with dresses and sun-bonnets of nankeen. They solemnly distribute themselves at two tables and gaze stonily at

nothing. They are of that brass-mouthed corps of fruit-venders who arouse your neighborhood at unseasonable hours with cries descriptive of unseasonable wars, and who are so fearfully muscular and sun-burned. They are Germans, with the general appearance of Indians, and are proverbially keen at a bargain. They are waited upon with great awe and deference, and, with the independence which distinguishes their gait, dress, and general treatment of both dealers and customers, call for tea and five cakes each, which are promptly served, without a breath of protest.

Across the way, under the vast and unsightly covering before mentioned, there is at this time, and has been for two good hours, a monstrous bewildering bustle and activity in flourishing progress.

As you skirt the place, preparatory to your entrance, and tramp with uncertain steps through the ankle-deep muck and garbage, there are faint glimmers of light struggling from within, forcing themselves from the numerous cran-nies and imperfections in the walls, while oftentimes there suddenly bursts upon you a full glare from some little unhinged open door, which blinds you, and inclines you to the belief that the market is on fire, and ready to burst out into a consuming flame at any moment.

At the first glance the interior presents the idea of a disorderly, unintelligible mass of stuff. An inextricable interwoven net of rafters and uprights, with supports and braces without number, stretch out sideways, upward and downward and everywhere. There are numerous short flights of steps leading to floors above and below,

which also have their racks of hooks, their little partitions, their sentry-box counting-rooms, and their marble and wooden shelves. The floors are declivitous, slippery, and decaying. The walls are propped, patched, and altered out of all semblance of their former regularity and comeliness. There is also an ever-present, mouldy dampness, as if from a per-

petual drenching from the coils of hose, which hang in black festoons on every hand.

The narcotizing influence of the streets has also penetrated here in a particular spot, and has prostrated some ungainly, oily men into meat-troughs, and upon some whitish stone benches, used, at other times, for the flaying of huge fish, where they lie in contorted heaps with dishevelled dress, buried in heavy and swinish sleep.

Under a row of flaring gas-lights, blown hither and thither by irregular gusts, which burst in at every quarter, there are other men



WASHINGTON MARKET.—INTERIOR.



WASHINGTON MARKET.—OUTSIDE STREET SCENES.

with bare arms and feet, busily but silently engaged in rapidly trimming white-fleshed, slippery halibut. A salty odor permeates the air, and is a little refreshing after the stifling, oppressive atmosphere elsewhere encountered. You pass on in alternate gloom and glare, and at a single turn come upon a landscape of meat. Long, reddish-white vistas of sides open before you, with deep ravines of blushing fore-quarters. Terraces of haunches arise from forests of shin-bones, while groves and glades of livers spread out from a foreground of ribs. There is a thick, overhanging foliage of the heads of poultry, and a distant background of general fleshiness.

There is great activity here. There are many heavily-built men, such as were met at the restaurant, struggling under huge piles of beef, or engaged in fierce wrestlings with heavy bodies hard to hold and handle. They dexterously approach them, plunge upon them, strain and slip with many mutterings, and finally bear them off, avoiding all collisions with astonishing ingenuity.

It is in this locality that the true butcher blooms into complete flower. Seen at this hour, with all his faculties brightly awake, with a brace of sharp customers, and surrounded with the meaty objects of his pride and pleasure, you behold an emperor. True, he reigns in a contracted cell of flesh, and his myrmidons are but a couple of oily men, yet you are forced to believe in him on account of his complete ascendancy over them, and because of his consummate skill.

He is dressed in a flowing white frock, reaching to his boot-tops, and having a wide sailor-collar trimmed with blue, a tall silk hat, and a neat cravat. The time to properly contemplate him is when he has completed a good sale of several sides of beef, and is undertaking their trimming. He takes his steel and his knife with easy confidence, while his men bring the bulky mass of meat, and deposit it before him on a much-used but particularly tough and sturdy table. It is placed to a nicety; but the butcher scowls silently, and it is instantly readjusted. He then looks upon it critically, walks up to it, and prods it deftly, and turns away exactly as a cricketer does who has just blocked a dangerous one from Wright. He turns up his sleeves, and steps back again; he finds his men have turned the meat the other side up, and are watching him with breathless reverence. He is proud of the homage. He poises his blade airily, makes a kissing sound with his lips to demonstrate his ease of mind, and makes an off-hand incision and partially separates a waste portion; he then swears roundly, and a startled slave darts upon the severed piece and tremblingly holds it while the great man skillfully passes his knife along over many irregularities, and suddenly whips it outward with a flourish, and the refuse part falls to the floor. He straightens, draws his sleeve across his forehead to wipe away imagined perspiration, while his worshippers gaze at each other for some seconds in inexpressible admiration, after which they bear off the burden and fetch another.

The quantity of food which passes into this market on its way to the people is something very enormous, and a proper realization of its vastness is better obtained by the eye than by figures. This spot is the concentration of the results of a whole year's growth, of a season's killing, of the grand products of farms for fifty miles around, and the general summing up of incalculable labor. Its size and capacity is forced upon one by actual view of the masses of subsistence poured in here daily. After having passed through lanes of beef and lamb and pork, and come upon other almost interminable lanes of the same rich material, beyond which are still more lanes, with short alleys running off on either hand, and all filled with sharp, urbane, white-frosted sellers, and still sharper purchasers, with groups of soiled, slouching porters at their heels, you suddenly slip into the domain of vegetables, and from the numberless farmers' carts drawn up on the outside you behold an endless shower of garden-stuff, hurled inward at an army of boys who rapidly make symmetrical piles behind them. There appears to be even a greater value in this branch of marketing than in the meat interest, for there is a ceaseless horde of wagons bearing down upon the place from all quarters, and, seen from within, looking like smoky shadows being gradually drawn into a boundless vortex.

As the hours slip by, and the darkness begins insensibly and almost imperceptibly to pass away, the grand uproar within and without increases with every moment. Sundry hammocks, swung within some sheds, and ingeniously avoiding the piles of stock with which the places are closely stored, become gradually emptied of their sleepy, dishevelled occupants, and are folded up and put away for sake of

their room. Swarms of hungry-appearing men, with huge baskets, or bags fashioned from large aprons, together with crowds of jostling women who seem to have sprung from the ground, now begin to pour down and in from adjacent streets, and to thickly throng all the narrow passages. A loud murmur rises up from them, and they range along, gazing, touching, and haggling. It is a matter of serious business with all, and no holiday laughing or barter comes from them; but they steadily and earnestly step hastily in and out of the stalls, like dainty bees in a flower-garden, and all the time curiously playing at the game of "follow my leader." What one resolute person does with promptness, either stopping at this haunch or slurring over the next, or questioning respecting this tempting quarter or suspiciously feeling of that, a dozen others, blessed with less knowledge or aplomb, are sure to do in his (or perhaps her) wake; and so they string along in close and noisy procession, with money held tightly in their hands, and their keen eyes scanning all sides in search of bargains.

Without, too, the coming light pushes a noisy crowd in its van. The sidewalks, for many blocks, have their similar throngs of eager purchasers, while up and down there run currents and counter-currents of green-grocers' and petty-market wagons, purchasing and loading from the farmers' teams by the curb-stones.

It is a scene of sharp traffic on infinitesimal differences in prices and stocks. No financiers with their sixty-fourths per cent. are more rigid than these groups of neatly-dressed German women, with brown skins, eager faces, tightly-braided hair, and keen fingers and tongues, who pry and question over their marketing. And, again, there is not to be produced, from all the city's multifarious classes who live by their wits and the weaknesses of others, one which can long compete with these rasping, screwing rustics in quality of bargaining ability. Whether their eternal wrestling with the ground for its somewhat precarious and tardy products produces such a fine edge to their transactions, or whether it comes from morbid sensitiveness to the value and uses of the dollar, pondered upon in solitary labor in the fields, it does not clearly appear; but, whatever it is that gives them such a cunning refinement of keenness, it does its work marvellously well, and, perhaps most men might think, overshoots the mark just a trifle. As it is, however, it appears that in this diamond-cut-diamond contest much business and work is well done, for, by seven or eight in the morning, the burdens are mostly transferred from the sellers to the purchasers, and the hegira of depleted red wagons commences.

The flaring restaurant has long since turned off its gas, and has emerged from the contracted fare of two dishes into the full glory of "all the delicacies which the market and the season can afford." The crazy, tumble-down market itself seems to have come to the cheerful determination to stand up for one more day, though one might reasonably suppose that it would sooner shrink into the ocean of mud and decaying wood which encompasses it than to expose its hideousness to the morning light, conscious, as it must be, of so many deformities. But who knows but the tottering old collection of hutches still keeps its infirm legs for the purpose of preaching a sermon to some few certain bodies who should decently bury it? If this is the idea, well and good, and all respectful honor to it; but, if it still voluntarily stands in its character of Washington Market, the sooner it is dissolved into infinitesimal splinters and memories, the better for all concerned.

THE STRASBOURG LIBRARY.

THE Public or "Town" Library of Strasbourg, destroyed in the recent siege by the Germans, was located in what is known as the "Temple-Neuf," formerly a Dominican monastery; but of late, used as a place of worship for the Lutherans. Its history dates back as far as early in the sixteenth century, when it seems to have originated in a bequest from John Geiler von Kayserberg, a famous preacher, who lived in Strasbourg thirty-three years, and died there March 10, 1510.

His library of books and manuscripts, which he bequeathed to the town, doubtless formed the nucleus of the public library. The art of printing was then but half a century old, and Kayserberg's collection contained more manuscripts than printed books.

It was not, however, until 1531 that the library became known as the "Town Library," but from this date it grew by constant acquisition, until, in our day, having added to itself a large collegiate li-

brary, and two or three valuable private collections, it contained one hundred and eighty thousand volumes of printed books, and fifteen hundred and eighty-nine MSS.

Both in early printed books and ancient manuscripts it was eminently rich. Oberlin, once chief librarian, computed the number of its books printed before 1520 at four thousand three hundred; and of these, not less than eleven hundred were without date.

Among the collections presented to the library should be mentioned that of John Daniel Schoepflin, a learned historian and antiquary, professor of Eloquence and History in the University of Strasbourg, in 1720. Schoepflin wrote many local antiquarian works, and numerous small dissertations; one of which latter, was an attempt to prove that Gutenberg first practised the art of printing at Strasbourg which Schoeffer afterward perfected at Mayence.

The abundant book rarities of the Strasbourg Library were doubtless due to the fact of that city having certainly been the cradle of the art of printing, although Mayence may have been its nursery. But, besides rare books of great value, the library contained one of the finest collections of illuminated manuscripts. Of these, may be specially noted the "*Hortus Deliciarum*" of Herada, Abbess of Landsberg, one of the most perfect specimens of illumination as practised at the close of the eleventh century. The period of the production of this MS. is believed to have been about 1180. The subjects were miscellaneous, and most elaborately represented by illuminations and miniatures. Dibdin, the bibliomaniac, describes it as comprising "battles, sieges, men tumbling from ladders which reach to the sky—conflagrations, agriculture—devotion, penitence—revenge, murder—in short, there is hardly a passion animating the human breast, but what is represented here, it is so perfect in all its parts, and so rich in its particular description, that it may probably vie with any similar production in Europe."

Here, too, were deposited those memorable documents in the lawsuit between Gutenberg and his partner, which have thrown so much light on the origin of the history of printing. The depositions in this case were in MS., and contained in a small folio, dated 1439. Dibdin questions their authenticity, believing them to have been only attested copies; but he is hardly sustained by evidence.

Among the early printed books were copies from the press of Faust at Mayence, Eggesteyn of Strasbourg, and Mentelin of the same place. The latter, who was supposed to be the earliest printer of Strasbourg, was born there, of an obscure family, in 1410. He was originally a writer and illuminator of manuscripts, in the service of the Bishop of Strasbourg; but having got hold of the art of printing, he practised it about 1466-'72, printing his first works without date, and passing them off as manuscripts, which were then selling at a very high price. He printed the first German Bible about 1466; and was followed by Eggesteyn, who printed a Latin Bible in the following year.

There were likewise in this library a copy of Cicero, printed by Faust in 1465; a Latin Ptolemy of 1462, with fine engraved copper-plates; the Chronicle of Foerisius, printed in Gothic type in 1474; of which Dibdin acknowledges that he never heard of another copy; a copy of St. Jerome's Epistles, printed by Schoeffer in 1470; a Latin Bible printed by Jeusen in 1479; the first edition of Catullus and Propertius of 1472; an early edition of Virgil, and many others of equal rarity and antiquity.

Besides these specimens of early printing, the Strasbourg Library contained a finely-selected collection of modern books; yet it was only used by the public to the extent of an average daily attendance of fifty readers, of whom many were doubtless tourists and strangers.

WINTER RAIN.

THE rain, the desolate rain!
Ceaseless and solemn and chill;
How it drips on the misty pane!
How it drenches the darkened sill!
Oh, scene of sorrow and dearth,
I would that the wind, awaking
To a fierce and gusty mirth,
Might vary this dull refrain
Of the rain, the desolate rain;

For the heart of heaven seems breaking
In tears o'er the fallen earth;
And again, again, again,
We list to the sombre strain,
The long, low monotone
(Whose soul is a mystic moan),
Of the rain, the rain, the rain,
The low, despairing rain!

The rain, the mournful rain!
Weary, passionless, slow;
'Tis the rhythm of settled sorrow,
'Tis the sobbing of careless woe;
And all the tragic of life,
The pathos of long ago,
Comes back on the sad refrain,
Of the rain, the mournful rain,
The desolate, dreary rain,
Till the graves in my heart uncloze,
And the dead who are buried there
From a solemn and weird repose
Awake; but with eyeballs drear,
And voices that melt in pain,
On the tide of the plaintive rain
(The yearning, hopeless rain,
With its passionless, slow refrain),
Of the dim, funereal rain,
The long, low, whispering rain!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

II.

THE most striking view of the Natural Bridge is that from below, and no better hour could be selected than that fixed upon by Mr. Fenn. As the sun rises and flashes its splendors through the gigantic arch, the scene becomes one of extraordinary beauty and sublimity—beauty from the exquisite flush which spreads itself over rocky mass and stately fir, over pendant shrub, and the fringe of evergreen; and sublimity from the wellnigh overpowering sentiment which impresses the mind in presence of the mighty arch of rock, towering far above, and thrown as by the hand of some Titan of old days across the blue sky, appearing both above and beneath. It has been well said that no one who has witnessed this extraordinary spectacle has ever forgotten it. An English gentleman wrote: "Then there is the arch, distinct from every thing and above every thing! Massive as it is, it is light and beautiful by its height, and the fine trees on its summit seem now only like a garland of evergreens; and, elevated as it is, its apparent elevation is wonderfully increased by the narrowness of its piers, and by its outline being drawn on the blue sky. Oh, it is sublime! So strong and yet so elegant! Springing from earth and bathing itself in heaven! I sat and gazed in wonder and astonishment. I had quickly, too quickly, to leave the spot forever; but the music of those waters, the luxury of those shades, the form and color of those rocks, and that arch—that arch—rising over all, and seeming to offer a passage to the skies—oh! they will never leave me!"

With the brilliant drawing of Mr. Fenn before his eyes, the reader would only be wearied by any description of the exquisite scene which it represents. The grandeur and serene loveliness of the spectacle are sufficiently indicated—the gentle stream which passes with a murmur from its hiding-place in the bosom of the hills—the lengthening vistas, cool and soft, and bathed in dawn—the silent mountains—and, in the midst of all this exquisite beauty, the great soaring arch, with its jutting buttresses and fringes of the evergreen pine, the shaggy eyebrows of the giant. They dwindle these heavy-headed evergreens into little fringes only—even that picturesque monarch, rep-



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—UNDER THE NATURAL BRIDGE.



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—TOP OF NATURAL BRIDGE,

resented in the second drawing of Mr. Fenn, on the summit of the bridge, shows scarce so large as the spray of ferns and cedar held in the hand of a girl! There is excellent reason, indeed, why the loftiest forest-trees, proudly raising their heads to heaven, and affording a resting-place for the eagle, should thus shrink in dimensions. From the summit to the surface of the stream below is two hundred and fifteen feet; and thus the Natural Bridge is fifty-five feet higher than Niagara.

It remains only, before terminating our brief sketch of this celebrated curiosity, to speak of the hazardous attempts, made by more than one person, to climb the rocky sides of the great arch and reach the summit. This has never yet been done, but a considerable distance has been attained by venturesome climbers, who have recorded their prowess by cutting their names on the surface, at the highest point reached by them. High up among these may be found the name of no less a personage than George Washington, who, strong, adventurous, and fond of manly sports, was seized, like many others before and after him, with the ambition to ascend the precipice and inscribe his name upon the face of the rock.

The highest point ever reached by any one of these adventurous explorers is said to have been attained by Mr. James Piper, at the time a student of Washington College, and subsequently a State senator. It was about the year 1818, when, with some of his fellow-students, Mr. Piper visited the bridge, descended to the foot of the precipice, and determined to ascertain to what height it was possible for a human being to ascend by means of inequalities on the surface, the assistance of shrubs, or otherwise. He accordingly commenced climbing the precipice, and taking advantage of every ledge, cleft, and protuberance, finally reached a point, which to his companions far beneath, seemed directly under the great arch. He was far above the names cut on the stone—fully fifty feet above that of Washington—and standing upon a ledge, which appeared to his terrified fellow-students but a few inches in width, shouted aloud, waving one hand in triumph, while with the other he clung to the face of the precipice. They shouted back to him, begging him for God's sake to descend, but he only replied by laughter. They then saw him continue the ascent, clinging to every object at hand, until he reached a cleft almost directly beneath the cedar-stump, which we have mentioned as the scene of Miss Randolph's perilous adventure. His ambition was not yet satisfied, however. He had not ascended the rock to inscribe his name upon it, but with the daring design of immortalizing himself by mounting from the bottom to the top of the Natural Bridge. He accordingly continued his way, working his toilsome and dangerous passage through clefts in the huge mass of rock. These were just sufficient, in many places, to permit his body to pass, and huge roots from the trees above protruding through splits in the mass curled to and fro, and half obstructed the openings. With unflinching resolution, and not daring to look into the hideous gulf beneath him, the young man fought his way on, piercing by main force the dark clefts, crawling along narrow ledges, springing from abutment to abutment, until finally he stopped at an elevation of *one hundred and seventy feet* from the earth below. Here he was seen to look upward, but he did not move. His heart had failed him. Instead of designing any further ascent, his only ambition now was plainly to descend in safety, if possible, from his frightful perch. To look beneath would have been certain death. His head would have turned at the first glance, and losing his footing on the narrow ledge, which he just clung to, his body would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks. Within his grasp, almost, it seemed, was the coveted summit, but he could not reach it; the smooth face of the rock laughed at him.

Under these circumstances the young gentleman acted with a nerve and presence of mind highly honorable to the force of his character. He slowly and cautiously divested himself first of one of his shoes, and then the other, next drew off his coat, and these articles he threw from him into the gulf beneath, without daring to look in the direction in which they fell. Then, clinging close to the face of the precipice, and balancing his body carefully as he placed each foot down, and raised each one up, he tottered along inch by inch, hanging between life and death until he reached a friendly cleft. Here pausing for a moment to brace his nerves, he continued his way in the same cautious manner, followed by the eyes of his pale and terrified friends; when, disappearing in a cleft, he reappeared no more. A cry rose from beneath; he was lost, it seemed, must have fallen into one of the huge fissures and been dashed to pieces. His friends had

given him up, and agony had succeeded the long suspense, when suddenly, from behind a clump of evergreens, extending like a screen across the narrow opening between two towering rocks, appeared the young student—safe, sound, and smiling, after his perilous feat, during which he had stood face to face with the most terrible of deaths.

His exploit might have been foolhardy, but at least he had achieved one distinction—that of having climbed to the highest point ever reached on the face of the precipice at the Natural Bridge.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

A VISIT TO GENERAL PRIM.

WHILE the cruel assassination of Prim is still fresh in all minds, I have thought it may not be uninteresting to recall an interview which I had with him last May at Madrid. It did not contain much incident; but when a great man dies, things otherwise unimportant throw some light upon his career, and aid us in forming a final estimate of his character. I had a letter of introduction from a distinguished gentleman in America, and when I mentioned this to our ambassador, General Sickles, he advised me to send it with a note of my own, and then to go with him to a reception-party at General Prim's the next evening. So the next night at eleven o'clock, we went with General Sickles to the palace of the Minister of War, to which Prim had removed, not without some reluctance, from his own modest mansion, when he had been appointed minister. The rooms were very spacious and handsome, and upon the walls were modern paintings of battles in which Prim had borne a prominent part. The *salons* were *en suite*; in the first, after the *ante-camara*, we found Prim, surrounded by a party of gentlemen, to whom he was talking earnestly. Although no one was in uniform, I knew, before I was told, that the majority of the gentlemen were officers, and that the reception was not without a political character. I was told, indeed, that in Madrid each prominent official always thus utilizes his festivities; and so we found ourselves in the army party of Spanish society, as then constituted. At Serrano's one would have met the party of the regency. Our arrival interrupted the general's conversation. He advanced at once and received us very graciously, and with simple cordiality; he then took us into the second *salon*, where we found the *condesa* and the ladies. As there are comparatively few foreigners, and very few Americans travelling in Spain, and fewer still that find access into Spanish society, the entrance of my daughters and myself aroused some curiosity among the *convidados*, and the Condesa Prim received the girls with especial kindness.

Dancing soon began, and we were quite amused at the actions of the eldest scion of the house, a bright, black-eyed boy of nine years, who looked like his father. He capered about the room and flirted with the prettiest ladies; but seeming to reflect that he could attack the hearts of the Spanish beauties at any time, he brought a bouquet to one of my daughters, and invited her to dance, addressing her in the little English he was then learning from his tutor. But he was the only jolly person in the room; every one else and every thing else was decorous, stately, and formal. Every gentleman had his hat—vulgarily known as a stove-pipe—under his arm, and every lady seemed to feel that the occasion was a solemn one. But with all this there was entire urbanity—it was simply Castilian manners.

While others were dancing, I sat with the countess, and soon found that there was something, quite apart from being an American stranger, with which I could interest her. She was a Mexican lady; and, as during our war with her unhappy country, I had spent nine months in the capital, I had become acquainted with many people whom she knew, and was familiar with many of her home-scenes. As she spoke neither French nor English, I was thrown upon my old Mexican-Spanish, of which I made a grand recovery in my efforts to converse with her.

She is a lovely lady, of charming, benevolent countenance, and her good heart, attractive presence, and pleasant manners, have won all hearts in Madrid. Scandal has no softer seat in the world than that same capital, and the society is noted for its impurity; and yet we were told not a breath of ill-report had ever been whispered concerning her. She was a model wife and mother, and at the same time filled her high place in society to perfection.

In a little while General Prim, who had returned for a time to his knot of gentlemen—doubtless in deep conference about the state of the country—came back, and addressed me in French. "But," I said,

"you speak English?" To my astonishment he did not, and my poor polyglot was again tested—we talked in French. He asked questions about America, more I thought for courtesy than for information; he inquired particularly concerning General McClellan, whose headquarters with the Army of the Potomac he had visited, when he was returning from Mexico, and whose kindness he said he remembered with great gratitude. He spoke in very general terms of the condition of Spain, which he said he hoped would soon be ameliorated. He then gave me some suggestions with regard to my further travels in Spain, and promised to visit us at the hotel in a day or two—a promise which he fulfilled.

While he was speaking, I regarded him with great interest as the most distinguished man Spain has produced, perhaps, for centuries. He had risen by his own merit from private station to be the principal statesman of Spain, had been made Conde de Reus, and Marques de Castillejo, and had overthrown a wicked dynasty almost with his own hands. A person of medium size, not large frame, with some outlook toward later corpulence, olive complexion, eyes as black as jet, full beard, and mustache closely trimmed, which, like his hair, were quite black, with little touches of gray. His manners were quiet, and his speech fluent but careful; every sentence seemed prepared beforehand. But his eyes were particularly expressive: at first they had a sleepy, filmy look, but, when more closely observed, they indicated a stealthy watchfulness, a sense of responsibility, which, however, could not weigh him down, and, I thought, a spice of anxiety. He looked like an ambitious man, as he was, reaching out to something attainable indeed, but not without care, exertion, courage, and tact; and all these he impressed one as having quite adequate to his occasions.

I was not surprised to see the interest which his *colerie* seemed to feel in his son; and I heard it more than once said, in an audible whisper, "That is the future King of Spain."

We left at one o'clock with the party of the embassy, the good countess accompanying the ladies to the door of the antechamber, and helping them with their wraps herself, a favor, some one told us, reserved for the higher nobility. We returned to the hotel, while some of the party went, even at that late hour, to the reception of the Countess Montijo, mother of the ex-Empress of France. But a short time has elapsed, and yet it has sufficed to lay our distinguished host in a bloody grave, and driven the empress into exile. Few, if any, at that time heard even the rumblings of the earthquake.

The relative positions of Serrano and Prim were not a little curious; the two men were personally not to be compared. Serrano's rise was due to his being the favorite of the most dissolute queen known to history, not excepting Messalina and the prophetess of Moseilama. He turned against his paramour in the late revolution, and accepted, without striving for, the regency. His handsome form and face catch the public eye, and especially the fancy of the soldiers, and he has lived in his glory without much talent, and with far less virtue, the inmate of one of the handsomest palaces in the world; nor has his elevation seemed to provoke opposition.

Prim was ambitious but virtuous, and, if as a monarchical reformer, he erred, and sought his own advancement, it was through what he believed to be the best for Spain. The army obeyed him, and yet without enthusiasm for his person, but he felt his power, and the commander of fifty thousand men in a single capital may well hope to gain his ends, if military force can avail.

But it must be said that, beyond the army, he had the misfortune to be exceedingly unpopular. Wherever we travelled, out of Madrid, his name was never mentioned among the people without dissatisfaction. Some said he wanted to be king, but never would be; others, that he had betrayed his party. I even heard suggestions that his life was not safe. It was also said that, in last resort, he wanted to be king-maker, and put such a man upon the throne as that he might be the power behind it.

The republicans, at whose instance—or for whose benefit—he was assassinated, wished to remove him, as their great obstacle, and to inaugurate a revolution which should keep the new monarch away. But they struck too late; they strengthened Amadeus I., whose greatest safety is now found in the willingness of the people to put an end to the long suspense, and to have order after legalized anarchy. And for Prim, his death, though untimely, secures his fame; it ranks him with the rulers and statesmen who have fallen victims to fanaticism, and it makes the great fear of his enemies, which prompted the deed, the measure of his greatness.

Perhaps no nation has ever possessed, and thrown away, so glorious a chance of becoming a republic; but the vehemence of a dozen parties neutralized the power of all; and the people, so long the victims of misrule, had not acquired that compactness of purpose and action which could make itself felt in the issue. There is enough of it, however, to suggest a cautious and liberal policy to the new government, while on the other hand the principles which govern the kingdom of Italy give assurance to Spaniards that, without a republic, they may yet be free and happy. In that case Prim will prove to have been a martyr in a good cause, and its success will add to the lustre of his name.

HENRY COPPÉE.

A GERMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF FRENCHMEN.

NOT long after the February Revolution—the Republic was already dead—the most grave political and social questions were one evening discussed in the saloon of a distinguished republican ex-minister.

A man, well known and much esteemed in Paris, spoke most eloquently against war, insisting that it was one of the great duties of the age to do away with war and conquest and the evils that attend them.

"I am right glad to hear you, whom I hope soon to see in the government, speak thus," I replied. "Such views as these will render it easy for France and Germany to be always on the most amicable terms, and, as renewed efforts are made in the cause of liberty, there will be no danger of the boundary of the Rhine becoming an apple of discord to rob us of the fruit of our endeavors."

"Oh, the Rhine!" cried my interlocutor, "the Rhine, that is another matter; the Rhine we must, of course, have sooner or later."

The republican who spoke thus occupies one of the first positions in the Paris government of to-day.

This conqueror of the Rhine belongs to the Blues. On another occasion I heard a Frenchman, one of the most advanced of Socialists, and one of the best of men, who voluntarily left France because he was disgusted with the state of things after the *coup d'état*, express his views on the same subject—on war, conquest, nationality, and the stupid boundaries that divide the various European nations—and, indeed, he discussed the subject in the spirit of elevated philanthropy.

"It is sad," said I, in reply, "that we shall be compelled to wait so long before those who think with you will be able to make their influence notably felt in the government of France, for all the now dominant parties would not let an opportunity pass to bring the Rhine question on the tapis."

"Oh, this war for the Rhine," continued the Socialist, with *aplomb*, as one who makes a statement that he thinks a matter of course—"this war for the Rhine is an unavoidable necessity, but it will be the last. I can assure you, sir, it will be the last!"

In the winter of 1852-'53, Louis Napoleon found it necessary to divert public attention from the discussion of the internal policy of his government, and within a week all Paris was in a perfect tumult on the question of the northern boundary, and everywhere was heard Alfred de Musset's "Song of the Rhine."

At that time I was very frequently at the evening-receptions of Monsieur Costé, the former publisher of *Le Temps*, where the most distinguished Liberals were accustomed to meet. One evening we had been most agreeably entertained with conversation and music until wellnigh one o'clock, when one of the guests suggested that Monsieur X— should sing the "Song of the Rhine." The proposal was warmly seconded by several others, partly on account of the sentiment of the song, and partly because Monsieur X— had made himself quite famous in his circle for the admirable manner in which he sang it.

Monsieur X— was already seated at the piano and played the prelude, when I went to Monsieur Costé and reminded him of the fact that among his guests there was a German, and that he as host should spare his guest the humiliation of listening to the song.

In his embarrassment Monsieur Costé stammered various excuses, and insisted on treating the matter lightly, but I persisted in my protest.

In the mean time the singer had begun. I approached Monsieur X—, and said to him:

"I would remind you that there is a German present. This fact will, I trust, deter you from finishing your song."

A smile of derision encircled the lips of all present. Not only did

they all, for the moment, ignore every consideration that delicacy and politeness suggested, but they even saw in me an enemy. There were a few who went so far as to encourage the singer to continue, which he did with increased energy and expression. I was so weak, I confess, as to become absolutely furious. I advanced a few steps, and made a speech that was in keeping with my humor. By ignoring every consideration due the stranger, they relieved me from the obligations that politeness imposes. To the words, "We once had it—your German Rhine," which the singer, turning toward me, emphasized especially, I replied:

"And we once had your Seine, your Loire, your Rhone—out of pity we returned them to you, while you were compelled to give up the Rhine as stolen property. 'To steal,' says an old adage, 'is no disgrace, but to be caught at it,' " etc.

The singer pounded the piano, and sang as loud as he could to drown my voice. There was a veritable tumult; they were all against me, and not in the whole company was there a voice raised on the side of him who had been insulted.

After saying two or three pretty severe things, I turned my back to the singer, my host, and his guests, and left the house.

The scene made some talk, but beyond that bad no evil consequences. I relate this circumstance for the purpose only of showing that all Frenchmen, on the subject of the Rhine, thought alike; that on such occasions they sacrificed their proverbial politeness and delicacy—those virtues for which they have so long been famous—to their fanaticism. It is possible that, among those present, there was more than one who thought I was in the right, but to say so, the Rhine question being the cause of the dissension, no one had the courage, as at this moment no one ventures to tell France the truth.

I was in the habit, every evening when I returned to my lodgings, of supplying myself with cigars for the next day at a neighboring cigar-store, Rue St.-Lazare. The tobacconist was a man about thirty-five years old, and belonged to the National Guards, who on more than one occasion had demonstrated their willingness to defend the Republic. As I, on the evening of December 2, 1851, that is, on the evening of the first day of the *coup d'état*, entered the tobacco-store, the worthy proprietor received me with a burst of indignation at the vile traitor of a president. Such a betrayal of the most sacred trusts, such a perjured villain the world had never seen! The Frenchman who would tamely submit to such an outrage deserved to be damned to the lowermost depths of perdition!

"But the wretch will not succeed; the people that have made such sacrifices in the cause of liberty will not submit to being robbed by such an adventurer and swindler! He must be hung, hung to one of the lamp-posts of the Tuileries!" On the evening of the 3d, however, my tobacconist had somewhat modified his tone: "One thing we must acknowledge—the rascal managed the affair with great cleverness. Who would have believed it? They thought him a blockhead, and he turns out to be too long-headed for the whole of them. He has managed to have the entire army with him—well, he is a Bonaparte, that's some consolation!"

On the evening of the third day after the *coup d'état* I found in the window of my republican friend, neatly framed, the face turned toward the street, the portrait of—Louis Napoleon!

At that time I was not conscious that I had, in the person of the tobacconist, all France before me, or at least an immense majority of her people.

About a year later I met with a similar experience. I usually dined at the *table d'hôte* of my hotel, where we ordinarily made passing events the subject of our conversation. Among the regular guests there was a landed proprietor from Burgundy, who came every year with his wife and daughter to Paris, to spend some of the winter months, as so many thousand provincial Frenchmen do, in the belief that the little spot called Paris is the only spot in the whole world where a cultivated man can fully enjoy existence.

One evening, in reply to the question as to what there was in the way of news, I replied that, on the following morning, it would be officially announced that the emperor would marry the Countess Montijo.

At this the Burgundy proprietor started up, and cried out, his eyes flashing with indignation:

"That is a calumny! Never will the head of the French Government so disgrace himself and the nation as to share his throne with an obscure adventuress, of a character, to say the least, very questionable." These were only reports, that had no foundation in

fact, reports circulated by the enemies of the government, he added. Louis Napoleon, who had given so many evidences of his wisdom, would never take a step that all France must condemn. He (the Burgundian) deemed it the duty of every good citizen to emphatically contradict all such disgraceful calumnies.

"Bon!" said I; "let the matter rest; to-morrow you will beg my pardon."

He laughed scornfully, and observed that I was not a Frenchman, which accounted for my believing and repeating such absurdities.

On the following morning the matrimonial proclamation was seen on every street-corner of Paris. That evening, when we were seated as usual around the dinner-table, I cried out to the Burgundian:

"Eh bien?"

"Eh bien, c'est grand!" he replied, with a shrug.

And then followed a long and eloquent harangue about the grandeur, the sublimity of this determination of Louis Napoleon's. This marriage was an additional proof to the Burgundian that Napoleon III. was the most extraordinary, the most independent, and liberal-minded man in the world; proud enough to look down with contempt on all the princely houses in Europe, and unselfish enough to listen to the promptings of his noble heart. And, finally, he was, in the esteem of his eulogist, a moral hero—just such a man as France, the leader of Western civilization, needed. And the Countess Montijo must be a very superior woman, or she could never have won the love and esteem of such a superior man. With this marriage would begin a new era for France and for Europe, as such an example could not be without a salutary influence. In fact, the Burgundian considered this marriage as one of the greatest events of the age.

Poor France! Do the French of to-day differ materially from the tobacconist of Rue St.-Lazare and the farmer of Burgundy? I met both in all grades of society; they differed only in their respective titles. Was the gifted Villaut, who, on December 1, 1851, was a republican, and on the 4th an imperialist, any better than the tobacconist? And Baroche? and Dupin? and the millions of others to whom, in 1852, he only was a sensible man, who disavowed his principles, and knew how to ingratiate himself with those in authority? The eighteen years of the second empire were not calculated to make any change in this fickleness of the French people, or to give them any more moral backbone.

When Bazaine returned from Mexico, covered with shame and crime, he dared not show himself in Paris, but retired to the country. Neither citizens nor soldiers could find epithets sufficiently forcible to express their contempt for the man. While he held Metz he was a hero, the hope and the glory of France, and secretly thousands gave him their suffrages for the first place in the gift of the nation. Now, that Metz has fallen, even Gambetta officially brands him as a traitor, and all France reëchoes the cry.

MAURICE HARTMANN.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE IN 1870.

FROM "NATURE."

THE year which has just come to a close has neither been characterized by many new and striking scientific discoveries, nor have any novel applications of science to ordinary industry and manufacture attracted special attention. The work done has been more a strengthening of that of past years, and a confirming or a disproving of theories and experiments, than the inventing of new ones. In one branch of science only has any great advance been made, and that, as we shall presently show, we believe to have taken place in geology. But this advance is one somewhat overlooked at present; but still of so important a character that, when once fully recognized in all its bearings, it may tend to disprove much of the geological teaching of the present day.

Taking the various sciences as much as possible separately, we will begin with Astronomy. Here attention has been chiefly directed, as has been the case for so many years past, to the sun. Since it is now generally understood that when once the nature of this vast luminous body is accurately made out, much light will be thrown on many now perplexing and strange phenomena, the eclipse of the 22d of December last was anxiously watched for, and all possible observations were taken here by those who were unable to take part in the Government Expedition to Spain and Sicily. It is to be hoped that the labors of this expedition, in spite of accident both on land and

sea, and the unsatisfactory state of the weather at the time of observation, will yet yield results of great importance.

Mr. Lockyer and Mr. Huggins have continued their spectroscopic observations of the sun, and Professor Zöllner has published a very valuable paper on the solar prominences, theorizing very boldly as to the temperature and pressure at the sun's surface; while in America Professor Young has worked with good results at the same subject. Before leaving this branch of our subject, we would mention that Mr. Procter has published some novel views as to the constitution of the stellar systems, which, under the somewhat fanciful titles of "star-drift" and "star-mist," must be familiar to most of our readers.

While the vast domain of Organic Chemistry has been still further widened by the innumerable workers who plunge into this branch of the subject and neglect the many untrodden paths in inorganic chemistry, nevertheless no special or important discoveries are to be chronicled, unless we may mention the beautiful process by which indigo has been synthetically constructed by MM. Emmerling and Engler, following closely on the artificial manufacture of alizarine by MM. Liebermann and Graebe.

Molecular Physics has occupied a large share of attention, and the discussion before the Chemical Society on the existence or non-existence, of atoms and molecules, has only too clearly shown how doctors differ among themselves, and that the very foundations of a science, considered so essential by some, are utterly repudiated by others. A very remarkable paper on the Size of Atoms, originally published in these columns by Sir William Thomson, in which he gives four distinct trains of reasoning by which he arrives at a proof of their absolute magnitude, has attracted much attention, and has been translated and copied into most of the Continental and American scientific journals. Dr. Thomas Andrews has also pursued his remarkable investigations on the continuity of the liquid and gaseous states of matter. The death of Professor Wm. Allen Miller, F. R. S., and Dr. Matthiessen, F. R. S., have left sad voids in the ranks of our English experimental chemists.

In Biology, the investigations of Professor Tyndall, "On Atmospheric Germs, and the Germ Theory of Disease," have contributed to a clearer knowledge of the nature of some of the most virulent of our infectious diseases, and have caused those diseases to be studied in a much more scientific manner than before.

The theory of spontaneous generation, which has been very prominently before the scientific world for the last ten years, has, during the past year, been very strongly attacked on the one hand by Professor Huxley, and defended on the other by Dr. Bastian and Dr. Child. In his inaugural address to the British Association meeting at Liverpool, Professor Huxley gave a long review of all the researches on the subject, from the time of Spallanzani and Needham to the present day, and declared his belief, after carefully weighing the evidence on both sides, that all life has its origin in some preëxisting life, and that spontaneous generation, or, as he termed it, abiogenesis, is not now proved to take place. The investigations of Dr. Bastian, published in these columns, gave the reasons for his belief that spontaneous generation certainly does occur. Feeling himself attacked and his experiments somewhat underrated by Professor Huxley in his address, he criticised it at considerable length, and detailed the results of some new experiments which confirmed his previous deductions.

The Darwinian theory of natural selection has been attacked by Mr. A. W. Bennett and Mr. Murray, and defended by Mr. A. R. Wallace and others; Mr. Wallace having also vindicated his claims to priority in this question, since he published many of the now recognized theories and speculations on the subject of natural selection, at a time when he was resident in the East Indies, and entirely unacquainted with what Mr. Darwin had written on the same subject.

As respects Geology, during the past year the government has continued its grants of money for the purpose of deep-sea dredgings, and at present the report of the most recent expedition is anxiously looked forward to. The results of the expedition in the autumn of 1869, as given to the public by Dr. Carpenter, Professor Wyville Thomson, and Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys during the past year, have been of the greatest possible interest and importance. They found that on the same level, at the bottom of the deep sea, two different deposits are in process of formation side by side, each characterized by a distinct Fauna, and yet apparently produced under perfectly similar conditions of land and sea, area, depth of water, etc. On in-

vestigating this curious result, however, it was found that the temperature of the water circulating over these two areas is very different, and that this mere difference of temperature is capable of entirely changing the character of the fauna of the simultaneously-formed deposits. Thus an entirely new element is brought into geological speculations, since it is shown that at one and the same time strata may be accumulated containing widely-different organic remains. In addition to this, they have shown that the calcareous deposit known to us as chalk is now being deposited all over the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, and there are many weighty reasons for believing that this deposit has gone on steadily ever since the time during which we imagined the cretaceous rocks of the world to have begun and ended. Many organisms formerly supposed entirely extinct have been rediscovered in these deep-sea dredgings; and, in short, much has been done to show that our past geological reasoning requires thorough and careful revision. Professor Gumbel's discovery of the existence of bathybius and similar organisms at all depths, and stretching over an indefinite period of geological time, is of the greatest importance in relation to this subject. Professor Agassiz, on the other side of the Atlantic, has published reports of the deep-sea dredging off the Florida coast, and has stated that the results of his researches, and those of others, both English and Scandinavian, have convinced him that there is life all over the sea-bottom, and that where evidence of marine life cannot be found, we are justified in calling in the agency of the sea to explain certain obscure facts. These conclusions cannot be without their important bearing on many commonly-received geological theories.

In Botany many very careful series of observations have been made in the physiological department. Among the most important we may mention those of Prillieux and Duchartre in France, confirmed by Dr. McNab in this country, that, contrary to the previously-accepted hypothesis, plants do not absorb any appreciable amount of aqueous vapor through their leaves; and those previously announced by M. Dehérain, that the evaporation of water from the leaves of plants is due to sunlight rather than to heat, and proceeds independently of the degree of saturation of the atmosphere. Much attention has also been paid in Germany, Italy, and England, to the phenomena of fertilization opened out by Mr. Darwin's observations.

In Meteorology there is no great advance to chronicle. It still remains a science without a head, a chaotic mass of facts with no definite order or arrangement; for, though many are working at this subject, and some valuable papers on the Origin of Winds and Storms have been published, still no definite progress can be ascertained.

The splendid appearances of the Aurora Borealis, visible all over the British Isles in September and October, have directed public attention to those unmistakably magnetic phenomena, and to the connection which exists between their appearance, great magnetical perturbations, and large solar spots. They have been examined very frequently during the past year by means of the spectroscope, and there is distinct evidence of lines in the green and red portion of the spectrum, the latter presumably due to hydrogen. We would direct attention to our desire to publish a complete tabular list of the more remarkable meteorological phenomena of the past year, so as to be serviceable to observers in all parts of the world. To render this as perfect as possible, we would invite the kind coöperation of all those interested in the subject who can forward us any data.

We cannot conclude without noticing how much science has lost during the latter half of the year just ended by the fearful struggle that has taken place between France and Germany, where each nation has brought into requisition all the resources of science only to inflict as much injury as possible on the other. For nearly six months we have witnessed the sad sight of workshops shut up, laboratories closed, universities and public schools wanting both professors and students, and the friendly emulation of similar tastes and pursuits turned to the fierce rivalry of the sword. Science will have to deplore the untimely loss of many of her most attached workers, and their country will have lost those who would in happier times have done her as much honor at home as they have shown bravery in the field. While the French Academy, shut up in besieged Paris, has brought the art of ballooning to its present state of perfection, so that now it is used as a means of communication with the outside world, the result of the subtle strategy of the Germans, and the scientific education they so generally possess, has been to give them advantages which have, to the present time, baffled their adversaries.

TABLE-TALK.

THE savings-banks of the State of New York hold in deposit nearly two hundred millions of dollars. This vast sum, consisting of the small accretions of about seven hundred thousand depositors, irritates and excites certain journalists and politicians. There is no ground for supposing the affairs of these banks to be mal-administered. They are chartered under very strict legal regulations, and it may be safely asserted that in no other form have funds so vast been employed with so little loss. Savings-banks are pretty nearly the only financial institutions that never fail. In the great panic of 1857, one savings-bank in New York was obliged to close its doors, but it paid, within a short time, ninety-eight per cent. to its depositors. The bank had really been solvent, the small deficit of two per cent. necessarily arising from the costs and expenses in closing up its business. These banks, then, being safe depositories, and having been conducted with uniform probity and success, why does there exist any hostility against them? Partly from ignorance of their real character, and partly from a desire to turn their vast deposits into other channels. Schemes of all sorts, aiming at their welfare, are rife. We hear of plans by which the fund shall be turned in some special way to the advantage of working-people; but the fate of the numerous "building associations" of a dozen years ago ought to make us beware of all such schemes. Our savings-banks are often charged with being "conservative and obstructive," because they do not listen to every theory that speculative minds may advance. It is their imperative duty to be "conservative and obstructive." No pressure should induce them to swerve from their present course, which cannot in any particular, be changed without great danger. They have in charge immense interests, wherein the measure of profit is of no consideration in comparison with the measure of security. And the one absolute principle of finance is, that complete security and minimum of interest are inseparable. These banks have in their hands the slow and painful accumulations of self-denying labor; they hold the widow's mite, the garnered hopes of age, the sole security of innumerable people against deprivation in sickness or old age. There is no fund so sacred. There are no institutions that should be so carefully guarded, so scrupulously respected. They are better than asylums, because they in a measure prevent the necessity of asylums. They are better than any form of charitable dispensation, because they alone, of all the devices of charity, render permanent and radical benefit to the poor. Frugality is the sole means of preventing poverty, and savings-banks afford not only the opportunity for practising this virtue, but they reward it. These remarks are prompted by an attempt recently made in the Albany Legislature to pass a bill directing the transfer from the banks to the State of one-half of their surplus funds, and of all deposits remaining unclaimed for ten years. This hostile legislation is very much to be regretted, but it is only one of the signs of the times.

There seems to be an idea that savings-banks are rich institutions, and suitable objects for legislative warfare. It is apparently imagined that some class other than the depositors are making money out of them. But who can this class be? The banks pay no dividends to stockholders. They give no salaries to trustees or to presidents. They cannot loan to those connected with them, or to any persons, excepting on real estate or government bonds. Whatever profit they make above the interest regularly paid to their depositors, is held either as a margin to cover a possible decline in the value of their securities, or at regular intervals to form a special dividend to depositors. The surplus funds, then, that the State purposes to take possession of, belong to widows, orphans, sewing-girls, artisans, laborers—the honest, laborious, struggling poor. It is theirs beyond all right of confiscation, all show of legal interposition. And as for unclaimed deposits, every bank-officer will testify that it is not uncommon for claimants to appear after very long intervals. Money is sometimes deposited for a child at its birth, and the bank hears nothing more in regard to it until it is claimed at the majority of the infant. Money is sometimes deposited by people who afterward remove to other States, or wander off to other parts of the world, and who, after many years, reappear either to add to their deposits, or withdraw them. Imagine a man laboring and struggling in far-off places, consoling himself with the thought of that little sum in a distant city which, year after year, is slowly increasing, and which he means, if possible, never to touch until old age comes upon him—imagine this man, at last, in dire distress, or stricken in years, coming to demand his little, long-garnered means, and learning, to his indignation and dismay, that the State, which should have been his protector, has been his despoiler—that all his self-denial, his long waiting, his hopes, have come to naught! If the Legislature touches the funds of these banks, it confiscates where it should protect; it destroys where it should build up.

— We had just written the above when we discovered, in the *New-York World*, in an article termed "A Word of Advice to Laboring-men," the following paragraphs:

"By far the largest amount of money placed in savings-banks throughout the country belongs to mechanics, working-men, small shopkeepers, and domestics—belongs, in a word, to the working-men or those most directly connected with them. Yet the deposits in the savings-banks of New England and New York alone considerably exceed the enormous sum of four hundred million dollars—more than the total bank capital of the whole United States. The working-men of New England and New-York State are to-day the owners of a very large proportion of the enormous sum of four hundred million dollars. Yet they are constantly deploring their inability to develop coöperative business schemes from want of the capital and credit which they say is controlled exclusively by the employer class.

"Of course it is controlled by the employer class. But, as far at least as the capital of the working-men is concerned, it is so controlled only by the full and free consent of the working-men themselves. Said the Hon. E. R. Mudge, of Boston, chairman of the recent great

dinner to the woollen-manufacturers in this city: 'The fact is, that our largest manufacturing corporations borrow more money from savings-banks than from any other one source;' and his testimony on this subject is entitled to full credit. No doubt the Fall-River companies, who, previous to the mule-spinners' strike last June, would not 'condescend' to tell their employes why their wages were reduced, were at that very time running their mills on the money of those very employes, which they had borrowed from the savings-banks. The deluded mule-spinners thought the great corporations were the capitalists, and they submitted because they could not resist the pressure of the capital employed against them, when, in truth, the principal part of the capital employed against them was nothing in the world but their own savings. . . . Far from us to impugn the rectitude, the safety of our savings-banks' management. The money of the working-men is, no doubt, quite as safe when loaned to 'our largest manufacturing corporations' as it could be anywhere. But what would be the influence on the position of working-men if this sum of four hundred million dollars, or even one tithe of it, instead of being loaned to 'our largest manufacturing corporations,' were loaned under proper restrictions and safeguards to working-men's firms carrying on the same business?'

Nothing is so discouraging to the friends of savings-banks as the apparent impossibility of making people understand the simplest principles concerning them. Savings-banks have no power to discriminate between persons. It is their duty to loan their funds on the best security only, and their charters give them very little liberty of choice. Coöperative bodies of working-people have exactly the same opportunity to borrow of these banks that "our largest manufacturing corporations" have, but neither the one nor the other can borrow, or ought to be able to borrow, excepting on unquestionable guarantees. If money were loaned to organizations of working-people, merely as such, on any securities inferior to those now required, we should find the savings of one set of work-people endangered to benefit another set of work-people, and we should soon see distrust and disorder introduced into a system that is now perfectly stable, and which has the entire confidence of those most concerned. We doubt very much whether depositors would consent to any such change. But the funds of savings-banks are, in truth, loaned to working-people. In whatever way they are employed, they act as the sustenance of labor; and it is one of the admirable features of these institutions that while giving security to the savings of labor, they at the same time are the creators of wages. If New-England mills are run upon means borrowed of savings-banks, then how is this capital "employed against" the laborers by thus giving them employment? If it were not for banks, the savings of people would either be wasted, hoarded in old stockings, or hidden in corners. The banks gather up a vast number of small accretions, and hence utilize as capital that which, held by its individual owners, would be powerless. And it is impossible for this fund to be employed in any way without acting directly to the advantage of work-people. It builds factories, it constructs railroads, it sets looms in motion.

It is capital owned, indeed, by artisans and laborers, but it could not be utilized better to their advantage than it is now without in some way impairing its safety. There can be no doubt about this. No financier, merchant, or other, can by any device attempt to increase his profits without adding to his risks. And, just so long as in savings-banks the first consideration, the second consideration, and the last consideration, must be *safety*, the funds of these banks will have to be invested in their present guarded and secure manner. We believe this to be a principle as fixed as the hills.

— The most impressive evidence of our rapid growth in luxury, and it may be in refinement, is to be seen in the great jewelry-store of Tiffany & Co., recently opened in Union Square, in this city. This "casket of jewels" covers ten thousand square feet of ground, is five stories high, substantially built of iron, and cost three-quarters of a million of dollars. Its contents, we suppose, are worth considerably more than the casket. Let us look at some of these articles and inquire their prices, for the benefit of our readers in the country and in the backwoods, who may wish to know what the city-folks do with their money. Prominent among the things which first meet the eye of a visitor are the bronzes, which are all from Paris, and from the most noted workshops of that city. Those from the justly-celebrated foundry of Barbadiene, are wonderful in the anatomical modulation of the human figures represented. The designs are all artistic and graceful, and follow the great masters in sculpture. Near the entrance are two life-size figures, the largest ever imported into this country; their value forty-five hundred dollars. Between these is a card-receiver on a tall and graceful stand; its price is four hundred dollars. A beautiful group, "Hector and Andromache," by Gregoire, three feet high, and two figures by Carrier, "Undine," and an "Amazon," are also noteworthy and very costly. But, passing from the bronzes which may perhaps be considered works of art rather than of mere luxury, let us look at the fancy articles. Perhaps the most interesting of these are the dressing-cases, desks, and library-sets, of which there is every variety. They come from Paris, Vienna, and Geneva, and are made of various sorts of wood—as rosewood, satin-wood, coromandel, English walnut, Pollard oak, Spawood, Thuya-wood, etc. Some of these cases are beautifully inlaid, and ornamented with agates, malachite, silver, or ivory. Their purposes are as various as their styles. There are gentlemen's and ladies' dressing-cases—these made chiefly of Russia-leather—which are fitted out in a style of elegance and extravagance difficult to imagine. Combs of tortoise-shell, brushes of ivory, cut-glass bottles with solid silver tops, heavily gilt; innumerable little instruments and tools of the finest steel, until, at last, we find dressing-cases that cost five hundred dollars; and yet these are among the most salable of any, a proof of our growing wealth, if not of our growing taste. Here is a library-set with the ink-stand, paper-weight, pen-tray, candlesticks, taper-stand, paper-knife, seal, and other articles of malachite; this set is valued at six hundred and

seventy-five dollars; in another, the articles are of gilt bronze, richly studded with turquoise and Bohemian garnets, and inlaid with choice agates; this set is worth five hundred dollars. Next to these are fans, the price of which is one hundred and fifty dollars, the latest style being of point lace over silk, with mother-of-pearl, or tortoise-shell handles. Passing over the silver plate, which, if costly, has yet real value, and of which some pieces are worth thousands of dollars, let us glance at the specialty of the house, the jewels and precious stones. Here are five strings of pearls, valued at twelve thousand dollars; a *solitaire* diamond ring, price seven thousand dollars; a small tray of such rings, containing perhaps fifty, valued at one hundred thousand dollars; a single *brilliant*, not set, whose price is twelve thousand dollars; a set—necklace, brooch, and ear-rings, of pearls and diamonds—thirty-two thousand dollars. Then there is a "pendant," containing thirty diamonds, which costs eleven thousand dollars; an opal and diamond brooch nine hundred and fifty dollars; another of pearls and diamonds in silver setting, twenty-three hundred dollars. There are hair ornaments composed of little humming-birds, set in emeralds, rubies, and diamonds; superb cameos, carved in Italy, with the perfection of artistic delicacy; a little gold quiver filled with arrows, one of which, being touched, reveals a tiny watch, not larger than a three-cent piece, *which goes*. Another watch is contained within a gold ornament, imitating the tulip; and still another is a small globe set in diamonds and sapphires, accompanied by a chain similarly ornamented—and the price of this toy is six hundred and fifty dollars. A very fine cameo bracelet, diamond-studded, costs fifteen hundred dollars. A single plain but very beautiful diamond cross, containing twelve stones, is priced twenty-eight hundred dollars; and a tray of crosses, in pearls and diamonds, is worth fifteen thousand dollars. And, to crown this display of fanciful extravagance, here are two pen-holders, made of gold and glistening with diamonds, whose price is four hundred and twenty-five dollars!

— The London *Saturday Review* has given, in its series of social essays, a paper on "Noise." Noise is the arch-enemy of the overwrought brain, and one of the effects of culture is to subdue social noise and all clamorous expression. But noise is by no means the universal evil modern ultra-refinement would have it. There are conditions of life where silence is so prevailing that the ear craves sound, and the spirit becomes sluggish for want of it. Sound is often a stimulus, and is absolutely necessary to a full sense of existence. In country-life, the craving for noise often leads the rustic to turbulent scenes. We may imagine the charm of market-day to dwellers in rural solitudes. "The confusion of sound brings a new sense of life and brotherhood: the crack and crash, the rattle and grinding of wheels, the multitudinous cries, the snatches of talk and laughter, the tread of numbers, and, over all, clocks and chimes and bells, each sound demanding, insinuating, clamoring to be heard, and diverting the thought for the moment to itself, and yet all harmonizing into a busy-bee-like unity of pur-

pose." The idea of religion, even, in the unlearned mass who pass their lives in silent, solitary occupations, is so inseparably associated with noise that it is almost impossible to instill the one without some aid from the other. But noise, in the progress of civilization, is losing its mission. Modern nerves recoil from the rude charm of mingled discords. We cannot now discover the spirit-stirring quality of the *car-piercing life*, as described by Shakespeare. We are amazed that the word *shrill* should have been used by old poets as complimentary. We are puzzled that Sir Walter Scott should have enjoyed "the frenzied rivalry of contending bag-pipes." The riot and din of revelry in ancient times confound us. All that clatter which once was inseparable from high spirits seems to us now simply savage, and what was once to us a sympathy has become an antipathy. But, where there is great vitality, there is sure to be noise. Mirth is always outspoken. In houses where noise is an offence, the children grow up losing a tonic. We miss a flash in the eye, a spring in the step, a ring in the laugh, which a little noise, indulged in at odd times, might have instilled into the system. Noise, therefore, is a part of education. Too much silence makes us morbid and sluggish; the ear has its necessities, like other organs, and the brain, if often oppressed and wearied with noise, is as frequently stimulated and invigorated by it. Lawful, recognized noise, concludes the *Review*, is one of the important elements of healthful life, along with fresh air and pure water.

War Notes.

The Siege of Paris.

(From our Paris Correspondent, by Balloon-mail, December 24, 1870.)

FROM the 16th to the 20th inst. hostilities between the belligerents were almost entirely suspended, both armies having been engaged in perfecting their offensive or defensive preparations. The order of General Trochu to shut all the gates of Paris on the 19th inst. was a significant hint of further sorties being attempted. Two well-appointed armies were rapidly concentrated to the east in the wood of Vincennes, and to the west in the peninsula of Gennevilliers, the combined forces of which equally threatened the half of those of their adversaries concentrated around the northern or southern semicircle of the city. Early on the morning of the 21st one hundred and eight battalions of the mobilized National Guard, numbering sixty thousand combatants, supported by four batteries of artillery and one of mitrailleuses, forming the reserve, marched to the wood of Vincennes. Their passage, at two o'clock A. M., through the city, from the Place Vendôme to the Place du Trône, attended by their friends and relatives, their bayonets glancing in the dimly-lighted streets, and the adieus, good wishes, and entreaties, that arose on all sides, presented a scene at once extremely picturesque and intensely pathetic. At day-break, on the same day, many of the positions held by the Germans, in front of the semicircle from Mont Valérien to the fort of Nogent, were attacked by the French, whose efforts ceased only with nightfall. The most of those attacks were simple feints to distract the attention of the Germans from the points seriously menaced. The operations of the French were

chiefly directed against the positions of Neuilly sur Marne, Villa Evrard, and Maison Blanche, which, after a bombardment of six hours, were gallantly carried by the French troops, who preserved and fortified them under the direction of Generals Vinoy, Malroy, and Blaise, the latter of whom fell, mortally wounded. General Favé, commanding the artillery, was also seriously wounded. An attack, led by the seamen under Admiral de la Roncière, against the village of Bourget, did not prove successful, and the column had to retreat after losing a third of its effective force. This result was attributed to the state of fog then prevalent. General Duerot, having moved forward his heavy artillery, opened a tremendous fire upon the German batteries of Pont Iblon and Blanc-Mesnil, many of the pieces of which were reduced to silence, and succeeded in taking possession of the important villages of Grosley and Drancy. General Noël, advancing with a strong column under the protection of the guns of Mont Valérien, made a reconnaissance to the left against Montreton, in front against Buzanval and Longboyen, and to the right against the island of Chiard, from which the Germans were expelled after a severe struggle. The commander of the artillery of Mont Valérien, M. Faure, was grievously wounded while leading the free-shooters of Paris into the island. This position being of great strategical importance for the further operations of General Trochu, has been intrenched and fortified.

The mortality of Paris is always on the increase, having risen this week from twenty-four hundred and fifty-five to twenty-seven hundred and twenty-eight deaths. This result may be regarded as an indication of increasing sufferings and miseries, which, of course, fall with peculiar severity upon the weaker members of the community.

The casting of cannons, and the manufacture of mitrailleuses and chascapots, are carried on with prodigious activity, as it is felt by all that not a moment must be lost in preparing the means for the final effort.

The severe frost prevailing on the 22d, 23d, and 24th inst. has suspended further operations. The troops at the front, in spite of the hardness of the soil, have been constantly employed day and night in intrenching and fortifying themselves. They are now in the best of spirits, and confident of obtaining, under their present leaders, ultimate success. The lines of investment being gradually extended will soon be broken through at the most important points, which will oblige the Germans to retreat to the frontiers and continue the campaign in Lorraine and Alsace. The efforts made by men of science in Paris to multiply the means of defence, and increase or economize the stock of aliments, are in the highest degree praiseworthy, and at the same time honorable to their inventive genius. Substitutes for butter, cheese, extract of meat, and jellies, have been made from grease, cocoanuts, bones, horns, hoofs, bowels, and livers of animals. Many sauces of great delicacy have also been invented by them.

A Vivid Picture.

M. Feydeau, a French author of some note, writing to the *N. Y. Tribune*, thus vividly portrays the condition of France: "When, in the month of last July, at Paris, I struck at every step against drunken bands vociferating the 'Marseillaise,' and crying 'A Berlin!' I could not help saying, 'These people are my countrymen; I cannot, therefore, wish them misfortune; but if they should happen to return shorn—they who were going out for wool—this would be according to the logic of things, and

no one would have a right to be surprised at it.' Still, it must be confessed, that the bloody tragedy which we now witness has something which confounds the spirits least susceptible to emotion. The world has never been a witness of more mournful cataclysms, never has it had to deplore more repulsive horrors. It would require a Shakespeare and a Tacitus together to seize and to express properly all the afflicting phases of this unfinished drama. Humanity here exhibits itself under the most odious and most sinister colors. What knaveries, what low calculations, what strange aberrations, what headlong disasters, exhausting in the space of a few weeks the last resources of a great country! The Prussian minister and the French usurper, seeking for two years to lay snares for each other, under pretext of dividing provinces which belong neither to Germany nor to France, each one of them preparing himself slyly for war, loading the other with protestations of friendship; then those neighboring peoples, formed to live in peace with each other, and whom it is sought to persuade they have always detested each other; this puerile entry into the field, where there is nothing found to praise but the heroism, made to order, of a child; those victories, pompously announced in advance, which result in the unspeakable capitulation of Sedan; and, after the empire is crushed out in blood, this campaign of savages which begins, these conflagrations, these robberies, these murders of francs-tireurs, of Gardes Mobiles, this insolent cutting to pieces of one of the richest countries of the world, this shooting of peasants guilty of having defended their firesides, these eternal requisitions of delicate wines and cigars, are, as the vulgar conqueror says, with the intention of demoralizing rotten France, Divine Providence having deigned to choose him, this simple-minded king, to accomplish this good work. And, alas, this is not all. While the country is pouring out the last blood of its children to repulse the invader, while the government is organizing, contracting loans, reassembling armies, making appeals to Europe to save the centre of civilization which it has given itself the mission to defend, reverses continue; Strasbourg, Metz, and Toul capitulate, and from this moment all France falls into a chaos a thousand times more frightful than that from which she was drawn by twelve centuries of prosperity. All is, in fine, crushed, polluted, suppressed, annihilated, in a country which was, up to this time, the most lovely, the most gracious, the most chivalrous in the world. Commerce exists no longer; industry is paralyzed. There is no longer a vestige of public service, neither posts, nor telegraphs, nor railroads. The few journals which exist are silent and do not circulate. Families, friends, the learned, the educated, can no longer correspond with each other. Scarcely any news of the rest of the world arrives in France, and it is with difficulty that France, thanks to adventurous expedients such as pigeons and balloons, can inform other nations of the world of the events occurring there—a state of things which no other people, either through interest or through gratitude, or through a spirit of Christian charity, dreams of putting an end to. Is this picture exaggerated? Far from it. It expresses scarcely the shadow of the truth. The horrible year 1870, which will have seen so many fortunes fall, so many great and splendid affairs fail, such flourishing branches of commerce come to ruin, such great hearts and high intelligences extinguished—this year which will be in history forever accursed, year of death, year of sterility, will not give its date to a book, to a statue, or to a picture, or to a page of music, or to a scien-

tific discovery, or to any progress whatever in any place on the globe; for the day when France extinguishes her torch darkness covers the universe."

The German Empire.

The Burggraf of Nürnberg, Elector of Brandenburg, and King of Prussia, is about to grow into an Emperor in Germany. This gradual rise is really not unlike the gradual rise, in the rival land, of the Count de Paris into the Duke of the French, and of the Duke of the French into the King. That no prince of the house of Capet ever took it into his head to call himself by the highest title of all might in these days be taken as a sign of the discretion of the princes of the house of Capet. But the truth is that, as long as words retained any meaning, it could never have come into the head of any sovereign of Paris to take to himself a title which would have been absolutely meaningless. Two Bonapartes did indeed at different times array themselves in the peacock's feathers of empire; but in the earlier case it was part of a system of imposture which paid, while in the later case the thing was sheer imitation. And possibly in both cases there may have been some secret shrinking from clothing a novel and abnormal power, founded by an adventurer of foreign birth, with that simple title of kingship which had been lawfully handed on through so many generations of native Frenchmen. The elder Bonaparte, as all the world knows, gave himself out as the successor, perhaps more strictly as an *avatar*, of the mythical Charlemagne. The younger could only give himself out as the successor or *avatar* of his unhappily not mythical uncle. But in either case the thing paid; grotesque as the title was in itself, it served its purpose, as expressing a state of things which was felt to be, and was meant to be felt to be, something different from lawful kingship. The assumption of the imperial title by the chief of united Germany stands on quite different grounds. It has a real historical meaning. The German king had a right, by virtue of his German election, to be crowned Roman Emperor, but he was not emperor till he was so crowned. It should not be forgotten that all the emperors after Charles V. were in strictness only emperors-elect, and were so called in documents which made any pretence to formal accuracy. But an "erwählter Kaiser," an "Imperator electus," easily came to be called *Kaiser* and *Imperator*, without the qualifying adjective; and a Roman Emperor-elect, who was also a King of Germany, easily slipped into an Emperor of Germany. Looked at, then, as a matter of legal and historical technicality, the title of Emperor of Germany, though not strictly accurate, is not the same grotesque absurdity as an Emperor of Austria, an Emperor of Hayti, or an Emperor of the French. And, again, "*Kaiser in Deutschland*" is not quite the same thing as "*Kaiser von Deutschland*," the use of the preposition is the same as in the later imperial style after Maximilian. The emperor-elect was "*König in Germanien*" as part of his imperial description, a delicacy which was lost in the Latin version "*Germaniæ Rex*." The difference is surely an intelligible one. The new emperor will not be "Emperor of Germany" as a territorial empire; he will be "Emperor in Germany," one who holds an imperial position in Germany—a description which cannot be called inaccurate. Emperor, Kaiser, in the oldest and strictest sense, he cannot be, as having no connection with the local Rome, old or new. But, as a king of kings, he will hold in Germany a position which is distinctly imperial.

The United States of Germany.

The Germany of which William of Prussia is emperor, would be more appropriately designated by the appellation United States of Germany. For, the twenty-five states and principalities composing the so-called German empire are united by a governmental bond that conforms much more to our ideas of a free republican constitution than to the notions usually prevailing in regard to the nature of an empire. An examination of the outlines of the constitution of government under which the new empire is to be ruled, will show that, contrary to the predictions of those who prophesied that "Prussian despotism" would be strengthened by the war, the result is likely to be the curtailment of Prussia's power, and the enlargement of true German liberty. The twenty-five states or principalities forming the United States of Germany are the following:

Prussia.	Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.
Bavaria.	Saxe-Altenburg.
Saxony.	Waldeck.
Wurtemberg.	Lippe-Detmold.
Baden.	Schwarzburg - Rodolstadt.
Hesse.	Schwarzburg-Sondershausen.
Mecklenburg - Schwerin.	Reuss-Schleiz.
Brunswick.	Schaumburg-Lippe.
Oldenburg.	Reuss-Greiz.
Saxe-Weimar.	Hamburg.
Mecklenburg-Strelitz.	Lubeck.
Saxe-Meiningen.	Bremen.
Anhalt.	

Of these twenty-five states, four are kingdoms, three free cities, and the remainder grand-duchies, duchies, and principalities. The area of the empire is two hundred and four thousand seven hundred square miles, and its population thirty-eight million five hundred thousand. With Alsace and Lorraine the latter would reach forty million.

Novel Use of Billiard-table Cloth.

The Bavarian Light Horse, in their passage through France, found, it is said, the material for a new Sunday uniform in the green baize of every billiard table, and wherever they met with one set their knives and scissors to work.

Food in Paris.

There are some things "our own correspondent" does not tell us clearly. Although he sends off, *par ballon monté*, a dispatch as often as circumstances permit, we do not know as much as we wish of the daily life of the unfortunate Parisians. From another source, however, we learn that the allowance of meat at the end of November was only thirty-five grammes—equal to one and one-sixth ounces—per diem per head for adults, and half that amount for children. The correspondent of the *Food Journal* sends over a few interesting particulars, which we quote, of the state of Paris. He says:

"The idea that two million people, a large number of whom have ample means, should find themselves rationed like soldiers and paupers, is so novel that nothing but the actual experience of the fact can bring it directly home to the mind. That people who are accustomed to delicate eating, to every culinary luxury, who *fast* on delicious fish, the freshest of eggs and vegetables, water-fowl, and splendid fruit—say once a week—should now *feed* every day on an ounce or two of any kind of meat that they can obtain—beef, horse, etc.—is certainly an extraordinary form of sybaritism of the nineteenth century."

The consumption of horse-flesh is, of course,

almost universal, and even the subject of puffing:

"A horse-butcher, the other day, exhibited the following placard: 'Horse of the first quality, from the stables of the Comte de Lagrange.'"

The writer says:

"Some persons prefer it to beef, from the gamy flavor which it possesses, and compare it to *chevreuil*—the small doe venison of France—which certainly scarcely deserves the name; others particularly dislike it for the same reason. This is, however, simply a matter of taste. As good, wholesome food, it has been universally eaten; and the soup made from it is declared by every one to be superior to that from beef."

Smaller game, however, is not neglected by these masters of the culinary art; and dishes indigenous to China now find favor in the most civilized capital of Europe:

"Cat is eaten and sold openly, and, although I never had the pleasure of partaking of a civet of the kind, to my knowledge, I can assure you that cats are relished by a good many people, and are quoted at six francs each, while dog is quoted at four francs the half animal. One journal declares that more than twenty-four thousand cats have been sold and eaten. A student in medicine sent the following note to a friend: 'Come on Saturday to my rooms, and eat a broiled cat, seasoned with pistachio-nuts, olives, gherkins, and pimento, and washed down with Chablis. After dinner we will drink some Rhenish wine to the invisibility of France.' At a good house, the other day—the house of a *gourmet*—the bill-of-fare was: *Filet de cheval rôti, escaloppes d'anon, plum-pudding, au graisse de beef.*"

On the subject of prices, this correspondent—to whom we are indebted for the best account of the food-supply of Paris which has reached us—says:

"Bread is plentiful and cheap: ham, 6s. 8d. per pound; Lyons sausage, 12s.; a turkey, 52s. 6d.; a rabbit, 15s.; an eel, 15s.; a plate of gudgeons, 5s.; twelve eggs, 3s. 10d.; a cabbage, 10d.; a bunch of carrots, 2s."

The prices of delicacies are enormous: a *pâté de foie gras* costs forty-five francs, and a turkey with force-meat fifty-five francs. This was on the 25th of November; now, in all probability, these prices are nearly doubled. But the beleaguered citizens bear up bravely—as yet. The writer in the *Food Journal* says:

"In the midst of all our annoyances we have our jokes. When dinner is ready, some one is sure to say, 'To horse, ladies and gentlemen, to horse!' Stories are told of commanders of besieged towns who presented to their guests, as choice dishes, a roast cat, garnished with a dozen of mice and a *salmon* of rats. The following is one of a dozen *vers-de-table*:

'Manger du rat, du cheval, ou du chien,
Cela nous repose,
Quand on l'ignore, ce n'est rien;
Quand on le sait, c'est peu de chose.'

A woman is detected stealing out of a house with something hidden under her shawl; she is arrested, and a fine cat found upon her. 'Oh, pray do not expose me!' she cries, in a plaintive voice; 'it is for a poor sick friend.'

German Republicans.

German republicans probably watch with complacency the establishment of the empire. Their adversary has henceforth a single neck, and if at any time they are strong enough to change the form of government, their republic will be ready to their hands. The enemies of monarchy have lately concentrated their animosity on the King of Prussia, with the plausible pretext that he and his minister deliberately pursue a warlike policy with a view to the maintenance of military despotism. If the charge should prove to have any foundation,

perseverance in the alleged system will arouse a formidable opposition. It is probable that a large part of the population of Germany already regards the prolongation of the campaign with disappointment and dissatisfaction, and it will be impossible to repeat the experiment of an equally popular war. Unless Russia were unwise enough to assail German feelings or interests, no opponent who could be selected would arouse a genuine spirit of national antagonism. The German Parliament will probably be independent enough to resist a warlike and aggressive policy. The middle classes who in Prussia struggled long and resolutely against the king's schemes of military organization will, as far as they are represented in the German Parliament, continue to urge the reduction of the army. The heir of the empire is believed to share their opinions; and, if the liberal party is defeated, the republicans may have a chance.

Alsace.

The new general government of Elsass proclaimed by the King of Prussia, embraces, in addition to the departments of the Rhine which constituted the former Alsace, the *arrondissements* of Saarbours, Château, Salins, Saarguemines, Metz, and Thionville, taken from the departments of Moselle and Meurthe, in Lorraine. With the addition of these districts, the boundary of the new province marks out very nearly the German-speaking part of France. The fortresses of Thionville and Metz in the north, the natural barrier of the Vosges Mountains, and again the fortress of Belfort, in the south, will then protect the frontier of Germany toward France. From an article in the December number of *Pttermann's Mittheilungen*, we learn that the new government has an area of five thousand eight hundred and twenty-five English square miles. This space is considerably larger than Connecticut, and it cuts off a thirty-sixth part from the whole of France. The fertility and industries of Elsass, however, support a population of one million six hundred and thirty-eight thousand five hundred, or a twenty-third part of the inhabitants of France, and the density of its population is comparable to that of the plains of China. In the new government the purely German-speaking area measures four thousand four hundred and twenty-five square miles; the purely French parts, which lie chiefly round the fortresses in the north and south, are together nine hundred and eighty-five square miles in extent, and the territory of a mixed language, which lies in patches between, makes up an area of four hundred and fifteen square miles.

Miscellany.

Young Ladies as they are.

WE have lately heard so much discussion of what is called "the movement on behalf of women," that it is a relief to find that there are still women in the world whose thoughts are occupied with love, dress, and cookery, and who seem to have neither grand aims nor lofty aspirations, nor any desire for what is called the "intellectual development" of their sex. We suspect, indeed, that the vehement advocates of woman's rights would denounce the editor of the *Young Ladies' Journal*, like Canning's knife-grinder, as a "wretch whom no sense of wrong can rouse to vengeance," and we suspect also that this editor would be tolerably comfortable under the denunciation. To judge from a copious correspondence, the young ladies who read the *Journal* have aims and aspirations which their more exalted sisters would

probably deem contemptible. They write to the editor to inquire how they may obtain white hands and avoid red noses. The questions of these correspondents are not given, but we may infer from the answers that one young lady inquired how she might look intelligent. The editor properly answered that by study and observation she might not only look, but become intelligent. She is advised to mix in society as much as possible, and employ her leisure in study; but it is to be feared that the object of this advice is to enable her to please men, and not to show how she may rival them. Another piece of advice appears to be founded on the old maxim of the cookery-book, "First catch your hare." A lady is recommended not to mark any of her linen until after her marriage. "Then let it bear your married name." A pretty domestic picture might be made of Mrs. Smith marking pocket-handkerchiefs while Mr. Smith contemplates the process, and feels that he is comfortably bagged. Several correspondents desire to be informed on which finger the "engaged ring" is to be worn. It is a frequent practice to subjoin to questions on other subjects a request to the editor to give an opinion on the handwriting of the questioner. A young lady who desires to know how she may keep herself bright and fresh-looking, is advised to rise and retire to rest early and to take plenty of out-door exercise. The same young lady is informed that oysters and stout are considered good to take before singing. "A Sailor's Bride" is instructed in the art of making vegetable-marrow preserve, which we conjecture may be intended for the sailor to take with him to sea. "A Disappointed One" is informed that it is very early to show wrinkles, which good health and a happy temper should keep away for another ten years at least. The editor receives a vast quantity of "poetry," which, for the most part, is very summarily dealt with. Thus "Emily" is asked why she writes such nonsense verses. "A love-song needs something more than rhyme. An idea is at least desirable." Equally severe is the criticism on "Brida," whose lines are declined because they are deficient in rhyme, and do not contain an idea that has not been done to death by amateur poets. Next to the character of handwriting, correspondents seem to be most solicitous about the color of their hair. One answer is, "Dark brown; a very fine texture. Writing good." Another is, "We advise you to be content with the color of your hair as it is, and not to attempt to alter it." It may encourage young gentlemen to know that one, at least, wrote to the editor and got an answer; but we think he must have put a very improper question, since the answer is "Certainly wrong, unless she were decidedly engaged to the gentleman." The same correspondent is informed that he cannot take any thing to remove a natural and healthy color without injury to his health. A young lady who suffers under the same distressing affliction of vigorous health is recommended not to be ashamed of the indication of it, and not to take drugs to make her pale. "They may bring on indigestion." Another correspondent is informed that there is no way of compressing the waist without injury to the health. Another is answered that cold tea is harmless. "We do not think it would have any effect upon your complexion." Another is assured that if she keeps in good health her complexion will be good. Another is informed that her handwriting, although not elegant, is very legible. Those correspondents who do not write well are advised to practise assiduously with good copies. We hope that the confidence of the editor in this method of improvement is well founded.

The Daddy Long-legs and the Fly.

I.

Once Mr. Daddy Long-legs,
Dressed in brown and gray,
Walked about upon the sands
Upon a summer's day.
And there among the pebbles,
When the wind was rather cold,
He met with Mr. Floppy Fly
All dressed in blue and gold.
And, as it was too soon to dine,
They drank some periwinkle wine,
And played an hour or two, or more,
At battlecock and shuttle-dore.

II.

Said Mr. Daddy Long-legs
To Mr. Floppy Fly,
"Why do you never come to court?
I wish you'd tell me why.
All gold and shine, in dress so fine,
You'd quite delight the court.
Why do you never go at all?
I really think you ought!
And if you went you'd see such sights!
Such rugs, and jugs, and candle-lights!
And, more than all, the king and queen,
One in red, one in green!"

III.

"Oh, Mr. Daddy Long-legs,"
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
"It's true I never go to court,
And I will tell you why.
If I had six long legs like yours
At once I'd go to court,
But oh! I can't, because my legs
Are so extremely short.
And I'm afraid the king and queen
(One in red and one in green)
Would say aloud, 'You are not fit,
You fly, to come to court a bit!'"

IV.

"Oh, Mr. Daddy Long-legs,"
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
"I wish you'd sing one little song,
One mumbian melody.
You used to sing so awful well,
In former days gone by;
But now you never sing at all;
I wish you'd tell me why.
For if you would, the silvery sound
Would please the shrimps and cockles round,
And all the crabs would gladly come
To hear you sing, 'Ah, Hum di Hum!'"

V.

Said Mr. Daddy Long-legs:
"I can never sing again!
And if you wish, I'll tell you why,
Although it gives me pain.
For years I cannot hum a bit,
Or sing the smallest song;
And this the dreadful reason is,
My legs are grown too long.
My six long legs, all here and there,
Oppress my bosom with despair;
And if I stand or lie or sit,
I cannot sing one single bit."

VI.

So Mr. Daddy Long-legs
And Mr. Floppy Fly
Sat down in silence by the sea,
And gazed upon the sky.
They said: "This is a dreadful thing!
The world has all gone wrong,
Since one has legs too short by half,
The other much too long!
One never more can go to court,
Because his legs have grown too short;
The other cannot sing a song,
Because his legs have grown too long!"

VII.

Then Mr. Daddy Long-legs
And Mr. Floppy Fly
Rushed downward to the foamy sea
With one sponge-taneous cry;
And there they found a little boat,
Whose sails were pink and gray;
And off they sailed among the waves
Far, and far away.
They sailed across the silent main,
And reached the great Gromboolian plain;
And there they play for evermore
At battlecock and shuttle-dore.

Tobacco for the Wounded.

There is no deprivation which the habitual, although not excessive, smoker feels so much as the loss of tobacco; and soldiers of all nations, especially of the French and German nations, smoke it. It was a standing injunction with the First Napoleon that his troops should have tobacco, and they found it of the greatest advantage in the retreat from Moscow. The soldier, wearied with long marches and uncertain rest, obtaining his food how and when he can, with his nervous system always in a state of tension from the dangers and excitement he encounters, finds that his cigars or pipe enable him to sustain hunger or fatigue with comparative equanimity. Explain it as we may, this is physiologically true; and medical officers, who would not be sorry to see the issue of a "spirit ration" discontinued, are compelled to allow that the moderate use of tobacco by soldiers in the field has several advantages. For the wounded it is probable that tobacco has slight anodyne and narcotic properties, that enable the sufferer to sustain pain better during the day and obtain sleep during the night.

Alexander Pope.

Pope died in 1744, and the century and a quarter which has elapsed since his death has been marked by stupendous changes, not alone in the political world, but also in the world of literature. Between the men of Queen Anne's age and the men of the Victorian era there is little in common beyond the passions and aspirations which belong to human nature and are alike in all ages. We stand, as it were, in a new world, with higher aims probably, certainly with stronger feelings, with wider knowledge, and urged on by an intellectual impetus and excitement of which the earlier period knew little. The poetical revolution effected at the beginning of this century, with its marvellous wealth of thought, its deep feeling, its exquisite music, its rare perception of natural beauty, to which may be added its contempt for order, threatened by its weakness as well as by its strength to overturn the sovereignty of Pope. Byron, despite his intense admiration of Pope, whom he styled with exaggerated emphasis the "great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence," adding that "a thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our literature," helped nevertheless, although unwittingly, to subvert the authority of his master. Scott, great in so many ways, and as generous as he was great, carried with him the taste of the nation into a region Pope had never entered; and Wordsworth, far less popular than either, but destined as a poet to exert a wider influence, was not satisfied to think lightly of poetry with which he had no sympathy, but vigorously attacked the poet. Yet Wordsworth might have learned at least one serviceable lesson from Pope, for a careful study of his verse would have shown him that the noblest poetical conceptions, unless clothed in perfect literary form, take slighter hold upon

the mind than inferior conceptions "blest in the lovely marriage of pure words." Wordsworth did often excel in form as well as in substance, and he then attained supreme excellence; but he often failed, and set his precious jewels in pinchbeck. That such a poet should entertain a comparatively mean opinion of Pope is not surprising. Wordsworth had no wit, and wit is the predominant element in Pope. Wordsworth deals with the great verities of life, Pope with the conventional moralities of society; Wordsworth lived in the eye of Nature, Pope in the eye of men; Wordsworth was a greater poet than artist, Pope, a first-rate artist, never rises to a place in the first rank of poets; Wordsworth, self-contained and self-sufficient, maintained his poetical faith heedless of opposition, Pope had no faith other than that accepted by his age. It would seem as if many influences had been at work during this century tending to diminish very sensibly the fame of Pope, yet there are reasons for believing that it has grown in spite of them. Within the last few years more attention has been given to Pope than for at least half a century.

Under-current in the Mediterranean.

It has long been known that a current is constantly flowing into the Mediterranean from the Black Sea and from the Atlantic, besides the numerous rivers pouring in always abundantly, and the question has often been asked: How is it that the great Midland Sea does not become over-full? The answer is: Because, while a surface-stream flows in through the Strait of Gibraltar, a stream deep down is constantly flowing out; and the existence of this under-current is said to have been proved by a captain who sunk a basket of stones, by a rope, to a considerable depth, where, being acted upon by the strong stream, it towed the boat out against the surface-current. Nevertheless, the existence of the under-current has been often questioned. Dr. Carpenter, however, who has recently returned from a dredging-cruise in the Mediterranean, states that he took much pains to investigate this question, and that in a short time he will publish an account of the operations by which he ascertained that the outflowing under-current does really exist.

A Valuable Library.

A library, containing many rare books, was removed from Paris just before the beginning of the siege, and was sold lately, in London, at auction. The following are some of the prices brought by the books: Guarini, *Il Pastor Fido*, on vellum, 1732, 19*l.*; *Horas de Nuestra Señora*, Paris, 1502, 20*l.* 10*s.*; *Joan Baptista de la Orden de S. Francisco*, *Adventencias para los Confessores de los Naturales* (en Español et en Mexicain), Mexico, 1600, 20*l.*; *Apocalypsis cum Figuris*, a manuscript on vellum, of the fourteenth century, from the "Abbaye de Cîteaux Bourgogne," a fine specimen of early French art. 167*l.*; *Biblia Bohemica*, black-letter, the first edition for the use of the Hussites, 1506, 2*l.* 10*s.*; *Bible en François*, Paris, par A. Benvenere, 1533, 30*l.*; *Boccaccio* (J.), *Decamerone*, in German, printed at Ulm, about 1471, 5*l.*; *Galleria de Firenze*, large paper, 31*l.* 10*s.*; *Galleria de Torino*, large paper, 20*l.* 10*s.*; *Officium Beate Mariæ Virginis*, manuscript on vellum, of the fifteenth century, an interesting specimen of Bolognese art. 5*l.*; *Thomas à Kempis*, *Gerson de l'Imitation de Jésus-Christ*, printed on vellum, 30*l.*; *Richel* (Dionisio), *Compendio Breve que Tracta*, etc., Mexico, 1544, believed to be the second book printed in America, 41*l.* 10*s.*; *Passion Christi* aus den vier Evangelisten, first edition, Strasbourg,

1506, 30*l.*; *Psalterium cum Commentariis*, manuscript on vellum, from the library of St. Lambert, at Liège, of the eleventh or twelfth century, 42*l.* 10*s.*; *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*, manuscript on vellum, written about the latter part of the fourteenth century, 46*l.*; *Lacantii Opera*, first edition, the first book printed in Italy with a date, in Monasterio Sublacensi, 1465, 230*l.* The total proceeds of the sale were 1,984*l.* 19*s.*, a sum which shows that the war has not affected the prices of books and manuscripts in London.

Tiberius.

Few reputations have profited more largely than that of the Emperor Tiberius by the general revision of historical judgments which has been going on ever since history has been elevated by modern criticism to the rank of a science. The cause of the especial infamy under which Tiberius has labored is easily discovered. The crimes and vices imputed to him were imposing and picturesque, exciting the imagination by their enormity, and stimulating curiosity by the mystery that enshrouded them. His virtues, those of a just and sagacious administrator, were not likely to attract the attention of the historian so long as his task was limited by his own conception of it to a record of the court, the camp, and the senate. The bright side of Tiberius's character was, therefore, practically non-existent, and the rigorous estimate of a monarch according to his fulfilment of his public duties, which has destroyed so many splendid reputations, proved highly favorable to him. There are, however, few more conspicuous instances of the invariable tendency of reactions to run into extremes than the recent endeavors to elevate the sullen recluse of Capree into something of a saint, and very much of a martyr.

Varieties.

IN the new English edition of Charles Lamb's writings is a funny anecdote of Wordsworth. The person with whom the Lambs boarded, at Enfield, charged one shilling extra when they had a friend at dinner; but when Wordsworth was the guest, he charged one-and-sixpence. Lamb remonstrated, saying, "He's a great poet." "Don't know about the great poet," replied the practical landlord, "but he is a great eater."

According to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man fifty years of age has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,600 days, was eating 2,500 days, was sick 500 days, etc. He ate 9,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,000 pounds of vegetables, eggs, and fish, and drank 7,000 gallons. This would make a respectable lake of 800 feet surface and three feet deep.

The damage done to the picture-gallery at Strasbourg, by Prussian shot and shell, amounts to a quarter of a million of francs; the loss of the library, with its manuscripts and many precious volumes, is inestimable and irreparable. The burned contents of the picture-gallery are estimated at nearly half a million of francs. The cost of repairing the cathedral is one and a half million of francs.

Two San-Francisco barbers, engaged to fight a duel, agreed to start and walk around a block, and, when they got within sight of each other, to blaze away. When they turned the corner out of sight, both started on a run in different directions, and one has sent from Alaska for his winter clothes, and the other has written to his wife from the city of Mexico, asking her to send his linen coat and palm-leaf hat.

From a careful examination of our contemporaries we find that at the present time Mlle. Nilsson has bestowed her heart and hand upon no less than five gentlemen, viz., first, Duc de

Massa; second, Gustave Doré; third, a young Russian count, "very rich and very deaf;" fourth, a "wealthy London banker;" fifth, M. Rousseau, "a French gentleman of moderate fortune."

California records, for 1870, will include three memorial industrial events—the shipment of the first bale of home-raised silk; the raising of the first successful crop of cotton, leading to the planting of several large tracts of that staple, and the first success in the manufacture of beet-sugar.

A shoemaker was fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. "If that is all," replied the shoemaker, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away."

Captain Eyre, of the British steamship Bombay, who was punished, for sinking the United States steamship *Oncida*, by "suspension for six months," has been notified, now that his "sentence" has expired, that his former employers do not want him any more.

A board of bank-directors in London have just promulgated a decree that any clerk in their service who presumes to marry while receiving from them less than one hundred and fifty pounds a year, will be "considered to have resigned his appointment."

A gentleman writes to the London papers to state that he gets rid of organ-grinders by walking up to them, muttering a mysterious "Abracadabra," and fascinating them with a fixed glance, which they suppose to be "the evil eye."

The Spanish Cortes has voted that General Prim "deserved well of his country," that his name shall be inscribed in the Hall of the Cortes, and that the state will provide for his wife and children.

The London *Times* is reaping a harvest from the personal cards which the French refugees in London address to their friends in Paris, and thus communicate their condition and wishes.

Knott and Shott fought a duel. The result was that they changed conditions. Knott was shot, and Shott was not. It was better to be Shott than Knott.

An old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never yet knew a man in love that did not see twice as much in his sweetheart as I could."

A London butcher has been detected in selling donkey-meat for beef, and his cockney customers are exceedingly indignant at being "treated as if they were cannibals."

No less than six authors, in London, are said to have completed Dickens's "Edwin Drood," according to their own, but not to the public's, liking.

"Equality means," says a French writer, "a desire to be equal to your superiors, and superior to your equals."

The cold weather in the South has killed thousands of orange-trees in Florida and Georgia.

Von Moltke's chair, at his hotel in Berlin, is kept crowned with a laurel-wreath, and no one is allowed to sit in it.

The London directory, for the current year, fills twenty-eight hundred and sixty pages.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them *here*.

English shillings have been coined for three hundred and sixty-four years.

There are seven female sculptors from America, studying in Rome.

A "Lothair knife-cleaner" can be bought in London.

The Museum.

BUDDHISM was introduced into Japan from China, through Corea, in the sixth

century of our era. It was persecuted for a long while, but gradually found favor, and is now the religion of the majority of the Japanese. Its temples are very numerous, and are crowded, not only on holy-days, but regular and frequent sermons by day and in the evening are attended by attentive congregations. These sacred edifices are sometimes very large and imposing, and always occupy commanding sites, surrounded by scenes of natural beauty. They are generally built of wood, often of cedar, and the interiors contain quaintly-carved and ornamented shrines, on which are placed a variety of images, varying in size from a child's doll to a colossus like that called the Daibutz, near Yokohama, which is a magnificent bronze statue, representing Buddha seated, of excel-



Interior of a Buddhist Temple in Japan.

lent workmanship and admirable art, fifty feet in height, and ninety-six feet in circumference at the base.

The interior, represented in the accompanying illustration, is of moderate dimensions, and represents a shrine with a group of worshippers, performing a ceremony which foreigners call the baptism of Buddha, but of whose real significance we are as yet ignorant.

Besides Buddhism, there are many religions in Japan. The oldest, which is still the state religion, is Shintoism, the chief feature of which is the worship of the sun, of the elements, and of the spirits of deified heroes. By this sect, the *mikado*, or emperor, is regarded as an incarnate deity. The best-educated and most intelligent of the people are followers of Confucius, the Socrates of China.

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RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[“RALPH THE HEIR,” SUPPLEMENT NO. XVI.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF FEBRUARY 4.]

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PETITION.

THE time for hearing the petition at Percycross had at length come, and the judge had gone down to that ancient borough. The day fixed was Monday, the 27th, and Parliament had then been sitting for three weeks. Mr. Griffenbottom had been as constant in his place as though there had been no sword hanging over his head; but Sir Thomas had not as yet even taken the oaths. He had made up his mind that he would not even enter the House while this bar against him as a legislator existed, and he had not as yet even been seen in the lobby. His daughters, his colleague, Mr. Trigger, and Stemm, had all expostulated with him on the subject, assuring him that he should treat the petition with the greatest contempt, at any rate till it should have proved itself by its success to be a matter not contemptible; but to these counsellors he gave no ear, and when he went down to give his evidence before the judge at Percycross, his seat had as yet availed him nothing.

Mr. Griffenbottom had declared that he would not pay a shilling toward the expense of the petition, maintaining that his own seat was safe, and that any peril incurred had been so incurred simply on behalf of Sir Thomas. Nothing, according to Mr. Griffenbottom's views, could be more unjust than to expect that he should take any part in the matter. Trigger, too, had endeavored to impress this upon Sir Thomas more than once or twice. But this had been all in vain; and Sir Thomas, acting under the advice of his own attorney, had at last compelled Mr. Griffenbottom to take his share in the matter. Mr. Griffenbottom did not scruple to say that he was very ill-used, and to hint that any unfair practices which might possibly have prevailed during the last election at Percycross, had all been adopted on behalf of Sir Thomas, and in conformity with Sir Thomas's views. It will, therefore, be understood that the two members did not go down to the borough in the best humor with each other. Mr. Trigger still nominally acted for both; but it had been almost avowed that Sir Thomas was to be treated as a Jonah, if by such treatment any salvation might be had for the ship of which Griffenbottom was to be regarded as the captain.

Mr. Westmacott was also in Percycross—and so was Moggs, reinstated in his old room at the Cordwainers' Arms. Moggs had not

been summoned, nor was his presence there required for any purpose immediately connected with the inquiry to be made; but Purity and the Rights of Labor may always be advocated; and when better than at a moment in which the impurity of a borough is about to be made the subject of public condemnation? And Moggs, moreover, had now ranking in his bosom a second cause of enmity against the Tories of the borough. Since the election he had learned that his rival, Ralph Newton, was in some way connected with the sitting member, Sir Thomas, and he laid upon Sir Thomas's back the weight of his full displeasure in reference to the proposed marriage with Polly Neeft. He had heard that Polly had raised some difficulty—had, indeed, rejected her aristocratic suitor, and was therefore not without hope; but he had been positively assured by Neeft himself that the match would be made, and was consequently armed with a double purpose in his desire to drive Sir Thomas ignominiously out of Percycross.

Sir Thomas had had more than one interview with Sergeant Burnaby and little Mr. Joram, than whom two more astute barristers in such matters were not to be found at that time practising—though perhaps at that time the astuteness of the sergeant was on the wane; while that of Jacky Joram, as he was familiarly called, was daily rising in repute. Sir Thomas himself, barrister and senior to these two gentlemen, had endeavored to hold his own with them, and to impress on them the conviction that he had nothing to conceal; that he had personally endeavored, as best he knew how, to avoid corruption, and that if there had been corruption on the part of his own agents, he was himself ready to be a party in proclaiming it. But he found himself to be absolutely ignored and put out of court by his own counsel. They were gentlemen with whom professionally he had had no intercourse, as he had practised at the Chancery, and they at the common-law bar. But he had been solicitor-general, and was a bencher of his inn, whereas Sergeant Burnaby was only a sergeant, and Jacky Joram still wore a stuff gown. Nevertheless, he found himself to be “nowhere” in discussing with them the circumstances of the election. Even Joram, whom he seemed to remember having seen only the other day as an ugly, shame-faced boy about the courts, treated him, not exactly with indignity, but with patronizing good-nature, listening with an air of half-attention to what he said, and then not taking the slightest heed of a word of it. Who does

not know this transparent pretence of courtesies, which of all discourtesies is the most offensive? “Ah, just so, Sir Thomas, just so. And now, Mr. Trigger, I suppose Mr. Puffer's account hasn't yet been settled.” Any word from Mr. Trigger was of infinitely greater value with Mr. Joram than all Sir Thomas's protestations. Sir Thomas could not keep himself from remembering that Jacky Joram's father was a cheesemonger at Gloucester, who had married the widow of a Jew with a little money. Twenty times Sir Thomas made up his mind to retire from the business altogether; but he always found himself unable to do so. When he mentioned the idea, Griffenbottom flung up his hands in dismay at such treachery on the part of an ally—such treachery and such cowardice! What—had not he, Sir Thomas, forced him, Griffenbottom, into all this ruinous expenditure? And now to talk of throwing up the sponge! It was in vain that Sir Thomas explained that he had forced nobody into it. It was manifestly the case that he had refused to go on with it by himself, and on this Mr. Griffenbottom and Mr. Trigger insisted so often and with so much strength that Sir Thomas felt himself compelled to stand to his guns, bad as he believed those guns to be.

If Sir Thomas meant to retreat, why had he not retreated when a proposition to that effect was made to him at his own chambers? Of all the weak, vacillating, ill-conditioned men that Mr. Griffenbottom had ever been concerned with, Sir Thomas Underwood was the weakest, most vacillating, and most ill-conditioned. To have to sit in the same boat with such a man was the greatest misfortune that had ever befallen Mr. Griffenbottom in public life. Mr. Griffenbottom did not exactly say these hard things in the hearing of Sir Thomas, but he so said them that they became the common property of the Dorams, Triggers, Spiveycombs, and Spicers; and were repeated piecemeal to the unhappy second member.

He had secured for himself a separate sitting-room at the “Percy Standard,” thinking that thus he would have the advantage of being alone; but every one connected with his party came in and out of his room as though it had been specially selected as a chamber for public purposes. Even Griffenbottom came into it to have interviews there with Trigger, although at the moment Griffenbottom and Sir Thomas were not considered to be on speaking terms. Griffenbottom in these matters seemed to have the hide of a rhinoceros. He had chosen to quarrel with

Sir Thomas. He had declared that he would not speak to a colleague whose Parliamentary ideas and habits were so repulsive to him. He had said quite aloud that Trigger had never made a greater mistake in his life than in bringing Sir Thomas to the borough, and that, let the petition go as it would, Sir Thomas should never be returned for the borough again. He had spoken all these things, almost in the hearing of Sir Thomas. And yet he would come to Sir Thomas's private room, and sit there half the morning with a cigar in his mouth! Mr. Pile would come in, and make most unpleasant speeches. Mr. Spicer called continually, with his own ideas about the borough. The thing could be still saved if enough money were spent. If Mr. Givantake were properly handled, and Mr. O'Blather duly provided for, the two witnesses upon whom the thing really hung would not be found in Percycross when called upon to-morrow. That was Mr. Spicer's idea; and he was very eager to communicate it to Sergeant Burnaby. Trigger, in his energy, told Mr. Spicer to go and be —. All this occurred in Sir Thomas's private room. And then Mr. Pabsby was there constantly, till he at last was turned out by Trigger. In his agony, Sir Thomas asked for another sitting-room, but was informed that the house was full. The room intended for the two members was occupied by Griffenbottom; but nobody ever suggested that the party might meet there when Sir Thomas's vain request was made for further accommodation. Griffenbottom went on with his cigar, and Mr. Pile sat picking his teeth before the fire, and making unpleasant little speeches.

The judge, who had hurried into Percycross from another town, and who opened the commission on the Monday evening, did not really begin his work till the Tuesday morning. Jacky Joram had declared that the inquiry would last three days, he having pledged himself to be at another town early on the following Friday. Sergeant Burnaby, whose future services were not in such immediate demand, was of opinion that they would not get out of Percycross till Saturday night. Judge Crumby, who was to try the case, and who had been trying similar cases ever since Christmas, was not due at his next town till the Monday; but it was understood by everybody that he intended if possible to spend his Saturday and Sunday in the bosom of his family. Trigger, however, had magnificent ideas. "I believe we shall carry them into the middle of next week," he said, "if they choose to go on with it." Trigger thoroughly enjoyed the petition; and even Griffenbottom, who was no longer troubled by gout, and was not now obliged to walk about the borough, did not seem to dislike it. But to poor Sir Thomas it was indeed a purgatory.

The sitting members were of course accused, both as regarded themselves and their agents, of every crime known in electioneering tactics. Votes had been personated. Votes had been bought. Votes had been obtained by undue influence on the part of masters and landlords, and there had been treat-

ing of the most pernicious and corrupt description. As to the personating of votes, that, according to Mr. Trigger, had been merely introduced as a pleasant commencing fiction common in parliamentary petitions. There had been nothing of the kind, and nobody supposed that there had, and it did not signify. Of undue influence—what purists choose to call undue influence—there had of course been plenty. It was not likely that masters paying thousands a year in wages were going to let these men vote against themselves. But this influence was so much a matter of course that it could not be proved to the injury of the sitting members. Such at least was Mr. Trigger's opinion. Mr. Spicer might have been a little imprudent with his men; but no case could be brought up in which a man had been injured. Undue influence at Percycross was—"ganmon." So said Mr. Trigger, and Jacky Joram agreed with Mr. Trigger. Sergeant Burnaby rubbed his hands, and would give no opinion till he had heard the evidence. That votes had been bought during the day of the election there was no doubt on earth. On this matter great secrecy prevailed, and Sir Thomas could not get a word spoken in his own hearing. It was admitted, however, that votes had been bought. There were a dozen men, perhaps more than a dozen, who would prove that one Glump had paid them ten shillings a piece between one and two on the day of the election. There was a general belief that perhaps over a hundred had been bought at that rate. But Trigger was ready to swear that he did not know whence Glump had got the money, and Glump himself was—nobody knew where Glump was, but strange whispers respecting Glump were floating about the borough. Trigger was disposed to believe that they, on their side, could prove that Glump had really been employed by Westmacott's people to vitiate the election. He was quite sure that nothing could connect Glump with him as an agent on behalf of Griffenbottom and Underwood. So Mr. Trigger asserted with the greatest confidence; but what was in the bottom of Mr. Trigger's mind on this subject no one pretended to know. As for Glump himself, he was a man who would certainly take payment from anybody for any dirty work. It was the general impression through the borough that Glump had on this occasion been hired by Trigger, and Trigger certainly enjoyed the prestige which was thus conferred upon him.

As to the treating—there could be no doubt about that. There had been treating. The idea of conducting an election at Percycross without beer seemed to be absurd to every male and female Percycrossian. Of course the publicans would open their taps and then send in their bills for beer to the electioneering agents. There was a prevailing feeling that any interference with so ancient a practice was not only un-English, but unjust also; that it was beyond the power of Parliament to enforce any law so abominable and unnatural. Trigger was of opinion that though there had been a great deal of beer, no attempt would be made to prove that votes

had been influenced by treating. There had been beer on both sides, and Trigger hoped sincerely that there might always be beer on both sides as long as Percycross was a borough.

Sir Thomas found that his chance of success was now spoken of in a tone very different from that which had been used when the matter was discussed in his own chamber. He had been then told that it was hardly possible that he should keep his seat—and he had in fact been asked to resign it. Though sick enough of Percycross, this he would not do in the manner then proposed to him. Now he was encouraged in the fight—but the encouragement was of a nature which gave him no hope, which robbed him even of the wish to have a hope. It was all dirt from beginning to end. Whatever might be the verdict of the judge—from the judge the verdict was now to come—he should still believe that nothing short of absolute disfranchisement would meet the merits of the case.

The accusation with regard to the personation of votes was abandoned—Sergeant Burnaby expressing the most extreme disgust that any such charge should have been made without foundation—although he himself at the borough which he had last left had brought forward the same charge on behalf of his then clients, and had abandoned it in the same way. Then the whole of the remaining hours of the Tuesday and half the Wednesday were passed in showing that Messrs. Spicer, Spiveycomb, and Roodiland had forced their own men to vote blue. Mr. Spicer had dismissed one man and Mr. Spiveycomb two men; but both these gentlemen swore that the men dismissed were not worth their salt, and had been sent adrift upon the world by no means on account of their politics. True: they had all voted for Mogges; but then they had done that simply to spite their late master. On the middle of Wednesday, when the matter of intimidation had been completed—the result still lying in the bosom of Baron Crumby—Mr. Trigger thought that things were looking up. That was the report which he brought to Mr. Griffenbottom, who was smoking his mid-day cigar in Sir Thomas's arm-chair, while Sir Thomas was endeavoring to master the first book of Lord Verulam's later treatise "*De dignitate scientiarum*," seated in a cane-bottomed chair in a very small bedroom up-stairs.

By consent the question of treating came next. Heaven and earth were being moved to find Glump. When the proposition was made that the treating should come before the bribery, Trigger stated in court that he was himself doing his very best to find the man. There might yet be a hope, though, alas! the hope was becoming slighter every hour. His own idea was that Glump had been sent away to Holland by—well, he did not care to name the parties by whom he believed that Glump had been expatriated. However, there might be a chance. The counsel on the other side remarked that there might, indeed, be a chance. Baron Crumby expressed a hope that Mr. Glump might make his appearance—

for the sake of the borough, which might otherwise fare badly; and then the great beer question was discussed for two entire days.

There was no doubt about the beer. Trigger, who was examined after some half-score of publicans, said openly that thirsty Conservative souls had been allowed to slake their drought on the joint expense of the Conservative party in the borough—as thirsty Liberal souls had been encouraged to do on the other side. When reminded that any malpractice in that direction on the part of a beaten candidate could not affect the status of the elected members, he replied that all the beer consumed in Percycross during the election had not, to the best of his belief, affected a vote. The Percycrossians were not men to vote this way or that because of beer! He would not believe it even in regard to a Liberal Percycrossian. It might be so in other boroughs, but of other boroughs he knew absolutely nothing. Who paid for the beer? Mr. Trigger at once acknowledged that it was paid for out of the general funds provided for the election. Who provided those funds? There was not a small amount of fencing on this point, during the course of which Mr. Joram snapped very sharply and very frequently at the counsel on the other side—hoping thereby somewhat to change the issue. But at last there came out these two facts, that there was a general fund, to which all Conservatives might subscribe, and that the only known subscribers to this fund were Mr. Griffenbottom, Sir Thomas Underwood, and old Mr. Pile, who had given a ten-pound note—apparently with the view of proving that there was a fund. It was agreed on all hands that treating had been substantiated; but it was remarked by some that Baron Crumbie had not been hard upon treating in other boroughs. After all, the result would depend upon what the baron thought about Mr. Glump. It might be that he would recommend further inquiry, under a special commission, into the practices of the borough, because of the Glump iniquities, and that he should, nevertheless, leave the seats to the sitting members. That seemed to be Mr. Trigger's belief on the evening of the Thursday, as he took his brandy-and-water in Sir Thomas's private sitting-room.

There is nothing in the world so brisk as the ways and manners of lawyers when in any great case they come to that portion of it which they know to be the real bone of the limb and kernel of the nut. The doctor is very brisk when, after a dozen moderately dyspeptic patients, he comes on some unfortunate gentleman whose gastric apparatus is gone altogether. The parson is very brisk when he reaches the minatory clause in his sermon. The minister is very brisk when he asks the House for a vote, telling his hoped-for followers that the point is essential to his government. The horse-dealer is very brisk when, after four or five indifferent lots, he bids his man bring out from the stable the last thorough-bred that he bought, and the best that he ever put his eye on. But the briskness of none of these is equal to the

briskness of the barrister who has just got into his hands for cross-examination him whom we may call the centre witness of a great case. He plumes himself like a bullfinch going to sing. He spreads himself like a peacock on a lawn. He perks himself like a sparrow on a paling. He crows amid his attorneys and all the satellites of the court like a cock among his hens. He puts his hands this way and that, settling even the sunbeams as they enter, lest a mote should disturb his intellect or dull the edge of his subtlety. There is a modesty in his eye, a quiescence in his lips, a repose in his limbs, under which lie half-concealed—not at all concealed from those who have often watched him at his work—the glance, the tone, the spring, which are to tear that unfortunate witness into pieces, without infringing any one of those conventional rules which have been laid down for the guidance of successful, well-mannered barristers.

Sergeant Burnaby, though astute, was not specially brisk by nature; but on this Friday morning Mr. Joram was very brisk indeed. There was a certain Mr. Cavity, who had acted as agent for Westmacott, and who—if anybody on the Westmacott side had been so guilty—had been guilty in the matter of Glump's absence. Perhaps we should not do justice to Mr. Joram's acuteness were we to imagine him as believing that Glump was absent under other influence than that used on behalf of the Conservative side; but there were other points on which Mr. Cavity might be made to tell tales. Of course, there had been extensive bribery for years past in Percycross on the Liberal as well as on the Conservative side, and Mr. Joram thought that he could make Mr. Cavity tell a tale. And then, too, he could be very brisk in that affair of Glump. He was pretty nearly sure that Mr. Glump could not be connected by evidence with either of the sitting members or with any of their agents. He would prove that Glump was neutral ground, and that as such his services could not be traced to his friend Mr. Trigger. Mr. Joram on this occasion was very brisk indeed.

A score of men were brought up, ignorant, half-dumb, heavy-browed men, all dressed in the amphibious garb of out-o'-door town laborers—of whom there exists a class of hybrids between the rural laborer and the artisan—each one of whom acknowledged that after noon on the election-day he received ten shillings, with instructions to vote for Griffenbottom and Underwood. And they did vote for Griffenbottom and Underwood. At all elections in Percycross they had, as they now openly acknowledged, waited till about the same hour on the day of election, and then somebody had bought their votes for somebody. On this occasion the purchase had been made by Mr. Glump. There was a small empty house up a little alley in the town, to which there was a back door opening on a vacant space in the town known as Grinder's Green. They entered this house by one door, leaving it by the other, and as they passed through, Glump gave to each man

half a sovereign with instructions, entering their names in a small book—and then they went in a body and voted for Griffenbottom and Underwood. Each of the twenty knew nearly all the other twenty, but none of them knew any other men who had been paid by Glump. Of course, none of them had the slightest knowledge of Glump's present abode. It was proved that at the last election Glump had acted for the Liberals; but it was also proved that at the election before he had been active in bribing for the Conservatives. Very many things were proved—if a thing be proved when supported by testimony on oath. Trigger proved that twenty votes alone could have been of no service, and would not certainly have been purchased in a manner so detrimental. According to Trigger's views it was as clear as daylight that Glump had not been paid by them. When asked whether he would cause Mr. Glump to be repaid that sum of ten pounds, should Mr. Glump send in any bill to that effect, he simply stated that Mr. Glump would certainly send no such bill to him. He was then asked whether it might not be possible that the money should be repaid by Messrs. Griffenbottom and Underwood through his hands, reaching Glump again by means of a further middleman. Mr. Trigger acknowledged that were such a claim made upon him by any known agent of his party, he would endeavor to pass the ten pounds through the accounts, as he thought that there should be a certain feeling of honor in these things; but he did not for a moment think that any one acting with him would have dealings with Glump. On the Saturday morning, when the case was still going on, to the great detriment of Baron Crumbie's domestic happiness, Glump had not yet been caught. It seemed that the man had no wife, no relative, no friend. The woman at whose house he lodged declared that he often went and came after this fashion. The respect with which Glump's name was mentioned, as his persistency in disobeying the law and his capability for intrigue were thus proved, was so great, that it was a pity he could not have been there to enjoy it. For the hour he was a great man in Percycross—and the greater because Baron Crumbie did not cease to threaten him with terrible penalties.

Much other bribery was alleged, but none other was distinctly brought home to the agents of the sitting members. As to bringing bribery home to Mr. Griffenbottom himself—that appeared to be out of the question. Nobody seemed even to wish to do that. The judge, as it appeared, did not contemplate any result so grave and terrible as that. There was a band of freemen of whom it was proved that they had all been treated with most excessive liberality by the corporation of the town; and it was proved, also, that a majority of the corporation were supporters of Mr. Griffenbottom. A large number of votes had been so secured. Such, at least, was the charge made by the petitioners. But this allegation Jacky Joram laughed to scorn. The corporation, of course, used the charities

and privileges of the town as they thought right; and the men voted—as they thought right. The only cases of bribery absolutely proved were those manipulated by Glump, and nothing had been adduced clearly connecting Glump and the Griffenbottomites. Mr. Trigger was in ecstasies; but Mr. Joram somewhat repressed him by referring to these oracular words which had fallen from the baron in respect to the corporation. "A corporation may be guilty as well as an individual," the baron had said. Jacky Joram had been very eager in assenting to the baron, but in asserting at the same time that the bribery must be proved.

"It won't be assumed, my lord, that a corporation has bribed because it has political sympathies."

"It should have none," said the baron.

"Human nature is human nature, my lord—even in corporations," said Jacky Joram.

This took place just before luncheon—which was made a solemn meal on all sides, as the judge had declared his intention of sitting till midnight, if necessary.

Immediately after the solemn meal Mr. Griffenbottom was examined. It had been the declared purpose of the other side to turn Mr. Griffenbottom inside out. Mr. Griffenbottom and his conduct had on various former occasions been the subject of parliamentary petitions under the old form; but on such occasions the chief delinquent himself was never examined. Now Mr. Griffenbottom would be made to tell all that he knew, not only of his present, but of his past, iniquities. And yet Mr. Griffenbottom told very little; and it certainly did seem to the by-standers, that even the opposing counsel, even the judge on the bench, abstained from their prey because he was a member of Parliament. It was notorious to all the world that Griffenbottom had debased the borough; had so used its venal tendencies as to make that systematic which had before been too frequent indeed, but yet not systematized; that he had trained the rising generation of Percycross politicians to believe in political corruption—and yet he es-

caped that utter turning inside out of which men had spoken.

The borough had cost him a great deal of money certainly; but, as far as he knew, the money had been spent legally. It had at least always been his intention before an election was commenced that nothing illegal should be done. He had no doubt always afterward paid sums of money, the use of which he did not quite understand, and as to some of which he could not but fear that it had been doubtfully applied. The final accounts as to the last election had not reached him, but he did not expect to be charged with improper expenses. There no doubt would be something for beer, but that was unavoidable. As to Mr. Glump, he knew literally nothing of the man—nor had he wanted any such man's assistance. Twenty votes indeed! Let them look at his place upon the poll. There had been a time in the day when twenty votes this way or that might be necessary to Sir Thomas. He had been told that it was so. On the day of the election his own position on the poll had been so certain to him, that he should not have cared—that is, for himself—had he heard that Glump was buying votes against him. He considered it to be quite out of the question that Glump should have bought votes for him—with any purpose of serving him. And so Mr. Griffenbottom escaped from the adverse counsel and from the judge.

There was very little in the examination of Sir Thomas Underwood to interest any one. No one really suspected him of corrupt practices. In all such cases the singular part of the matter is that everybody, those who are concerned and those who are not concerned, really know the whole truth which is to be investigated; and yet, that which everybody knows cannot be substantiated. There were not five men in court who were not certain that Griffenbottom was corrupt, and that Sir Thomas was not; that the borough was rotten as a six-months-old egg; that Glump had acted under one of Trigger's aides-de-camp; that intimidation was the law of the borough; and that beer was used so that men drunk might not fear that which sober they had not

the courage to encounter. All this was known to everybody; and yet, up to the last, it was thought by many in Percycross that corruption, acknowledged, transparent, egregious corruption, would prevail even in the presence of a judge. Mr. Trigger believed it to the last.

But it was not so thought by the Jacky Jorams or by the Sergeant Burnabys. They made their final speeches—the leading lawyer on each side, but they knew well what was coming. At half-past seven, for so to late an hour had the work been continued, the judge retired to get a cup of tea, and returned at eight to give his award. It was as follows:

As to the personation of votes, there should have been no allegation made. In regard to the charge of intimidation, it appeared that the system prevailed to such an extent as to make it clear to him that Percycross was unfit to return representatives to Parliament. In the matter of treating, he was not quite prepared to say that, had no other charge been made, he should have declared this election void; but of that also there had been sufficient to make him feel it to be his duty to recommend to the Speaker of the House of Commons that further inquiry should be made as to the practices of the borough. And as to direct bribery, though he was not prepared to say that he could connect the agents of the members with what had been done—and certainly he could not connect either of the two members themselves—still, quite enough had been proved to make it imperative upon him to declare the election void. This he should do in his report to the Speaker, and should also advise that a commission be held with the view of ascertaining whether the privilege of returning members of Parliament should remain with the borough. With Griffenbottom he dealt as tenderly as he did with Sir Thomas, sending them both forth to the world, unseated indeed, but as innocent, injured men.

There was a night-train up to London at ten P. M., by which on that evening Sir Thomas Underwood travelled, shaking off from his feet as he entered the carriage the dust of that most iniquitous borough

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—A NOOK ON THE HUDSON.

OUR VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

I FOUND Washington a pleasanter city than its calumniators allow, and not as pleasant as my excited fancy had conjured up. I walked its wide avenues till I was blinded with dust, and blistered, head and foot. I "did" its public buildings without flinching; turned my brains upside down in the vain attempt to study the interior of the dome of the Capitol; coaxed a pair of tight boots to the very top of the edifice; had a good look at both "Houses;" gazed my fill at Sumner, the shaggiest lion of a man I ever saw; caught a glimpse of Revels as he was walking out of the Senate-chamber; saw Butler, who looks so full of fight that it seems forever trying to ooze out on his bald and shining pate; and Banks, less happy of countenance and cheerful of tone than he was twenty years ago.

I met the President, and liked his inscrutable face; I shouldn't like it, however, if I were to call on him for any favors. It is not the style of countenance that an office-seeker might hunger after. I sauntered graciously through the Red-room, the Blue-room, and the great East-room, and felt, like any other true-born American citizen, that I was monarch of all I surveyed, till I sat down in a red-plush chair, and was politely requested by the usher to vacate my comfortable seat.

My time was limited. I had promised to be home on a certain day, if possible.

"To-night," said I, one morning at the breakfast-table, "I must be on my winding way."

My pretty hostess (all Washington hostesses are pretty, they say) looked up with an incredulous expression.

"Going to leave us without visiting Mount Vernon?" she exclaimed. "Why, nobody thinks of doing so. You must certainly see the grave of Washington."

I turned to my brother-tourist, a smooth, sedate young man, after the most elaborate and ministerial pattern.

"Can we spare one more day?" I asked.

He took three sips of coffee and another mouthful of toast while deliberating, and then replied that he thought we might venture. He didn't see as it would make the difference of more than a few hours; there might never be another chance; a boat went down every day; the sail was a pleasant one, and the fare reasonable.

"I'll put you up a nice lunch," said our pretty hostess, "and you'll never be sorry if you go, I can promise you. The grounds are lovely; and then the dear old house—I do so dote on those famous old houses—those classic shades like Mount Vernon!"

I looked at my watch; we had just thirty minutes in which to reach the boat. Could it be done?

It was done. We two, with lunch carefully packed in a very small basket, found ourselves on a wee boat called the Arrow, which was preparing to be shot off, and making a prodigious noise in the operation.

The captain was good-natured and portly—all portly men are good-natured; I am portly.

Presently we were off, passing the Arsenal, with its fine grounds and fresh greensward, and many other places exceedingly beautiful in scenery. With serene sunshine and a delicious breeze, the sail promised to be delightful, and we were nearly the only passengers for Mount Vernon.

There were two remarkable negroes on board; one of them played the banjo, the other sang a pleasing little melody, the refrain of which was:

"Oh, when I was single,
My pockets did jingle,
I wish I was single again, again."

They amused us very much, particularly as after each exhibition of their remarkable powers they handed us a hat—not of the latest fashion—into which we were expected to put something.

The first time I deposited ten cents in this unique receptacle; my friend did likewise. The second time, grown wiser, I reduced my contribution one-half; the third time I gave my only remaining penny; the fourth time I looked the man sternly in the face and dropped in a button, and he took the hint. The fifth time he didn't come.

We longed eagerly for the first glimpse of the classic shades, and were sure we caught it just fifty-five times. It was two hours before we neared the point of interest, owing to the stubbornness of the tide.

Then, at the boat's shrill whistle, we understood that, at last, we had reached the home of Washington. Our hearts beat high with enthusiasm; we were so bubbling over with delight that we forgot to ask what should be the sign of our return, but settled between ourselves that we should find out somehow. We always do find out somehow, I have noticed on other occasions.

From the boat we walked up a sort of shaded lane. The moss, in beautiful varieties of green and yellow, lined the banks. The grass was thick under our feet, and the shadows few. The road was ridgy with recent rains, but on either hand the verdant carpet of Nature, prettier every way than Brussels, or Axminster, or velvet tapestry, was starred with the brightest wild-flowers.

"Washington has walked this same path," said my companion, reverently.

"Unless it has been opened since his death," said I.

"At all events we are nearing the house and grounds. It will not require any stretch of imagination to fancy that his footsteps have hallowed them," was the reply.

A narrow, winding path presented itself. The fair estate laid mapped out before us, giving glimpses of paradisiacal openings, brightened by pretty views of the glistening Potomac.

"Here," I said, as we reached a small enclosure, "must be the grave wherein the sacred dust is laid.—Remove your hat, my friend: here the greatest and best of his kind sleeps in a few feet of common earth!"

Poetic apostrophes rose to my lips; the tears were in my eyes. I felt inclined to kneel, at least on one knee, but happily curbed the pious inclination. I say happily, for at that moment a little red-coated yellow boy, with a mouth that transgressed all the lines of beauty, sauntered idly toward us, munching a green apple.

"My little lad," asked I, conscious that often the very occupants of hallowed shades are not familiar with the whereabouts of famous localities—"my little lad, what place is this?"

"Isus," repeated he, going at the apple again.

"What does he say?" queried my companion; "it sounds like Greek."

I repeated my question, and suddenly felt like putting my face in my hat.

"Old isus," he said again, breathing hard in his efforts to answer and swallow the apple at the same time.

"Oh—ah—I see," responded my friend, "this is the old *ice-house* at which we have been doing homage;" and suddenly the classic shades echoed and reechoed with our laughter.

The little boy paused aghast, stopped munching, and looked as if he were going to run away. He hitched his small trousers, and stood on one foot like a contemplative chicken.

"My boy, where is the tomb of Washington?" I asked, as soon as I could command the gravity essential to the subject.

"Up sher, massa, take da' dar road;" and he pointed to an opposite path, and calmly finished his apple.

Another moment, and we stood by the veritable tomb. We did not need to school our exuberance now; we felt that we were gazing on the ashes of the mighty dead, and were solemn. With what power the recollection of the wonder-working events of the past came over us! We spoke in whispers. Far as the eye could reach from this eminence, Nature in her loveliest forms and colors appealed to our hearts. Here he lived, walked, talked, planned; in that little white mansion yonder he breathed his last, and was carried forth, never more to return. And here before us, in the simplicity of a republican tomb, he slept. No armed guards to protect it from sacrilege; no splendid monument to proclaim that here rested all that was mortal of the greatest man of his age—the Father of his Country.

My friend ventured to remark that it looked rubbishly round the place. It did. There were bones and fragments, and stones and litter. I suspect they don't have many servants to keep the classic shades in order.

We went to the house, were admitted, saw the Lafayette mantel-piece, the wicked-looking key of the Bastille, the old, jangling harpsichord, the queer little parlors, the quaint frescoes, the wide staircase, the sacred room in which he died—all these we carefully inspected.

While enjoying the beautiful view from the cupola, we heard a whistle.

"It can't be possible that's the signal to go?" quoth I.

"Of course not," was the reply; "we've only been here half an hour. Besides, they blow two whistles always."

I possessed my soul in patience at this, and we went on and out with our sight-seeing. We found numerous relics—at least we chose to call them so—and diligently labelled them:

A feather or two belonged to a lineal descendant of Father Washington's most venerable rooster. An antiquated oyster-shell, found in the interstices of one of the barns, might have been opened to furnish a bivalve for the great man's palate. My friend dug up a jack-knife, that appeared to have been buried a hundred years. It was at once made to do duty as George Washington's pocket-knife, the one he cut the cherry-tree with.

After I had carefully labelled it, my friend gravely suggested that I had better find a hatchet for that purpose, as it was never chronicled that the good boy used a knife on that occasion.

It was only a momentary forgetfulness on my part, so I erased all but the first line of the inscription.

We cut the bark (small pieces of it) from his favorite tree; we purloined a few flowers from his stately little garden; we dug moss from his banks; we ate our frugal lunch surrounded by some dozen hens and chickens, who fought for the crumbs; we parried the nose-thrust of an elderly goat, who had probably been petted by visitors till he had become an impertinent graybeard.

Suddenly it occurred to me that we had heard no second whistle.

Possibly the steamer might be still at the wharf. We hurried down. Nothing in sight except a crazy boat and three or four scantily-clothed colored young boys fishing. Of them we queried about the Arrow.

"Been gone two hours," said one.

"But when will the other boat be here?"

"There's no odder boat to-night, mas'r; to-morrow at four the Arrow'll be back."

We bit our lips, and looked at each other in blank consternation.

To-morrow! Indeed, to-day we should have started on our journey home. The classic shades for a moment lost all their beauty, and seemed exceedingly blank and commonplace.

"What are we to do?" asked my friend, "which 'is name is Frank," as Mrs. Brown would say.

I shook my head. We toiled back to the house. The relics began to be troublesome.

A night-black darkey sat half-asleep on the porch. We succeeded in rousing him.

"Where is the gentleman of the house?" I asked.

"Dunno, sir," was the reply. "P'raps you means Mas'r W—— in de office."

He led us to the office. "Mas'r W——" was there, with the proper official aspect, and a pen behind his ear. He appeared to be reading, but the moment he saw us his pen was in his hand, and his keen eye seemed to say:

"Contribution, sir?"

Frank was spokesman.

"Mr. W——, we are left," he said. "Not knowing the regulations of the boat, we failed to obey her signal. What shall we do?"

"Well, really," said Mr. W——, "really I don't know."

"Is there no way of getting off?"

"Only by the boat, sir."

"Are there no teams to be had?"

"Not in this place. And, I regret to say, no accommodations for travellers."

"We must get off," said Frank.

"I wish I could help you," said Mr. W——. "Ah, I might send for Uncle Ned," he exclaimed, after a reflective pause; "he has a couple of mules, but it would be useless for you to attempt to go to-night; there will be no moon, and Uncle Ned is very careful of his mules."

I wondered, even in that trying moment, if Uncle Ned was a relative of that much-sung uncle who "had no wool on the top of his head," but did not venture to put the question.

Presently Uncle Ned made his appearance—a gigantic negro, though old and bowed, with the head of a philosopher, and the eye of a hawk.

"Well, gen'lmen," he said, when I had stated the circumstances, "I ken tote ye down to-morrow airy for a 'sideration. I's got two

dretfel good beasts—they's beauties, they is, and they'll kerry you quiet."

"What will that consideration be?" asked Frank.

"Well," he said, twirling his rimless hat, and surveying his patched overcoat, "I reckon I ken do it fer ten dollars."

I suppressed an "Oh!"

Frank suppressed one, too; I could see it in his face.

Mr. W—— toyed with his pen, and his eyes twinkled. I suspect that he had been taken in himself, and rather enjoyed our being done for.

I had only five dollars with me, and Frank had but little over that sum. We had compared notes previous to starting.

"So that is your price," said I; and any one would have imagined me the possessor of a well-packed pocket-book.

"Das de price, boss," said the old man, straightening himself a little; "you see it's a long an' a hard road to trabble, an' I couldn't take two gen'lem for no less, no sort o' way, shuah."

"Very well; but where are we to stay to-night?" I asked.

"Well, das anoder qeshon, mas'r," replied the negro, with one or two awkward jerks. "Ain't no tavern anywheres hereabouts—sartin ob dat, sir."

"I don't see but we must sleep somewhere—perhaps there's a barn on the premises," said I.

Mr. W—— was busy pulling at a scant mustache. Suddenly the old negro put out one foot, stroked the side of his nose, and eyed us askance.

"Dar's Aunt Sally," he exclaimed.

"Who is Aunt Sally?"

"Mighty nice ole 'ooman, sir. She's got a cabin wid a room over-top. She'll fix ye, gen'lem."

"For a consideration, I suppose?" said Frank.

"Yes, boss," Uncle Ned rejoined, "I'll make dat all right. Won't ask ye no more, seein' yees rale gen'lems; so, if ye pleases, I'll show yo' whar Aunt Sally lives."

The old scamp knew that he had charged us five dollars too much, but was evidently charmed that we had not beat him down one-half.

In the course of an hour we were sitting in Aunt Sally's cabin, eating pone-cake. The little place was as clean and neat as hands could make it. Aunt Sally herself, high-turbanned, tall, and consequential, moved about with unsurpassed dignity. After we were better acquainted, her fat sides shook more than once at our poor jokes.

By an uncertain ladder we gained our room. It was pitch-dark, but Aunt Sally handed us a tallow-dip that enabled us to make a survey of the premises. A low, comfortable bed, spread with white, took up half the room; a little table stood by its side, topped by a ragged and well-thumbed Bible; a chair did duty as a wash-stand; and by the window we dimly perceived a bowl and pitcher.

We slept sweetly that night, anxious as we were, in our novel quarters. Aunt Sally called us up early, gave us fried bacon and corn-cake, with "lasses" in a brown cream-jug, and, at seven precisely, came Uncle Ned with his mules.

I have often thought since that the ride was worth the money, aside from Uncle Ned's entertaining conversation. The old man told us that he was eighty-nine.

"Born on de place, gen'lem," he said; "seen de ole gen'ral more times 'an you could count, I reckon. Mighty good mas'r he war, too; slaves all loved him. Ky! dey set up a howlin' when he died, I reckon. All down de place dar was lights an' fires burnin', and dem what didn't sing war cryin', an' dem as wasn't cryin' war prayin', an' 'twas jus' as 'twas when de Lord was taken, I reckon."

This the old man said with a solemn face.

The roads were very passable, some of them perfect bowers, where the trees met over our heads, spreading a net-work of quivering light beneath. Many a picture we saw on that eventful morning as Uncle Ned pointed out places made historical by the "late onpleasantness."

One ancient thatch-covered mill we passed, about which lounged several strapping negroes, each with his white bag waiting for the meal to be ground. The great beams were cool and dripping, painted with that inimitable hair-like delicacy of green and amber made by layers of almost impalpable moss; the sound of the water trickling from the wheels caused my nerves to tingle with boyish pleasure. Here and there were stretches of field and hill such as no painter's

skill could rival, and everywhere the irrepressible Virginia fence kept us company.

At last we reached Alexandria, and parted with our Uncle Edward, after transferring two crisp paper pictures to his homespun pockets.

Arrived home, we found our pretty hostess in an alarming state of mind, she having conjectured all possible mishaps, but, producing our relics, she soon relapsed into her usual state of smiling complacency, and to this day has, in a conspicuous place in her cabinet, the old jack-knife that we had labelled with so much care.

BERNARD'S INVENTION.

I.

TWELVE o'clock.

Not midnight, but bright, soft noonday—the noonday of lovely April—in the old-fashioned garden of an old-fashioned house, located in the very midst of the business portion of the large and flourishing town of W—. It had once been a very elegant residence, this old house, and had stood on the outskirts of the town, with pleasant hills and valleys, waving woods and green fields, sweeping up to the very verge of the garden. But now, all around it, flowed a busy tide of trade; warehouses of cotton and tobacco rose on either side; wagons and drays rattled past unceasingly; in the rear, a car-shop belched forth black smoke; while engines screamed, and trains rumbled heavily back and forth, at all hours of the night and day. Still, even amid these discordant surroundings, the old house held its own bravely, and, wrapping itself about with a mantle of dignified reserve, looked down with the pride of conscious antiquity upon all these new-comers of the later time. It had a right to do this, since its own recollections went back to the time when the Georges were kings, and when, at intervals, the red-men gathered strength to sweep down upon the dove-cots of their invaders. It was pointed out by the W—ites as the place where Cornwallis had established his headquarters, and where he and his courtly staff had once given a ball, and with the fair Tory ladies of the place danced a summer's night through. Life and death, and joy and sorrow, had each had its own time within its dark old walls; yet, still it stood—a memorial of the stately past, and, in some wise, a rebuke of the flippant present. It was not a pretty house, as beauty is reckoned now—nobody could for an instant compare it to the elegant villas which were scattered to the westward, and monopolized all that fair outlook of rolling country which had once been its own—neither was it a very comfortable house, according to modern ideas of comfort. But you rarely find, nowadays, such work as that of the panelled walls or richly-carved chimney-pieces, and there were nooks and corners about it, odd rooms stored away in all sorts of unaccountable places, and closets almost as large as rooms under the strange, dark, winding staircases, which gave it a charm that the most commodious and thoroughly-ventilated houses oftener lack than possess. Then, there was the back piazza, all latticed in and covered with green vines, until it had the seclusion, and more than the coolness, of a drawing-room. And beyond this piazza was the gem of the whole establishment—the old-fashioned garden, shut in from the outer world by a high wall, through which no one could peer, and over which no one could climb, occupying nearly a square, full of fruit-trees, fragrant with flowers, and abounding in shrubs that half a century before had been trimmed into the formal regularity of art, but had now overgrown every thing with the wild luxuriance of Nature.

It was in this garden that the flickering April sunlight marked twelve o'clock on a sundial that occupied the middle of a green plat, round the borders of which bright-hued flowers of the spring were blooming, while just in front of it was an arbor, draped all over with that fragrant darling of the Carolina woods, the yellow jasmine. Within this arbor—framed, as it were, by the green tendrils and golden bells—sat a young girl, busily engaged in drawing, at a small table. Seen under favorable circumstances, she might have been, and no doubt was, exceedingly pretty; but just now she looked pale and weary; her dress was careless; her hair was hastily pushed back, and gathered in a rough, loose knot behind; while her forehead was drawn into a frown that ill became its pearly whiteness. On the table before her lay open a case of mathematical-drawing instruments, and it was with these that she worked, tracing out intricate designs of an appar-

ently mechanical character on a large sheet of card-board, and now and then noting down certain numerical results on a sheet of paper near at hand. It was weary work, and when, at last, she glanced up, and saw that it was twelve o'clock, she threw down her pencil with an air of unmistakable relief.

"I must go and see about dinner," she said, half aloud; and, as she said it, she took up a large portfolio from the ground beside her chair, and began to put the drawing away. While she was thus occupied, a clear, fresh voice suddenly called, "Annie!" A quick, ringing step sounded on the gravel walk, and, round a group of shrubs that formed a perfect cloud of tinted bloom, a young man of the most frank and cheery presence imaginable came into sight. He was not particularly handsome, but he had a graceful, well-knit figure, and an open, pleasant face, while his whole manner diffused such an air of moral sunshine that it was no wonder the gloom parted and fled from the girl's brow at once.

"Louis!" she cried, eagerly; and then smiled, and added, in a tone of absurdly-weak reproof, "You provoking boy! how you startled me! What on earth brings you here at this hour of the day?"

"Kiss me, pretty one, and I'll tell you," said the new-comer, gayly. Then, having taken this favor, without incurring any rebuke thereby, he added, more gravely: "Annie, darling, congratulate me—my fortune is made! If your father agrees, we can be married this day two months."

"Oh!" said Annie, with a gasp; but the color came into her face, and made her absolutely lovely. "O Louis! how? what? Tell me what you mean—tell me all about it!"

The young man kissed her again. He was evidently glowing with triumph, and found it hard to contain his exultation within moderate bounds.

"I mean just what I say," he answered; "but, as for telling you all about it, I can't do that dearest, for I am bound to secrecy. I can only tell you this: my fortune—our fortune—is made, and you are mine."

"I was always that!" she cried, with something between a laugh and a sob. "But, surely, Louis, you can tell me a little more than this. If it is to be *our* fortune, surely, I have a right to know how it is made."

"Can't you trust me, Annie?"

"Trust you! Indeed, yes—ever and always. But, then, you know we are pledged not to keep any secrets from each other."

"Only such as honor demands; and this is a case of honor. However, I can tell you a little, the general outline of the matter. Here, let us sit down and talk at our leisure. Now—that is better. Well, to begin rather far from the point, and not so far either, you know I have always had a decided mechanical talent, and, thanks to your father's kindness, I have acquired some aptitude in turning it to account."

"Yes," said Annie, with a rueful glance at the portfolio; "yes, I know you have, and I know you will end by being as bad as he is, if you do not stop yourself in time."

"Stop myself!" repeated the young man, with a laugh. "Why, little simpleton, the science of mechanics is the lever of the world nowadays, and in all the world there is no better or more direct road to fortune than that which it opens. If we are married two months hence, it will be thanks to mechanics."

The girl's face fell a little; but she did not utter any thing, excepting the simple interrogative—

"How?"

"By means of a great invention," answered the young man, with color rising to his face, and light flashing in his eyes—"an invention which will be the greatest since steam, and which will go far to revolutionize the whole system of mechanics, as known to the world at present. I wish I could show it to you, Annie darling; I wish I could tell you.—But what is the matter? Why do you look at me as if—as if you were disappointed?"

"Because I *am* disappointed!" cried the girl; and before her lover knew what she was about, she had laid her head down on the table and was sobbing bitterly. Poor things! It was hard on both of them. Hard on the triumphant bearer of good news to see it so received. Harder still on the girl who had been so flushed with hope, to have it dashed by that word, to her, of fatal omen—"invention."

"I thought you meant something real—something to be relied

on," she sobbed. "O Louis, how could you disappoint me so cruelly! Oh, I am so sorry, so very sorry, that this fever—God knows I am almost tempted to call it this madness—has seized you, too! Louis, for Heaven's sake put it from you! Trust to the steady results of honest labor, and not to these wild schemes of a fortune to be made at one stroke. Look at my father! let him be a warning to you. See how his life has been spent in the service of this wretched science—how many inventions, that were to benefit the world, he has made—and where and how he is to-day! Oh, I had so hoped that with you I should be free from this weary toil that comes to nothing, this eager counting on dreams that are shadowy as air! And now—Louis, Louis, you will break my heart!"

"Dear love, I hope not," said Louis, half concerned, half amused. "You don't appreciate your father, Annie. You don't know what a

it is so sad! And to think that you have started on the same path!"

"I have only made a beginning, dear, and as for my being a great inventor, you may set your mind at rest on that point. Nature did not favor me with the rare gift of original conception. I can only work out other men's thoughts, and sometimes bring them to a practical issue. This is all that I have done now. A gentleman, a friend of mine—I cannot tell you his name, because he desires that it may be kept secret—conceived a new idea in mechanics, but, lacking practical knowledge of the science, he could not work it out in practical form. So he brought a rough draught of the invention to me, and told me that, if I could perfect it, I might take out the patent, and share half the profits. I saw, at once, what a magnificent thing it would be if it *could* be perfected; so I fell into the idea forthwith, and went to work.



" 'Annie, congratulate me—my fortune is made.' "

great man he is—what a great man he yet will be in the face of that world which has treated him as from the beginning it has always treated genius—has robbed him, and laughed at him, and refused to hear him! But it will hear him yet. There never was a great mind that did not have to pass through this ordeal! there never was a great discovery that was not met by this opposition; there never was a great achievement that did not have to triumph over these difficulties. It has been hard on you, my poor pet; but I hope the hardest is over at last. Apart from my good fortune, your father tells me that he is working on an invention, which he thinks the greatest he has ever made, and the patent-right of which he does not mean to put out of his own hands."

"Yes, he is working at it," said the girl, wearily, and once more she glanced at the portfolio. "I have been making out some of the drawings," she added; "but he forbade me to show them, even to you. He has been robbed so often, that he has grown very suspicious now. Sometimes, I think he is reluctant to trust even me. O Louis,

Oh, Annie, how I worked! I saw fortune and you before me, and I never drew rein night or day. But, after a while, the inventor's fever came over me, and the fascination of the science overtook me. Then I forgot all about fortune, I even forgot all about you, and worked on and on, only that I might reach the result which seemed ever before me and yet ever eluding me. It eluded me for a long time, and no one but an inventor can imagine the fever in which I lived during that time. Waking or sleeping, I thought of nothing else—saw nothing else; and when, at last, one day the solution of my difficulties came to me like a flash of inspiration, I shouted until my neighbors thought that I was mad. I wanted, then, to throw down pencil and paper and rush to you; but Mr. —, I mean the original inventor, held me bound to absolute secrecy, and he did not relax this requirement even when all the specifications were made out and forwarded to the Patent-Office. It was not until this morning, when he came and told me that the patent was finally issued, that he also told me I might announce the fact to my friends, provided I didn't divulge his name.

Heaven only knows why he should wish to give me all the credit, as well as half the profits; but one thing is certain, my darling—our fortune is made, and you are mine!"

He caught the girl in his arms at the last words, and kissed her again and again, while she could only lay her head down on his shoulder and indulge in an hysterical combination of laughter and tears.

"I am happy, Louis, and grateful—oh, so grateful!" she said, as well as the laughter and tears aforesaid would allow; "but, dear love, I should be still more happy, still more grateful, if the fortune had come to you in any other way. It seems to me like gambling—like something that means prosperity for a little while, but ruin in the end. I may be very foolish, but that is the way it seems to me, and then—O Louis, I feel sure that, in some way or other, it will bring us ill-luck!"

Louis smiled at this; but he did not attempt any thing like reason in reply. On the contrary, he changed the subject, and asked the foreboding girl if her father was at home. "I did not see him as I came through the house," he said; "and I am on thorns until I tell him my good luck, and hear him assure me that I may take you as soon as I please."

"He is not likely to give you that assurance to-day," said she, nodding archly.

"Is he not? Well, let us go and see."

They went accordingly, sauntering side by side down the garden-paths bordered with rows of tall box, and enlivened here and there by fragrant lilacs and sweet purple wisteria, until they reached the latticed piazza. From this they entered a narrow, dark passage, made still darker from the fact of the front door being closed, and thence passed into a room that resembled an amateur machine-shop more than any thing else. Mathematical and mechanical designs lined the walls; models, in miniature, of all machines, in connection with which steam has ever been used as a motive power, occupied every available space—excepting that which was filled by a large, locked cabinet—and in the midst of this apparent disorder stood a table, littered over with paper and drawing-materials. Annie looked round the apartment and shook her head.

"Papa is not here," she said. "You must remain on thorns a little longer, Louis."

"May he not be in the house somewhere?"

"No, he has gone out. Don't you see his hat is missing? He has gone to the machine-shops, I am sure. He often goes there for what he calls 'practical suggestions.' Come, let us sit in the piazza. This room is so dark and cold, that it makes me shiver."

II.

Very much like the fortunes of the old house were the fortunes of the man who at present inhabited it. He was a gentleman of good descent, as his name—the noble Scottish name of Gordon—amply testified; and he had once possessed a more than moderate amount of wealth; but, having been blessed, or rather cursed, with the gift of invention, this wealth had melted away to satisfy the insatiate demands of scientific experiment, until little or none of it remained. After his fortune was gone, he soon exhausted the long-suffering patience of his friends. They were all practical, worldly-wise people, and, regarding him as a half-mad visionary, troubled themselves very little about the manner in which they expressed this opinion. Naturally enough, Mr. Gordon resented its expression, and, naturally also, a formal break was the result. Being a widower with only one child, he took this child, and the yet dearer children of his brain—his inventions—and went forth into the world to conquer fortune. Instead of conquering, however, he was speedily conquered. Men laughed at his inventions, and then stole them; patent-rights, of his own discoveries, were taken out before his eyes; and he fell a victim to the countless modes of swindle and legal robbery that, from first to last, lie in wait for the inventor, and flch from him both the glory and the profit he has toiled to gain. After a time, he drifted to W—, and became an inmate of the rambling old house already described. Here he lived an eremite sort of existence, working with feverish energy at an invention, which was to revolutionize the whole system of mechanics, and make not one, but a dozen fortunes for himself. Here, also, he made the acquaintance of Louis Bernard, a young civil engineer of unusual promise and talent. Despite this promise and talent, however, the young man was poor as a church mouse. But, in Mr. Gordon's eyes, this fact was any thing but a disadvantage. He was so very

eccentric—so very crazy, his friends said—that he looked upon poverty somewhat in the light of a badge of merit; and, when he found that a love-affair was developing between his pretty Annie and young Bernard, instead of turning the penniless suitor out-of-doors, he told him that he might marry the maiden as soon as he could support her in a respectable manner. Encouraged in this way, the love-affair became an authorized engagement, and was of six-months' standing on that bright April morning when our story opened.

Now, while the two lovers sat on the trellised piazza, and with the glory of sunlight and fragrance of flowers around them, laid countless plans for their blissful future, Mr. Gordon, as his daughter had rightly surmised, was peering in and out among the machinery of the engine and car-shops, located near his house. These car-shops formed quite a large establishment, for the railroad, to which they belonged, was very flourishing, and it was here that most of its rolling-stock was constructed. Consequently, the latest improvements in machinery were always to be found here, and consequently, also, it was a great resort of Mr. Gordon's. The employés knew him well, and, although they considered him a little "touched," liked him amazingly. The authorities, however, looked at him askance, and it was only the master-machinist who ever went out of his way to do him a kindness, or show him a civility.

This man, though only thirty-five, ranked high in his calling, and had entire control of the works. His name was Liddell; he was gentlemanly, though not a gentleman, and had for some time assiduously cultivated Mr. Gordon's acquaintance. To accomplish this was not difficult, since there was that best possible foundation for acquaintanceship, a common taste, between them. But the most natural things frequently excite gossip in a country-town; and unscrupulous news-mongers did not hesitate to say that the bright eyes of Annie Gordon possessed more attraction to the master-machinist than did her father's discourses on cog-wheels and piston-rods. However that might be, Mr. Liddell was one of the few visitors who ever crossed the threshold of the old house; and, in a quiet way, both father and daughter liked him cordially.

On this morning, as Mr. Gordon stood attentively regarding the action of a certain new-fangled cylinder, the master-machinist came out of his office and walked up to him.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Gordon," said he, after the first salutations were exchanged, "to congratulate you on young Bernard's good luck. What a fortunate thing it is for him!—and I suppose I may congratulate Miss Annie, too."

Mr. Gordon looked up, and with his head full of the cylinder, did not understand the drift of this remark.

"Bernard's good luck!" he repeated. "I have not heard of any special luck of his. What has he fallen upon? A good position?"

"Something much better than a good position," answered Liddell, shrugging his shoulders. "I wonder you have not heard—everybody is full of it—he has made a fortune by a patent."

"A fortune!—by a patent!"

"A fortune undoubtedly, and by a patent. Why, I am astonished you don't know any thing about it. I supposed, of course, Bernard had been consulting you all this time. And in fact I thought—I felt sure—that you had a hand in the matter. The idea looks like you—at least I fancied as much."

"What is the idea?" asked Mr. Gordon, all in a fever, immediately. "The scamp has told me nothing whatever about it—very shabby of him, I think! I always knew he had sense, however—I always knew he would make his fortune sooner or later—only I did not look for it quite so soon! What is the idea, Mr. Liddell? Bless my soul!—to think of a patent!"

"The idea is something quite new, at least in machinery," said Liddell. "I don't know that I can explain it—I'm not a good hand at description—but if you'll step into my office I can show you a design that Bernard made out to show me what it was, and how it worked. That fellow has a most capital head."

"Yes," said Mr. Gordon, assenting most sincerely about the head; but he hesitated, and evidently did not like to inspect the design. "If Bernard had wished me to see it—" he began, with some dignity, but Liddell interrupted him.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed with a laugh, "don't you see why Bernard said nothing to you about it? He was afraid the thing might not succeed, and he wanted to spring a success and not a failure upon you. No doubt he is at your house now, telling the good

news to Miss Annie, and, meanwhile, where is the harm of taking a look at the design? The patent being all safe, anybody and everybody may see it."

"I suppose there *is* no harm," said Mr. Gordon; and, the temptation being too strong for his dignity to resist, he forsook the cylinder, and followed the machinist to his office.

This office was a small box, with a table, two chairs, and a desk, in it. Placing one of the chairs beside the table, for his visitor, Liddell opened the desk and busied himself in extracting a particular paper from a crowded pigeon-hole. After some trouble, this was accomplished, and then he unfolded and spread it out—a large sheet covered with India-ink designs—before the eyes of the eager inventor.

The latter rose and bent forward—trembling with excitement. Any thing that related to inventions or patents interested him deeply, but the present matter came home to him almost as if it had been one of his own. Bernard's invention! He was eager to see what the boy had managed to accomplish; so eager, indeed, that for a moment this very eagerness defeated its own object. The paper swam before his eyes, the diagrams danced to and fro, and he saw nothing. After a second, however, the mist cleared, and then, as his glance fell on the principal design, the idea showed itself clear and distinct. He saw it, caught it, suddenly gasped, and fell back into his chair almost fainting.

Liddell, who was looking at him, was seriously alarmed, for he thought he had at least a case of apoplexy on his hands. Seizing some water that chanced to be near by, he sprinkled it over the pallid face, and, snatching up a newspaper, fanned the swooning man vigorously, loosening his cravat at the same time. In a few minutes these remedies had their due effect. Mr. Gordon recovered himself, looked up, and finally spoke—with a strangely-pitiful quaver in his voice:

"Let me see it again. I—I must have been mistaken."

"My dear sir, what is the matter?" cried Liddell. "Is there any thing—"

"The design! the design!" interrupted the inventor, with feverish energy. "My God, man! don't talk to me when I am almost mad! Show it to me instantly!"

The tone was so peremptory that the other obeyed at once. He held it up, and Mr. Gordon leaned forward, examining it intently. He said nothing; but the naturally pale hue of his complexion grew almost ashy, and his hands clasped and unclasped themselves convulsively, while more than once his lips quivered as if with unspoken words. At last he motioned it away, and rising, without a syllable, tottered, rather than walked, to the door. By this time, however, Liddell had somewhat recovered from his first surprise, and thought it time to interfere, so he followed and caught his arm.

"Mr. Gordon, pray sit down," he said. "You are not fit to go out in this state. Take some water—try to compose yourself. Good Heavens, sir! what is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter," said Mr. Gordon, faintly, but he sat down and took the water—indeed, it was a matter of necessity to do so. "Nothing is the matter," he repeated wearily; adding in a lower tone—"nothing—nothing but the old story."

"I hope you are not vexed with Bernard for not letting you know. I assure you—"

Something in the face before him stopped the machinist at this point. Involuntarily he ceased speaking, and said nothing, even when, after several minutes had elapsed, Mr. Gordon rose and silently left the office.

He walked down the street toward his own house like one stunned. The people who met him looked in his face, shrugged their shoulders, and said to each other, "The man grows more crazy every day." But when he reached home, when he opened and closed the front-door, crossed the passage and stood in his own room, this unreal quietude gave way. He looked round on the darlings of his heart, the mute children of his brain; he gazed pitifully at that jealously-locked cabinet, where the toil of so many weary months, of anxious days, and sleepless nights, was drawing to a successful issue; he glanced at the table where long lines of abstruse calculation met his eye; then, with one deep groan, he sank into a seat, buried his face from the light, and sat a picture of stricken desolation.

In this state his daughter found him, when she entered, followed by her lover. Her eyes were so dazzled by the bright sunshine, from which she had come, that for a moment she did not see the relaxed figure bent forward over the useless papers; but the next instant she

caught sight of it, and rushed forward, with her whole heart in her voice.

"Papa! what is the matter?"

Mr. Gordon raised his face, and the mere sight of it seemed to petrify her, for she stopped suddenly, and stood motionless. Never in all her life before had she seen a face so set and bloodless, and never had she met such a look as gleamed on her now from her father's eyes. "Papa!" she cried again, with a startled appeal in her voice—and as she paused Bernard spoke.

"Something has happened, Mr. Gordon! Something is the matter! What is it?" he said, hastily.

In a moment, as it were, the inventor was himself—indeed, more than himself. Few people who knew the abstracted devotee of science, the pale scholar whose mind was habitually absent from the earth he trod, would have recognized him in the man who faced around upon the speaker, his face glowing with passionate energy, and his eyes flashing with indignant fire.

"You ask me that!" he said. "You dare to enter my room, side by side with my daughter, and speak to me—to me whom you have so shamelessly betrayed? Your audacity almost equals your villany, and I have but one answer for you—leave my house!"

There is no exaggeration in saying that if a thunder-bolt from heaven had rent the solid walls asunder, neither Bernard nor Annie could have been more confounded than by this unexpected and unprecedented outbreak. "Oh, my poor father!" cried the girl, under her breath, for she thought that veritable madness had come at last; but the young man, after one gasp of astonishment, saw that there was nothing of insanity in the steady face fronting him, and, as well as he could command himself, answered:

"I don't understand this. I am so little conscious of having offended you, that I must ask you to be more explicit. What have I done? What do you mean by accusing me of villany—by saying that I have betrayed you?"

"Answer me one question," said the elder man, sternly. "Have you not patented an invention?"

"An invention!" Bernard started; then added more quietly, "I came this morning to tell you that I had done so."

"To tell me!" It is impossible for words to express the indignant scorn that was in those three words—"To tell me! Well, in return, I will tell you that you are a thief!"

"Papa!"

It was Annie's voice that rang through the room with this cry of indignant reproach, but, for a full minute, Bernard made neither sound nor movement. When those bitter words fell on his ear, he took one quick, unconscious step forward; but the next he remembered himself, and fell back. In the minute that followed, he fought a fierce fight for self-control, and gained the victory. When at last he spoke, the veins were standing out on his forehead like knotted cords, but his voice was steady and firm.

"I have only one reply to make, sir—substantiate the charge."

"That is easy enough to do, if you will be kind enough to describe the nature of your invention."

Coldly and concisely the young man complied with the request. He described the nature of the conception which he had worked out to a successful result, and briefly added the explanation which he had already made to Annie, a statement that the original invention was not his own, and an account of the difficulty he had encountered in bringing it to practical operation. Mr. Gordon heard him out, without interruption of any kind, and was silent for a moment. Then he said frigidly:

"Do you decline to give the name of the original inventor?"

"I have no option but to decline, so long as he chooses to hold me bound to secrecy."

"Is he likely to hold you bound to secrecy if your good name is at stake in the matter?"

The young man threw his head back haughtily.

"My good name is not likely to be at stake, sir, with any one who knows me."

"Is it not?" said the other, with a short, hard laugh. "Then it is only because men will believe your word in preference to that of the mad old inventor. Perhaps you counted upon this, however. If so, the calculation did you credit."

"Papa!"—Annie broke in, with a wail, "why do you say such cruel things? Louis does not understand them, and neither do I.

Speak plainly, for Heaven's sake! Tell him—tell me—of what you suspect him."

"I suspect him of nothing," said Mr. Gordon, sternly, "On his own evidence I convict him of basely stealing my invention, the invention at which I have labored so long—the invention which was dearer to me than you, my child of flesh and blood—and of patenting it for his own use, and in his own name."

"Papa!"

"Look at him," said the inventor, rising and pointing with an almost tragic gesture at the young man. "Look at him! Tell me if that is the face of an innocent man."

And in truth, at that moment, Bernard's face was scarcely that of an innocent man. The very nature of the accusation had stricken from him all means of defence, while its suddenness so completely overwhelmed him, that he stood in the centre of the floor, a pale, silent picture of what seemed detected guilt. Not so thought Annie, however. She gave one glance at his face, and then sprung to his side.

"Louis, Louis, dear love, don't take it so!" she cried. "He does not mean it! he will be sorry for it yet. Oh, it is cruel!" she exclaimed, turning round upon her father. "You outrage him, and you outrage me! Papa, papa, how can you—how could you?"

"Perhaps you had a share in it too," said the inventor, bitterly, as her voice broke down in tears. "I was a fool to trust you—to trust anybody. I might have known that treachery and robbery would be the end. With or without your connivance, he must have obtained the design from you."

"From me!" cried the girl, with a startled gasp—for she had not expected this. Then she turned to Bernard and held out her hand. "O Louis, see how little he is himself! see how little he means it! see how little you can resent a charge in which I am included!"

"I resent it only thus far," said Bernard, looking at Mr. Gordon. "I ask now, as I asked before, to hear the evidence on which I am condemned."

"You shall see it," answered the other, briefly. He went to the cabinet, unlocked the door, and took out a large portfolio. Bringing this to the table, he opened it, and bade the young man come forward. When he came, several designs were spread before him. He took them up, one by one, and examined them closely. This occupied some time, and after putting down the last one he still remained silent—his face deadly pale, and his eyes bent downward in deep thought. It was only when Mr. Gordon asked what he had to say, that he looked up and spoke.

"I have only to say this—that Fate is against me," he answered.

"I cannot refute the evidence of these papers. I am, indeed, astounded at it. I can only assert my own innocence—and of course that assertion counts for nothing with you. I do not believe that the man who applied to me stole the invention; for, in the first place, he is a man of honor, and, in the second place, he had no opportunity to do so. Therefore, I can only believe that it has been a strange coincidence of thought. God knows how much I regret having had any part in it; but of one thing you may be sure—until of your own accord you retract the accusation made this day, I will never touch one cent of the profits. I have not much hope of such a thing—but the truth may come to light some day. Until then, sir, I return you many thanks for your past kindness, and bid you good-by. Of course, you know that I shall not enter your doors again. Annie—darling—"

His voice broke down here; but he held out his hands, and in a moment Annie came to him with a rush. She was weeping bitterly, and in the midst of their parting embrace only two or three words were exchanged. "Don't forget me!" sobbed the girl. "Trust me!" whispered the young man, and that was all. Then they tore themselves apart, and Bernard went hastily out. When the heavy front-door closed upon him, a bitter pang shot through his heart. He was dreadfully conscious that it was for the last time.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

SOAP AND PERFUMERY.

THE use of soap does not go back of three hundred years. Gentlefolk of the middle ages concealed absence of cleanliness by the use of scents. The luxurious Greeks saturated their garments with

essences. Fuller's-earth was the only detergent that supplied the toilet of an Egyptian princess. Esther prepared herself to go in to King Ahasuerus with "oil of myrrh and sweet odors." The Hebrew word *borith*, translated "soap" in our authorized version of Jeremiah and Malachi, means alkali. For her bath in the river, Nausicaa was fortified, writes Homer, "with life-elevating food and refreshing wines, oil for anointing and perfumes to sweeten." The utter impossibility of thoroughly cleansing the skin by the use of water alone makes the immoderate use of scents by the ancients intelligible. In no other way than the absence of soap can the constant reference made by the poets and historians of Greece and the farther East to perfumes and oils, whenever bathing is in question, be satisfactorily accounted for.

In the washing of garments and household effects, steatite, or soap-stone, joined to other agents, shortly to be mentioned, seems to have been generally employed. This is a silicate of magnesia, white or purple in color, resembling talc in composition, of a fatty feel, cold to the touch, slightly soluble in water, largely distributed over the earth's surface, and generally known. Thoroughly-cleansing power it has not. It forms, with water, no chemical compound. Moving easily over surfaces, it serves, in a mechanical way, to partially extract spots from clothes and furniture. Plants with saponaceous juices (*struthium*) became also detergents. Solutions of soda and potash were known. Strabo speaks of an alkaline water in Armenia, which was used for washing clothes. Natron, a native sesquicarbonate of soda—a salt called *trona* by mineralogists—mingled with lye made from the ashes of wood, was the accepted agent in temples for cleansing oil and wine jars, and purifying images of the gods. Putrid *lotium*, however, was the universal solvent of dirt. The cleansing qualities of this complex salt appear to have been known from the beginning of the world. In the North-African states, in Persia, and parts of Russia, it is in extensive use at the present time for cleansing garments. The famous *blanchisseries* near Paris make it a constant element in the intricacies of their unequalled laundry-work. Woollen-manufactories create of it an article of extensive commerce. It is the agent of the Jews in Petticoat Lane, the soiled gatherings of the "old-clo' men" all over England for the stalls of Rag Fair being renovated by its use. No wonder that the fullers in ancient Rome, in whose business it was the only detergent, were in proverbial bad odor, nor that municipal edicts banished their trade out of town.

Soap-boiling, or the making of soft-soap for domestic use, cannot be traced back of the seventeenth century. Its discovery hardly antedates the reign of the first James of England. It is not a pleasant aspect presented of the gentles and nobles of heroic days, this absence of soap from boudoir and bath. It is none the less true, however, that neither Isabella of Valois nor Joanna of Navarre, Margaret of Anjou nor Elizabeth Woodville, Catharine of Aragon nor Anne Boleyn, nor even the beautiful Jane Seymour, nor unfortunate Mary Stuart, knew the luxury of soap in the toilet. Extracts and perfumes, cosmetics and powders, unguents for the hair and *poudres de senteur* for the complexion, they used in abundance. But the one indispensable detergent of modern life—that for which every other auxiliary to womanly attractions and manly self-respect would be sacrificed—they had not. Soap, in either solid or saponaceous form, comprised no part of the mysteries of ladies' boudoirs. The simple union of the lye of ashes with the fat of animals is a discovery so modern as to excite utmost wonder.

There is no greater stride in modern progress than that from domestic soap-boiling of the seventeenth century to soap-manufacture of the nineteenth. The researches of Chevreul were perhaps the starting-point. His successors smoothed the way. Sir Humphrey Davy showed a goal beyond, and the great and good Faraday, whose loss to the scientific world it seems impossible to repair, removed all obstacles to the attainment of what his predecessors only foresaw. On the other hand, in practical results, the world owes most in this branch of industry to James Muspratt. Soap-makers, at the beginning of this century, depended upon barilla and kelp. The supply was limited. In unfavorable seasons it was uncertain. Prices rose and fell. The successful manufacturers of one year were bankrupt the next. But, when Muspratt, adopting Leblanc's idea, began to prepare soda from sea-salt (*chloride of sodium*), every doubt about sufficiency of the raw material was removed. At first, the soap-manufacturers did not see it. They refused to use the new product. Muspratt, certain of ultimate success, began to give away the product of his works. For nearly three years he pushed forward a losing busi-

ness. Ten thousand tons of soda were disbursed without charge to soap-boilers before they were convinced of the advantages it gave them. "It is a long lane," says the proverb, "that has no turning." The change came. Time and money are invincible arguments. At the beginning of his fourth year, Mr. Muspratt not only ceased giving, but was obliged almost to cease selling. Orders for soda poured in like a torrent. He could not supply one ton in a hundred. Increase of manufacturing power, economy of labor by new inventions, and restless work by night and day, failed to keep supply adequate to demand; and only by the substitution of iron in place of wooden carts, so that the soda, *red-hot*, could be discharged from his mills, was he able even measurably to satisfy his customers. For a time, a constant race was kept up between soap-making and the production of soda. The stimulus at last equalized results, and it is a fact worth noting that, within ten years of Mr. Muspratt's start, the single seaport of Liverpool exported more soap annually than all the seaports of Great Britain had ever done before.

In connection with this marvellous increase of soda and soap, there grew up an important secondary product—*hypochloride of lime* (bleaching-powder), which is largely used in all branches of chemical trades. In fact, soap occupies perhaps the most important page in the history of applied chemistry. It has opened channels to commerce, discovered new raw materials for its own production, and thus become the means as well as the mark of civilization. Almost simultaneously with employment of soda came the oils of the palm and cocoa-nut. They were at once introduced into the manufacture of soaps. From 1820 to 1868, the annual importation of palm-oil into England grew from seventeen thousand four hundred and fifty-six hundred-weights to nine hundred and thirty-seven thousand and fifty-four hundred-weights.

Perfumery, unlike soap, is of ancient origin. Layard's "Assyrian Sculptures" depict perfumes burning before the conqueror. On the walls of Egyptian temples the censer smokes before the presiding deity. Spices scented the sacrifices; sweet odors ascended from alabaster vases at feasts; and drugs of strong perfume performed a principal part in embalming the bodies of the dead. Moses prepared perfumes for the persons of the priests and offerings on the Golden Altar. The spouse in Canticles delights in spikenard and cinnamon, aloes and myrrh. Ezekiel accuses the Levites of defrauding the altar of its scented offerings, in order to give grateful odors to their garments; and Mary, at the house of Simon the leper, broke the alabaster-box of spikenard, very precious, and poured its contents on the head of Jesus.

Of the use of perfumes by the Greeks and Romans, historical accounts are copious. Pliny devotes pages of his works to the method of preparing perfume-drugs, their uses, salubrity, and cost. Seneca describes the lavish application of oils and powders, the employment of essences three times a day by the luxurious and wealthy, and the costly *narthecia* in which scents were taken to the baths. Strabo writes of the trade to the Orient, how the demand for perfume-drugs caused ships to plough the Red Sea and camels to plod the desert, and how Syria and Greece owed their growth as markets to the same cause, as well as the rock-encircled Petra its vitality. Southern Italy ministered, by the preparation of curious compounds, to the voluptuous taste. *Unguentarii* filled the great street of Capua with their workshops. Catania received raw materials, and shipped the manufactured products to every open port of the West; and Palermo, in Sicily, by discovery of a new perfume, grew up from a struggling hamlet to a large commercial town. In short, whether to regale the gods in sacrificing, or themselves in feasting—to conceal personal smells, or to attract by agreeable scents—the consumption of perfumes among the ancients far exceeded their use in modern times.

Modern science divides perfumes into four classes:

CLASS FIRST consists of gums and resins. They are obtained either by collecting the natural exudation of many tropical trees, or by tapping their trunks and drawing off the sap. The oldest of known perfumes are in most extensive use all over the world. Myrrh, camphor, olibanum, benzoin, gums employed in incense, and resins used in pastels, make up this class of perfumes.

CLASS SECOND comprises perfumes obtained by distillation. The art of distilling runs back into the distant ages. The most ancient archives of China describe the process. Buddha of the Hindoos was himself a distiller. Barbarous nations of Central Asia inherit knowledge of distillation from the earliest times. It does not appear to

have been applied to extract perfumes until a later day. But, as the Greeks learned the use of the still, imported by them from Egypt, they adapted it to the separation of the odorous principle from the numerous fragrance-bearing plants indigenous to the Piræus. Rome followed. Southern Italy, over whose slopes and sun-warmed valleys aromatic flowers bloomed in every season of the year, enlarged the process; and in its extension Naples and the Sicilies became what they are at the present time—the great producers of the ottos or quintessences of commerce. To this day, the essential oil of Neroli, produced from orange-flowers, and named from Nero, during whose reign it was discovered, is distilled only in the delicious climate of Sessara. New processes have never quite superseded the distillation of essential oils. The old method, while more expensive, produces most perfect results. Still all essential oils are slightly soluble in water, and, though those extracted in Italy are most retentive, they, with others, when brought into contact, give out the rose-water, orange-water, elder-water, and citron-water of commerce.

CLASS THIRD comprises perfumes proper for the handkerchief. The scent is comparatively new. For two hundred years, indeed, from the province of Var, in France, a peculiar species of essences has found sale in the markets. No one seems to have looked into their origin. Climate was supposed to give the peculiar odor. Attempts to imitate them were failures. They possessed a living fragrance which all decoctions refused to yield. It has been lately ascertained that the principle and process which produce these perfumes are new. The odors of flowers do not exist as in a gland; they are a living exhalation. While the plant lives, they develop, day by day, in its flowers. When it dies, they give what they contain, but produce no more. Acting upon this great fact, which perfume-producers had never discovered, the peasantry of Var cultivated their plants, and gathered only their flowers. Vast fields of roses, oranges, acacias, violets, jasmines, and jonquils, were tilled simply for the blooms they yielded, never for sprays or leaves, branches or stems. At flowering-time, the population is busy gathering, day by day, the constantly-renewing product. It has been long known that grease attracts and holds the scent of flowers. By *enfleurage*, then, as the Varians term it—that is, by laying flowers upon sheets of glass over which layers of grease are spread—the perfume of each kind is caught and retained. The work goes on through the season. Manufacturers purchase the flower-leaves at fixed rates. Glass plates, covered with fresh oleaginous coats, are in readiness for every day's gathering. Departments for each kind of aroma are separate from all others. The grease, once impregnated, is removed, put into jars, and new laminæ spread upon the glass plate. The process is continued to the end of the season. Alcohol is then poured into the jars, allowed to remain until it absorbs the scents from the grease, emptied into cans fitted for exportation, and then shipped for the Parisian market. The grease, retaining only its oleaginous properties and smell, is used for other purposes. There are other processes by which perfumes for the handkerchief are produced. That of *eau-de-cologne* is one, of clematis another, maceration a third; but they are too well known to be enumerated here.

CLASS FOURTH includes all scents of animal origin. Among these, musk is the first in commercial importance. The value of its imports into England, in 1868, was more than fifteen thousand pounds. Its qualities are universally known. The subtle nature it possesses pervades every thing. A polished-steel surface will hold the odor of musk for years. Ambergris, the favorite perfume of the court of Louis XIV., and which saintly George Herbert names in "The Odour"—

"How sweetly doth MY MASTER sound! MY MASTER!
As ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster.
So do these words a sweet content,
An Oriental fragrant—MY MASTER!"—

has nearly gone out of use. Only two hundred and twenty-five ounces were imported last year into Great Britain, valued at two hundred and twenty-five pounds. It is soluble in alcohol, is chiefly composed of a peculiar animal substance called *adipocire*, possesses an agreeable odor, and is used in compounding lavender-water. Civet, also, has lost its once great reputation. Civet-cats used to be purchased by the drug-dealers of Holland at twenty pounds each. Pure civet sold, during the reign of Elizabeth, at a price as high as sixty shillings (equivalent to seventy dollars now) an ounce. The medical virtues

attributed to it bordered on the marvellous. But, both as medicine and perfume, it has been laid aside. Shakespeare's fop might ask at every druggist's shop in Broadway, "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination," without the slightest prospect of success. It must be still used for some purposes, however, since three hundred and fifty-five ounces were imported into London in 1868, at a valuation of three hundred and ten pounds sterling. Hartshorn (ammonia), on the contrary, included in class four, is in constantly-increasing demand.

Essential oils, under the name of ottos, are still a large article of traffic. In 1867, three hundred thousand pounds of these oils were imported into England, at a valuation of two hundred and seventy thousand pounds. To produce this large result, musk figures at above ten thousand five hundred pounds; otto of roses, at thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds; vanilla, at twelve thousand five hundred and sixty pounds; and thirty-seven other essential oils make up the sum total.

In conclusion, let us notice one of the extraordinary discoveries of modern chemistry. To produce perfumes, neither gums nor flowers, earthy deposits nor animal secretions, are necessary. Scents of roses; aromas of jonquils; perfumes of vanilla; and odors of violets, acacias, and jasmynes, are now obtained from substances associated only with disgusting smells. Fetid fusil-oil, cast away for many centuries as the most repulsive of chemical products, has become a principal agent in the modern manufacture of pear, peach, cherry, green-gage, strawberry, and orange oils. Butyric acid, formed by rancid butter and decomposed cheese, yields the most perfect essential oil of bitter almonds. Treated in a different manner, it gives pineapple-oil. And from the drainage of cow-stables are obtained the essential ingredients in the popular perfume of *eau de mille fleurs*.

N. S. DODGE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BORROWING.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

THIS was the advice Polonius gave Laertes on the eve of his first start in life. Excellent advice; but impracticable, as society is constituted. Why, bless the dear old man, what was he thinking about? Borrowing is as old as lying; they are, in fact, correlatives. If a man is neither to be a borrower nor a lender, what *is* he to be, we should like to know? Society is divided into two great classes—borrowers and lenders! It is in beautiful natural harmony. Every needy soul finds a kindly and genial soul possessing that surplus which shall minister to the needy one's wants. The rich man is only Nature's treasurer; he but holds in trust that surplus, riches—call it what you will—with which he can relieve his poorer brethren. It is like positive and negative electricity—*plus* and *minus*; when there is too much *plus*, then there comes a social thunder-storm, as exhibited in periodical commercial crashes. This might have been avoided if the poorer brethren—the borrowers—had been permitted to draw off the surplus electricity—riches—in "*sparks*"—that is, in loan—there would have been no shock. As M. Proudhon remarked, "It was never intended that one man should hold the property of thousands, unless as a trustee to advance it as required." A rightly-constituted man can never feel more happy than when honoring one of these sentimental checks. The pleasantest part of the transaction consists in the little fiction about repayment. Nobody is deceived. The lender never expects to be repaid, and the borrower never intends that he should be! But it enables both parties to retain their self-respect.

Perhaps the oldest authentic case of borrowing was the case of the Israelites, who borrowed from the Egyptians—and never repaid them. Julius Cesar was a great proficient in the art; his debts considerably exceeded five million dollars. The Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, were terrible borrowers. King John extracted loans from the Jews by the ingenious process of extracting their teeth! One tooth *per diem* (without chloroform or laughing-gas) until the loan was effected! One obdurate Israelite is stated to have endured the drawing of half his teeth before he would make up his mind to draw a check. This ill-conditioned individual was thus mulcted both in money and teeth. Moral—Never show your teeth when asked for a loan. Edward I had a terrible plan for borrowing from the Jews.

It was a system of forced loans. He cruelly tortured the wretched Hebrews until they yielded up their hoards. If they grumbled, he either put them to death or banished them from the kingdom. Fancy the British Chancellor of the Exchequer nowadays negotiating a loan with Baron Rothschild by means of an earnest appeal to that gentleman's teeth! History calls Edward I. a great king. We consider him to have been a cruel and rapacious tyrant, who not only robbed and tortured the Jews, but barbarously murdered the Welsh bards. But Jews or poets were not held of much account in those iron ages.

That tipsy Solomon—James I.—was a mean borrower. He is said, on one occasion, to have borrowed a pair of silk stockings from one of his nobles; he had not even the manhood to borrow a dozen pairs. Charles I. borrowed on a truly regal scale. The loans, or "benevolences," were forced out of the unfortunate landholders by fine and imprisonment. Charles II. borrowed from everybody. He not only borrowed his people's money, but their wives and daughters; he borrowed from the King of France. He was the falsest, meanest, and merriest reprobate who ever lived an infidel and died a Roman Catholic. Charles II. also instituted the national debt of Great Britain, but it was William III. to whom the nation was indebted for the regular establishment of that noble British institution: also for the introduction of the cat-o'-nine-tails. William was a great prince, but inordinately fond of green peas. He is said to have invariably consumed the first dish of that agreeable vegetable without sparing his poor queen even a spoonful. Great men have their little failings. During the reign of George III. the nation took to borrowing from itself at a frightful rate. The wicked and absurd war with France added more than two billion dollars to the national debt. Some English people admire this beautiful institution as a great blessing provided by the wisdom of their ancestors, and mysteriously connected with the national prosperity. We wish them joy of their taste. George IV., who possessed all the vices of Charles II., with the addition of a few special ones of his own, borrowed shamelessly from everybody who would lend him a shilling. We need scarcely add that he never paid anybody. In fact, the only debt he ever did pay was that of Nature; and he could not well escape that. The clothes, wigs, etc., of this great and good prince are said to have cost the nation fifty thousand dollars per annum! The population of a large village might have been fed for a smaller sum. The coronation of "Georgius" cost over one million two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. We forget the cost of his funeral, but the nation did not grudge that!

To turn from these magnificent borrowers of millions to the humble borrowers of dimes seems pitiful, but is necessary to enable us to trace the ramifications of the art. Some men seem to be born borrowers. Their clothes and schooling are borrowed; at least they are never paid for. They borrow bats, balls, and marbles; they borrow cents; by-and-by they borrow dollars; until, after a life spent in borrowing, they go hopelessly to the bad, borrow a razor, and—are buried in a borrowed—that is, a charity—coffin. Some men spend their lives in borrowing books, and, if they are industrious, collect at last quite a library. Other men have a mania for borrowing umbrellas. Poor Douglas Jerrold had a capital story on the subject: Jones borrowed Brown's umbrella. One wet morning Brown meets Jones comfortably protected by the borrowed article. "Hah! Jones, how lucky—my umbrella. I'm wet through." "You can't have it," says dry Jones, "I want it myself." "But what am I to do?" gasps Brown. "Do!" retorts Jones, "why, do as I did, you fool—borrow one."

Some men are always borrowing their friends' names—on the backs of hills. It is facetiously termed "getting up behind." It is very easy to "get up," but a very different matter to "get down," and generally involves a tumble. There are, positively, men in New-York City, who, like our imported sparrows, do not know in the morning where their daily crumbs are coming from. They trust to borrowing; yet how light, airy, and unembarrassed is the demeanor of a man of this class! Nature tells Brass that he has not breakfasted. Hah! how fortunate: yonder comes Allworthy, a kind, warm-hearted man, born to lend. A request for the loan of a five-dollar bill is instantly preferred. (Brass never borrows less than a "fiver"—he says it's mean.) Allworthy hesitates, for he has bled on more than one occasion; but he is a man who has all his life labored under a difficulty about saying no in the right place. Sadly, but with resignation, he places the desiderated stamp in the other's outstretched palm. 'Tis done; and Allworthy enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that his friend's wants are provided for. Not, however, for long, for there is

not much spending in borrowed money. Men of Brass's class have a partiality for salmon, turkey, spring lamb, and green peas; agreeable viands, but running into money.

A very numerous class borrow other people's ideas, inventions, even jokes, and thrive upon the larcency. The reader will perceive that we consider thieving and borrowing, without any intention of repaying, as convertible terms. It does not speak favorably for the morality of English playwrights, that more than one-half the farces and sensational dramas are borrowed from the French. We never heard of the French borrowing from the English. There are certain folks who flaunt in borrowed plumes. Mrs. Grenadine, for instance, is going out shopping, and borrows Mrs. Shoddy's carriage, laboring apparently under the delusion that people will take it for her own, and that she will receive homage and "kotou" in consequence. Error! Mr. Stewart's salesman, with one discerning glance at the coachman, perceives the true state of the case. Coachmen do not like being "loaned," and have a quiet but unmistakable manner of showing that the "party" they are attending upon is *not* their own mistress. Then there are the people in the middle rank of life, who, whenever they give a party, make a point of borrowing articles of plate wherewith to adorn the table. Mrs. Spannew expects a few friends: the affair must be quite "genteel" (odious word), so she borrows Mrs. Tiptopper's "épergne," and Mrs. Flash's silver cake-basket and electro-candelabra, Mrs. Scupp's handsome presentation salver, and other articles of *vertu*. She also borrows a waiter—not a dumb one—but a hired one, a dreadful man in shabby black, a limp, white neckcloth, and white Berlin gloves, who yawns fearfully during the repast (poor fellow! he has been up three nights running), and the guests have the satisfaction of pretending to gaze with the eyes of strangers on their own belongings, and of complimenting Mrs. Spannew on the handsome appearance of her table! Then these unfortunate people quaff cheap champagne with fearful inward misgivings, to be too surely realized on the morrow.

Give not, dear reader, your autograph to the children of Israel! Avoid the professional money-lender as you would the east-wind. Beware of the money-lender, for his ways tend unto bankruptcy. Borrow money only on the direst necessity. If you borrow of a friend, do it with the firm and steady resolution of honestly repaying him—sooner or later. We remember a funny story of an unfortunate borrower, who in his penitential moments used to abuse his image in the looking-glass. "You horrid dolt, you wretched fool, you drivelling jack-anape; don't shake your stupid fist at me. I've a great mind to knock your ugly head off your foolish shoulders, yaha! you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" The man felt humiliated. Indeed, a borrower, in presence of his creditor feels but half a man. How can you argue the point with a man to whom you owe money, without a sort of horrid fear that, if you get the best of it, he will retort with "By-the-by, you owe me fifty dollars!" You seem to see "fifty dollars" gleaming in his teeth, twinkling in his eye, and radiating from his whiskers. A man who borrows money is a man on crutches, he is artificially supported; he is not a man—only a poor cripple. Therefore we say, if possible, borrow not at all. A shored-up house is an unsightly object, dangerous to its inmates, and shunned by the passers-by.

LÉON GAMBETTA.

IT is not only true, as the trite saying hath it, that great occasions call forth great men to cope with them; it is also true that such occasions often cast into a sudden obscurity those who have hitherto been the leading spirits of a nation or party, and who make way for those who are younger and less known.

When Napoleon III. laid his sword "at the feet of your Majesty," after Sedan, every one felt that his reign and imperial government in France were at an end. For the moment, every eye turned toward Paris. What would be the next phase in French politics? Would the Orleanists, the Bourbonists, or the republicans, prevail in the sudden crisis? Almost every tongue predicted a revolution; and forthwith, on the heels of the easy prophecy, a revolution ensued. Then, the wiseacre who did not foresee a republic was shallow indeed. But, revolution triumphant, the republic a fact, who would rule this not only revolutionary and republican, but invaded and beleaguered, France? Here the prophets had a wider range of probabilities to encounter, greater uncertainty to venture on. Yet, the answer seemed

thereon forthcoming. On the very morrow after the news of the new republic was flashed by wire and cable to the four continents, behold a flock of refugees—illustrious and obscure, voluntary and involuntary exiles—hastening breathless to their beloved Paris. Victor Hugo, patriarchal and visionary; Ledru-Rollin, with his imposing presence, and the old leonine vehemence; Esquiros, with his black, fine face; Blanqui, still Jacobin and leveller; little Louis Blanc, calm, philosophic, with his bold, dark eye, and his somewhat softened socialism—these, arrived in Paris, seemed to proffer an abundance of brains, experience, and democratic zeal, to seize the helm in this tempestuous storm. But each and all of them were a day too late. In the Chamber itself, there were republicans who held the advantage of presence, had the nerve to seize the chance, and took the flood when at its instantaneous height. Jules Favre proposed and carried the motion to depose the emperor and to abolish the empire. Léon GAMBETTA proposed and carried the motion to establish the republic.

There were, perhaps, fifty or sixty republicans in this last of the imperial legislatures. Among them, too, were old and tried veterans of the old republic. There were Garnier-Pagès, Raspail, Glais-Bizoin, and Crémieux, members of the provisional government of 1848; there were Jules Favre, Jules Simon, Eugène Pelletan, Bancel, of a younger generation, but who had long fought the empire to its face, and had carried the republican standard through many a fierce and stubborn conflict with the ministers of arbitrary power, and immense majorities of hot partisans of imperialism. Yet, not even to any of these devoted and well-tried champions was it given to achieve the place of command in the new state. A younger, less known, and probably greater man than either came to the front, assumed the authority, and at once reaped the honors and bore the burden of accomplishing the long-delayed result. Gambetta not only carried the vote to establish the republic in the terrified and moribund Chamber; he proclaimed the republic to the frenzied thousands who crowded the Quai d'Orsay from the steps of the Palais Bourbon; he organized the republic in that historic hall in the Hôtel de Ville, where were yet marks of the revolutionary bullets of '89, and from whose balcony Lamartine had braved death in rejecting the red flag and raising aloft the grand old tricolor of liberated France. The new provisional government met there—Favre, Simon, Glais-Bizoin, Crémieux, Garnier-Pagès, Rochefort, Gambetta—all but the last two famous republicans of the 1848 and imperial eras. They were all a constellation of subordinate satellites around the central planet, Gambetta; and next to him in power and activity was his young colleague, Rochefort.

What really proves Gambetta's greatness is, not that he obtained power, but that he has kept it, and that he has, as far as we can judge, wielded it to great, though it may be not successful, purpose. At the very first, he summoned order out of chaos, and government out of insurrection. Revolution in France has a bad name; yet this revolution—accomplished in the midst of exasperation and disgrace, of terrible uncertainties and impending dangers, when the eagles of France were debased on the battle-field, the soldiers of France slaughtered, the generals of France imbeciles or traitors—this revolution was bloodless. That howling and bitter mob was swayed and calmed by Gambetta. We must not forget, too, that the hair-brained fanatic Rochefort (as he had been called, not a month before, by an imperialist parasite) came stoutly to the rescue of order, and did his share in appeasing the giant wrath of a betrayed people, bent on swift and indiscriminate revenge. A good day's work was done on that, the birthday of the new republic. Gambetta, as Minister of the Interior, and practically minister of war, prime minister, "chief of the state," too, saw that he must compress the work of weeks into hours. The enemy already was preparing to march on Paris. Whole armies had been swept from the field as prisoners of war. The remainder of the regular forces of France were bewildered and scattered. The hope of succor from without died—if it had not died before—when the republic rose out of the ruins of the empire. The *préfetures* and *mairies*, throughout the land, were yet held by imperialist partisans. Red republicanism surged and swelled in the metropolis. In Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, the rise of the republic inspired the fanatics, who thought it meant Jacobinism and the guillotine. Indeed, the new dictator, so far as he was known at all, was known as a fanatic—as a rabid fire-eater, involved in plots and conspiracies, who had spoken with a seemingly unbridled tongue when his voice had reached the public ear. He had been one of the "uncompromisers" of the new Chamber, and there had led where the old republicans durst not fol-

low. Raspail alone, stout old chemist, philosopher, agitator, and democrat, supported Gambetta when he defended the absent and imprisoned Rochefort, and proudly demanded his release.

Whence came he, this seemingly rabid radical, who appeared to dream of Utopias, and to insist on their possible immediate realization? Four years ago, Léon Gambetta was a respectable, not at all famous, advocate, thought to be a rather rising young man at the Paris bar. Among the republicans in the metropolis he was recognized as a man and a brother, who appeared not seldom at their private conferences, and was always very zealous, though by no means a frequent speaker, or given to much talking—silently earnest and intense rather than a shouter of the oft-repeated French republican platitudes. He was, further, looked on as a young man of good morals and correct conduct, not given to debauchery, hard-studying in his law-books, seldom seen in social circles. He was, in 1867, growing fast, evidently, in the estimation of his republican brethren; for we find him mentioned, once or twice in that year, as junior counsel on certain political cases, with his present colleague, Jules Favre, as his senior.

It happened in the autumn of 1867 that a new device was imagined by the agitators of Paris to propagate their political creed, and further their designs against imperialism. It was proposed, amid great excitement, to celebrate the anniversary of the martyrdom of Baudin. Baudin, it may not be forgotten, was the deputy who was killed at the first barricade erected in the Faubourg St.-Antoine to resist the *coup d'état*, December 3, 1851. He was standing on one of the carriages which formed the barricade, and was haranguing the soldiers to dissuade them from firing on its defenders, when he fell, struck in the head by three bullets. So slain, Baudin was henceforth enshrined by the republican enemies of the empire as one of their martyrs and one of its victims. In 1867, a subscription had been projected and raised by the republican press in Paris, to erect a monument over Baudin's grave in Père la Chaise, which was marked by no sculptured memorial of where he lay. This idea suggested the other—to make a demonstration on the anniversary of his death. The day came, and the demonstration was made. Crowds of *ouvriers* and students, not unattended by citizens of repute and standing, made their way in the morning to Père la Chaise. It was a bright, clear December morning. The people carried with them wreaths of *immortelles*, with which they strewed the modest grave. There were, however, gendarmes there in force. They grimly lined the walks, and stood in groups at the corners of the avenues. This irritated the mob; for a gendarme acts on a Paris republican as a red shawl on a mad bull. Mutterings were heard. Seditious cries broke out. The emperor was consigned to a locality rather worse than oblivion, and long life was wished "the republic." At this the gendarmes stood not on the order of their action, but acted at once, and—somewhat indiscriminately. They plunged pell-mell upon the people, and here and there effected arrests—some seventy or eighty being dragged out of the "city of the dead," and lodged in the Conciergerie and at Mazas. The trial of these accused traitors—the supposed shouters of the seditious cries—came on soon after. Their advocate was to be Jules Favre. There was intense excitement as to the issue of the trials. The eyes of all France were fixed upon the court; the newspapers were full of the affair; it was pretty shrewdly guessed that the government was resolved to make an example of these men, whether innocent or guilty.

Very shortly before the cases came on, Jules Favre found that unforeseen circumstances would prevent his appearance for the defence. The expense of the defence would be defrayed by the private republican committees. An advocate must be at once selected, both competent and on the spot. Léon Gambetta was chosen; and the opportunity gave him fame and fortune by a single effort. The cause was one in which he had ample scope for his ability as an advocate and his zeal as a republican. He used both to splendid purpose. The court was crowded. The evidence against the accused was meagre and indistinct. The issue in the trial itself was comparatively of secondary importance. The eloquence of the young advocate startled the palace, and inspired his partisans. Its impetuous torrent at times so overwhelmed the parasite judges of the empire that they neglected to check and reprove him. Instead of confining himself to the defence, he in turn became the accuser, arraigned the empire as the culprit, and brought so crushing an indictment against its follies and its crimes that the *procureur* sat speechless, and the audience broke into

enthusiastic and irrepressible applause. It was the greatest forensic triumph seen in that court for many a day.

By it Gambetta at once took rank, at the Paris bar, among the most eminent advocates; at the same time he won a place in the admiration of the Paris republicans which was shortly to serve him in a wonderful and unexpected way. It transpired that Gambetta, like Thiers, Rouget de l'Isle, Ollivier, and so many other illustrious Frenchmen, was born at Marseilles, and that he was then thirty-two years old, having first seen the light in 1835. He was of Italian parentage; a fact betrayed no less in his rather sallow and ultramontane physiognomy than in his name. His family were of the respectable middle class; his lineage was commonplace—not noble, like that of Louis Blanc; nor plebeian, like that of Thiers. He was well educated at the *lycées* of his native town, and studied law, partly at Marseilles and partly in Paris. Some two years since he made his first appearance as an advocate in the Paris courts. He was an attentive, not a deep student, fond of history, poetry, and politics, yet attached to his profession. Such were the meagre facts ascertained of him when, in the spring of 1869, a general election for the Corps Législatif was ordered to take place by imperial decree.

The republicans in the last Chamber but one had numbered only five—called "Les Cinq"—who consented to take the oath of allegiance in order to attack the empire. In the now moribund Chamber the number of republicans was not far from thirty. This Chamber had been elected in 1863; six years of agitation, of active propagation, had passed; the empire had blundered in Mexico, about Luxembourg, and in remaining neutral in the Austro-Prussian War. The republicans, therefore, hoped with good reason to largely increase their number of deputies. The emperor had been forced to extend the liberties of the press and to grant the right of meeting; and this at once proved to the republicans how encouraging were their prospects, and gave them new opportunities to strengthen their cause. The elections of May, 1869, are still remembered for their turbulence and agitation. In Paris the republican candidates were all men of mark, and were, excepting in one district—that represented by Thiers—certain of being elected. Gambetta was a candidate both in Paris and in Marseilles. Both constituencies, by large majorities, chose him. Every large city, excepting Lille and Nantes, went decisively for the republicans. Their number in the new Chamber was—of republicans, certain and reliable, about seventy; of liberals, who might be reckoned on in vital questions to vote with the republicans, about thirty—total, one hundred. Gambetta, for the reason that his Paris constituency was more certain in a second trial to elect another republican, chose to sit for Marseilles. Glais-Bizoin (if I mistake not), who had been thrown out by his Breton constituency, was chosen in Paris in his place.

The empire was even then rocking on its foundations. The meagre reforms of 1868 had not improved its security. The "third-party" ministry of Emile Ollivier had not worked its promised wonders. The old Rouher and Fleury influence at the court was still suspected to be uppermost. The imperialist majority had so wofully dwindled that it was doubtful whether it was really a majority or not; for the old friends of the emperor, such as Garnier de Cassagnac—*les Arcadiens*—bitterly opposed the new ministers. Ollivier was timid and halting, the opposition were vehement and aggressive. Thus stood matters when the session opened in June.

But the opposition, though energetic, was still divided. The republicans, in particular, differed in the manner of their action, though they had a common object. Most of the "left" seemed indisposed to an immediate and sustained warfare *d'outrance* against the government. There was even talk that, under certain concessions, some of them might possibly go over and join the ministry. Two Orleanists, Daru and Buffet, were already in the cabinet. It was now that Gambetta displayed that will and courage, that uncompromising, radical, and open pursuit of his object, which have characterized his later and greater exploits. Flanked by Rochefort and Raspail, the Ulysses and the Nestor of his party, he opened declared war on the empire. Of course, he was a fanatic, a visionary radical, a Utopian; but in this sort of crisis such men lead, and prevail. The promise given by his bond in plea was more than fulfilled by his oratorical efforts in the Chamber. It was impossible to sneer at this earnest and eloquent man, who found no time for polished irony or well-turned periods. Rochefort's imprudences laid him open to ridicule; no one thought of laughing at Gambetta. His physical appearance, though not impos-

ing, gave indications of rare intellectual endowments, and his face, when lit up by the excitements of debate, shone as if by true genius. Of moderate height, well-built, and a little inclining to corpulency; his eyes dark brown and deep, one a little disfigured, but not enough to be remarked unless one were close to him; a bold, strong, rather thick and large nose, distinctly Italian, even Italian-Jewish, in its shape; thinnish, compressed, determined lips; a squarish face, with firmly-set jaws, the mouth and chin covered with a thick black beard; the forehead ample and round, slightly bald above; the black, stubby hair short and thick, excepting on the crown; a general expression, which seemed half-meditative, half-dreamy; rather placid than stern when in repose, as if quite self-convinced and self-reliant, but, when roused to the pitch of passionate, accusing declamation, the features mobile and agitated—so he appeared as he sat or spoke on that extreme left of the Chamber, with whose history he is now so notably identified. His voice was clear, round, and deep; his pronunciation, though often rapid, always distinct; his gestures few, but strong and most expressive. His constant attendance on the sessions; his perpetual vigilance; his keen perception of a weak point in the adversary's armor; his contempt of compromises or of parliamentary tact and prudence; the pertinacity with which he clung to his purpose—made him dreaded by the ministers more than any other deputy of the opposition. A parliamentary leader, under ordinary circumstances, he could not have been; Jules Favre would easily have kept the lead of the republicans in less stormy times. But Gambetta had never been in the traces of party discipline, and had no patience or time to submit to them now.

In the characteristics and temperament which I have described may be seen the reasons why, when the empire was defeated and the republic arose on its ruins, Gambetta should, without question, as it were naturally, assume the chief—indeed, the sole—authority. What wonders he has worked as virtual chief of the state are in a history too recent and too vivid to need recalling. That he has worked wonders, no one will question. By his energy new armies have been raised, equipped, and sent into the field. The departments have received new rulers of his appointment. Repeated revolts against the new authority have been subdued, oftener without than with bloodshed. Gambetta seems always to have been where the supreme power was most needed. Now at Tours, now at Lyons, now at Bordeaux, now at Le Mans, his spirit has infused itself wherever inspiration might, mayhap, effect something against the fearful supremacy of the invader. He has struggled mightily and well for the republic which he proclaimed, and to the maintenance of which he devoted every energy of his being. He has done ill-judged things, probably very imprudent things; has possibly been curt and arrogant to hoary generals, and has seemed to show at times but little regard for the truth. But his course, as he looks at it, is twofold. He would preserve his country from disintegration and dishonor. He would establish in it a government of liberty. Much may be excused to such a man with such a cause. At least he has not been arrogant in wickedness, nor untruthful in the service of despotism. He has been heroic, even if we refer to the plane of heroism which is simple perseverance and persistency in pursuing an end. The difficulties which he has had to encounter seem to us, at a distance, and hearing only rumors and snatches of the truth afar off, gigantic; on the spot they are doubtless far greater than we know. His name and fame have already passed into history. Probably he will do nothing in the future which will make his past career more illustrious.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

IN a recent essay on Chaucer, James Russell Lowell makes practical common-sense the distinguishing mark of the Saxon as compared with the Celt. The same quality, he says, pervades their religious views. It is this practical element, we think, that has modified the hard Puritanism of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, and permitted an element of amusement to exist contemporaneously with true piety. And within a certain limit health has followed in the train of amusement. But a few years since, the hollow-cheeked countenance, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," was considered the necessary accompaniment of the scholar and the clergyman; happy was that parish whose minister had studied him-

self into dyspepsia. The lad who came home from college with healthy face and sunny disposition was adjudged to have done injustice to his studies. Owing to base-ball, university-rowing, and our Saxon element of common-sense, all this has changed. The social element of the country, restrained at first by the smallness of our villages, the extent of our farms, and a severe religious training, is now developing itself. Yankees are naturally gregarious, and meet in crowds wherever the occasion gives zest and interest. We love sport and excitement, especially when the element of uncertainty is thrown in. Base-ball, restrained within proper limits, is healthy, pleasant, social, and uncertain. It has passed from city to town, from town to village, till it has overspread the nation. A thriving town in the West is now said to have one church, one school-house, and eight base-ball clubs. It is as much our national game as cricket is that of the English. Both are ball-games, played with almost the same number of players. But cricket is slow and unwieldy, more likely to do injury, more scientific in its nature, more certain in its result. Base-ball is quick in its evolutions and renewals, gives more opening to dash and energy, depends somewhat on luck, and thus gives more chance for betting. And so the slow, dangerous, scientific cricket is the national game of England, and base-ball the favorite play on this side the Atlantic. Our national characteristics develop themselves even in our amusements.

Base-ball is not the game of cultured society. It has none of the delicacy of touch, the companionship of the friend, the expensiveness of the materials that distinguish billiards. It is gregarious in its nature and delights in crowds. The ringing cheer that marks the good catch, the groan that follows the muffin play, the hearty sympathy of the multitude, are essential elements in its composition. Hence it is the great game of the middle class. Every city has its favorite club that travels leisurely over the country every summer, paying its way as it goes, by the gate-money of its admirers. It is the play of Young America; and in its gamy pursuit, a prodigious amount of pluck and muscle have been developed. Occasionally twisted fingers and broken noses are the penalties paid for prominence in ball-playing. But what are these among so many benefits that accrue to our young men from their enthusiastic love of this science. To every player and to most lookers-on, base-ball is its own exceeding high reward.

The development of this game within the last few years shows some remarkable statistics. But a little more than a quarter of a century has passed away since the organization of the first club. Prior to that period, Two-old-cat was the euphonious name of the juvenile predecessor of our present game; a name and game whose hoary antiquity goes back to a time whereof the memory of boys ruaneth not to the contrary. It was in 1845, that the first club was formed, whose immortality of existence has been transmitted to posterity; and, formed in the great city of Gotham, it was of course christened as the Knickerbocker. That club was the parental organization of the present game; its children may be reckoned by thousands in all parts of the country. A second club was soon started in the same city, known as the New-York Club; and the first match game on this continent was played between them on the 19th of June, 1846. For the next ten years the clubs were few, but not far between, being almost entirely confined to the vicinity of New York. In 1856 the Knickerbocker Club inaugurated a movement for a convention of base-ball players, and in March, 1857, sixteen clubs, seven having their home in New York and nine hailing from Brooklyn, and all the other clubs in the country being nowhere, met in convention. In March, 1858, a similar gathering was held, at which twenty-five clubs were represented; and to this meeting came one club from a distance of thirty miles—the Liberty, of New Brunswick. And then and there "The National Association of Base-ball Players" drew its first breath of life.

The first ten annual meetings of this association were held in New York. But the game had now become national, and other cities desired the honors of the session. And so the meetings became peripatetic, and the eleventh was held in Philadelphia, the twelfth at Washington, and the thirteenth and last at Boston.

The nomenclature of the different clubs generally betrays a local origin. No doubt can exist where the Harvards, the Yales, the Cincinnati, the Keystones, the Forest Cities, the Nationals, the Marylands, the Niagaras, the Atlantics, and the Pacifics, have their baptismal homes. The Buckskins live at Gloversville, the Buckeyes at Cincinnati, the Southerns at New Orleans, and the Omahas at Nebraska. The Kicknapawlings hail from Pennsylvania, and the Ki-

kiongas from Indiana. The Unions may be found in every city. The Esculapian Club of Brooklyn is made up entirely of physicians; the ranks of the Manhattan in New York are recruited from the police force; the Malta Club of that city only admit milkmen. In short, every profession, every calling, as well as every considerable village in the country, has its base-ball club.

But the best base-ball clubs of the country—those that have won a national reputation—are no longer a collection of enthusiastic young men engaged in base-ball for the love of the game. That innocent stage has passed away. The leading players who really constitute the club—the picked nine—are professional players who join the club that gives them the highest salary. The rivalry of cities has degraded these clubs into collections of hired players, whose only interest is to win their pay by successful games. These Dugald Dalgettys of the profession enjoy salaries ranging from one thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars a year; and they draw those salaries with as much regularity as the salesman or the artisan. Every first-class player can now command a good living. All the best clubs of the country, the Red and White Stockings, the Atlantics, the Athletics, the Eckfords, the Haymakers, the Mutuals, are professional clubs; every player in them is hired. Emulous Chicago undertook last spring to form a club that should be superior to the Cincinnati; and prices immediately rose. The prospect for another year is that of a further rise; two of the best players in the country are understood to be engaged for the season of 1871 at salaries of three thousand dollars each for the eight months. These salaries are, of course, only given to pitchers, for on them, more than on any other, does the success of the club depend. A good pitcher is exceedingly rare; pitching is a grace born with the man, and not acquired by art. With an un-bent arm, held perpendicularly to the plane of the body, he is so swiftly to deliver the ball that the batsman shall be unable to detect the true line of its passage, and yet unable to decline it as a fair ball. Who will say that a person able to do this is not worthy of a salary greater than that of any university professor in our land! Is not the pitcher, too, a professor of muscular Christianity?

A well-located ground, level, grassy, and dry, is indispensable to a good game of base-ball. On its shady side should arise an amphitheatre of benches capable of seating three to five, and in our largest cities ten thousand spectators; for their sympathy and half-dollars are the great sources of inspiration. If there are trees contiguous to the field, they should be strong; for they will always have to bear a full crop of juveniles. The fence should be tight, and of that uniform height that riders-by cannot overlook. If knot-holes abound in the fence, they will come to a charitable use for those who cannot afford to pay. On one ground that we wot of, so highly civilized are the *gamins* of the neighborhood, that whoever first in spring writes his name over a knot-hole is entitled to its use all the games of the season! A well-located knot-hole is a source of profit as well as pride. It makes many an apple or penny change pockets during the season.

It is a prevalent opinion that the blind goddess of luck presides over most games; but this is a mistake. Good playing always tells; and luck will manifest itself as much on one side as the other. It was good playing that enabled the Red Stockings to win fifty-seven consecutive games in 1869. Their playing greatly varied. In the contest with the Buckeyes of their own city, the score stood 103 to 8; with the Mutuals of New York 4 to 2, and yet the same number of innings was played in both games. During 1869 the Red Stockings averaged 42 runs to a game; while their opponents, including the best clubs in the country, averaged only 10; no luck ever gave this superiority of four to one. Carelessness and muffin lose twenty games to one where luck predominates. If the number of runs indicated the superiority of the players, the Athletics of Philadelphia would be the champion club of the country; their playing in 1869 averaged more than 43 runs to a game. The Atlantics averaged 33, the Mutuals 31, and the Eckfords 28. The smallest score on record that year was that of a game played between the Atlantics and the Mutuals, when at the end of the sixth inning the score stood 2 to 1 in favor of the Atlantics. Two of the largest were made by the Athletics, standing 107 in one game, and 114 in the other. One of the largest scores on record was made by the Athletics in 1865, when they scored 162 in eight innings to 11 of the Alerts. This was the second game played that day by the Athletics, the forenoon having been spent in a friendly contest with the Williamsport Club, in which the Athletics made 101 to 8; 263 runs in one day! In the game in the afternoon, all the

bats of both clubs were broken, and in the last inning the handle of the nearest shovel was dignified into a bat.

It were an easy task to chronicle the causes of the national interest in base-ball; but one characteristic justifies its universal spread. More than any other game, it furnishes the solution of that important question, the extraction of the most health from a given quantity of amusement. "A healthy soul can only live in a healthy body," said the Greeks. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is so trite a Roman proverb that we hardly care to quote it. "By no other way," says Cicero, "can man approach nearer to the gods than by conferring health on men." And this divine gift is the very specialty of base-ball.

And not only is the game health-giving, but we point with pride to its moral influence. It is the conservative power of American society. While woman is soliciting office and demanding the franchise, base-ball clubs are only accessible to men. Whether this arises from that innate love of the graceful that would keep a woman from jumping loftily into air after a ball on the fly, or that catching in laps is forbidden by the rules of the game, or that the rapid running of the bases is inconsistent with the stability of chignons and water-falls, certain it is that there is no pressure on these clubs for the admission of the fair sex. Our female Canutes are told by the wave of base-ball now rolling over the land, "Thus far mayst thou go, and no farther."

WILLIAM R. HOOPER.

A MIDWINTER-DAY.

IT is more like the mid-day of some other season of the year, in this latitude of forty-two degrees, to-day. The air is soft and balmy; and the rich azure, which veils the whole landscape, lends the enchantment of Indian summer. This morning the sunrise filled our valley with unwonted splendor of purple and gold, and many of its rich tints still linger, as if loath to fade into garish day.

Where I am sitting—upon a mossy rock in the edge of a recent clearing of a thickly-wooded steep, where great fallen trunks of maple, chestnut, hickory, and chips of immaculate whiteness, are scattered all about me—I look over the soft, tufted brown of the meadows and hill-side-fields, from which the snow has suddenly vanished (save a faint line now and then, in a fence-shelter, like a swath of ripe grain), and over the woods to the distant mountain-range. A wood-chopper's axe, far off, beats time to my musings, like the ticking of a clock. There are faint sounds wafted hither from the little village down by the stream; and blithe chanticleer announces to the echoing hills that he has come forth with his admiring family to enjoy both the mellow day and whatever grubs may have the temerity to also accept the genial invitations of the weather. But his shrill voice reaches me in clear, inexpressibly musical vibrations, a little fainter than the mingled voices of a throng of school-children, at their romping sports. The sound from them, too—wrangling, singing, shouting—is blended in a pleasant rhythm; and the yellow school-house, by the brook, at the meeting of the roads, at this distance has strikingly the appearance of a little beehive in swarming-time. Two youths are skating upon the narrow white path of the stream, which winds its bright serpentine coil through the sear meadows. Their crystal bridge, despite the summer-like atmosphere, is a foot in thickness; for it is less than a week ago that our mornings were scored zero. Even the ring of their skates reaches my ear faintly; but a sweet silence pervades every thing near, save the softest murmur of content, which seems to throb under the gray leaves.

Is there any thing more beautiful—at least in winter-time—than a nook like this, canopied by hemlocks in the steep mountain-side, where the fantastically-piled rocks are all overgrown? The rank growth of summer no longer obscures and smothers this vegetation of mosses, ferns, and lichens. This is their summer. They are vivid with life, and luxuriate in an infinite variety of exquisite tints. What numberless shades of green, brown, red, yellow! Over the soft embroidered cushion of the mosses, the variegated ferns spread out their long fingers. The top of this ancient stump is a rare vase of lichens, and they fill every scar which the ruthless axe made so many years ago. Their tiny cups are brimming with scarlet drops. In such a spot as this, you are continually finding new forms of these cryptogamous plants, until you come to believe them altogether fantastic in

the shapes they take to themselves—holding to no arbitrary mandate of species; they seem to you infinite in variety, if you forget that they are all labelled with long, unrememberable combinations of vowels and consonants in some scientific folio. But the botanist can do little else than bestow these names on them, for they manage, by means of a little impalpable brown dust, to each keep its family line, with every hereditary trait intact, without flower or seed his microscope can detect.

The top of this tall ash-sapling—whose smooth gray rind is wound with a spiral coil—is bright with clusters of bitter-sweet, which are more like flowers than berries, for the orange-colored shell is parted, and opens like a corolla around the crimson berry. I find upon the ground a few of the singular pods of the *staphylea*, or bladder-nut, and some are still rattling upon the shrub. They are some two inches long, with a small, shiny seed or two in each of the triple compartments, thus kept dry for good reasons, no doubt, against sprouting-time. The witch-hazel flowers still hang in a rather dishevelled condition. They had their time of golden blossoming in November, so as to get an early start next spring, but in fruitage they will still be behind the chestnut, which blooms in June and July. Here are some of the curiously-speckled berries of the Solomon's seal, and the intensely bright scarlet ones of the jack-in-a-pulpit, or Indian turnip. There are many beautiful leaves, which, by closely hugging the breast of Mother Earth, will retain their freshness through the severest winter. None are more beautiful than the thick, heart-shaped leaves of the hepatica, with the bright purple of their under-sides.

But there is no end of the treasures one may find, by searching, under this warm mantle which the trees have shed. On my homeward way, across the fallow fields, I go well laden with some of these. One cannot go far, in whatever field of this region, without stumbling upon the little hillock where some industrious woodchuck has excavated his habitation. There is always the interest, to me, of mystery about these subterranean dwellings. I should like, wondrous well, to peep in on the family in the unrestraint of their domestic life. What secret of good housekeeping might I not learn? There is no sign of life now about the dwelling of this one, dipping under a huge boulder, which I have just come upon. But the lord of the castle is within, I know. How snugly he lies there, long-nighted, short-dayed months! I fancy that, in the vital kernel of that inanimate ball of fur, which Audubon says he rolls himself into, he is all the while dreaming the sweetest of dreams—living in the rankest, blossomest, honeyest clover, fenced about with delightful tumbled-down stone-walls, in which to play *bopeep* with phantasmagorical bipeds, who can never hit him with their shadowy guns, and where the wicked dogs cease from troubling. On some unazure day of "blues" I should not mind curling snugly down beside him there, to share his happy reveries—safe from dismal daily newspapers, and all report of wonderful nineteenth-century enlightenments, and where telegrams could not be delivered. One would "dig out," in the spring, as fresh as Adam emerged from the dust of the earth into Eden, with all the ills that flesh is heir to sloughed off. To have one's little life rounded with such a sleep! Ah, the thrill of that April morning!—to stand at the mouth of the hole, where the winter had been so sweetly dreamed away, upon one's hind-legs—I mean upon the minimum of support our unfortunate species is limited to—and behold the new creation of the earth; the bare, brown hills, and the leafless trees aglow in the light of expectation!

But this is not a day which can bring such longings; they will come soon enough when the mercury drops again—a plummet into the heart of this blandly-smiling Winter. The reality of this opulent mid-winter-day stirs sweeter currents by far in the soul than the most blissful dreamings.

MYRON B. BENTON.

THE BOHON-UPAS-TREE.

DURING the cruise of the United States ship Plymouth in the East Indies she visited the coast of Borneo, and there spent some time in regulating our commercial interests. While lying off the mouth of Bruni River, upon which is situated the capital city of Borneo proper, a party was made up to visit a upas-tree, which it appears is occasionally found in other islands than Java.

With a boat's crew well armed we left the ship at daybreak, in

order to accomplish the distance (twenty-one miles) before the sun came out in full strength. Reaching the mouth of the river after a pull of an hour and a half we landed to eat our breakfast, and, after resting the crew, put off again, arriving at our place of destination about ten A. M. We were all looking out eagerly for the realization of one of the wonderful stories that so fascinated our boyhood; but here were no barren wastes, or arid, skeleton-covered plains.

Following our native guide-boat we sheered in alongside of a grassy bank, the summit of which was laid out in small plots like children's gardens at home, each plot surrounded by a border of shells, with carefully-kept walks between them. Nothing but grass and flowers were growing there, but these were most luxuriant; for this was a graveyard, and we were even then standing under the shadow of the terrible poison-tree, near which these people bury their dead, which may partially account for the wonderful stories told by early travellers. The tree itself measured eleven feet in circumference five feet above the ground, and, instead of scattering death and destruction, was girted round with creeping vines and many-colored parasites that wound their way to the topmost branches, which were higher than any of the surrounding trees, and equalled, if not surpassed, those of our loftiest forest-trees at home.

An incision was made, after the manner of tapping maple-trees, and the sap, which is reported to be a deadly poison, commenced flowing drop by drop. It was of a yellowish-white color, thick and glutinous, resembling in its general appearance good rich cream. There was no unpleasant odor perceptible from it, nor did any of us experience any disagreeable sensations, though standing near by while the sap was being discharged. This was so slow an operation that it required nearly an hour to fill a two-ounce phial. Meantime it was desirable to procure some of the leaves and branches, but these were beyond our reach, as the lowest branch was at least a hundred feet from the ground, and, although the men could easily have climbed up by the vines, the surgeon in charge of the party refused to let them make the attempt, fearing that their hands and feet might become poisoned. At last, having loaded all our carbines with ball, a particular limb was selected, and we fired together, by this means securing several fine specimens.

Having obtained matter enough of all kinds to satisfy the demands of science, we returned to the ship, arriving on board at two o'clock in the morning, highly gratified by the result of our visit to this great natural curiosity which had been one of the wonders and mysteries of our boyhood.

H. W. DODGE.

A CAVALIER TO HIS SWORD.

(SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)

COME, kiss my gallant sword,
And sprinkle it with wine;
This night it won its lord
A joy and hope divine!

Oft in these gloomy days
That cloud our stormy isle,
It earned a leader's praise—
To-night a woman's smile!

Behind its point, secure
Oft life and honor lay—
To-night it guarded pure
A richer prize than they.

Once did the steadfast blade
Our monarch's bulwark prove—
To-night the steel was swayed
To serve the queen of love!

With myrtle and the rose
Entwine it for the stroke;
In them it brighter glows,
Than decked with bay or oak!

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.



CLEARING THE SURFACE OF THE ICE WITH SNOW-PLOUGHS.

I C E :

ITS FORMATION, PECULIARITIES, AND USES—ITS COMMERCIAL VALUE AND IMPORTANCE—THE ICE-HARVEST, HOW GATHERED AND MARKETED.

“OBSERVE, my brethren,” said a grave English clergyman, to his hearers, in one of his sermons, “what a wise dispensation of Providence it is that great rivers should always flow past great towns.” In a similar spirit of profound philosophical reflection we may remark what a wise dispensation it is that ice should be solely or mainly a product of *cold* countries! If it were formed in the tropics, what quantities of it would be wasted, and how it would check the rapid growth of vegetation! There is, to be sure, sometimes a little superabundance of it in those Northern regions, where, from its commonness, it is not so highly prized as it should be; but the same thing is true of tropical products.

Our neighbors in Greenland, Iceland, and Nova Zembla (not to speak of Alaska, which is a part of our own homestead), are, we are sorry to say, sometimes inclined to complain of a superfluity of ice, when, from an unusually hard freeze, it exceeds twenty feet in thickness, and is too rough for sledging, and especially when, owing to the nights being dark, they cannot follow their favorite amusement of skating in a ring round the North Pole, or dance the German on the ice beneath the illuminations of the aurora borealis. It is, it must be confessed, a little awkward at times for our daring navigators in their ardent pursuit of whales to find themselves nipped between two vast ice-fields, and their vessels crushed like egg-shells, or to have a squadron of those grand old icebergs, two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet above the water, and at least two thousand feet below it, come sailing in among them, and paying not the slightest heed to the laws of the road. But, then, these things are good for the whales, and why should these whaling-ships persist in trying to catch the harmless monsters, when kerosene is so cheap and astral oil so widely advertised? It is evident that in this world the interests of classes must clash to some extent, and, if man has had his day, why should not the whale have his also, and enjoy the delights of his ice-clad home, undisturbed by harpoons, self-exploding bombs, or the other weapons of destruction, which have hitherto brought to light so much blubbering and spouting among these monsters of the deep? But it is ice, not whale-oil, that we undertook to write about.

Manifold are the uses of ice. It is an admirable thing to skate upon, when it is smooth, and there are no treacherous ice-glades or rotten ice to interfere with the sport. With the skilful skater skating is the very poetry of motion; the graceful curves, pirouettes, and intricate

figures, executed with such ease; the swift flight and pursuit; the evolutions by which the experienced skater avoids his pursuer, or, doubling on his track, becomes in his turn the pursuer—send a joyous thrill through the veins, and the man seems for a time changed into a winged creature, who can at will spurn this dull earth. If the skater be of the fair sex, and reasonably skilful in the art, her graceful motions and her well-arranged drapery add to the beautiful illusion, and she seems a swan skimming over the glassy surface, or a bird of paradise irradiating the scene with the brilliant yet harmonious tints of her plumage.

Ice is a grand antiseptic. On the banks of the Yenisei, the Obi, and the Lena, Siberian rivers, and the shores of the Frozen Sea, there have been found, within the last two hundred years, exhumed by exceptionally-protracted rains and thaws, great numbers of carcasses of the mastodon and other huge prehistoric beasts, which had been packed in ice probably many thousand years ago—what time those frightful beasts and beastesses, so vividly depicted in the Museum department of this journal, roamed the earth, and perhaps stored away for the prehistoric man to carve with his obsidian knives, chop with his stone hatchets, or crack their bones with his porphyry hammers; but alas, poor fellow! he failed of finding the contents of this grand refrigerator, and he and his wife and little ones were compelled to drag out a squalid existence on the meat of the wild-horse or the cave-bear.

The presence of so many of these huge creatures in a region so far north, denizens of a temperate if not a tropical climate—as from their habits they must have been—indicates with certainty the suddenness and completeness of some of those climatic changes which geologists describe, and which they attribute to a change in the inclinations of the earth to the plane of the ecliptic. The poor brutes must have been caught in a hard frost as they were disporting themselves in the stream—a frost so hard that they were fast locked in their icy bed, and, covered with the drift, borne down by the river-currents. Nor is this remarkable, if we believe the statements of Erman, the Russian traveller, who tells us that an attempt was made many years since to sink a well near the mouth of one of these rivers, and that the workmen employed found alternate layers of gravel and clear solid ice to the depth of five hundred and eighty-two feet, indicating that the internal fires had not made much progress in thawing out that part of the planet.

Mankind are exceedingly stupid ; whether they grow more or less so, as the ages roll on, is a mooted question. It would seem that, from this demonstration of the antiseptic and refrigerating power of

us in their perfection, from any considerable decay for months, or even years.

The same antiseptic quality of ice enables us to preserve, by means

of it, the remains of our friends from too speedy decay while awaiting the last sad rites of burial. Of its uses, resulting from this quality, in medical and surgical treatment, we shall speak farther on.

Some of our readers may think that it is hardly necessary to say that ice, like some of the parties who deal in it, is decidedly cool ; and yet this very quality of coolness is what gives ice its principal value. Without the addition of its cooling property, the Croton, the Ridgewood, and possibly even the Cochituate water, would be, in the middle of the present century, that there was a great, useful, and profitable lesson to be taught by this sudden uncovering of food thus preserved for ages. We know now, thanks to the enterprise of American inventors and discoverers, that it is not only possible but easy to transport carcasses of beef, mutton, pork, and venison, killed on the plains of Texas, at the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, or on the Pacific slope, and much more in the States of the Mississippi Valley, in refrigerating cars or ships, where the temperature is reduced to 34° Fahrenheit or below, by means of ice-packing, to the Atlantic coast, or, for that matter, around the globe. The effort is now making to bring beef from the South-American pampas, and mutton from Australia, in the same way to our markets, and, if it fails, it will not be from lack of antiseptic power in the refrigerating chambers of the ships, but from the inferior quality of the beef and mutton, and the defects in the proper methods of packing.

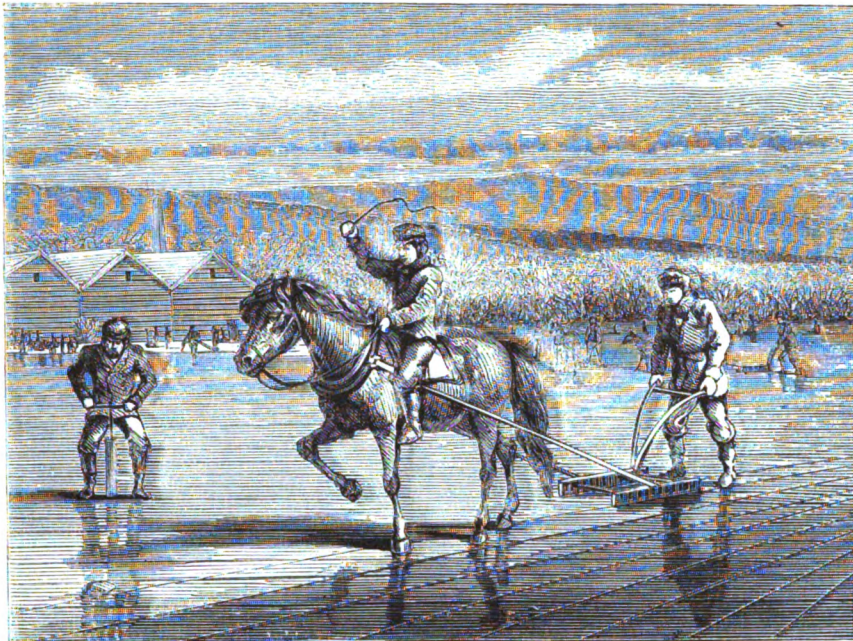
By an analogous process of refrigerating chambers in steamships, or refrigerating houses in our cities, it has been demonstrated that it is possible to preserve our own fruits, and the delicious grapes, oranges, lemons, guavas, pomegranates, bananas, and other tropical fruits, which hitherto have never reached

summer at least, flat, stale, and unprofitable. What would the vendors of soda and mineral waters, of root and medicated beers, lager-bier, and similar beverages, do without ice to make their otherwise often distasteful drinks cool and palatable? Who does not know that the delicious coolness imparted by ice to more potent stimulants, the iced champagne, milk-punch, sherry-cobblers, mint-juleps, and the thousand other concoctions by which alcoholic liquors are disguised and rendered palatable, is the cause of the very great increase in their use? The confectioner's art, too, is greatly indebted to this gelid

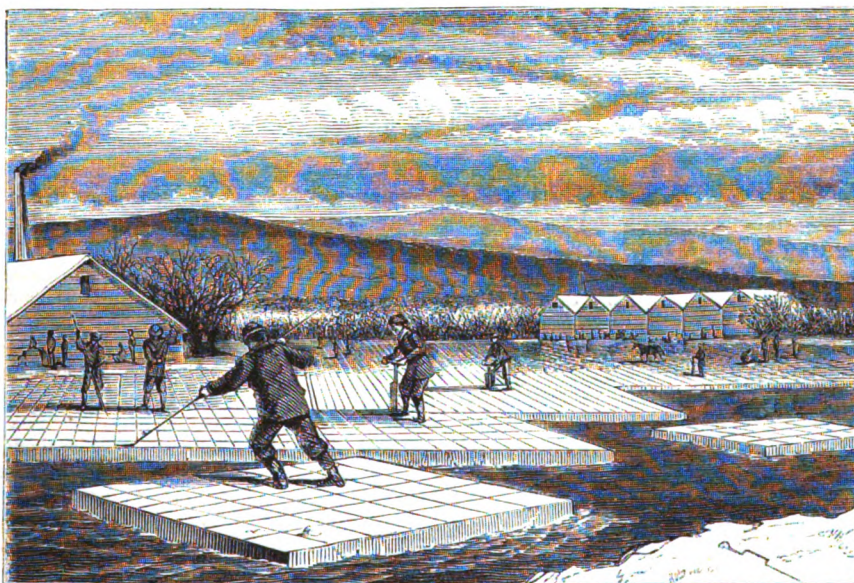
quality of ice, for many of its most popular preparations, the ice-creams, fruit-ices, and other summer confections, owe their toothsome-ness largely to the presence of ice in them.

In the latter part of the last century and the early years of the present, wealthy citizens in the country often built ice-houses on their grounds and filled them during the winter from some spring, pond, or stream, near by, for use during the summer months ; the small farmers and less wealthy

classes were fain to use some cool spring or a deep well, if they had one, as their refrigerator. In the cities ice, seventy years ago, was a rare and precious luxury ; and various were



GROOVING THE ICE.



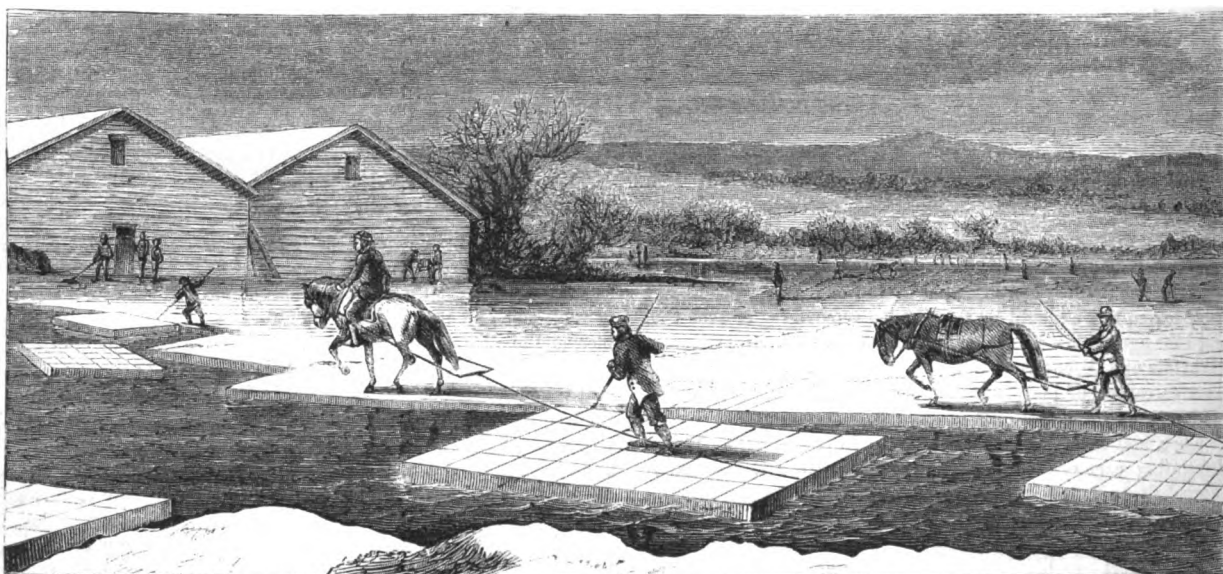
SAWING THE ICE AND BEARING IT OFF.

the substitutes devised to answer its purpose. The butchers and butter-dealers usually had small quantities brought from some ice-house at a distance, but the citizens generally could only rely on cool cellars and pump or well water. Now, in the large and small cities and most of the larger towns, every family has its refrigerator, and receives its daily or tri-weekly supply of ice during the warm season, and ice has become no longer a luxury but a necessity to those myriads of households.

In the threatened ice-famine of the summer of 1870, though the price to which ice advanced caused a very great decrease in its consumption, still there were thousands of families who would have as soon abstained from the use of meat as of ice; and to many of them the enhanced price was as real and as cruel a hardship as the quadrupling the price of bread would have been.

It remains that we should speak of the use of ice for medical and surgical purposes. This, like most of its other economical uses, is for the most part of recent discovery and application. For arresting hæmorrhage and allaying pain, by its benumbing influence, in surgical operations, ice is one of the best and most efficient appliances of the surgical armory; it is also used to some extent in the treatment of

reaches the temperature of 39° , water, in giving up portions of its latent heat, contracts, though very moderately; between 39° and 32° (the point of solidification), it expands about eleven per cent., or one-ninth of its previous bulk; and this expansion is so irresistible as to form an explosive force nearly equal to that of gunpowder, calculated by physicists at twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds to the cubic inch. The reason for this departure from the general law in the case of the solidification of water is obvious, though it has never, so far as we know, been adduced as among the evidences of design on the part of the Creator. If water, like the oils and the mineral salts, became heavier when it became solid, it would sink to the bottom of the lake, pond, or stream, on which it formed, and the successive layers of ice formed in a cold season sinking as they congealed, the body or stream of water would be wholly solidified, and would only become liquid again after a long season of excessive heat. This would lead to the destruction of the finny tribes which inhabit the waters, to the diminution of the evaporation from their surface, and the consequent diminishing of the rainfall; to a lower mean of animal temperature, backward seasons, and small and imperfect crops. The regions where the ice sunk as it froze would soon become a bleak



DRAWING THE ICE-BLOCKS TO THE ICE-HOUSE.

aneurisms, and sometimes in encephaloid tumors. In medicine it is, in judicious hands, one of the most valuable and potent articles of the *materia medica*. It is used in the treatment of inflammation of the brain, inflammation of the stomach or intestines; in the discussion of inflammatory tumors, carbuncles, etc.; in the treatment of cholera, yellow fever, and metritis; as an application to the spine, in spasmodic diseases, and in inflammation of the spinal cord or its membranous coverings; in mania-a-potu, and delirium tremens, and in various other diseases, characterized by excessive excitement of the circulatory system. It ranks among the best remedies in the hands of the profession; yet, though it may be considered valuable for both internal and external use, it is not, like the much-vaunted salve, to be used "externally, internally, and eternally." In midwinter, with the thermometer at zero, it must be a fierce fever or inflammation which will require a very free use of ice; but, amid the inflammatory diseases of the summer months, it is not only beneficial, but generally very agreeable to the patient. Ice has its peculiarities. While chemically it is only crystallized water, we find, in investigating the circumstances of its congelation, some things which surprise us, or would, if we gave them thought. The freezing-point of fresh water is said to be 32° Fahr.; yet, if the water is kept perfectly still, and nothing is thrust into it, the temperature may fall to 15° , or, as some chemists assert, to 5° before it congeals; the moral to be drawn from which is, "Keep still if you do not want to get into a fix." Another of its peculiarities is that, while most liquids contract on assuming the solid form, water expands. It does this, however, only within certain limits. Till it

and barren desert. Under the existing natural law the water beneath the ice retains a temperature not below 32° .

Another peculiarity of ice is its greatly increased density and tenacity under protracted and severe cold. Most liquids, on assuming the solid form, retain that form, without material change, so long as the temperature remains below the point of liquefaction, a further decrease of temperature effecting no perceptible difference in their density; but the ice, formed at a temperature of 25° to 30° Fahr., is as different from that which is found when the temperature has ranged for some time between 10° and -10° Fahr., as chalk is from granite. The ice at the lower temperature is dense and hard as a flint; it strikes fire with the pick or the skate, and, as in St. Petersburg, in 1740, when masses of it were turned and bored for cannon, though but four inches thick, they were loaded with iron cannon-balls, and a charge of a quarter of a pound of powder, and fired without explosion.

Still another peculiarity of ice is that in the process of freezing the impurities (salts, etc.), held in solution in the water are eliminated, and only the pure water takes on the crystallized form. This is a very important fact, and is often made use of by practical chemists in concentrating tinctures, vinegar, alcoholic preparations, etc., by freezing out the water which they contain.

The ancients gathered snow, and packed it in caves and pits, for use in cooling the water and wine which they drank, and even the nectar of the gods was said to be cooled by snow from Mount Olympus. The Italian peasants still gather the snow from the Apennines, and pack it in caves and pits; and in Naples, Rome, and Flor-

ence, there are numerous snow-shops, where this soiled and impure snow is sold during the warm season. Mr. W. J. Stillman, late United States consul at Rome, attempted a few years since to introduce American ice there, offering the pure Wenham-Lake ice at the price the people were paying for this dirty snow; but he was informed that it could not be permitted, as the right to gather and vend this snow was a vested right of the Italian peasants, and must not be disturbed.

The ice business has grown up from small beginnings to be one of the largest of the minor industries in this country. It employs a capital of not less than twenty million dollars, and the aggregate sales of ice are somewhat more than thirty million dollars. Forty years ago the capital invested was less than one hundred thousand dollars, and the aggregate sales not more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

There are now in New-York City five or six ice companies, with an aggregate capital of nearly four million dollars. They will market in average years about a million tons of ice, supplying not only New-York City, but Brooklyn, and the other towns and cities of Long Island, Staten Island, Westchester, and the cities and towns of New Jersey adjacent to New York. Nearly one hundred thousand tons are exported to distant cities and foreign countries.

These companies have their ice-houses at between thirty and forty points on or near the Hudson River, and at such lakes as are accessible by railroad, and within convenient distance of the city. These ice-houses have an aggregate capacity of about a million tons, but some of them are filled more than once a year, the sale continuing to a moderate extent throughout the winter months. They will employ the coming season about forty barges of from four hundred to eight hundred tons each, five steamers, nearly three hundred wagons, about five hundred horses, and seven hundred men. In the summer of 1870 the prices of ice

were, to the large hotels and packing-establishments, seventy-five cents per hundred pounds; to butchers, druggists, and the larger grocers, one dollar per hundred; and to families and small consumers,

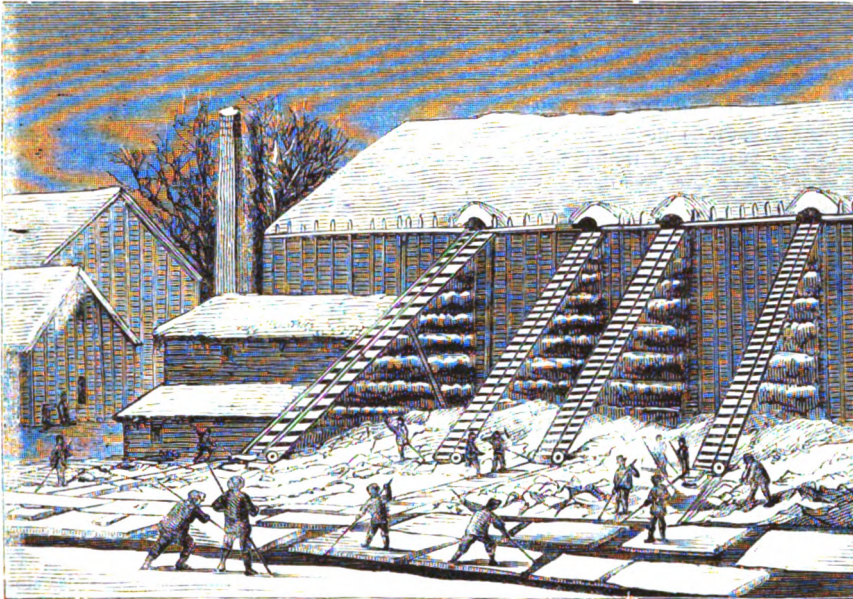
from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars per hundred pounds. Even with these exorbitant prices, which the companies justified on the ground of a threatened scarcity of ice, there was great, and, in many instances, just complaint of short weight and frauds in the delivery. This was undoubtedly often the fault of the drivers, who made a considerable daily profit in selling to others than their regular customers; but their delinquencies were overlooked or very leniently treated by

the managers themselves, and there was some reason to believe that some of these participated in the fraudulent gains.

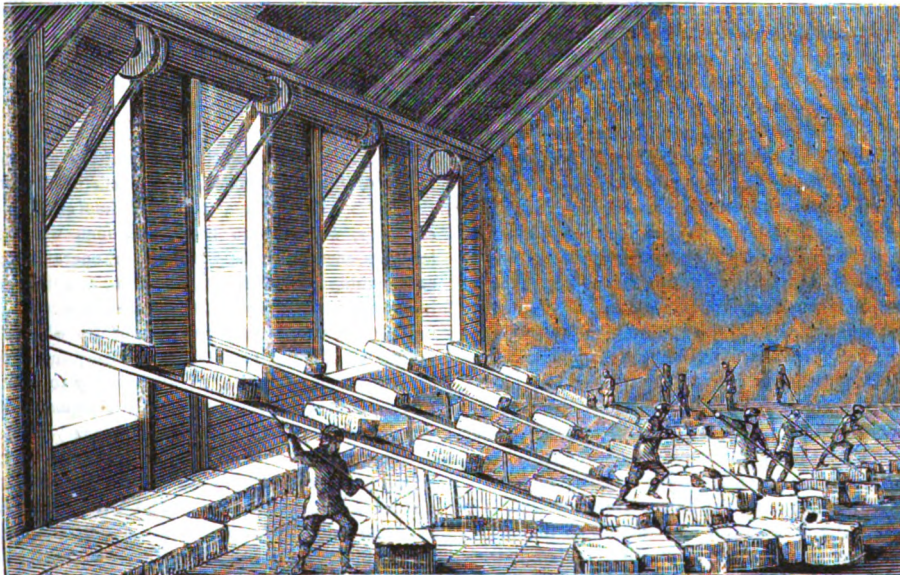
The export of ice to foreign countries had its origin at Boston, within the present century, and has only attained to any considerable importance within the past thirty-five years. It has been stated, jestingly, that Massachusetts had but two agricultural crops for export, granite and ice; but she has made both the sources of great profit to her. The ice-crop, however, was not discovered as an article of export till 1805, when Mr. Frederick Tudor, of Boston, sailed in his own brig, with a cargo of one hundred and thirty tons of ice, for Marti-

nique. Much of this melted on the voyage, and the remainder sold slowly and only at a loss; but Mr. Tudor persisted in the business, though without profit, till the War of 1812 commenced, and for the time put an end to the trade. In 1815 Mr. Tudor obtained some exclusive privileges from the Cuban Government, and between 1817 and 1820 began to send cargoes also to Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans. But he

met with frequent disasters, and often, from long passages, lost the greater part of his cargoes. As late as 1832, his whole shipments for the year amounted to only forty-three hundred and fifty-two tons, all of which was taken from Fresh Pond, in Cam-



ELEVATORS AT THE ICE-HOUSE.



STORING THE ICE.

bridge. In 1833 he sent his first cargo to the East Indies. Of one hundred and eighty tons shipped, eighty melted on the passage to Calcutta, but what was left sold promptly at a remunerative price. From this period the business began to thrive. In 1836, the exports from Boston were twelve thousand tons; in 1846, sixty-five thousand tons; in 1856, one hundred and forty-six thousand tons; in 1866, nearly two hundred and fifty thousand tons. The export from the Northern ports is now in all about five hundred thousand tons. A very considerable amount is sent to British and Continental ports, and large quantities also to Brazil and other South-American states. About two hundred thousand tons are sent from Boston, Portland, Bangor, and New York, to the southern Atlantic and Gulf cities. Immense quantities of ice are harvested every year from the great lakes, not only for the supply of Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Toledo, Milwaukee, and other lake cities, but to send to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, and other cities and towns of the Southwest.

The gathering of the ice-harvest is a lively and stirring season. We have already said that the supply of ice for the New-York market comes mainly from the Hudson River above tide-water, from the coves, bays, and inlets along its shores, and from the small and pure lakes near to the river, or to some one of the great railroad routes leading to the metropolis. The Boston supply, both for home consumption and export, is derived from several lakes at no great distance from Boston; that of Portland and Bangor, from the Kennebec, Penobscot, and Androscoggin, above tide-water, and from some of the lakes of Maine. In the West, the great lakes, and the smaller lakes of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan, yield an unlimited supply. The ice-houses are huge buildings, from one hundred to two hundred feet in width, and from two hundred to four hundred in length, generally of wood, though sometimes of brick, with double, triple, or quadruple walls, the interstices usually packed with some non-conducting substance, such as spent tan-bark, sawdust, etc., with doors closing tightly on each floor, but no windows, and with inclined planes, movable, and adapted to each story, without as well as within, and, in the case of the larger ice-houses, a steam elevator is employed to drag the blocks up the inclined planes and lower them on the inside.

A favorable time having arrived for storing the ice, after a considerable period of severe frost, the fields are temporarily fenced; the snow, if there is any, is scraped off by a broad scraper, drawn usually by one horse, and the ice planed by another scraper, armed with a steel blade, to the depth of two or three inches, to remove the porous ice. Then comes the marker, a sort of plough which cuts a narrow groove, perhaps three inches deep, drawn by one horse—for, in this harvest, the ploughing and reaping are done the same day—and, when the marker has run a series of parallel lines five feet apart, it is turned the other way and crosses these with other grooves, also five feet apart. These grooves are deepened, and the size of the blocks reduced, by a sort of harrow, with three or more parallel rows of long and sharp teeth, about two feet apart, one row running in the grooves already made. Sometimes another plough, with a long, sharp, and comparatively thin tooth, or blade, is run through the principal grooves, if the ice is very thick. One row of the blocks is then cut through to the water underneath, by means of handsaws, and these blocks are hauled up on the ice adjacent, and run to the inclined planes, or loaded on sleds. The work now begins to be lively. As it is always uncertain whether there will be another favorable time for housing the ice, all hands drive their work as rapidly as possible. One gang, armed with crow-bars, thrust them into the grooves, and pry off the blocks; another catch them with a kind of spear and hook combined, and drag them into the canal formed by raising the blocks already described. Others attach to a sheet of perhaps fifty squares, a grappling-iron, with a long chain, and it is towed by horse-power toward the ice-house, either through the water, or, one end being tilted, it is raised on the icy surface and dragged swiftly to the elevator. Here, in blocks of five feet square, or smaller if desired, it is run up the inclined planes by the elevator and lowered on the inside, men being ready to receive it and pack it, standing on edge, with layers of sawdust, shavings, rice hulls, or spent tan. One story or floor being filled, the sliding-doors are closed, and the next floor above is stowed in the same way, gutters and drainways near the walls receiving and carrying off the drainage and water from the melting of the ice. The houses, as fast as filled, are closed as tightly as possible, and they are only opened as the ice is wanted for immediate consumption. During this harvest season—which seldom lasts more

than four or five days at a time—if there is moonlight, the work is often continued through the night as well as the day, and the scene is an animated and beautiful one. The men and animals seem stimulated to the utmost exertion, and all work with a will; at some of the houses of the Knickerbocker and Washington Ice Companies, six hundred tons are housed in an hour. Ice is too perishable an article, in warm weather, to bear many handlings. If wanted for export, the vessel to be laden comes, if possible, to the ice-house, and receives its cargo with but a single handling. The shippers have usually, at the port to which they are bound, a suitably-constructed ice-warehouse, where the cargo can be stored till sold; but each transfer is attended with heavy loss from melting. If the ice is intended to supply the city trade, it is loaded on the barges, which are peculiarly constructed for this business, and a half dozen or more of them are towed down by a steamer (barges and steamer being both owned by the company) to the company's docks, and either stored in their city warehouses, or, if the demand is active, loaded immediately upon those huge, heavy wagons which shake all the houses on the street by their jarring thunder. In an average season, the net cost to the company of the ice ready for delivery to the customer, does not much, if at all, exceed three dollars per ton. When there is a scarcity of the commodity, and the company are obliged to supplement their own stock by purchases from Maine or elsewhere, this cost may be doubled; but this is very rarely the case. The average price to the consumer, of the three classes already named, during five years past, has been about eleven, thirteen, and sixteen dollars, the average being considerably increased by the extraordinary high prices of the last season. The competition from the organization of new companies, and the pressure to sell the vast quantities of ice stored during this very favorable season, will probably materially reduce the price of this commodity to our citizens, but will be very certain to increase largely the quantity exported to foreign countries. In 1870, prices at home ruled so high as to render foreign exportation comparatively unprofitable, and it had accordingly fallen off to about sixty-three thousand tons. The home market, in fact, is much the largest and most certain. In 1856, New-York City consumed and shipped two hundred and eighty-five thousand tons of ice. In 1866, the supply was four hundred and fifty thousand tons; in 1871, it will exceed one million tons. Very few branches of business have had so rapid a development.

UNCLE SAM'S STRONG BOX.

THE Treasury Building in Washington covers three acres. Built of granite, after a Grecian model, its pediments shaped upon the spot, and its pillars monoliths, its length and breadth in true proportion to its height, and its ornaments and fittings, fountains and gardens, approaches and esplanades, corresponding to each other and to the whole—it is, perhaps, more nearly perfect than any other public edifice in America.

Within its walls are the offices of two cabinet-ministers and eleven heads of bureaus. There are chiefs of divisions, comptrollers and their subordinates, auditors of claims and accounts, printers of the currency, women who copy, and men who revise, mechanics and laborers, messengers and watchmen, operatives and their superintendents, cunning artificers who engrave and deft experts who examine—including, all told, fully three thousand souls. Of the complex working of this vast living machine, of its wheels within wheels, of the grades of office, payments for services, and specialties of divisions, I do not purpose to write. I wish simply to describe one bureau—that of the United States Treasurer, the depositary and guardian of the people's money. This office, the Treasury proper, occupies the place of honor in the building, the principal entrance in the magnificent new north front leading directly to it. Entering, the visitor's eye is attracted by an inscription, "The United States Treasury." This is over the door of the cash-room, one of the finest business rooms in America. A gallery opening from a corridor in the second story—for the cash-room comprises two stories in height—affords the visitor a view of the interior. It is seventy feet long by thirty broad. The floor is of marble; marble columns with exquisitely-wrought capitals and bases sustain the ceiling, and panels of the same set in frames of a different hue form the sides. The walls alone cost sixty-five thousand dollars, and the bronze railing, of beautiful design, enclosing the gallery, cost twenty thousand.

Descending, and passing through the cash-room to a corridor near by, one sees huge iron panels which appear to form part of the walls. They extend from floor to ceiling, and bear heavy mouldings. In the centre of each is the national shield, and the letters U. S. These panels form one side of the great vault—"Uncle Sam's" strong box. I had imagined the government treasure hidden away in some remote underground cell, as if it were the hoard of a miser, but the money-vault opens from a frequented corridor, receiving abundant daylight from one of its broad windows. The assistant treasurer, kind and obliging as he is efficient and faithful, bids us enter. It is a room about twelve feet square, with little in appearance to indicate its character or purpose. No imposing display of strength impresses the visitor. The barriers of iron and depths of granite which stand between millions of treasure and the midnight torch or burglar's implements, are concealed behind light wooden cases, such as might belong to a housekeeper's linen-press. The echo of his footstep on an iron floor, and the ponderous door with its huge lock so fearfully and wonderfully made, are all that remind him that he is within the fortress of a nation's wealth.

The doors of the cases opening, one sees canvas-bags tossed carelessly in heaps. They contain one hundred million dollars in gold. Here are two hundred thousand dollars which were taken from Jefferson Davis, at the time of his capture. The total value of money now in the vault is four hundred millions. Huge packages of greenbacks, fresh from the engravers' hands, cut and signed, are stored away ready for circulation, and box upon box filled with fractional currency load the shelves.

Near the money-vault is another, similar in appearance and surroundings. Its walls are lined with pigeon-holes. These are filled with envelopes containing bonds sent here by national banks as security for their circulation. The largest deposit is that of the Bank of Commerce of New York—seven and a half millions, the annual interest upon which amounts to over four hundred thousand dollars. Sixteen hundred and ninety-five banks are represented. No other deposits are kept.

The daily receipts of the Treasury, from assistant treasurers, and from all sources, are placed in the money-vault. There are seven sub-treasury offices tributary to this—at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, New Orleans, Charleston, and San Francisco. The transactions of all these offices are daily reported here to the Treasurer of the United States.

An important branch of the Treasurer's bureau is the redemption division. Each mail brings to the department hundreds or thousands of dollars in worn-out currency. It is taken in by banks and post-masters. When received at the Treasury, an account is first made of it, when it is sent to the desks of the female clerks, of whom there are one hundred and eighty-three in this bureau. When smoothed out, carefully examined for counterfeits, and recounted, the bills are done up in packages, each consisting of notes whose value is expressed by a multiple of one hundred. A paper-band is pinned round either end, upon which is written the name of the clerk who counted it, and the result of her count. Its equivalent is there made up for the bank or post-office transmitting it, in fresh new currency. Should counterfeits have been sent, they are deducted, branded, pinned suggestively to the letter acknowledging receipt, and returned. The packages of worn-out notes are next taken to a machine which punches a hole in both ends, and then to a cutting-machine, which divides them in halves. These halves are packed in separate boxes, one box going to the office of the Treasurer, the other to that of the Register of the Treasury, where they are counted for the third time. If the result be the same in both offices, the count is supposed to be correct. The notes are then burned, and the Treasury is at liberty to issue new ones in their places.

This burning is quite a formal affair. If Treasury notes (greenbacks) are to be destroyed, the burning is presided over by four officials—one each from the office of the treasurer, register, and secretary, and some person outside the bureau, who is appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury. If the destruction be of national bank-notes, the fourth witness is selected by the bank directors. These witnesses are present to see that the money is actually burned. Filthy lucre, literally and figuratively, it is. Any thing else except money, half so nasty, would be spurned in disgust.

Many of the women engaged in the redemption-bureau become exceedingly expert in detecting counterfeits, matching fragments of notes,

and counting currency. The ends of their fingers are educated to such a degree of sensitiveness that they discover counterfeits simply by feeling. A gentleman who, I think, must have been slightly jealous of this new competition in the labor-market, said: "No wonder they count money rapidly, they are so light-fingered." But their superior officers bear witness to the fact, not only that lightness of fingers enables them to count money rapidly, but that they possess a quickness of perception by which they count with fewer mistakes than men. It seems hard, though no doubt necessary, that if, in spite of their carefulness, a counterfeit *does* escape their facile fingers, or an error occur in their reckoning, they are obliged to make up the loss from their own pockets. New clerks often lose considerable sums in consequence of such mistakes.

The proverbial patience of women is put to excellent account in this bureau. Packages of money occasionally come for redemption which have suffered shipwreck, and lain, perhaps for months, under water. Many there are, of course, torn to fragments. Color has disappeared from backs and faces. The fibre of the paper is gone. To touch is to destroy them. What was done with these sorry bits before government employed women, I do not know. Imagine the pulpy, half-macerated masses sent to the desk of a man! Do you not think they would be emphatically pronounced worthless, and the whole lot consigned to the fire forthwith? The lady clerks have undisputed monopoly of this sort of business. They patiently sit down and pick out, bit by bit, the crumpled, faded fragments, smoothe them, match the pieces, paste them on a new back-ground, and, in most instances, restore them in such degree that the denomination can be ascertained, and their owner saved a loss.

Notes which have been damaged by fire are treated in the same manner. Charred and blackened inside some safe which has survived a conflagration, so thin that a breath would blow them away, or a touch reduce them to ashes, one of these expert clerks, nevertheless, with her delicate fingers, fits the tatters together, and so arranges the ashes that the figures appear again, though in shadow, dimly yet incontrovertibly attesting the fact that such notes have once been issued.

Occasionally it occurs that persons who have defrauded the United States Treasury are troubled in conscience, and prompted to return stolen money. An account is kept of all such receipts. Somewhat over one hundred thousand dollars have come back within the past six years, and been placed to the credit of the sinking fund. Imagine the repletion of the United States coffers, were a spasm of remorse to convulse delinquent army contractors into restitution of their ill-gotten gains!

An account is kept of all moneys received at the Treasury—by whom it comes, for what purposes, whether customs, taxes, sale of lands, internal revenue, or loans. A similar account is kept of moneys paid out—whether on account of public debt, army, navy, diplomatic and department officers, or miscellaneous expenses. The business done is, of course, immense. A sight of the archives only bewilders. Vast corridors in the basement are lined with cases; every letter received is filed away; and of every official communication sent, the number of which amounted to one hundred thousand last year, a duplicate is kept. There are huge registers in which every letter is classified, so that, if called for, it is forthcoming. There is no confusion. Mistakes are unknown. System makes every thing perfect, even to the minutest detail.

The public crib is supposed to offer peculiar facilities for speculation; yet it is officially stated that, during the eight years since the present treasurer came into office, not a cent has been lost to Government, either through the incapacity or misconduct of any of its servants in this bureau. Slight mistakes have occurred, but the loss resulting has been made up by persons responsible for them, or by their fellow-clerks. This fact is the more remarkable, inasmuch as these eight years include four of the war, during which the amount of business was increased twenty-fold. We must conclude that Government has been more fortunate in the selection of its cashiers and tellers, than banks throughout the country. Hardly a week passes but the newspapers bring us stories of defaulting presidents, runaway cashiers, or thieving tellers; yet, from the United States Treasurer's office, not a cent has been stolen for eight years. No wonder the head of this bureau is chosen treasurer of charitable and patriotic associations! No wonder he is considered indispensable to the Administration, and that, during the last quadrennial scramble for office, no man had the audacity to ask for his place!

LAURA M. DOOLITTLE.

TABLE-TALK.

THE question of rapid transit between the upper and lower extremities of New-York Island is revived again this winter, with interest strengthened by the ever-increasing necessity of some method by which the heart of the city can be reached more expeditiously than now. We imagine this great desideratum to New-Yorkers has been delayed in consequence of so many divided and contending projects. The interests so deeply concerned in the matter do not unite upon any definite principle, and so far nothing seems to have been settled, excepting an admission as to the cardinal necessity of a plan of some sort. Whether the road shall be an underground road, a sunken road, or an elevated road, still remains a matter of dispute, and each project has its clamorous and persistent faction. It would be well, before charters are granted, or any thing done tending to commit the government or the people to any particular plan, that a searching inquiry should be made into the feasibility of the various methods proposed. Is an underground road practicable? Is it likely ever to have travel enough to pay interest on its great cost? What has been the success of the underground system in London? Of the two methods now in operation in that city—the underground and the viaduct—which is the more successful? A commission should be sent to London to ascertain all these things. It is quite unnecessary for the people of New-York to go blindly experimenting in so important a matter, when they have full opportunity to investigate the practical operation of two distinct systems. An English engineer has recently given us assurance that the viaduct roads in London are far more profitable and more popular than the underground lines. The underground roads, although making small dividends for the present, as sort of bribes to keep up the courage of the stockholders, are scarcely paying expenses. The viaduct roads, on the contrary, are doing exceedingly well. If these statements are correct, and we have reason to believe they are, they ought to aid us here in solving the problem which has so long vexed us. If a conviction should spread that an underground system is impracticable or unadvisable, and all the interests unite in agreeing that the road must be an elevated one, we should then, probably, soon reach an agreement as to whether a viaduct system, running through the centre of the blocks, and built on arches, or a simpler elevated track, something after the manner of the Greenwich-Street road now standing, should be the design. The failure of the Greenwich-Street road gives prominence to the viaduct plan. This method seems to us to meet more nearly than any other the requirements of such a road. Built on arches of great massiveness and strength, it would admit of the highest rate of speed. Running midway between the avenues, through the centre of the squares, it would occupy no space now employed for ordinary traffic. Crossing the streets that are at right angles with it on high and enclosed viaducts, there would be no disturbance of any kind to the

travel below. The cost of such a road would be partly relieved by the uses to which the spaces beneath the road could be put—which in some quarters could be leased for storage, and in others for ordinary business purposes. But, whether this plan be adopted or not, it would hasten the consummation of the great need if all question of an underground road could be eliminated from the problem. Ordinarily we prefer to see enterprises of this character accomplished by private effort; but it would seem, in this case, as if greater success would be assured if the matter were referred to a commission, and made a State affair.

— The siege of Paris by the Germans, in 1870-'71, will undoubtedly take rank among the most celebrated events in the annals of mankind. It has, indeed, few parallels in history, and those only in the remote past. Very seldom has a city of such magnitude, filled with a warlike, well-armed, and determined population of millions, been assailed by a force numerous enough to invest it completely, and to hold at the same time the besieged in check, together with great armies organized for their relief in the yet unconquered provinces. The sieges of Nineveh, by the Medes (B. C. 606); of Babylon, by the Persians (B. C. 538); of Carthage, by the Romans (B. C. 146); of Jerusalem, by the Romans (A. D. 70); of Rome, by the Goths (A. D. 410); and of Constantinople, by the Turks (A. D. 1453)—are those which most resemble that of Paris in magnitude and importance, if we except the less known, and to us less interesting, sieges of the great cities of Eastern Asia. In Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, and Constantinople, it is possible that the besieged population may have equalled that of Paris. Of the number of their besiegers we know little except in the case of the Turks, who invested Constantinople with an army about as numerous as that which has just reduced Paris. All these famous sieges, like hundreds of others in history, were successful. In fact, it is almost certain, from the perfection of modern military science, that any city invested and besieged must eventually surrender unless relieved from the outside. For Paris there has been no real hope from the beginning of the siege. Its result was determined beforehand by the surrender of Sedan, and still more by the surrender of Metz—capitulations which deprived France of nearly all her regular army, and, still worse, of nearly all her capable and experienced officers, and left her defence to the hands of raw levies with unskilled commanders. The French armies in the field were insufficient to cope with the Germans who were not needed for the siege of Paris. The attempt to carry on the war after the catastrophe of Sedan, and especially after the still greater catastrophe of Metz, would never have been undertaken by a regular or legitimate government. The prolonged and ruinous resistance of France and of Paris was the work of adventurers with every thing to gain and nothing to lose by the continuance of hostilities. So long as the war continued under their usurped rule, they were princes and great personages, inhabiting palaces, exercising power, and controlling vast sums of

money. Peace to them meant abdication of their authority, and speedy return to obscurity and poverty. They, therefore, stimulated the people to resistance by false reports and baseless hopes, and the people—brave, patriotic, and high-spirited, though fearfully ignorant—responded vigorously, and, both in Paris and in the provinces, have made a very gallant and heroic struggle without the slightest chance of success. The result is exhaustion, devastation, and anarchy. It will take France a generation to recover from the merely material losses of the war, and perhaps as long to recover her moral tone and her power of self-government. At present she seems plunged into a political chaos, out of which no one can predict in what shape she will emerge. One lesson she has assuredly learned, and that is, not to make war upon Germany without provocation. For years to come, perhaps for ages to come, she will doubtless remember this salutary lesson, and let her powerful neighbor severely alone.

— Mr. Edwin Forrest is now playing at the French Theatre an engagement which will probably be his last in this city. It is fully fifty years since Mr. Forrest made his first appearance as an actor, and more than forty years since he attained a recognized position as at the head of the American stage. At eighteen years of age Forrest began his dramatic career; at twenty-six he had reached the highest point in his profession. Since then his career has, in one sense, been uniformly successful; he has made much money, and he has always addressed a large circle of admirers. But he has not quite retained the place in popular affection that he once possessed. There are various reasons for this, some of which do him honor, and others his enemies remember, while his friends extenuate. Mr. Forrest's temper has not been conciliating. He became involved in domestic difficulties, in which his cause was so managed that, while actually in the right, he was made to appear in the wrong. He quarrelled with Mr. Macready, the great English actor, without taking pains to be in the right. And, whether in the right or the wrong, he has invariably so scoffed and scorned the public press that he long since converted nearly the whole host of dramatic critics into enemies. Proud, reserved, somewhat bitter, Mr. Forrest so rebelled against those wiles and intrigues that make popular opinion that he carried his virtue to a vicious extreme, and forgot the ordinary amenities of life. These things have raised against him a formidable host, and have been the means, indirectly, of leading to a depreciation of his genius as an actor. It has become the fashion in America of deriding and underrating the one distinct American exponent of dramatic art. It has gone forth as a dictum that Forrest is a physical actor, a coarse actor, a rude, uncultivated actor. He is of so large and massive a make that, in one sense, he is a physical actor, and, no doubt, some of his effects are enhanced by or derived from this circumstance; and that some of the characters that he plays have a rude charm to the multitude, on account of his splendid presence, cannot be denied. But those who say he is not an intellectual actor do not judge, we think, correctly. We venture

to assert that he is the closest student now on the stage. Mr. Forrest, old, massive, infirm, is very far indeed from the ideal of Hamlet; and yet, those who can study the rendition of a part on its intellectual plane, without regard to physical advantages or disadvantages, must admit that the Prince of Denmark has no representative who brings to it a more scholarly taste. The readings of the soliloquies are exceedingly beautiful. Mr. Forrest is, like some other actors, more satisfactory in his level talking than in his passionate outbreaks. In colloquial delivery, he is simple, yet rich in every grace of true elocutionary art. In the soliloquies of Hamlet, his musing, abstracted utterance of those famous passages has the highest excellence. They are spoken with entire conception of their meaning, and every line is the result of a study far closer than our young actors have any conception of. Taking the single part of Hamlet as a test—and there can be no better—we believe every unprejudiced mind capable of judging will admit that Mr. Forrest's rendition of the part is, intellectually considered, in advance of all others. We utter this defence of Forrest because his theatrical career will soon end, and we would fain see, ere it is too late, greater justice done to a man whom once it was the fashion to praise too highly, and who now suffers, at the hands of certain people, unwarrantable neglect.

—Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in a recent lecture, expressed the opinion that the American people cherish an undying hatred of England. This assertion, coming from such high authority, is entitled to every respect, and, if true, may well excite mournful apprehensions in the breast of every true lover of his country. But is it true? Are not national dislikes, as well as local and religious hatreds, matters of complex, shifting, uncertain, and manifold character, easily excited, perhaps, but as easily diverted, and rarely so profound or uncompromising as not to be connected with many cordial sympathies? The bonds that unite people, and the issues that separate them, are usually bonds and issues pertaining to single questions. A man of Massachusetts and a man of South Carolina, having identical religious convictions, will unite fraternally in some cause having a denominational advantage in view, and, on political questions, uncompromisingly oppose and denounce each other. If some expert social anatomist were to trace, through all their ramifications, the strange combinations in which men shift in their relationship to each other, from foes to friends, and friends to foes, the exhibit would be a singular and an entertaining one. On all questions of national difference, there is in America a united hostility toward England, and yet we do not believe there is among us "an undying hatred" of the English people. It is easy to mistake this political opposition for a general dislike, especially by one who is distinctly canvassing the public sentiment, because, even if he has not inflamed the popular imagination, he has invited an expression of feeling on the one narrow point only. A larger investigation would discover that each man, with all his political rancor, has a special bond of union

with England. Some of the community delight in her Church, others in her literature; some are admirers of her great men, others have kindly recollections of her hospitalities, and all unite in appreciating her many sturdy virtues. If one were to judge solely by political journals and political discourses, he would justly infer that Democrats and Republicans have for each other "undying hatreds." The religious newspapers appear to indicate intense hostility between denominations, and local animosities between rival cities are always aflame. But these manifestations of hostility are usually as superficial as they are inflammable. Let us hope that America, with prejudices and dislikes too many, has no "undying hatred" for any thing but evil; and that, in her heart of hearts, there is no lack of kindly sympathy for her Cousin Bull.

—Our illustration on the first page, of "a Nook on the Hudson," represents a scene on the east bank of the river, above Peekskill. A modest and solitary cabin stands near the water's edge, on a little plain closely hemmed in by giant walls of granite, surmounted by dense woods, and forming, in all its surroundings, a thoroughly romantic scene. This place, so quiet and secluded, was many years ago the scene of a shocking tragedy. A bridal party, full of life and gaiety, were returning from the performance of the ceremony, when, as they passed along the road above this spot, the horses of the carriage containing the bride and bridegroom became frightened and dashed over the precipice, at the foot of which the bodies of the newly-married pair were found mangled and lifeless.

Literary Notes.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Publishers' Circular* writes, in December: "There is scarcely a bookseller's shop open. All the German booksellers have been expelled the country; even Herr Friedrich Klinecksieck's position as bookseller to the French Institute, and to the Imperial Library, did not exempt him from this stupid measure. His shop is closed, and all his young men have quitted France with him. Messrs. Hachette & Cie. keep open, but they have now only twelve persons in their immense establishment. They have discontinued the publication of all their periodicals; so have Messrs. Firmin Didot. 'La Bibliographie de la France' has suspended its appearance. Many of our newspapers have ceased to appear for lack of paper; the majority of the others (among them *Le Journal Officiel*) publish only a half-sheet. No books whatsoever are sold."

Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co., of this city, have published a very useful and valuable work entitled "Mines and Mining of the Rocky Mountains, the Inland Basin, and the Pacific Slope. Comprising Treatises on Mining Law, Mineral Deposits, Machinery, and Metallurgical Processes." It is edited by Professor Rossiter W. Raymond, United States Commissioner of Mining Statistics, and editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, of New York. The object of this work is to convey full information concerning our American mining industry, its condition, profits, methods, and appliances. It comprises a description of all the gold and silver mining districts of the West; a careful discussion of the laws affecting their titles; a

thorough essay on mineral deposits in general, their occurrences, characters, and classification; twenty-seven chapters, profusely illustrated, on the mechanical appliances of mining and on metallurgical processes; and an appendix, with valuable tables of statistical information. Three alphabetically-arranged analytical indexes, one of Mines, one of Mining Districts, and one of Subjects, complete the work. It is a large work, of eight hundred octavo pages, illustrated in matters where illustrations are needed, and appears fully to exhaust the theme on which it treats.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce that, providing a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained, they propose to publish "The Life of the Hon. John J. Crittenden, with Selections from his Correspondence and Speeches," edited by his daughter, Mrs. Chapman Coleman, with two portraits engraved on steel, in two handsome, large octavo volumes, printed on toned paper, and bound in fine cloth. His correspondence, which contains much important information in connection with the political history of the United States, as expressed both in the letters from his own pen and the communications from such distinguished contemporaries as Webster, Clay, Taylor, Scott, etc., will be included in the volumes.

The works of "E. Marlitt" (Mdlle. John, of Arnstadt) have had the widest circulation of any novels written by German women. "Goldela," "The Old Mam'selle," and "Countess Gisela," are known wherever German is spoken. The success of these works is characteristic of the German middle classes, and of their family journal, the *Gartenlaube*, in which the tales first appeared. The writer possesses a decided talent for story-telling, and an unusual skill in depicting every-day life; so she manages to construct harmless romances, which delight and do not harm blond German misses.

We have received a copy of the "Annual Report of the Washington School-Board," for which we are indebted to Mr. George J. McLellan, chairman of the committee. Mr. McLellan's report is very full, copious, and interesting. We learn that Washington schools now number one hundred and nineteen, that nearly twelve thousand children are enrolled for attendance, and that, by excellent financial management, a surplus of one hundred and eleven thousand dollars remains in the treasury—the expenses having fallen short of the appropriations to this amount.

"Recollections of Society in France and England," by Lady Clementina Davies; "The Life and Adventures of Count Beugnot, Minister of State under Napoleon I.," edited from the French, by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe"; "Impressions of Greece," by the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Wyse, K. C. B.; and "Turkish Harems and Circassian Homes," by Mrs. Harvey, of Ickwell Bury—are announced for publication in England.

The London *Spectator* says: "Mr. Swinburne has striven hard, no doubt, to erect an English literature of impurity, based on the best models of France; but, when the thing was done in plain English, its vileness, its want of manliness, its imp-like orgies, filled men of the world with unutterable loathing, which was only intensified by the plaudits of the little clique who placed the young poet in the same rank with Shelley."

Moritz Müller, well known for his opposition to classical studies, has just published a book called "In the Land of Thinkers," in

which he intentionally ignores the advantages of classical study, and brings out as his strongest argument against them the immorality of Greek and Latin authors.

Dr. N. Hocker, the author of a "History of the War of 1866," which has reached its sixth edition, is now writing "A History of the Franco-German War of 1870," which will be completed at the end of the present war, and will be published by A. Budeker, of Cologne.

An Italian author is now engaged in redeeming the memory of Catherine de Medici from the obloquy which, he says, has so long and so unjustly surrounded it. He intends to prove her one of the best of women.

A work, entitled "Travelling Letters from Egypt," by Louisa Mühlbach, the novelist, giving an account of her visit to Egypt, on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal, is well spoken of in Europe.

Lippincott's "Dictionary of Biography and Mythology" has now reached its twenty-ninth part, coming down to the end of the letter Q. This work is very comprehensive and valuable. Forty-five parts will complete it.

A series of papers is announced, by Charles Cowden Clarke, on "The Comic Writers of England." They will appear in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The heirs of Jane Austen have held, since her death, a novel, in manuscript, which is now to be published. The title will be "Lady Susan."

The long-expected "Life and Letters of Hugh Miller," the geologist, by Mr. Peter Bayne, is announced as in the press in London.

It is stated that three times as many Americans as Englishmen visit Stratford-on-Avon. Shakespeare is much more read in this than in his native country.

A London journal speaks of Bryant's translation of Homer as the best English version yet made.

Scientific Notes.

Professor Agassiz.

AN English journal publishes the following extracts from letters, addressed by Agassiz to a friend in England, from which it will be seen that the eminent naturalist has so far recovered from his late severe illness as to be able again to interest himself in scientific pursuits:

"CAMBRIDGE, November 24.

"I am slowly recovering, and find myself gradually returning to the ways of active life. As I wake anew to feel an interest in scientific pursuits, there is nothing for which I have a greater longing than the fossil fishes. If I could leave my house, I would fly to you to resume the examination of your and Lord Enniskillen's collections. The recent discovery of Krefft has added fuel to the fire, and I feel the most intense desire to revise the facts bearing upon the relations of the Ganoids and Selachians in general, and more particularly those of the *Cælocanthi*, to which, from the examination of the skeleton sent me by Krefft, I find his *Ceratodus Forsteri* belongs. It will no doubt turn out that the Dipterini are close relations. In this connection I am reminded of what you once wrote to me of the teeth of *Ctenodus*. Will

you now have the kindness to give me all the particulars? I am having sections of the teeth of *Ceratodus Forsteri* and some of the fossil species made for comparison. I have little doubt already that this genus will turn out to be one of the most curious *synthetic* types (I call them) in the animal kingdom, exhibiting characters of Placoids (Selachians), in the teeth, Ganoids in the scales, their embryonic characters in the preservation of a dorsal chord, instead of distinct bony vertebrae, and finally hollow bones as in birds."

"CAMBRIDGE, December 24.

"I take it some of your naturalists will crow over what they will be pleased to call my stupendous mistake in referring the teeth of *Ceratodus* to the Selachians, when the fish proves to have large imbricated scales; and yet I never was more pleased than when I learned the fact, for it settles beyond dispute the existence in nature of types, to which I have long ago called attention, under the name of *synthetic types* (see my 'Essay on Classification'), but of which naturalists have thus far taken little or no notice. When I described the teeth of *Ceratodus* as those of a distinct genus among the Cestracions, I was led to do so by appearances which secured for this association the assent of all naturalists. As long as the fossil teeth only were known, nobody questioned the relationship. Owen himself, in his 'Odontography,' mentions the teeth of *Ceratodus* and their structure, and has not a shadow of a doubt that I am right in placing that genus near Cestracion; and now comes the discovery that *Ctenodus*, a genus also referred to the Cestracions, is based upon the dental plate of a bony fish, closely allied to the one recently discovered by Krefft, and referred by him to the genus *Ceratodus*. Is not all this the most palpable evidence that there exist in Nature types which combine structural features that are entirely separate in other types? and it is to such types I have applied the name of *synthetic types*."

War Notes.

Military Courage.

LOOKING merely at the facts, we find that they come pretty much to this—that the Germans have fought with great gallantry, and have never run away or refused to fight; that the French have fought with great gallantry too, but on not a few occasions have fled in utter panic, or else surrendered on the spot, after, to say the least, a very modest show of resistance. It would be unjust, however, on this account to pronounce the French to be inferior in military courage to the Germans. National prowess is not to be estimated, like shooting at a pigeon-match, by the number of marks scored on one side or the other. It is necessary to look at the conditions under which courage is displayed on the one side, or the want of it on the other. From the common talk about courage, one might fancy it was a fixed permanent quality; on the contrary, there is nothing so fluctuating and so dependent on varying external circumstances. There are not only many degrees, but many kinds of courage—individual and corporate courage, the courage of stupidity and of intelligence, of hope and of despair. And not only are there all these varieties of courage, but the same man may possess, or be possessed by, all of them at different moments. It was the surviving zouaves who fought so desperately at Wörth, who ran away so disgracefully at Paris. In the same journal we read that the Mobiles with Garibaldi in the east of France are skulking in

ditches, scampering off across fields, or flinging themselves on the ground in abject terror, while other Mobiles at Brie and Champaigny on the Marne are attacking the Germans with impetuous and persistent daring. Yet in both cases the Mobiles were drawn from the same stock, and if their positions had been exchanged would doubtless have behaved in the same way. Indeed, many of the very Mobiles who ran away from Orleans in the first instance, displayed great bravery when first led back to Orleans by D'Aurelle, but again lost heart gradually in the three-days' fighting. The behavior of a body of troops is by no means an accurate measure of the personal bravery of the individuals composing it, or even of the majority of them. The courage corporate which "drags the coward to heroic death" is a familiar feature in the private history of armies. It may require more audacity to run away under the eye of comrades than to stop and fight; but, beyond this, there is an infectious spirit of bravery which is irresistible, and of which a very little leavening may at a propitious moment be sufficient to leaven the whole mass. Fear is equally contagious; and just as many a poor creature has been carried forward, helpless and unwilling, by the mere force of the surrounding enthusiasm, into some heroic exploit, so have brave men been similarly swept away in a tide of panic. If the plain unvarnished history of any war were written, not the least startling page would be that which recorded the large and continual desertions which are always thinning an army in the field.

War Seventy-five Years ago.

Terrible as are the sufferings of many of the wounded in the present war, and imperfect as the arrangements may be for tending them, they at least, as a rule, receive better treatment than the sick and wounded of the British army in Holland, in 1795, under the Duke of York. The accounts given in the records of the day show how scandalous was the conduct of the then military hospital authorities, and it is not surprising that the medical board, as well as the commissaries, became objects of great hatred and indignation. The following extract from a report of an eye-witness gives some idea of the condition of affairs:

"January 21, 1795.—Our" (the British) "hospitals, which were lately so crowded, are for the present considerably thinned. Removing the sick in wagons, without clothing sufficient to keep them warm in this rigorous season, has sent some hundreds to their eternal home, and the shameful neglect that prevails through all that department makes our hospitals mere slaughtering-houses. Without covering, without attendance, and even without clean straw and sufficient shelter from the weather, they are thrown together in heaps, unassisted and unprotected, to perish by contagion, while legions of vultures, down to the stewards, nurses, and their numberless dependants, pumper their bodies and fill their coffers with the nation's treasure, and, like beasts of prey, fatten on the blood and carcases of their unhappy fellow-creatures, of whom not one in a hundred survives, but perishes under the infernal claws of these harpies, still thirsting for more blood, and rioting in the jaws of death. For the truth of what I say, I appeal to every man in the army who has only for a few hours observed with an attentive eye the general rule of conduct in our hospitals of late, and witness here the scene before me while I now write. A number of men lying on a scanty allowance of dirty wet straw, which, from the heat of their bodies, sends up a visible steam, unable to help themselves; and though a sufficient number of men are liberally paid for their attendance, none has been near for several hours, even to help them to a drink of water. Five carcases, covered only with the rags they wore when they were alive, are piled upon one another in the yard on the pretence that the

ground is too hard to bury them until a thaw comes."

Dr. Russell, in a recent letter from Versailles, narrates the following incident: One of the great military chiefs was going to his quarters the other evening inside the princely precincts, when he was brought up by the point of a bayonet, and a demand for the password. The general had forgotten it. "I am General von —," he explained; "I have forgotten the pass." The sentry was a man of few words, but they were emphatic. In Polish-German, he merely observed, "I will shoot you!" and looked so very like it, that the general desisted from verbal controversy, and waited till a soldier from the post had returned with an officer to identify his excellency and give orders for his release.

In the recent fighting around Paris, the Germans and the French suffered equally; the casualties in killed and wounded are said to be seventeen thousand in the sorties alone. It is stated that the horses lying dead upon the field, already torn by shell, and many of them still warm, were eagerly utilized by the hungry French troops. It was, one writer says, a sight more singular than agreeable to see a group of officers and men hacking away with their knives, and occasionally their swords, at one of these red carcasses, and trying politely to outmanœuvre each other in the general struggle for the daintier bits.

The weather in France has lately been very inclement, and must greatly add to the sufferings of the soldiers in the field. The Germans have probably the best chance of keeping warm, for their upper coat is very substantial; the French *tentes d'abri* are not of much avail. The Germans before Paris have not received the sheepskin coats, said to have been on the way for them; but the outpost men have each a new thick blanket which they wear in the form of a plaid across the shoulders.

The Archbishop of Paris has paid a visit to the Breton ambulance. He urged the wounded to join their regiments again as soon as they recovered, and to continue to combat the enemies of France. He told them never to think of surrendering, but to fight for the deliverance of the country, and said he regretted that his ecclesiastical character prevented his shouldering a rifle on the ramparts.

General d'Aurelles's officers say that his military capacity was paralyzed by his putting himself into the hands of the Bishop of Orleans. The bishop inflicted a penance upon him, in consequence of which he remained on his knees for four consecutive hours at the altar of a saint, when he should have been attending to his business.

Miscellany.

The Diamond-Diggings.

THE centre of the diamond-producing district of South Africa may be conveniently indicated by the junction of the Hart and Vaal Rivers. According to recent advices, the strip of land between these rivers has constituted itself a republic, of which the capital is a town, actual or possible, called Klipdrift. The new state was raising, by conscription, an army of two hundred men, which was to be employed in putting down a rebellion at a place called Hebron, within its assumed frontier. The most remarkable event which had lately occurred in this district was, that a man who had found a diamond on another's "claim," had

had the honesty to give it up to him; and this appears to have been thought a very remarkable event indeed. The accounts which are sent home of the labors and disappointments of diamond-digging will probably have no effect in deterring fresh adventurers from following those who have already started in pursuit of fortune. There is, indeed, no reason why this emigration, having begun, should not proceed. The work is hard and the prizes are few, but the field of search is practically boundless. Each lottery contains many blanks, but there seems nothing to prevent the establishment of any number of lotteries offering equal chances. Hebron, the seat of rebellion, is described in a recent letter as "a very little, quiet place" on the Vaal River. The river here is three hundred yards wide, with trees on each side, and very pretty. A digger begins work at sunrise, and keeps at it, with intervals of half an hour and an hour for breakfast and dinner, until sunset. He breaks ground with a pick, carts the soil to the river, washes and sorts it. A young man of strength and resolution may support this life for a long time, in the hope of some day finding a prize; but it is a very hard life, and hope in many cases changes into despair. "I think," says a writer, "that in the long-run one is sure to hit on a big 'un." He and others will think this until they have expended their last penny in necessary supplies, and then they will leave the diggings, having learned that the conditions of life there are much the same as everywhere else. Some men starve, others barely live, and a very few grow rich. This writer has no time for rebellion, nor even for society. "After working all day, a fellow feels too tired to go out at night, and I generally read for an hour, and then go to sleep." Picking, carting, washing, sorting, form the daily round of duty. Shooting and fishing are allowed only for the pot, when the associated diggers become weary of invariable mutton. The tools and processes of diamond-digging are simple. The soil, after being picked and carted, is washed at the river-side in a cradle containing two sieves. "We put a lot of stuff in the top sieve, rock the cradle, while a Kaffre pours water on till all the small stones have gone through the top sieve, and the dirt is all off. We then look roughly over the big stones in the top sieve, and throw them away. The bottom sieve is then emptied on to a table, and we have to look carefully over the stones." "We" consist of the writer, his English partner, and a Kaffre. The serenity of Hebron is disturbed, not so much by the threatened invasion of the army of two hundred men from Klipdrift as by the reported proximity of bands of fighting Kaffres, who scare the working Kaffres from the cradles by threats of death if they continue at them.

The Broom, the Shovel, the Poker, and the Tongs.

I.

The Broom and the Shovel, the Poker and Tongs,

They all took a drive in the park,
And they each sang a song, ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong,

Before they went back in the dark.

Mr. Poker he sat quite upright in the coach,

Mr. Tongs made a clatter and clash,

Miss Shovel was dressed all in black (with a brooch),

Mrs. Broom was in blue (with a sash).

Ding-a-dong! ding-a-dong!

And they all sang a song!

II.

"O Shovel, so lovely!" the Poker he sang,

"You have perfectly conquered my heart!"

Ding-a-dong! ding-a-dong! if you're pleased
with my song,

I will feed you with cold apple-tart!

When you scrape up the coals with a delicate
sound,

You enrapture my life with delight!

Your nose is so shiny! Your head is so round!

And your shape is so slender and bright!

Ding-a-dong! ding-a-dong!

Ain't you pleased with my song!"

III.

"Alas! Mrs. Broom!" sighed the Tongs in
his song,

"Oh, is it because I'm so thin,

And my legs are so long—ding-a-dong! ding-a-dong!

That you don't care about me a pin?

Ah! fairest of creatures, when sweeping the
room,

Ah! why don't you heed my complaint?

Must you needs be so cruel, you beautiful
Broom,

Because you are covered with paint?

Ding-a-dong! ding-a-dong!

You are certainly wrong!"

IV.

Mrs. Broom and Miss Shovel together they
sang,

"What nonsense you're singing to-day!"

Said the Shovel, "I'll certainly hit you a
bang!"

Said the Broom, "And I'll sweep you
away!"

So the coachman drove homeward as fast as he
could,

Perceiving their anger with pain;

But they put on the kettle, and, little by little,
They all became happy again.

Ding-a-dong! ding-a-dong!

There's an end of my song!

A Strange Murder.

The old saying that truth is stranger than fiction never had a more remarkable illustration than in the case of four respectable Hindoos, who are now undergoing a sentence of penal servitude for life in the Andaman Islands for a murder that they were alleged to have committed. One of the prisoners was a wealthy native merchant of Sholapoor, in the province of Bombay; his wife and her two brothers complete the number. The victim of the alleged murder was a poor boy of low caste, a chamber, or shoemaker. There was nothing to be gained by his death in any way, nor was there the least ill-feeling or jealousy, or any conceivable motive for such a crime. More extraordinary still, the crime was perpetrated in a house where more than twenty persons were sleeping over-night.

It would appear that the merchant of Sholapoor is a devotee of one of the innumerable religious sects of India—the Jains, who eschew animal food, and consider it a sin to kill even those little animals that flesh and blood cannot endure. Toward the close of 1867 he left home with his wife to visit his father-in-law at Madha, and then to go on to Eedur, a place sacred to his sect. He never got farther than Madha, the tragic events of his one night's stay putting an end to all thoughts of pilgrimages. The visit was of course an occasion for joy and festivity, and the father-in-law had engaged several strangers to help in the preparation of a banquet in honor of his son-in-law.

When all had retired for the night, they numbered about twenty, including some strangers. The house in which they slept stood alone, surrounded by a wall, which, however, does not seem to have been high enough to

keep out intruders. All the persons who are suffering sentence slept on the floor of the verandas or balconies in the front of the house, a common practice in India when the weather is very warm. It was about midnight when, all being fast asleep, and the lights put out, a noise was heard in the veranda, and cries of "Thief! thief!" and "Catch him! catch him!" The inmates arose; and there was a good deal of struggling and confusion. What occurred is matter of conjecture, but when the police officers entered from the outside with a light, the chamber boy was found lying dead with his throat cut, near the door of the veranda where two of the prisoners were sleeping. All the prisoners, and especially the merchant's wife, were marked with stains of blood; one of her fingers was cut and bleeding.

The woman's account of the affair was that during the night she felt some one sitting beside her, and touching her neck with his hand, as she thought to steal her ornaments. She then raised a cry of "Thief!" and, in the struggle that ensued, was wounded in the finger. It was then given out that the boy, having been caught in the act, committed suicide. When the case was before the magistrate, no other solution was suggested, and the accused were dismissed.

The mystery of the affair, however, excited a great interest, and many explanations were suggested. The theory of suicide was discredited as totally unworthy of belief. Gradually a horrid suspicion crossed the minds of some of the neighbors, and, assuming consistency as it was propagated from mouth to mouth, soon became accepted, and for the first time the accused were in danger. There existed once generally in India a cruel superstition; when hidden treasure was to be guarded, a boy of black color was to be murdered, and his spirit, so let free, would hover around the treasure and preserve it. This diabolical opinion is certainly not shared by the intelligent part of Bengal; it is doubtless confined to the ignorant and lowest class. It was not likely to be an article of faith to a wealthy merchant; and, still more, to the devotee of a sect that looked upon all animal sacrifice with abhorrence. Nevertheless, this theory of the murder was greedily swallowed, and a person claiming to be a relative of the shoemaker-boy came forward and demanded a new trial. This was granted, and the result was that all the four prisoners were convicted, the jury putting faith in the strange story.

Women's Work.

If women want work, what doth hinder them from getting it? They flock to the school-houses for situations as teachers, till I doubt not there are twenty applications for every vacancy, and, in many instances, I know there are twice and thrice that number. They press against the doors of the Government offices, and, for one who is received, scores are sent disappointed away. They will be clerks, copyists, amanuenses, any thing which promises light employment, permits tasteful dress, and bestows even a moderate remuneration; and for this they will wait and pray and suffer. But to the fields that are really ripe for harvest, the laborers are distressingly few. It has been dinned and dinned into the ears of women that the place where they are wanted is the kitchen; but into the kitchen they will not go. They are sorely wanted in the sewing-room; but the sewing-room is to them an abomination. They have no taste for these things, it is said. It seems degrading to a girl of good education to assume the business of cooking or clear-starching; but there is a call for ten times as much mind, skill,

judgment, wisdom, in managing a cooking, or an ironing, or a sewing-department, as is required to count money or copy letters.

Sick-nursing is an occupation the most honorable, important, and remunerative. The demand for nurses is constant and urgent. They receive whatever they choose to ask. No skill, no training, no education, no refinement, is thrown away here. And it is a calling peculiarly womanly; so much so, indeed, that only the money earned puts it in the sphere of man. You would suppose that women would rush into it. On the contrary, they assiduously keep out of it. The scarcity is so great that the need is always pressing, often distressing, and not infrequently fatal. I am amazed, I am indignant to hear this outcry for a wider sphere and greater opportunities for woman, while her sphere is already a thousand times wider than she spans, and her opportunities a thousand-fold greater than she has ever attempted to measure. Every sphere under the sun is open to her but the do-nothing sphere. Every imaginable opportunity is offered her except the opportunity to sow tares and reap wheat. The cry for work, the clamor for a career, are the cry and clamor of weakness. Strong eyes see work, and strong hands do it, and say nothing about it. She who is equal to a career enters upon a career, and there is no flourish of trumpets. Be sure she who complains of obstacles is not the victim of obstacles.—*Gail Hamilton.*

The Rank of the States.

The rank of States, according to population, has changed since 1860, as shown by the following table. New York holds its own at the head of the line:

STATES.	Rank in Population.		Rank in Population.	
	1860.	1880.	1870.	1870.
New York.....	1	3,880,735	1	4,370,346
Pennsylvania.....	2	2,906,215	2	3,467,484
Ohio.....	3	2,339,511	3	2,652,302
Illinois.....	4	1,711,951	4	2,540,216
Missouri.....	5	1,182,012	5	1,711,102
Indiana.....	6	1,350,428	6	1,688,169
Virginia, Old.....	7	1,596,318	10	1,209,667
Massachusetts.....	7	1,231,066	28	447,963
Kentucky.....	9	1,155,684	7	1,448,055
Tennessee.....	10	1,109,801	8	1,323,264
Michigan.....	16	749,113	9	1,258,326
Iowa.....	20	674,913	11	1,184,158
Georgia.....	11	1,037,286	12	1,183,933
Wisconsin.....	15	775,881	13	1,179,846
North Carolina.....	12	992,622	14	1,052,166
Alabama.....	13	964,201	15	1,041,000
New Jersey.....	21	672,035	16	1,002,000
Texas.....	23	604,215	17	895,672
Mississippi.....	14	791,305	18	850,000
Maryland.....	19	687,049	19	831,190
South Carolina.....	18	703,708	20	775,279
Louisiana.....	17	708,002	21	735,000
Maine.....	22	628,279	22	715,384
California.....	26	379,994	23	630,426
Connecticut.....	24	460,147	24	556,208
Arkansas.....	25	535,450	25	537,998
Minnesota.....	30	172,023	26	486,103
Kansas.....	33	107,206	27	460,037
Vermont.....	28	315,098	28	353,192
New Hampshire.....	27	326,073	29	333,235
Rhode Island.....	29	174,620	30	317,976
Florida.....	31	140,424	31	217,319
Delaware.....	32	112,216	32	189,995
Nebraska.....	39	28,941	33	132,225
Oregon.....	36	52,465	34	116,888
Nevada.....	41	6,857	35	99,776
District of Columbia		75,080	36	44,686
Territories.....		150,220		
Total.....		31,443,321		38,038,463

The Mocking-bird.

The mocking-bird of Florida is described as rather a dissipated character. He forages about, singing in his neighbor's vineyard while he robs him, until the berries of the Pride-of-China are ripe, then he proceeds to have a regular frolic, acquires a habit of intoxication, and gets as drunk as a lord. It is curious to see a flock of these birds at this time. They become per-

fectly tipsy, and fly round in the most comical manner, hiccupping and staggering just like men, mixing up all sorts of songs, and interrupting each other in the most impudent manner, without any regard to the politeness and decorum that usually mark the intercourse of all well-bred society, whether of birds or men. They will fly about promiscuously, intrude on domestic relations, forget the way home, and get into each other's nest and families, just like the lords of creation. After the berries are all gone, and the yearly frolic is over, they look very penitent, make many good resolutions, join the temperance society, and never indulge again till the next season comes round, and the berries are ripe once more.

The Sleigh-ride.

Jingle! jingle! jingle! jingle!
Jingle, sleigh-bells, jingle! jingle!
As we swiftly, smoothly glide,
Seated snugly side by side,
Maud and I.

In the sky
Moonbeams clear and bright
Sparkling glow
On the snow;
By their crystal light,
Peeping from a heap of fur,
Two bright, lovely eyes I see,
Like twin diamonds they appear,
Shining, twinkling merrily;
While the silvery sleigh-bells jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle.

Round her waist I put my arm—
Am I doing any harm?
She don't show the least alarm,
For—I only keep her warm!
And the bright
Calm moonlight
Has such charms, you know,
As we glide
Side by side
Swiftly o'er the snow.
When her eyes upturn to mine,
Archly glancing, tempting sweet,
Can I help it then, I pray,
If our lips together meet,
And the sounds of kisses jingle
With the sleigh-bells' merry jingle!

Can I help it if each kiss
Wakens thoughts of future bliss?
Can I help my new-born love
When I ask if she will ride
Side by side
Down the tide
Of this stormy life?
If she'll be
Unto me
My own cherished wife?
"Yes," she whispers, sweet and low,
Closer nestling to my side.
There's no harm in kissing now,
Maud, my darling, promised bride.
Jingle! jingle! jingle! jingle!
Merry sleigh-bells, jingle! jingle!

A Spiritualist in Florence.

And now a word or two for remarkable persons whom I met in Florence. One of the most interesting was Mr. Kirkeup, the English artist, whose name will always be connected with Dante, on account of his exertions in restoring the Grotto portrait of the great poet, which can be seen in the frescos of the Bargello chapel. Mr. Kirkeup is an ardent spiritualist, and believes that Dante visits him constantly. He speaks of Dante as we would of our next-door neighbor, and most intimate friend. Dante, he says, is a little vain of his personal appearance, and has been so gratified with the dis-

covery of the Bargello portrait, which is a pleasing one, that he secretly influenced the Italian Government to make Mr. Kirkecup a baron, and confer on him a distinguished order! It is very curious study to listen to the old gentleman's talk on the subject.

"Dante," he said, "told Regina" (a deceased friend of Mr. Kirkecup, through whom he believes he receives spiritual information), "that her guardian spirit held a higher rank than his. He begged her to ask this angel to promote him. Regina did so, and the request was granted. As soon as he received his advancement, Dante called on us, dressed in his new costume."

I asked, of course, what was the difference between the new and old dress.

"Oh, the first was all white! After his promotion his dress was blue, rose-color, and green. And, I assure you, Dante was very well satisfied with the change."

Mr. Kirkecup lives in a queer old house at the end of the curious Ponte Vecchio; its side windows look out on the Arno, and the river washes its foundation; the building used to be occupied by the Knights Templar. The rooms are filled with all sorts of rare old things, pictures, engravings, illuminations, bits of majolica, Venetian glass, all huddled together without order; among them I noticed some brilliant initial letters, painted by Gaddi. On an easel was a half-finished picture, for Mr. Kirkecup, though over eighty, still keeps up the practice of his art.

The Sailor's Grave.

The following poem is said to have been written by Campbell, though we believe it is not in any collection of his works:

There is in the wide blue sea

A spot unmarked but holy,
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean-bed lies lowly.

Down, down beneath the deep,
Which oft in triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and peaceful sleep,
With the wild waves dashing o'er him.

He sleeps serene and safe
From tempest and from billow;
The storms that high above him chafe
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever;
It was his home while he had breath—
'Tis now his home forever.

Sleep on, thou gallant dead!
A glorious tomb they've found thee;
The bright blue sky is o'er thee spread
The boundless ocean round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here;
No hands profane shall move thee;
But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,
And warriors shout above thee.
When the last trump shall sound,
And graves of earth be riven,
Like the morning sun from the waves thou'lt bound,
To rise and shine in heaven.

A Remarkable Journey.

Lieutenant G. C. Musters, of the English Navy, landed in April, 1869, in the Chilean penal settlement in the Straits of Magellan, made friends with a Patagonian cacique, named Orkeke, studied his people, learned their language, joined their hunting-parties, and finally induced them to join him in a march of seven hundred miles to the Rio Negro. The chase lasted many months, and was one continuous march for food. In May, 1870, Lieutenant Musters, who had completely won

the confidence of the people, as that kind of man always does, marched eastward down the valley of the Rio Negro, and finally debouched at its mouth within the Argentine Republic. The climate was cold, but the Patagonians were pleasant people, and remarkable among savages for affection for their wives and children. Their country is wholly unknown to Europeans, and has never been traversed before.

Varieties.

THE Norway Maelstrom, of the old-school books—as most people know already—is a myth. At certain stages of the tide there is something like a whirlpool, and in bad weather the place is a dangerous one, even for large vessels; but if these are wrecked, it is by being dashed against the rocks, or by foundering—not by being drawn down into a vortex. In 1859, an official report on the subject was made by Mr. Hagerup, Minister of the Norwegian Marine, who says that more violent currents of the kind are to be found at other points on the coast of Norway, but the worst of them is not so bad as the Maelstrom of the old stories.

At a certain college the senior class was under examination for degrees. The professor of Natural Philosophy was badgering in optics. The point under illustration was that, strictly and scientifically speaking, we see no object, but their images depicted on the retina. The worthy professor, in order to make the matter plainer, said to the wag of the class: "Mr. Jackson, did you ever actually see your father?" Bill replied promptly, "No, sir." "Please to explain why you never saw your father." "Because," replied Mr. Jackson, gravely, "he died before I was born, sir."

Not long ago the criminal court in Galveston, Texas, adjourned at noon until three o'clock P. M. The judge failed to appear at that hour; and about four o'clock he entered the court-room, and, on taking his seat, said: "Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of one hundred dollars against Samuel Dodge, judge of this court, for being absent at the hour to which the court adjourned."

Professor Huxley has recently pronounced very decidedly in favor of the introduction of the Bible as a "reading-book" in common schools. The ground of his advocacy is, that there must be a moral substratum to a child's education to make it valuable; and that there is no other source from which this can be obtained at all comparable with the Bible.

The experience of a young lady who recently went shopping among the hair-dealers, proves that the kind of hair known as "blond hair," is worth more than its weight in gold. The precious metal can be bought for seventeen dollars the ounce, but the venders of capillary ornaments demand twenty-five dollars for one ounce of "blond" hair.

The night-editor of a daily paper wrote this head-line to one of his cable dispatches: "The British lion shaking his mane." He was unable to eat his breakfast next morning, when he found the printer's version of the matter staring him in the face thus: "The British lion skating in Maine."

In speaking of the decline of interest in popular lectures, the *New York Commercial* says, the newspaper has taken the place of the lecture, and its discussions of the events of the time have the merit of freshness and honesty, if not of the elaboration and tediousness of the lecturer's hour-long homily.

The hunters of Siberia, when pressed by hunger, take two pieces of board, and, placing one on the pit of the stomach and the other on the back, gradually draw together the extremities, and thus allay in some degree the cravings of appetite. This is supposed to be a very economical kind of board.

Dr. Lankester, a London magistrate, has given notice that, in case any person shall come by his death through slipping on pavements from which the snow had not been removed, he will direct the jury to return a ver-

dict of manslaughter against the person through whose neglect the accident may have happened.

It costs about three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a year to "run" one of our crack naval frigates, after the snug sum of two million dollars has been swallowed in her construction. Fully manned and officered she carries six hundred and fifty souls.

A Paris correspondent writes: "All the animals in the Zoological Gardens have been killed, except the monkeys; these are kept alive from a vague and Darwinian notion that they are our relatives."

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance, "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing? Call that kindness?" "Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

A traveller says, he goes prepared for escape from burning hotels, by carrying in his satchel a coil of half-inch rope, forty or fifty feet long, knotted every two feet, to give a better hold. On two occasions, he has found it serviceable.

Photographers must be brilliant in controversial discussion, as, no matter how hard a subject may be presented to them, they are always prepared to take the negative and furnish proof of the correctness of their view.

The *Courier du Bas Rhin*, the principal paper of Strasbourg and Alsace, has been purchased by a German publisher, and a German has been installed as chief editor.

There are in the State of New York one hundred and thirty-three savings-banks, with assets amounting to two hundred and twenty million dollars.

A clairvoyant doctor of Hartford proclaims his superiority over all soothsayers, astrologers, prophets, by advertising that he "foretells the past and present," as well as the future.

A medical journal estimates that the people of the United States pay one hundred and twenty-five million dollars yearly for physicians' services and for medicines.

The South-African "diamonds," supposed to be worth, some of them, from ten to three hundred thousand dollars each, are pronounced, in London, to be merely clear lumps of quartz.

Ladies' paper skirts, costing but fifteen cents, are becoming common. The paper is of great tenacity, and does not easily tear. It is of various colors.

The ladies of Newport and Saratoga are outdone by the wife of Mehemet Ali, who required five hundred camels to transport her baggage, when she went a-visiting.

"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my dear." "Then, why did you tell Anne, this morning, to answer the door?" "It is time for you to go to school, my dear."

A London paper says that the Americans are the readiest speech-makers the world has ever seen.

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin: his head prevents him from going too far."

An acre of land has been sold in the city of London for three million six hundred thousand dollars.

It has been discovered that bull-fighting is an amusement in China.

A farmer gathers what he sows, while a seamstress sews what she gathers.

A poetical genius describes ladies' lips as "the glowing gateways of pork and potatoes."

As we often hear of flying bricks, we ought not to be astonished at hearing a chimney flue.

Cotton was first planted in the United States in 1759.

It is a curious paradox that men of the smallest calibre are often the greatest bores.

A flourishing business—ornamental penmanship.

The man who works with a will—the probate judge.

The Museum.

THE religion of the Maories, or native New Zealanders, is a curious mixture of simplicity and elaboration, having the usual superstitions common to all savage tribes. Of real religion they have no idea, and, as far as is known, even their superstitions lack that infusion of sublimity which distinguishes the religious system of many savage nations. They have a sort of indefinite belief in a good and evil influence; the former going by the generic name of Atua, and the latter of Wairua. Now, Atua is a word that has a peculiar significance of its own. It may signify the Divine Essence, or it may be applied to any object which is considered as a visible representative of that essence. Thus, if a Maori wishes to speak of God, he would use the word Atua. But he would equally apply it to a lizard, a bird, a sun-ray, or a cloud. There is one species of lizard, of a lovely green color, called by the natives *kakariki*, which is held in the greatest veneration as a living representative of divinity, and is in consequence always drended as an atua.

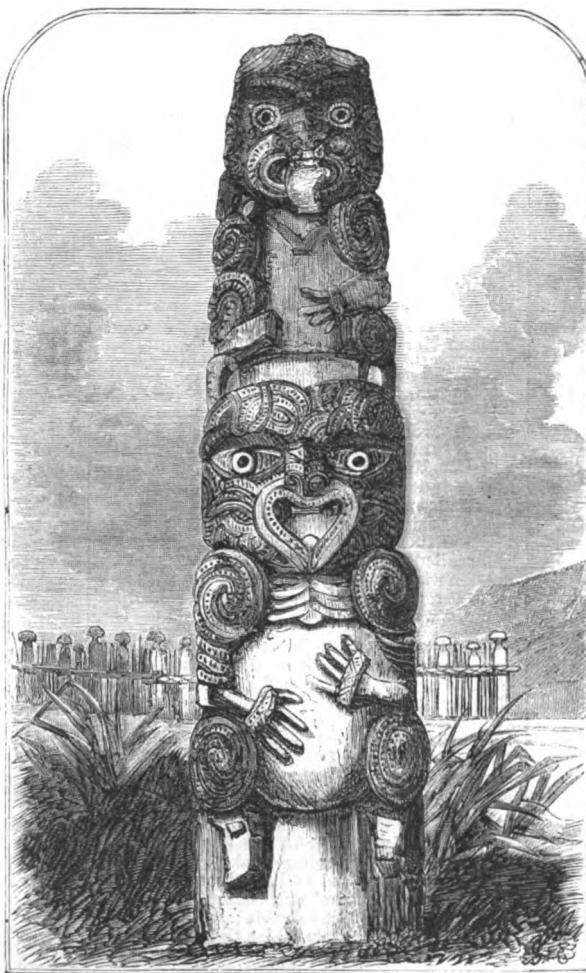
Objects which they cannot understand, are often considered by the Maories as atuas. Thus, a compass is an atua, because it points in one direction, and directs the traveller by its invisible power. A barometer is an atua, because it foretells the weather. A watch is an atua, on account of the perpetual ticking and moving of the hands. Fire-arms used to be atuas until they came into common use, and lost the mystery which was at first attached to them. Yet the Maori never addresses his prayers to any of these visible objects, but always to the invisible Atua of whom these are but the repre-

sentatives. While there are many representations of the human form in New Zealand, which are supposed by travellers to be idols, it is doubtful whether images of worship ever existed among those tribes. It was formerly supposed that the green jade ornaments, called "tikis," which are worn suspended from the neck, were idols; but it is now known that

they are merely ornaments, deriving their sole value from being handed down from one generation to another. Our illustration is an example of one of the so-called idols, which is remarkable for its gigantic proportions and curious shape. It is about sixteen feet in height, and, instead of consisting of a single human figure, as is usually the case, the enormous block of wood is carved into the semblance of two figures, one above the other. This arrangement is not uncommon in New Zealand, and is found also in Western Africa. It stands, together with several others, near the tomb of the daughter of a native prince, and is one of the finest examples of native carving to be found in New Zealand. The precise object of the tiki is uncertain; but the protruding tongue of the upper figure seems to show that it is one of the numerous defiant statues which abound in the islands. The natives say that the lower figure represents Maui, the atua who, according to Maori tradition, fished up the islands from the bottom of the sea. As may be seen by reference to the illustration, nearly the whole of both figures is carved with most elaborate curved patterns, which descend over the arms, and adorn those parts of the statue which do duty for hips. A portion of the paling surrounding the tomb of the princess is seen in the background, and around the tiki grow many plants of the phormium, or New-Zealand flax.

Near this wonderful and mysterious piece of carving stand several others, all of the ordinary type. Although not quite so large as the double tiki of Raocera, they are of very great size.

The firmest belief in witchcraft prevails in New Zealand, though not to such an extent as in many parts of Africa.



A New-Zealand "Tiki."

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WITH SUPPLEMENT



AN ALGERIAN INTERIOR.

FROM A PAINTING BY C. BRUN.

BERNARD'S INVENTION.

III.

It was near the close of a soft October day, when Annie Gordon sat in the garden quite alone. She was not drawing, or reading, or even sewing, though some of the latter work lay on the ground by her side; but she sat quite motionless on a low seat under a brilliant crape-myrtle, with that air of listless languor which is always so sad a sight—especially in a young person. Her hands were loosely clasped in her lap, and her eyes, all unheeding the gorgeous roses blooming near by, and scenting the air with their fragrance, were turned to the western sky, where, instead of the usual glories, a long, low bank of violet cloud had received the sun. She did not even turn when a step sounded on the path behind her, and when, with his head bent forward, and his hands crossed behind his back, her father slowly came into sight. He was absorbed in thought, evidently, and did not see her until he was close upon her. Then he started and spoke almost sharply.

"What are you doing here, Annie? I thought you said that you were going to see Mrs. Holt?"

"I did go," said Annie, in a tone as listless as her attitude, "but Mrs. Holt was not at home. When I came back, you were engaged with Mr. Liddell, so I did not disturb you."

"You might have come in to see Mr. Liddell. His visits are meant for you as much, or more, than they are for me."

"Are they?" said the girl, carelessly, and then she added, "I should be sorry to think so."

Her father frowned a little. "Why?" he asked, shortly.

"Because—oh, papa, surely you know why. It may be foolish to talk of such a thing, but I have thought once or twice that Mr. Liddell admired me—and if so, I would rather that he never came."

"Do you mean to say that if he asked you to marry him, you would refuse him?"

"I hope he will never ask me; but if he did, I should be obliged to refuse him."

"And why?"

"Oh, papa, what a question!" cried the girl, with her languor giving way at once, and her bosom rent with sobs. "Because I don't love him! Because I shall never, never love any one but my poor injured, outcast, ill-treated Louis. Don't—don't mention him to me again."

"I must mention him to you," said Mr. Gordon, and as he said it he sat down by her side. "You are not a child, Annie," he went on. "You are old enough to know that many things have to be done in this world, which are not what we would desire for ourselves or others. I am old; I am broken in mind, in health, and in fortune. What will become of you when I die?"

"God will take care of me."

"God takes care of those who care for themselves. God will not work a miracle to put bread into your mouth or a roof over your head. Many, as young and helpless as you, He leaves every day to die of want and starvation. My child, you must do something for yourself—you must marry the man who has just been telling me how much he loves you."

"Papa!"—she gave a low cry—"papa, surely you will not ask me to do this!"

"You must do it!" said he, beginning to grow excited. "Child, child, do you not see that I cannot last much longer, and then—what will become of you?"

"I would sew for my daily bread, sooner than marry one man when I love another!"

"Perhaps you will wait and marry the thief who robbed me?"

"Papa, I don't deserve this!"

"Marry Liddell, then. He is a good fellow. Let me see you safely settled before I die—let me tell him when he comes again that he may take you."

"Oh, no, no!"

"This is nonsense," said Mr. Gordon. "What more do you expect than he offers? He may not be as fine a gentleman as a Gordon has a right to marry; but we are poor—so poor that our social equals do not recognize our existence; and he is comparatively wealthy. It is true that you would be the richest heiress in the country, if my in-

ventions had not been stolen from me, but now—Annie, there is no help for it. You must marry him."

For at least an hour the discussion went on; but it came to no more definite point than this. At last both father and daughter returned to the house; and then, wearied and exhausted, Annie went up to her own room. She felt heartsick and hopeless at the prospect before her. Not that her resolution was at all shaken, or that she had any fear of being eventually forced to marry Liddell; but she knew that persistence was the most striking trait of her father's character, and she also knew that for days, and weeks, and months to come, she might expect to hear and to combat just what she had heard and combated that evening. There can hardly be a prospect more dismaying than this, so it was no wonder that she sat down and covered her face with her hands. When Bernard went away, she had felt sure that he would soon clear himself, and return to claim her, but now six months had gone by, and the stain on his name was as dark as ever, her father was as obstinately persuaded of his guilt, and her own faith and hope began to waver. "He has forgotten me!" she thought. "Why should I not forget him, and try to marry some one else?" But she had hardly asked the question, before she veered round as quickly as if some one else had proposed it. "Even if I never see him again, I will be true to him—and true to myself!" she cried; then burst into tears, and settled herself to sleep.

Her fears proved to be well-founded. The next day, and for many days after, Mr. Gordon rang the changes on Liddell's suit with an obstinate persistence that would have shaken any resolution less thoroughly grounded than his daughter's. He did not storm, or threaten, or command—none of these things were according to his nature—but he went over the same position again and again, repeated the same statements, and made the same predictions, with a patience that was both marvellous and exhausting. It told at last, even on Annie. She was driven from point to point, until from sheer inability to continue the strife, she yielded thus far—she agreed that Liddell should be allowed to come to the house on trial, that there was to be nothing of an engagement, but that she was to see how she liked him, and if she found it possible (but she did not fail to protest here that she was sure she never would find it possible), she might enter into an engagement at the end of six months. On this anomalous sort of footing, therefore, the master-machinist was received in the Gordon household; and since he had sense enough to appreciate the point he had gained, and tact enough to use his advantage well, he soon became a daily visitor, nor was it long before he perceived that not only Mr. Gordon, but Annie herself, welcomed him with pleasure.

Matters went on in this way until Christmas came. The gaiety of the season—and W—was very gay—sent not even an echo into the dark old house where the inventor and his daughter lived, and yet in all W—there was not a fairer face than Annie Gordon's, as she leaned against one of the high narrow windows, on Christmas evening—dressed in her best, and with a spray of holly in her hair—watching listlessly the carriages that dashed by, and the pedestrians that filled the streets. Liddell had dined with them, and his present—one of the costly gift-books of the season—lay in her lap, but she hardly noticed it. Her languid eyes were on the street, when suddenly something occurred that took all the languor out of them. A figure came in sight, a face looked up at her, and she knew—she would have known in a thousand—Louis Bernard! There was no time for a word, or even a gesture, on either side. There was only time for a start, a gasp, a long, hungry look, and all was over. The young man passed on, and the girl, turning from the window, came and sat down by the fire. Liddell and her father were deep in plans of machinery—it was Mr. Gordon's only mode of recreation—and they paid little attention to her, so she leaned back in a corner quite silent, and the stream of mechanical talk flowed past her unheeded. She caught a fragment of it now and then, but it bore little significance to her ear. She only knew that there was some point at issue between her father and the machinist—some point there seemed no definite mode of settling—and that Liddell proposed to refer to some book of designs he had. "I will send it over to-morrow," he said. "You can examine it at your leisure, and perhaps Miss Annie will be good enough to take care of it for me. It is a very valuable book, and reliable, too. You will find this idea of the cylinder developed there in just the way I have described. It was patented by Veriot in '49."

"I don't care whom it was patented by, it might be improved," said

Mr. Gordon, and so the discussion went on, until Liddell ended it by asking Annie to sing. She complied at once; and, after a reasonable number of songs, he rose to go. He had sufficient discretion not to obtrude the lover-like part of his *role*, and not to pay long visits; and his reward was Annie's constantly-increasing kindness. To-night she was so cold, absent, and almost unapproachable, that he thought he must have offended her, for, of course, he could not know that it was the mere sight of Bernard that had turned her heart against him. "Oh, my poor love!" she was saying to herself all the time, even when he came up to shake hands and bid her good-night. "Will you take care of my book?" he said, again, with a sort of wistful look in her face. "I should be very glad if you would, and if—and if you would make one of your beautiful drawings for me of Plate XL? I want it for constant use, and I had rather have one of your drawings than the finest engraving in the world. Will you do it for me?"

"Your taste is very bad, to prefer my drawing to an engraving," said Annie, gravely. "But, of course, I will do it for you if you want it. I have nothing else to do."

"Thank you, and good-night."

She gave him her hand and said good-night; but it was very coldly, and he went away chilled, thinking almost that he would never succeed in winning her. As for Annie, she went up-stairs and cried for an hour or two, before she sank to sleep. Weeping had latterly become quite a favorite amusement of hers, and the effect was any thing but beneficial to her personal appearance.

The next day the book came, and, after her father had finished examining it, he handed it over to her keeping. It was a volume of mechanical designs, not very interesting to her; but she took it to a window, and began making preparations for copying plate XL. She copied for some time, then grew tired, and, leaning her elbows on the table, carelessly turned over the leaves. As she did so, a piece of paper fluttered out from between two of the pages, and fell to the floor. She stooped, picked it up, and was returning it to the book, when something about it attracted her attention. It was merely an ordinary piece of drawing-paper, on which was traced the rough outline of a design. But the paper itself struck her as familiar. She had seen, she had handled it, she felt sure; and, on looking more closely, she found she was right, for in the corner her own private mark—a curiously-interlaced monogram of her name—was written with ink. It was a sheet of her own paper, and had been taken from her own portfolio. This, which seemed at first sight a slight-enough mystery, puzzled her exceedingly. In consequence of her father's suspicious fears, she always kept her portfolio carefully put away; and, as far as her own knowledge extended, no one, not even Bernard, had ever been permitted to examine it. How, then, had this paper with her own mark upon it, been extracted therefrom? She looked at the design. That was certainly not of her drawing. She shook her head, and was about to put down the paper and dismiss the subject with a "Very curious!" when a few faint, half-effaced lines on the back attracted her eye. She looked at these for a moment with her brows bent—then suddenly rose, pushed back the table, and went nearer to the light. Even this, however, was not sufficient for what she wished to decipher, and she hastily took up a magnifying-glass. By the aid of this, she soon discerned that a design on the back of the paper had been carefully rubbed out, leaving only a few lines visible. These few lines, however, were to her of immense significance, for they showed her that the effaced drawing had been her own, and that it had been one of the designs of her father's invention.

At this point her breath came fast, her hands trembled, her color varied every instant, and, if any one had been looking on, he would certainly have thought her beside herself with excitement. Still, she controlled this excitement, and, though she was tingling in every nerve with the importance of the discovery just made, went steadily on to follow it up as well as she could. Thanks to the magnifying-glass, she soon found what she was now especially in search of—a number in the corner of the sheet. When this was deciphered, she laid the paper down and left the room, returning in an instant with her portfolio. Now it chanced that, having been trained by a man, she had much of masculine precision about her, and in the different pockets of this receptacle were carefully numbered and filed away, in their proper order of date, the designs she had made for the now useless invention. Owing to the number she had just deciphered on the effaced drawing, she knew exactly where to look for the information needed to verify

her suspicions! Opening the portfolio with quivering fingers, she drew forth the contents of a certain pocket, and ran over the numbers. For three or four sheets, all was regular and in order; then, suddenly, she stopped, and again caught her breath. There was a break. Hastily she went on to the end and then came back, looked again, examined again, and finally raised her face with a half-frightened assurance on it—*three sheets were missing! and one of these sheets she held in her hand*

For a moment the conviction almost stunned her. Mr. Gordon was right, then! The idea had been stolen. Up to this time she had believed, with Bernard, that it was a singular but entirely accidental coincidence of thought. Now she knew it had been a robbery. But a robbery made by whom? She was too young and inexperienced to be able to answer this question. Those who have never known treachery are slow to suspect, and slower yet to believe it. The stars might have fallen before she would have credited Bernard's guilt, and she was almost as unwilling to attach even a moment's suspicion to Liddell. Yet, plainly, the matter lay between those two. No one else had even possible access to her portfolio, and the possession of that sheet, the effaced design, the whole array of circumstances, all seemed to point—

She paused and sat down, faint and shuddering. Treachery seemed to come so near, to touch her so closely, when it was brought home in this way to a man whom she had liked, respected, trusted, almost promised to marry! It was all a hideous seeming; it could not be, she cried out—yet, even as she exclaimed thus, there came to her a memory which would not be put aside. She remembered a certain evening in the early spring, when she had been drawing in the arbor, how Bernard had come in upon her, and she carelessly left her portfolio on the table and strolled with him to the other end of the garden. She remembered that, when she came into the house, her father told her that Liddell had been sent to the arbor by him, but failed to find her, and she also remembered—good Heavens, how clearly!—that, on opening her portfolio, she had found several things strangely out of place, though she never once thought of looking at the designs. What if this meant—what if it proved— But here the full nature of the discovery came over her so strongly that, but for the recollection of Bernard, she would have thrust away the tell-tale paper, and never thought again of the dark suspicion it had brought forth. As it was, however, she could not do this. His face, as she had seen it only the evening before, rose up before her, and seemed bidding her clear his name. He could do nothing for himself; but, if indeed she held the means to prove his innocence, should she fail to use it? If Liddell was guilty, surely his double treachery—treachery to Bernard, as well as to her father—deserved to suffer the penalty of detection; and if he was innocent, an explanation could not harm him. At all risks, she was determined to go on—to follow the path thus unexpectedly opened for her. Without giving herself time to think, she seized a pen and wrote a short note—the first in eight long months—to Bernard:

"DEAR LOUIS: Forgive me that I write to you. I only do so, because I have made a discovery which, it seems to me, you ought to know, and which may be of importance to you. What it is, you shall hear when we meet. I must, however, ask one question. Am I right in supposing that Mr. Liddell was the original possessor of the invention which you patented, and that it was he who brought the design to you? If so, do not hesitate to come here this afternoon, and bring all his original draughts with you. "Yours ever,
"ANNIE GORDON."

About four o'clock, that afternoon, there was a knock at Mr. Gordon's door, and when Annie flew down from an ambush on the staircase and opened it, she stood face to face with Bernard. The young man stepped within the passage without a word, and the next moment would have taken the pretty portress into his arms, if she had not drawn away, put her finger to her lips, and beckoned him in the direction of a certain odd little room which no one but herself ever invaded. Once safely inside this sanctuary, she turned and held out her hands, saying:

"O Louis, you cannot tell how glad I am to see you again!"

"And I you, my darling!" said Louis, warmly. But, after a minute, he went on more gravely: "I don't like this, Annie. I did not know that I was to come here clandestinely. I thought I was summoned openly."

"And so you are, dear love," said Annie, eagerly; "only have a minute's patience. I want you to myself for a little while—I want to tell you every thing—and then, if you say so, I will take you to papa. Louis—answer me the question I asked in my note. Was it Mr. Liddell who brought you that invention?"

She came close to him, and asked the question breathlessly, her eyes full of excitement, and her voice fairly quivering. She felt how much depended on his answer, how one word might overthrow all her tower of fancied proof, and she trembled even while she waited eagerly to hear that answer. After a moment it came—very slowly:

"I cannot answer that question, Annie, until I know why you ask it."

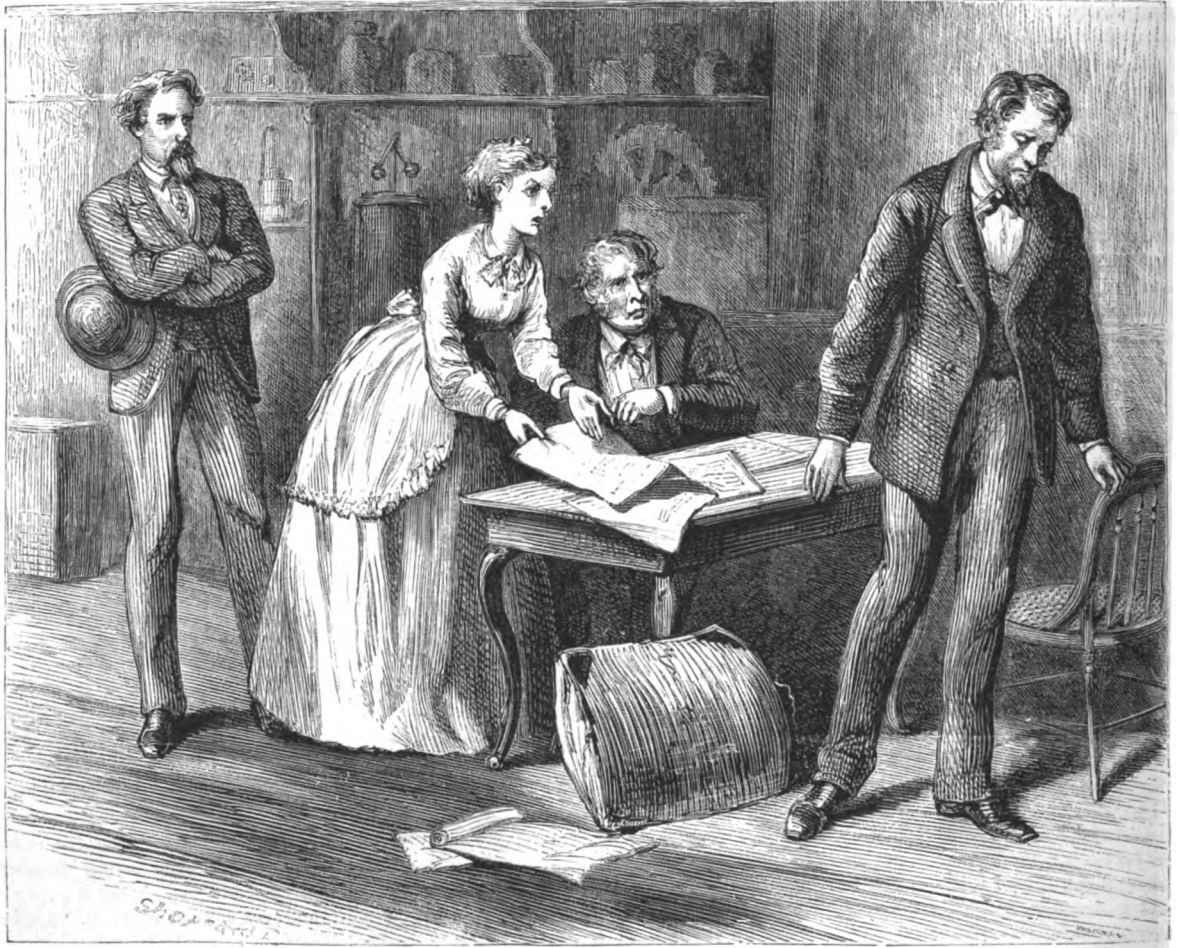
"Tell me, then, if you have ever suspected that this man—whoever he was—might really have stolen the invention, and been playing you false?"

tell him all—every thing. Necessarily, it did not take her long to do this, since the "every thing" was in itself very little. Then he caught her in his arms and kissed her as he kissed her on that April day when he came upon her with the news of his good fortune.

"You have saved me!" he cried. "You have given me the evidence I could never have gained for myself; you have cleared my name, and made me a free man once more. Oh, Annie, Annie, how can I ever love you enough?"

"Is it true, then?" she cried. "Was it indeed he? O Louis, I can hardly believe it! Oh, dear love, how could he be so wicked?"

"I have no doubt it was principally because he wanted to take you from me," said the young man, all in a glow. "But, however that may be, it was Liddell himself and no other who brought me this invention as his own. See, Annie, I have done as you bade me—I have brought his original draughts, and we will show them, and this ef-



"I dare him to deny that he took three designs."

Bernard looked disturbed, and tumbled his hair about in a way she well remembered before he answered.

"It is hard to suspect a man," he said, at last; "and I have been the more loath to do it, since I myself have tasted the bitterness of undeserved suspicion. But, since you ask the question, I must confess that doubts have come to me, doubts that, despite myself, have grown stronger since—"

He stopped abruptly, and Annie finished the sentence for him.

"Since you heard that I was to marry Mr. Liddell. Oh, don't start! It was not so—I am sure that I never would have done it—but that is what you meant, and now I know that he was the man. Stop, don't say any thing, Louis.—Look at this."

She put the drawing and the magnifying-glass into his hand, telling him, at the same time, how she had obtained the former. His eager astonishment was even greater than she had expected. It fairly startled her, as he turned, full of breathless impatience, and bade her

face drawing, to your father. Do you think he will believe me then?"

"Heaven only knows—but we will go and see."

Without giving their courage time to ebb, they gathered together the papers and crossed the passage to Mr. Gordon's room. When Annie knocked, her father's voice bade her "Come in," and, when she opened the door, she found, to her consternation—for she had neither planned nor wished any thing half so dramatic—that Liddell was with him.

There was a moment's pause on both sides—a pause of surprised and awkward uncertainty—before Mr. Gordon rose and addressed his daughter, his face flushing with anger, and his voice trembling with indignation.

"What is the meaning of this, Annie? How dare you insult me by bringing that—that thief into my presence?"

Now Annie had not meant to speak—that was to have been Ber-

nard's part—but this address naturally roused her, and, before the former could interfere, she had answered :

"Mr. Bernard is here at my request, papa. He wishes to answer the charge which you made against him eight months ago. It is now in his power to prove his innocence."

"Let him take the proofs of it elsewhere, then," said her father, coldly. "I have no interest in him or in them."

"What! you refuse to hear him?"

"Yes, I refuse to hear him. I have no desire to be duped by him again. I tell you what I told you eight months ago—choose between him and me. If you take him you lose me—that is all.—Mr. Liddell, shall we go on now with our business?"

Annie looked hopelessly at Bernard, but Bernard did not return the glance. On the contrary, he stepped quietly forward, and laid his papers on the table.

"Since you refuse to receive any proofs of my innocence," he said, addressing Mr. Gordon, with calm dignity, "I must ask you to examine these evidences of another man's guilt. You may remember that I spoke of a person from whom I received the original invention. In these papers you will find sufficient proof where he obtained it."

Mr. Gordon looked up. Apparently he was about to answer as he had done before, but something in the steady eyes of Bernard changed his purpose. He extended his hand and took the papers—hesitated a moment, and laid them down.

"It is quite useless to bring me proofs against a man whose name I am not to know," he said, frigidly. "He may be merely an abstraction, invented to shield yourself."

"You are mistaken," said Bernard, quietly. "This man is no abstraction. He not only lives, but you know him intimately. In robbing you, he betrayed not only his own honor, but your friendship. Sir, examine these papers, and, when you have examined them, I will refer you to Mr. Liddell for the name of their author."

Again there was a pause—a pause in which all of the four might have heard the beating of their own hearts; then, not quite unexpectedly, Mr. Gordon broke forth, violently :

"So, you come here to clear yourself by insulting my friend under my own roof? There is the door, sir! Never let me see your face in this house again! If I had ever doubted your guilt, I should be sure of it now."

"Papa," cried Annie, suddenly springing forward, "you must—you shall hear him! This is more than unjust—it is outrageous!—it is what you have no right to do! As for Mr. Liddell, I dare him to look me in the face, and say that he is innocent! I dare him to deny that he took three designs of the invention from my portfolio, and that this is one of them!"

She laid her hand, as she spoke, on the erased drawing, and turned like a tragedy-queen upon the trembling man, who was forced to clutch a corner of the table, to save himself from falling. In exactly the same spot where Bernard had stood eight months before, when Mr. Gordon accused and condemned him, the really guilty man stood now, and strove in vain to steady himself—strove in vain to speak. Mr. Gordon was about to answer his daughter as he had already answered Bernard, when his eye followed hers, and, falling on Liddell, he stood confounded, and could not utter a word. Indeed, he gasped for breath, and felt for a moment as if the solid earth was sliding from beneath his feet. He was glad, just then, that Bernard placed a chair, and said, in something of his old voice, "Sit down, sir." Unconsciously he sat down, and, as he did so, Liddell looked up and spoke—hoarsely and with effort:

"You need not carry the thing any further, Bernard; I admit your proofs, and that is an end of the matter. I have no motive for concealment now. Mr. Gordon might believe me, but she"—he nodded toward Annie, but did not look at her—"is all on your side. I don't mind saying that I did it to win her from you, and, of course, I don't care about putting a bold face on it after—after what she has said. It was a dishonorable thing, I suppose; but it may be some excuse to say that I cared nothing about the money. I did it simply to get rid of you, and I think I would do it over again, with any hope of success. You may as well throw those papers into the fire, and you need not trouble yourself to pay any more of the profits to my account. I have touched my last dollar of the money; and the only regret I have in the affair, is—that this is all my fault."

With that, he turned and left the room—not one of the three uttering a word. Mr. Gordon was too much aghast; Annie was too

full of indignation; and Bernard, who was now master of the situation, felt too much contempt. So he went out in silence—an object more fit for pity than scorn; and, when the trio left behind looked at each other, they forgot him and all that he had caused them to suffer, in their sudden realization of happiness—happiness that had come as a free, bounteous gift from the same gracious Hand that can scatter the darkest clouds in a moment, and bring forth the golden sunlight undimmed.

CHRISTIAN REID.

WANTED, A HOME.

BY ANNIE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "FALSE COLORS," "DENIS DONNE," ETC.

THOSE were the three words which attracted my attention when I took up the *Times* one morning, about a year ago.

"WANTED, A HOME.—A young lady, alone in the world, desires to enter a family as a boarder. Liberal terms offered."

There was a touch of pathos in the wording of this want that appealed to me, and I became nervously impatient for my husband to come home, in order that I might try to win his permission to write and offer the advertiser a home with us. We were young married people, blessed with an increasing family and a small settled income, and, as we had a large house and large expenses, it seemed to me that this would be the very thing to meet our wants.

Our house was situated on the landward side of a cliff that reared itself on the beautiful western coast, and the situation possessed many advantages. We were only a mile from a fashionable watering-place. The views from our windows are not to be surpassed for grandeur and wild beauty on the coast-side, or for sweet, smiling, peaceful prettiness on the inland quarter. And the interior was well arranged, and gracefully furnished. The only disadvantage, indeed, that the house possessed, was the great one to us of being a high-rented one, and of demanding rather a large establishment. However, if this young lady who wanted a home would come and pay us liberally, neither the high rent nor the large establishment would be drawbacks any more.

Now, for ourselves. We were, as I have said, young people, and our friends were wont to aver that we were very attractive young people. My husband was a junior partner in a good, old-established banking-house, and I was more or less well known to the public as a painter of scenes in domestic life, that always commanded good places in the exhibitions, and good prices. Notwithstanding this latter fact, we wanted more than we had, for I had not been able to work very much of late, and my three babies took up a goodly portion of the time that I ought to have expended on my bread-winning art.

As soon as my husband came home that night, I showed him the advertisement, and propounded my plan to him.

"It would be a nice addition to our little party if she's a nice girl," I argued, and he refused to admit that *that* was a reason for having her.

"We are very happy as we are, Flo," he said. "Our little party is too perfect in my eyes for me to wish to see it increased."

"But, Edgar, housekeeping on what we have is such hard work!" I pleaded; "and, if she would come to us and pay us liberally, what matter whether she is nice or not? We could endure her."

"If you take that tone, Flo, what's the worth of any thing but so much money as 'twill bring?" I may conclude that you've made up your mind to try the experiment," he said, laughing.

"Not without your permission—but it would be such a help to us, Ted!" I said, eagerly.

And then, with little more ado, we went into a committee of ways and means, and finally rose up with the determination to try how fortune would favor us with respect to this young lady, alone in the world, who wanted a home.

I wrote to the address she had given, and stated our terms as concisely as I could. I also mentioned our respective professions, thinking, with a justifiable pride in my own, that any cultivated girl could but be glad to be admitted as one of the family of an *artiste*.

By return of post I got a letter, acceding to my terms, and asking if she could come to us early in the following week.

"She doesn't say a word about references," I said, dubiously, as

I handed the letter to my husband. "What a pretty name she has—Isabelle Cleveland!"

"The pretty name mayn't be her own," Edgar said, laughing. "Well, little woman, you must gang your own gait; all I advise is that you don't let the account between you run on too long, or you may find yourself in the wrong box."

"She writes the hand of a frank, open nature," I said, reconsidering the epistle under discussion.

"Yes; it's good, bold writing," Edgar said, looking at it—"rather like a man's. However, deciphering character by means of calligraphy is all bosh; one of the cleverest, most original women I ever met with in my life wrote the most conventional, stiff, commonplace hand. We won't prejudge Miss Cleveland, though."

"And I may write and say she may come next week?" I interrogated.

"Yes, dear, if you're anxious to rush into your troubles so soon," he said, laughing.

"Oh, Edgar, I won't foresee 'trouble' in the matter at all!" I remonstrated; "she is going to pay us so liberally that my load of housekeeping care will be lifted off my shoulders at once, and, additionally, being a young lady, she may turn out a most delightful companion for me. I won't foresee trouble."

"And I hope you won't have any, dear," he said, lightly; and then he went off to business, and I went over my house to see about making it put on its fairest aspect in the eyes of our new inmate.

My house was a very pretty one, and I was fond of it, as women are fond of the homes in which they are happy, and which they have arranged in a great measure according to their own taste. It always gave people blessed with the "artist's eye" the impression of being well furnished, though an upholsterer would have deemed it wanting in much that the upholsterer's mind deems strictly essential. For instance, the carpets and curtains, the chairs and couches, were no longer new and bright and fresh. But the colors of all had been chosen judiciously, and, as now their first bloom was brushed off, there was a harmony of tint about them all that often made me find other people's furniture gaudy and glaring.

My drawing-room was my special pride. It was a long, lofty room, with a fireplace at either end, and two large bay-windows in the side. It was papered with a delicate gray-and-gold paper, and the windows were draped with some soft-textured green material. There were a number of incongruous arm-chairs and easy-lounges about, some covered with rose-and-gold-colored satin, some worked in wool, and some modestly clothed in brown holland. And these all stood out in clear relief on a dark polished floor, for economy and taste had combined to make us adopt the foreign custom of dispensing with a carpet. There were several quaint and beautiful cabinets, filled with old china and glass, and one that we called "the children's cabinet," in which were displayed the silver goblets, and ivory-bound books, and other pretty things that had been given to our babies. And the walls were hung with five rare old Venetian mirrors, a few good photographs and engravings, and several good specimens of Oriental and old French china plates and dishes, that were fastened up in a peculiar way with fine wire, making spots of "color" on the delicately-tinted paper that were delicious to my eyes. Additionally, there were large and admirable copies of the Venus de Medici, the Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvedere, the Clytie, the Ariadne (Dampiers's), and other masterpieces of ancient and modern art, disposed about the room on pedestals. And there was one magnificent bronze—the pride of my heart—standing on a handsome marble pedestal in a corner that was sacred to herself—"The Abandoned Ariadne," a marvel of Barbi-dienne's—that glorified the room to my mind.

Scattered about, in a profusion that I had too correct an eye ever to suffer to degenerate into muddle, were Chelsea china-figures of a good period, old German and Italian glass jugs, and vases, and goblets; an Indian casket, in ebony, wonderfully carved, little tables of various shapes, ivory ornaments, feather fans, crosses on brackets in white and colored marbles, from which were suspended silver crucifixes and rosaries, and flowers—flowers everywhere!

In pots on the piano and the cabinets, on big old china plates on the polished floor, in baskets suspended from wire over the square opening that was made by the taking down of the double doors, in slender glasses—wherever, in fact, I could find a resting-place for them, my love of flowers induced me to put them. My room, as will be gathered from this description of it, was very pretty and very

artistic, and it must be owned that I was justified in anticipating that it would strike the young lady who wanted a home very favorably.

What pains I took with the bedroom that was to be assigned to Miss Cleveland! It was a splendidly-proportioned room with matchless views from both its windows, and it was furnished comfortably as well as elegantly. With my own hands, I removed every particle of dust that had been left on the furniture by my less observant housemaid. Carefully and thoughtfully I dressed the two vases with flowers, one for the centre-table, and the other for the mantel-piece. Hopefully I arranged the minutiae of the dressing-table, so that the girl who wanted a home might feel that her comfort was studied in the one she had chosen.

The day appointed for her arrival came, and I could not settle to my usual work at all, so impatient was I to see her. A dozen times I placed myself before my easel, and feebly essayed a few strokes with my brush. A dozen times I gathered my babies about me, and strove to amuse them, and failed; for my heart was not in my task this day, and children are so quick to discover that fact. I dispensed with luncheon altogether, in order that my cook might devote all her energies to the elegant little dinner I had ordered for seven that night. And, as may be supposed, my unusual excitement, idleness, and abstinence, made me feel very tired and low-spirited and nervous before Miss Cleveland arrived.

She came at last—about three o'clock in the afternoon. "A horrible time for any one to choose," I thought, discontentedly, as news of her advent was brought to me; and then, before I had time to do more than feel that I was a touch less well dressed, a trifle less composed, a shade less well-prepared in body and mind for her than I would like to have been.

I confess to having been staggered out of these feelings most abruptly when she came into the room. In place of the fragile, shrinking, rather sorrowful-looking girl whom I had pictured to myself as wanting a home, I saw a fine, splendidly-arrayed woman, a year or two my senior. I rose to greet her with a grasp, and she advanced to meet me with a sweeping courtesy, that made me feel very much at a disadvantage, although I was planted securely on my own domestic heights.

"I hope that we shall get on well together, and soon become very good friends, Mrs. Forrester," she began at once, and I felt that I ought to have said *that*, and that she was robbing me of my prerogative of giving the initiative.

"You seem to have a very nice place here," she added, graciously, and then she threw off her hat and cloak, and I saw her as she was—one of the prettiest women I ever saw in my life.

Pretty in such a thoroughly comfortable way, if I may be allowed the expression. Plump and comely, this young lady who "wanted a home" had assuredly never wanted any thing in her life, without having it immediately. A fair embodiment of success and satisfaction; and yet, for all that, a woman with "a story," I was certain—a woman who was not quite what she seemed on the surface. A yellow-haired woman with brown eyes, and a perfectly-clear rosy complexion, with something not anxious but interrogatory in the brown eyes though, and with something that was not quite suspicion, but that might possibly develop into it, in the rapid glance and turn of the head. As I looked at her, I became feverishly anxious to have my husband's judgment upon her, and, when he came home, he gave it to me without reservation.

"Well, Flo, I don't want to dishearten you, poor little hard-working woman, but before you have done with her you'll regret the hour that made you acquainted with Miss Cleveland, I fancy; there's something crooked. Has she offered any solution of the mystery of her loneliness?"

"No," I said, hesitatingly.

"It strikes me that she has come down here with some other object than the avowed one," he said, meditatively; "however, if you're satisfied, little woman, I ought to be, I suppose; so we'll make up our minds not to meet trouble half-way."

Trouble came fast enough; there was no need to go half-way to meet it. It commenced in this way. I have described my incongruously-artistic drawing-room, and my pride in it. Well, Miss Cleveland elected not to "find it quite what she expected when she agreed to my terms; she *must* beg that I would put a carpet down; that slippery, cold floor made her shudder."

I apologized, pleaded, protested, argued, and finally effected a com-

promise. She would be contented with a Persian rug or two; but they "must be good." So I expended a small fortune in three, and hoped that her demands had come to an end. Not at all! She had "been fastidiously and delicately brought up," she said, "and naked images" (thus she designated my beloved copies from the antiques) "made her shiver." With all an artist's fervor, I became counsel for the defence of their purity and excellence of purpose in design. But Miss Cleveland added blushes to her previous shiverings and shudderings, and I had to give in. My statuettes were removed to my husband's study and my own bedroom, and I hoped that Miss Cleveland's scruples would *requiescat in pace*.

For a few days this seemed to be a well-grounded assumption, and my bruised spirits recovered themselves sufficiently for me to tell my husband that I forgave the overthrow of my lares and penates, in consideration of the sensible relief from the addition to my household purse of what she paid me. He laughed and shook his head, and bade me "wait and see, before I went over unreservedly to the enemy."

How can people bring themselves to speak lightly of what they term "minor miseries?" Those that I was called upon to endure would come into that category, I suppose; but what excruciating wretchedness they caused me! I grew nervous and irritable, unfit for my work as a mother, wife, and artist. But I endured on hopefully, and contrived to make my husband believe that I found compensation for the ills I endured in Miss Cleveland's society.

About a week after the copies of the antiques had been condemned to beat a retreat, I went down to the drawing-room one morning, and found Miss Cleveland sniffing the air with a deeply-aggrieved expression in her fine brown eyes.

"Is any thing amiss?" I asked, tremblingly, and, without hesitation, she told me that there "was something very much amiss. She had serious doubts about the plants."

"The plants!" I exclaimed, looking round anxiously at my healthy green friends. "They are doing beautifully; my plants always flourish."

"Ah, but they flourish at the expense of the human beings who live with them. I'm sure," she said, with some vehemence, "I have read in some medical work that they actually rob us of the oxygen we ought to take in when they thrive; and, when they don't thrive, your own common-sense will tell you how bad it must be to live in a room with decomposed vegetable matter. Besides, they harbor dust and insects."

After a brief argument, I gave up the contest. I consented to sacrifice the loveliest ornaments my room could boast of, and, when I had done it, Miss Cleveland triumphantly substituted some abominations made in wax.

"I think you're a goose to put up with it, Flo," Edgar said to me.

And for answer I reminded him that we had three small children, and that Miss Cleveland paid us at the rate of four hundred a year. Or at least that she was to pay us at this rate according to our agreement, and I had no fear of her falling short of it. She had a fine, lavish way of spending her money on any thing that struck her taste, that confirmed me in my belief that she was a very rich woman, although no coin of the realm had passed between us yet.

A thrill of suspicion would pass through my mind at night sometimes as I was lying broad awake. But, in the garish light of day, she looked so very frank, and fresh, and fair, and above-board generally, that I could not doubt her.

"We shall get the money all down in a big lump at the end of the quarter probably."

"I hope we shall," he said, dubiously. "Meanwhile, dear, we must pay for the Persian rugs; she has 'exquisite taste,' no doubt, as you're always saying she has, but I wish it wasn't quite such an extravagant one."

Time went on, and Isabella Cleveland had become very much one of us. Under her auspices my house had assumed an appearance of luxury and splendor which it had certainly been lacking in before. But the art-aura had fled from it. It was strictly conventional now in all its arrangements—strictly proper, and comfortable, and conventional. But it had lost its look of individuality, and the process by which it had lost this had plunged us very deeply in debt.

At length I gathered up my courage, and spoke to her on the dreaded subject of payment. I well remember the morning on which I burst the bonds of silence. It was a summer morning, and at

breakfast she had suggested a number of expensive alterations in the garden and conservatory, which, if carried out under existing circumstances, would, I felt, half-ruin us. Under the influence of this terrible conviction I spoke.

"Belle," I said (we had grown so intimate and fond of one another that we had fallen into the womanly weakness of Christian-naming one another)—"Belle, I really can't have any more beds cut in that lawn."

"Yet you pretend to be so fond of flowers?" she said, in some surprise; and I felt some embarrassment in explaining to her that I was "fond of many things that I felt I could not afford."

"Do you really mean that?" she said, looking at me dubiously, in some distress.

"Indeed I do," I said, dejectedly. "Ted and I have had a hard fight of it, I assure you; our expenses are heavy, and our ready money is short."

She looked wistfully away out of the window for a while, and then she turned to me and asked, in an altered tone, if a "little ready money would be of any service to me now?"

"If you could let me have just the quarter," I said, with a spasm; "it would be very nice, very convenient, very helpful, to me, indeed!" I blurted out at last, and I almost stiffened with horror when she answered:

"Mrs. Forrester, I can't—I can't!"

"Not just yet, is that it?" I asked, in the weak hope that she was only sorry to be obliged to defer payment for a day or two.

"Not at all," she said, miserably. "I have been trying to make up my mind to tell you this, and I have put it off, thinking you were rich people, and it didn't matter."

I think she saw the shiver that passed over me as I reflected on all the consequences her imposture would bring upon us. A hideous array of unpaid bills stared me in the face, of unpaid bills that were to have been paid with that money which she had agreed to give us, and which would never be paid now. In the bitterness of my spirit I let my head droop down into my hands, and sobbed a weary, tired, woman's sob of hopeless helplessness.

"Look here," she said, at last, in a quick tone, that made me glance up, "I will tell you my story, and you shall judge for yourself which is the most wronged and the most to be pitied of us two. If I have run you into expenses that you can ill afford (and I see that I have done that now), I can help you out of them; but the wrong that has been done to me no one can right. Listen."

"Miss Cleveland, I am in no mood to listen to a tale that you will know how to tell to suit your own purpose," I said, bitterly. "I have been straining every nerve to better the condition and prospects of my poor little children, and you have ruined them!"

"Flo," she said, with passionate energy, "don't say that. I will give you every jewel I have, and they will more than discharge my debt to you; don't say I have hurt you by injuring your children—I have children of my own!"

"You, Miss Cleveland?"

"I am not Miss Cleveland at all," she said, impatiently. "Listen. I said I would tell you my story, and I will tell it, however much it hurts me. When I came here four months ago, I came full of hope; I go away full of despair."

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

"In his grave," she answered, laconically. "I'm not a runaway wife; my children are with his mother, poor little things; it was for their sakes that I did what my soul abhorred—played a game of systematic deception."

"When my husband died I was left with forty pounds a year, and four children to support on it. That is three years ago now, and at that time I believe I had beauty. At any rate I was told that I had, and I was sought for it, and for it only, I believe now, by a man who had been my husband's friend, and who then professed to be mine."

"I won't tell you his name, but I will tell you this, that he is a man well known in the legal world as one of the most powerful pleaders for women at the bar. I appealed to him for the sake of his old friendship for my husband to get me a situation as a governess or a companion, or to help me to start a boarding-house—to do any thing, in fact, that might help me to maintain my poor little children. And he affected to shrink with horror from the thought of my doing any thing of the sort. 'It was not fitting;' it 'was incongruous,' he

declared. And at last, about six months ago, when I was in very deep distress, he asked me to be his wife.

"He is a rich man, and I at once asked him if my children should be his, should share his property, should be educated as it behooved him to educate *his* children? And he said 'Yes, when once we are married, every thing in that way shall be as you will; but we cannot marry yet. I am engaged in a case in which I have employed all my eloquence, to throw obloquy on a woman who takes a second husband; but these cases are soon forgotten, and then, dearest, your trials shall be at an end.'

"I did not like his argument, but I was poor, miserably poor. Oh, Flo! you who have a husband to fight for you and your children if the worst comes, don't know what I felt that day when he put me into a path of deceit, and bade me follow it for my little ones' sake. He engaged himself to me solemnly, he bound me to him, and then he counselled the strictest secrecy respecting our engagement. I was not to let it be known to a single member of my late husband's family, because 'they had prejudices, and were friends of his,' he said. And I swallowed *that* pill for my little children's sake.

"I was staying with my late husband's mother at this time, and my prudent lover at length objected to this arrangement. It placed him 'in a false position when he visited the family,' he said; he was afraid my looks and manner would betray me, and, for the sake of the future, there must be no quarrel. These and sundry other arguments he used with such effect that at last my mind was open to the reception of the suggestion that I should seek a home somewhere else for a time, in order that there should be no fear of our relative positions toward one another becoming known, until the recollection of the *cause célèbre* in which he was engaged had faded out of the public mind. Then it was that I advertised (under his orders), and then you answered me, and I came here.

"He supplied me with funds at first" (a scorching blush passed over her face as she said this), "telling me that, as I was to be his wife, there was nothing in his doing so. And I came down here, my mother and sisters-in-law all thinking that I was coming as governess to your children, and applauding me for my independent spirit—"my independent spirit," when I was meanly deceiving them all at his bidding!

"Well, I came here, as you know, came in a sort of dream, and left my babies with their grandmother; when I got here I wanted distraction, and, as he had promised to pay the terms you asked, I felt justified in suggesting alterations and improvements that passed away the time. But only last week I had a shock—a letter came from my mother-in-law, telling me in simple, gratified language, that *he*, the man whose wife I am pledged to be, is paying his addresses to one of her daughters!

"Mrs. Forrester, often when I have found fault with things, and asked for them to be changed, I have been half wild with doubt and suspense, and have only found the fault in order to divert my own thoughts from that which they were always dwelling on. I have behaved miserably ill to you, I know; but only think how *I* have been treated!

"I wrote to him at once, on receipt of my mother-in-law's letter. I only wrote these words, 'Is it true?' I knew that his cleverness and his conscience would fill up the blank. And to-day I have heard that it *is* true; and my poor children write to me through their aunt in ecstasies about the kindness of their new uncle. Mrs. Forrester, which of us is the one most to be pitied?"

I was in deep household distress myself, but, when I looked at the gray, haggard look which had crept like a cloud over her brilliant beauty during the narration, I could not conscientiously lay claim to competing with her in misery. I still had Edgar to turn to.

"What will you do now?" I asked.

"Seek for a situation," she said, curtly; "do any thing—keep a shop if I can."

A bright thought struck me. I said to her: "Why should you not turn your bonnet-making talent to account? take one room in the town for a show-room until your bonnets remunerate you, and stay with us till you can afford a house of your own."

"You won't turn me out—you'll trust me yet a little longer?" she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Indeed, we will."

"Then I have an additional incentive to be up and doing," she said, rising up and throwing up her arms as if she was throwing off a weight

of care; "if you had turned against me it would have crushed me, I believe; but, as it is, I will work so well, and I will work at once—what will your husband say?"

"Being a man, he won't say that he always told me so," I said, laughing; "but he did think that a man would have gone to work in a more business-like way than I did."

"And if you had gone to work in a business-like way, as you call it, I should have been disentangled from my web of deception all the sooner," she said, thoughtfully; "it's too late now to tell you that honesty is the best policy; but, for your future guidance, Flo, let me tell you that it was the touch of pretentiousness in your manner which misled me. I shouldn't have put you to such expenses if I hadn't fancied that expense was no object to you."

My tale is told now. "Miss Cleveland" was put on her metal to redeem herself in our eyes, and, as she had no fancy to be regarded as an adventuress, she did it nobly. Her millinery establishment is the first in the town now, and people who are not in our secret wonder how it is that she always takes care that unimportant I have the prettiest and newest of her bonnets and mantles. Her children are under her own wing now, and she looks back with a shudder to the time when, "for their good," as she thought, she was ready to sacrifice herself and their father's memory to the heartless man who led her into a false position.

As for ourselves, we have never answered any more advertisements; and, as the children are growing up, I am able to decrease my establishment, and work harder at my art. I have sold off the Persian rugs, and reinstated the Venuses and plants, and my drawing-room is again the delight of my eyes and the pride of my heart, the head-centre, so to say, of all manner of unconventional incongruities. Whatever my difficulties with my bills are now, I refrain from mentioning them, for fear of Edgar counselling me, with a laugh, to take a short cut to fortune by looking out for a young lady who wants a home.

AN ALGERIAN INTERIOR.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 241.]

OUR fair readers, who glance at this vivid picture of the domestic life and labors of one of their Eastern sisters, which the pencil of the famous French painter Brun has reproduced with photographic accuracy, will doubtless be much surprised to see how she manages to keep both hands full. The ordinary estimate of the Eastern woman is as much too low as the poetic one in the days of Moore and Byron was too elevated. While the Nourmahals and Zuleikas are rarely to be met with in lands where woman is not permitted to rise to the level of her happier sisters here, and lacks usually both education and refinement, yet it is equally unjust to regard her as the idle voluptuary and "soulless toy for tyrant's lust," which modern tourists, ignorant equally of her land and language, have been pleased to depict her.

There, as here, the life of the rich and poor is widely dissimilar; and, while our Fifth-Avenue belle—gaudy butterfly of the species—may find her parallel in profuse expenditure and idleness in the harems of the East, equally may be seen the "busy-bee" type "in the huts where poor men lie" in both hemispheres. While no life can be lazier than that of the pampered odalisk of a pacha, none can well be busier than that of the toiling mate of the Eastern working-man, or even of a class above him. Our picture represents the daily life of a woman of Constantine, in Algeria, at her in-door work, and gives a history at a glance. She sits on a small divan let into a niche in the wall, and her dress indicates a woman considerably above the lower class—most probably the wife of a respectable tradesman. The ladies will remark that her ear-rings are of the shape and size now fashionable here—another proof how much the West is indebted to the East—while in her sitting position the cut and fashion of her dress does not differ materially from that of our "softer sex" here. Were she to rise up, however, their *continuations* would display baggy trousers in place of the flowing folds which terminate female drapery in Christian lands.

By an ingenious contrivance she is doing double duty—rocking her child's cradle with her right hand, while her left is busily stirring the savory compound of goat's-milk and rice, which is slowly simmering in an earthen pot over a charcoal fire placed in the bottom of another brazier of similar material. The milk-pan, and the pestle and

mortar in which the rice has been pounded, stand beside her. On the floor are to be seen, strewed around the wicker basket brought from market, the vegetables which are to eke out the frugal meal, and which are awaiting their turn for the cooking process on the very primitive kitchen-range now occupied by the milk-and-rice.

The broom of rushes in the corner tells a tale of well-swept floors, which are of stone, and innocent of mat or carpet. The small water-goolah, of the shape as common to Egypt as to Algeria, made of porous earth, is substitute both for pitcher and glass. These are the simple appliances of her housekeeping, but they seem sufficient for her comfort, judging from the placid and contented expression of her face. That face is thoroughly Oriental both in its type and expression, and the languor and repose stamped on its children by that sensuous climate are strongly indicated both by the attitude of the woman and the dreamy expression of the large dark eye, even in the midst of her manifold domestic duties.

There are few housewives, in this busy land of ours, who could preserve such serenity of face and ease of attitude if called on to do double duty as cook and nurse at the same time; and yet the cookery will be unexceptionable, and the cradle rocked as satisfactorily as though the matron were to fret herself into fever, and wear her smooth, round face into the sharp, eager outlines of a bustling *mater-familias* in New England. With that strange mixture of squalor and discomfort with luxury which marks all Eastern interiors, over the child's cradle is thrown, as a coverlet, a shawl, which most probably is a Cashmere, which many a New-York fashionable, living lavishly, would not feel rich enough to purchase; and the bracelets and earrings worn by the women may be of solid gold, while all the wealth of her husband may be invested in the gold coins plaited into the thick braids of her "back hair," where our fair ones wear no "pearl of price" richer than the mystic, much-abused chignon.

Although the law of Mohammed, which is the law of the land throughout the wide and varied population of Islam, allows plurality of wives, yet, either from some natural impulse inherent in human hearts, or from motives of economy, that privilege is one which few but the very rich avail themselves of, and most men have but one wife at a time; for a facility of divorce, more facile and fatal under Mussulman law than even Indiana may boast of, permits men there to change their mates as often as their inclination may suggest. But this license is checked by the financial consideration arising from the obligation of making provision for each and every wife divorced and her offspring, so that, as before observed, plural wives are luxuries reserved for the very rich alone, and even they often honor polygamy "more in the breach than the observance." Let us hope, therefore, that the industrious lady of Brun's picture may bear undisputed sway over the household to whose comfort she is so well contributing.

THE BRITISH CIVIL SERVICE.

THE British civil service, as it is now, was organized in the year 1855, under the premiership of Viscount Palmerston. The principles upon which it was reformed were, that for all the offices coming under the designation of the "civil service," there should be a "limited" competition; and secondly—the most important rule—that all nominees should be subjected to a rigid examination on certain specified topics—these topics being different for the different departments—before receiving an appointment. With a view to carrying out this system with the requisite efficiency, a civil service commission, comprising four or five men of high ability, learning, and integrity, was established, and the control over the examinations and the decision as to their results was given to them. The specific duty of the commission was stated to be "to examine candidates previously nominated by the heads of the executive departments." With this view they were required:

1. To ascertain that the candidate is within the limits of age prescribed for the department to which he desires to be admitted.
2. To ascertain that the candidate is free from any physical defect or disease, which would be likely to interfere with the proper discharge of his duty.
3. To ascertain that the character of the candidate is such as to qualify him for a public appointment; and—
4. To ascertain that the candidate possesses the requisite knowledge and ability for the proper discharge of his official duties.

The commissioners are provided with the requisite powers to apply these four tests. To prove age, the candidate must produce duly-certified copies of registers of births, marriages, and deaths; to prove health, he must undergo a medical examination, and thereon produce the certificates of well-known physicians; to prove good character, he must produce certificates from clergymen and other well-known persons; and to prove knowledge and ability, he must undergo an examination duly prescribed. The commissioners are brought in relation with all the departments of the administrative service; the heads of departments frequently, as a fact, delegate to them the power as well of original nomination, as of ascertaining the competency, of candidates; they are authorized to exclude manifestly incompetent candidates from examination; they are empowered to appoint assistant examiners to aid them; and they hold their office during "her majesty's pleasure."

These, in brief, are the powers and position of the civil-service commission. Considering the civil service itself, we find that the term includes all the official servants of the government, excepting high special officers, such as cabinet-ministers, hereditary or other high officers of the royal household, and so on; the officers of the army and navy; and the inferior grade of servants who receive weekly wages. In the wide range of civil-service officials—extending, as it does, from permanent secretaries of departments to junior clerks of admiralty, messengers, and post-office employes—there are very many grades in dignity and pay, and in social position. "Rates of pay and kinds of work," says an English writer upon the subject, "differ as widely (as well as social position) as those of a lawyer's clerk from a queen's counsel." In a country like England, where social distinctions are so broadly marked—a country of classes and ranks, where the social steps are like the rounds of a ladder—it is important to discover the social dignity of this or that employment. Again, there is a prevalent idea in England that hard work and gentlemanliness are more or less incompatible; and, followed out, this idea leads to the kindred notion that the less the work, the greater the gentleman—the very highest social grade being that of the *fainéants*; the lowest, that of the toiler for fourteen hours a day. Judged by this rule, the civil-service clerk occupies a higher social position than the commercial clerk, a somewhat inferior position to the army-officer. His work is, however, becoming more and more absorbing, as there is now, much more than formerly, great activity in English administrative and economical reform. He formerly held almost a sinecure; now he must labor steadily throughout the hours prescribed by the rules of his department. Although he is never overworked, he has no time on his hands to give up to idleness. The excise-officers, indeed, complain of being overworked; and their complaint has been recognized as just. Mr. Anthony Trollope said of them that they were expected to be "half a Hercules, half a Minerva." But the ordinary department-clerk has a quiet, secure, not too laborious office, with the advantages of a continuance of salary when sick, and of a comfortable pension in his declining years, when he has ceased to be able to fulfil the duties of his office. He is free from anxiety.

No English clerk is ever removed except for grave cause, and even then not until the matter has been fully and judicially investigated, and the official has had ample time and every facility to defend himself from the charges made against him. This is a strict rule, inviolable, with no exceptions. To remove an efficient officer, even the influence of a minister of state, or a royal duke, is unavailing.

Probably the only evil of this is, that those officials who are on the border line between competency and incompetency—who are not very efficient, and yet are not inefficient enough to warrant a judicial inquiry, must be retained to the detriment of the public service. To avoid this impregnable inefficiency, every caution is taken that, before officials actually enter upon the service, their capacity and character shall be proved. The burden of proof is not upon the commissioners, to establish the inability of the candidates, but upon the latter, to prove their ability. The examination is, as has been hinted, a competitive examination. When a vacancy occurs in any of the departments, the head of that department nominates three candidates for the place. He has either selected these from among those whom he personally knows, or upon the recommendation of a peer or a member of the Commons. An M. P. is usually able to obtain such a nomination, especially if he belong to the prime-minister's party. If a member makes the application, and the minister grants it, the name and address of the candidate are set down in his list for nomination, upon

a vacancy arising. But months, and even years, may elapse before the nomination is actually made. Sometimes the minister makes nominations upon applications backed up by sufficient influence. "The effect of a nomination," says an authority, "gives the candidate a *contingent* right to an appointment, which, if he succeeds in satisfying the commissioners on the four points of age, health, character, and knowledge, in examinations, becomes a *vested* right; but not before."

There being but three nominations for each vacancy, the competition is evidently a limited one. An agitation has, however, been for some time going on, in England, to break down this limitation, which preserves the offices too much to the nobility and higher class, and to establish, in place of the present, a perfectly free or open competition. Such a reform, indeed, is said to be actually under the consideration of the present ministry. Should such a measure be determined upon, the son of the poorest English laborer would have the same chances of an appointment as are now possessed by the nominees of ministers, peers, and members of Parliament. The change would be radical, and, we believe, too democratic, to be entertained even by a household-suffrage House of Commons. Still, the probabilities are, that the present restriction will be made broader, and that some device will be adopted for giving a better chance than now exists to competent youths who have not the good fortune to be smiled upon by chancellors of the exchequer, country gentlemen who sit at St. Stephens, and peers of the realm who have done England the honor to be born.

But the system of 1855 is a great advance; before that, the minister appointed, and the appointee entered at once upon his official duties, without examination or certificate of any kind. There was no limit of age, capacity, or character.

The examination is a very real, stringent, searching one. No man can pass it who is incompetent to serve in the department for which it is established. The papers are such as would tax sorely a two-years-graduated A. B. of Yale or Harvard to answer. Not only does the examination ascertain the comparative merits of the three competitors for the vacancy, but it absolutely requires as well qualifications which fully come up to a certain fixed and positive standard. A certain number is taken as that standard, and the candidate must, on all the subjects taken together, average this number on the examiner's report. The examination follows in a few days after the nomination. In some cases, the candidate is nominated to a preliminary "test" examination, and, if he fails in this, he does not proceed to competition. It is stated that most of the candidates who are rejected fail in spelling, handwriting, and arithmetic—that comparatively few fail in English composition, geography, or Latin. According to the commissioners' report for 1864, it appears that in that year, out of eight hundred and thirteen competitors, two hundred and ninety-four fell below the minimum standard of a passed examination. Out of twenty-three hundred and thirty-four rejected candidates, from 1856-'64, all but one hundred and eighty-three failed in orthography or arithmetic. The total number of competitors for civil offices, from 1856 to 1864, was over twenty-five thousand.

Of course, the examinations vary widely, according to the department which the candidate proposes to enter. There are some subjects proposed for all; the candidate is required to show, by his handwriting, that he possesses the first necessary qualification for a useful clerk; he is also tested in geography, grammar, and history, not that he will have need of these so much as that a knowledge or ignorance of them betrays a good or a bad general education. But, otherwise, the great variety of public departments implies as wide a variety of the work to be done, and of special qualifications for doing it. In some of the departments, "even the senior clerks of thirty years' standing are engaged in nothing but mechanical work, requiring patience, steadiness, attention, trustworthiness—and nothing more." In others, the "junior" clerks, those who have just entered the service, are set to performing tasks which require rather the intellectual qualifications of judgment and caution. A single kind of competition is therefore quite impracticable for the whole civil service. We may take a single instance, to show the general tenor of the examinations. Candidates for clerkships in the Admiralty are examined in writing from dictation, arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions), English composition, *précis* translations from Latin and some one modern foreign language, geography, English and general history, algebra, and Euclid. Candidates for the colonial office, in addition to these, must pass in colonial history, in French, German, Spanish, and Italian, in

constitutional and international law, and in political economy. Candidates for consulships are tested in arithmetic, composition, French (written and spoken), the language of the port to which the consul is appointed, and British mercantile and commercial law. The British consuls are thus, from the start, competent to proceed to their posts, and enter at once upon their duties with understanding and effect. How different this is from our own consular appointments, any one who knows any thing about our service will recognize at once. Our consuls are not only not required to know the language of the country to which they are accredited, but they may even be ignorant of the elementary rules of international law, and may be wholly innocent of even school-girl French, a language used in every town in Europe as a common medium between foreigners and natives. And, as a fact, very many of our consuls are wanting in these vital qualifications, and depend on others, vice-consuls and clerks, to be the interpreters of the communications with local merchants and officials. The result is, that in many European cities, where there are corps of fifteen or twenty consuls at a place, the American consul is the only one who cannot converse in its language—Persian and Egyptian consuls being more accomplished than he in this respect. Europeans regard the fact with astonishment in the representative of a nation boasting to possess a leadership in civilization, and find it difficult to appreciate the fact that consuls are actually sent out without any examination whatever.

Candidates for clerkships in the British Foreign Office are required to know French, but not mathematics; the case is exactly *vice versa* in the revenue offices. These examinations are all by means of printed papers, to conclude the answers to each of which a certain time is given to the candidates, corresponding much, in these respects, to the examinations for admission into our own larger colleges. As to the ages, the limits of these differ widely according to the department and the work. Candidates for admiralty (navy) clerkships must be between seventeen and twenty-five, and this is the limit for the ordinary clerkships in most of the departments; audit-office clerks must be between eighteen and twenty-five; assistants at the British Museum (which is regarded as a government office), between eighteen and thirty—junior-assistants, between seventeen and twenty-five; consuls, between twenty-five and fifty; *attachés* of legation, between twenty-one and twenty-six; messengers in the departments, between twenty-one and thirty-five; House-of-Commons clerks, between nineteen and twenty-five. The latter, by-the-way, are examined severely in comparisons of copies with originals, in the history of the English constitution, and in the law of evidence.

As to the salaries of British civil servants, a very large proportion of the junior clerks—which is the designation of those who have just entered upon the service, and have the least responsible work of their department—at first receive £100 a year (\$500). This is, however, but a beginning, for the British system makes what must be regarded as an admirable provision for gradually and *regularly* increasing the salary as the clerk advances in time and proficiency. The junior, or fourth-class clerk, beginning with £100 a year, has an increase made to his salary every year after the first, of £10 a year, until it has reached the limit of £250 a year. More than this: in order of seniority—if the clerk maintains his proficiency—he is promoted from a fourth to a third, a second, and a first class clerkship, and often even to a secretaryship of his department.

Thus he may in time rise from £100 to £2,000 a year. The *third*-class clerks begin with £250, rising by £10 a year to £350; the *second*-class clerks begin with £350, rising by £15 a year to £550; and the *first*-class clerks start with £600, rising by £20 a year to £850. The First Lord of the Treasury (who has always been, in recent years, Prime-minister of England), receives a salary of £5,000 a year; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Home, Foreign, Colonial, War, and India Secretaries of State (cabinet ministers), also receive £5,000; the Lord High Chancellor receives £10,000; the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland receives £20,000 (to keep up viceregal state at Dublin Castle), and about £2,000 for carriage outfit; the Lord-president of the Council, Lord Privy-seal, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (ornamental offices of state), receive £2,000; the Secretary for Ireland, £4,000; the Commander-in-chief, £3,460; the Postmaster-General, £2,500. As for the under-secretaries of the departments (corresponding in some sort to our assistant secretaries and chief clerks), they are divided into two kinds—political and permanent under-secretaries. The political under-secretaries are temporary, party appointments, are members of

one House or the other of Parliament, representing their departments in the Legislature, and intrusted with the political details of their departments—with drawing up bills of administrative reforms, proposing changes in the laws, and so on. The permanent under-secretaries, as their designation implies, are non-political, non-removable at the change of a ministry, and superintend the routine of duty in their respective departments, holding office during good conduct. The permanent under-secretaries, for the most part, receive a salary of £2,000 a year; the political under-secretaries, a salary of £1,500; and, in one or two cases, £1,000 a year. Chief clerks receive, on the average, £1,000 a year. The principal librarian of the British Museum receives £800 a year. In the diplomatic and consular service, five first secretaries of embassy receive at first £1,000 a year, rising to £1,818; nine secretaries of legation receive £665, rising to £1,341; eight second secretaries of legation, £300, rising to £570; ten first-class consuls from £1,100 to £1,800; sixteen consuls not over £1,000; twenty-nine consuls not over £800; fifty-three consuls not over £600; eighty-four consuls not over £400; and sixty-five consuls not over £200. It will thus be seen that there are in the British service two hundred and fifty-seven consuls, and twenty-two secretaries of embassy and legation; while in our own service there are three hundred and eleven consuls-general, vice-consuls-general, consuls, deputies, and commercial agents, and seventeen secretaries of legation.

The certificate of the civil-service commissioners is the authority of the departments for employing and paying the successful candidate. The hours of work are, in most of the departments, from ten till four; in some of the higher offices, from eleven till five. All the members of the civil service have an absolute right to claim an annual vacation. In some offices the vacation allowed is two months, in others one month. Consuls to China, Japan, and other far-distant countries, are allowed a vacation of one year after three or four years' service, to enable them to return to England if they wish. Besides the summer vacations, the clerks have many more holidays in the course of the year than do the employés of our own departments. The British civil-service further differs from that of the United States, in its system of pensions. After a service of ten years, the clerk, whose conduct has been satisfactory, becomes entitled to a parliamentary right to the "benefits" of superannuation. The sum allowed on this score is one-sixtieth of his latest salary for each year of service up to forty years. This may be claimed at any time within ten years in case of ill health, and without this excuse, if the claimant be over sixty years of age. For example: a clerk entering the service at twenty years of age, and serving till he is fifty, who then retires on account of ill health—if his salary is £600—will receive £300 a year for the rest of his life. But this system of pensioning, which in certain cases and under certain restrictions, would doubtless be for the good of the public service, is carried in England to an extravagant extent. It is not at all likely that, were the pension system proposed at this day for the first time, as a new feature of administration, it would be adopted by the English Government to any thing like the extent to which it prevails in that country. The system—especially as relating to the higher state offices—has come down from times when the public money was used to enrich noble families, to corrupt party leaders, and to reward the favorites and mistresses of kings. An instance of this is the pension, still enjoyed by the Dukes of Grafton, awarded out of the proceeds of the post-office revenue as a perpetual charge by Charles II. to his mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, the ancestress of the Grafton family; and which the Duke of Grafton of the day receives regularly without the least compunction, apparently, or the least idea that he is taking any thing that is not perfectly just and proper, and due to him.

The ex-Lord Chancellors receive pensions amounting, we believe, to £2,000 per annum for life—although they may only have sat upon the woolsack six months, and then given way to a rival of the opposite party; and, besides a salary of £10,000 in office, and a pension of £2,000 out, the chancellor is allowed some £2,000 for "outfit," whatever that may be. The English ambassadors to foreign courts are treated with equal lavishness out of the taxes of the people. The ambassadors are provided with palatial mansions, profusely furnished and fitted, at the national expense; with horses, carriages, liveries, secretaries, chaplains, and servants, and now and then bills come into the Exchequer for "refitting." Every consul has a goodly sum allowed him for "outfit," and, after a certain length of service, a pension. We find a charge of £6,000 for "legation guards to protect our representatives in China;" and £95,000 expended on the consulates in

China and Japan. Much of the same character are such charges as these, which show how lavishly English money is spent upon the highest personages, to the detriment, clearly, of the millions of *lowest* personages: "For conveying the Prince of Wales and Prince Christian across the Channel from Dover to Calais, £394; for investing the Prince of Wales with the Order of the Garter, £1,500; for investing Prince Arthur with the Order of the Thistle, £270." It must be remembered that these sprigs of royalty have all magnificent allowances out of the public funds, and that these items are simply "extras." And it is curious to observe that the most liberal of English premiers, Mr. Gladstone, eloquently defends these items in the House, against the criticisms of uncomfortable radicals like Professor Fawcett.

In conclusion, we may quote, on the subject of the general efficiency of the British civil service, and especially on the practical working of the examination system, the testimony of one who has had, perhaps, better means of judging of both than any Englishman living. Mr. Hammond, the permanent under-secretary of the Foreign Office, in the course of his examination before a committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the diplomatic and consular service, in answer to a question, "Have you found the examination systems to work well?" said: "Since they have taken effect, we have obtained in the service most able young men, whose conduct has been highly satisfactory. There is no greater trial of a young man's abilities than to put to the test his power of concentrating, in a small space and with great rapidity, masses of information such as are constantly required. Nothing has given me more pleasure than to find, after I have signed the promotion of a junior, that he has been able at once to undertake the higher duties of a senior. We take the measure of each man without any difficulty, and, knowing the high character of all our servants, both at home and abroad, I should be sorry to take any other measure. If any young gentleman did not manifest quite so much industry as it was thought he ought to do, means would be taken to convey some hint to him; but it would be a very extreme case in which I should think it necessary to make an official communication to him."

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

MOTION AS AN ORGANIC AGENT.

AMONG the modern changes in scientific theory there are none more radical and significant than the new views concerning motion.

Matter was, of old, credited with various inherent forces, considered as essential properties of rigid atoms, or, in other cases, as ethereal fluids, whose interaction gave rise to all the phenomena of Nature. It is now known that many of these forces are simply modes of motion, and we are rapidly approaching the position that matter is but an inert vehicle of motion whose various forms produce all the natural forces.

This view has been established, almost beyond question, in relation to light, sound, and heat, and little doubt is entertained that electricity and magnetism are similarly produced. There is little of special property in matter that may not result from some action of these forces, with the exception of gravitation and its various results. Yet so deep a thinker as Faraday considered gravitation a motive force, and made many futile efforts to prove it.

If, then, motion is of so essential importance in Nature, it is desirable to view it in all its possible relations. A glance at this subject shows that motive force is capable of assuming several distinct conditions, produced by the compounding of simpler conditions. The primitive form of these is direct motion, the tendency to move in straight lines. Outward forces acting on this tendency modify its results, changing the direct into various forms of curved and vibratory motion, and thus producing the ordinary conditions of inorganic Nature.

In the magnet we have an advanced condition of motion, a cylindrical motive agency, its active forces internal and referred to a central axis. In the galvanic battery motion is displayed under a third aspect. The active agency here moves outward from and inward to a fixed centre of influence, and conducting-wires might be so arranged as to produce a complete vortex of force. Thus we may view the galvanic force as internal, and referred to a central point. These classes of motion, though simply complex forms of the action of

force on straight lines of motion, must, by their special arrangements, yield distinct classes of effects.

May not the three great provinces of Nature arise from the action of these three modes of force, curved and vibratory motion being the agency in the inorganic, cylindrical motion in the vegetable, and vortical motion in the animal conditions of matter?

Direct motion, in its simpler modifications, certainly accords strongly with inorganic phenomena, and we design to show that the characteristics of the two organic kingdoms present strong points of analogy to magnetic and galvanic action. We will glance at some of the more obvious of these characteristics of organic Nature.

The primary form of the vegetable is a cylinder, the exact shape which would result from magnetic forces strong enough to mould their vehicle. The accepted hypothesis of magnetism considers each molecule as affected by circular currents of electric force, whose mutual action produce a central line of force, and must produce a complete cylinder in all matter of sufficient mobility. Such a central axis is a marked feature of the tree.

The action of the magnet is to produce magnetic poles in other matter, and to attract the unlike poles, preference, however, being shown to certain substances, while others are repelled in every case. So the tree attracts matter by its air and its earth poles, showing this same property of preference for certain substances and rejection of others.

The earth-pole may be viewed as polarizing certain aqueous solutions, which are attracted toward and absorbed at the roots, while the special attraction of the upper extremities, when intensified by sunlight, is sufficiently vigorous to decompose carbonic acid and absorb the carbon. May we not view carbon, thus absorbed by the leaves, as held in solution by the sap? Dissolved carbon has never been produced chemically, thus leaving us free to conjecture that such a solution of this stubborn element in a peculiar fluid may be the natural agency for the formation of the carbo-hydrates and other more complex vegetable compounds. The nightly inhalation of oxygen assimilates the plant to the animal, the free oxygen breaking down the carbon compounds, and yielding force for the formation of the higher vegetable products, precisely as occurs in the animal body.

The branching of the two extremities of the tree is possibly a realization of the magnetic tendency. We have something similar in the branching of the electric glow and flash, in the formation of hoarfrost and similar chemical phenomena, which probably result from electric action. Faraday supposed the electric current to possess a transverse force of the nature of magnetism, so that in the current we may have a display of mobile magnetic action. The magnetic lines of force, as displayed by iron filings, branch out in every direction from the poles. Suppose a magnet, whose poles are surrounded by spherical caps of iron, to be permeated by fluid magnetic matter, flowing toward its surface. This matter, solidifying on the surface, would necessarily grow out in branching lines toward the iron caps.

The poles of the tree are surrounded by two such attracting and attracted caps, and the trunk is permeated by fluid which solidifies at the surface, and particularly at the extremities. The natural result is a branching growth toward every point of these fields of attraction. The positive movements of the root toward food, of the branch toward light, clearly indicate such attractive agency affecting the direction of growth.

The pointed shape of the twigs is a natural result of this growth toward points of attraction. The spiral vessels of the trunk remind us of the helix, and may result from the interaction of magnetic force with the upward flow of electricity.

Little is known of the action of force in the interior of the magnet, though there is reason to believe that lines of force act outwardly from the axis through the circumference. Viewing the tree as a mobile magnet, this outward action from the axis may be represented by the medullary rays of wood which proceed from centre to circumference; while the formation of buds and branches where these rays touch the air seems a natural action of an outward line of force. We must view the tree as possessed of a native outward force, whose direction and vigor of action depend on the direction and energy of outward-force relations, precisely as in the magnet, whose force acts inwardly when not attracted outwardly.

In the animal there is yet stronger evidence of a vortical motive-force, the animal being an eddying outgrowth from fixed centres, as

was the tree a branching outgrowth from a fixed axis. Every separate organic agency of the body is a true vortex. Thus the circulation is a vortical current with the heart for its centre, while the lungs form the centre of another vortex. Or we might view the pulmonary circulation as a double vortex, with the heart and lungs for its centres, or polar provinces, the lungs attracting oxygen, the heart carbonic acid. In this view the vortical is but a progressed form of the magnetic action.

The tree presents a differential action between the leaves and the root, each extremity absorbing and passing toward the other different kinds of matter, which, from their powerful affinities, seem to possess opposite polarity.

So in the circulation of animals a differential action takes place between the centre and the outward swell of the vortex, oxygen passing in one system of tubes from the lungs, through the heart, to the capillaries, and carbonic acid, in another system, from the capillaries to the lungs—this differential action and attraction of one substance to, another from, the centre, being possibly an important agency of the circulation. In the extensive circulation of the vertebral animals this agency may yield little more than directive power, it being aided here by the action of the heart and arterial muscles and by the valvular formation of the veins.

The nervous circulation is a similar vortex, the brain its centre, the nerve-current eddying outward to all the extremities of the body and in again to the brain. Here also we may consistently expect some differential action, but too little is yet known of the character of the nerve-action to enable us to discover opposite conditions in the two sets of nerves. Certain apparent differences of formation seem to argue such distinctions in action. The sympathetic nervous circulation is another vortical arrangement, and every ganglion in the body a secondary nerve-centre of action, while in the general system the various glands may be each a secondary centre of vortical force, and the actions of the stomach and intestines less-developed forms of the same relation.

The bony frame of the animal is built on a similar principle, each vertebral bone being a double vortex in shape, while the whole vertebral column assimilates the animal to the tree in presenting an axial combination of vortical centres. In the animal-limbs this tendency to reversion to the vegetable form also appears, the essential distinction being maintained, however, in the rounded form of animal as compared with the pointed form of plant extremities.

In the lower forms of animal life we may view the articulate as an axial combination of single vortices, the mollusk a simple vortex of circulation and nerve-action, possessing in its higher forms the spiral force of the magnetic helix, while the radiate is a vortex of circulation, its forces having the simplest form of arrangement. In the higher animals the regularity of the simple radiate system is modified by their possession of several distinct vortical systems with separate centres, thus producing irregularity of form. The higher vertebrates present the most complex combination of these separate force-centres, and hence the greatest variation from the simple globular form, yet the tendency to assume this form is displayed around all immediate centres, as in the head, the lungs, etc.

In the lower radiates the branching force of the plant is strongly displayed. Going yet lower, into that mysterious region where only microscopic forms reveal the existence of life, it becomes often impossible to distinguish between the animal and the plant. Possibly there is a regular gradation between the two, the axis of the plant being gradually reduced to a central point, and thus passing insensibly into the animal force-centre.

The simplest form of both animal and vegetable life is a single cell, displaying similar properties and increasing in similar manner with the cells which build up higher organisms. Hence some naturalists have concluded that these latter are really living individuals, and that a complex animal is but a social community of living beings, each composed of a single cell.

Each separate cell, then, should be an epitome of the organic kingdom to which it belongs, the animal-cell being a vortex round a central point, the vegetable a circulation round an axis. The outward resemblance between these two classes of cells is great, yet the animal presents some phases of internal action not usually displayed by the vegetable, which may result from this superior force-condition. We may also suppose that in the vegetable fruit, in whose formation the animal absorption of oxygen and excretion of carbonic acid is

displayed, we have a progression from the vegetable into the animal condition, so that our ordinary vegetable food possesses really more of the animal than of the vegetable in its nature. The globular form of fruit seems to sustain this idea.

We then may view the animal-cell as a vortical arrangement, taking in matter at every portion of its circumference, its centre being the interior of the nucleus. A differential action operates between the nucleus and the periphery, the latter drawing in certain matter by osmotic force, the former reorganizing this matter, expelling a portion of it which is excreted at, or accumulates around, the surface, and retaining the remainder, which causes the growth of the cell, and, by the formation of secondary centres, produces division and reproduction. The varying position of the nucleus in respect to the centre may result from variations in the supply of nutriment to the different portions of the surface.

In the vegetable cell we may have an axial arrangement of force such as we have supposed in the tree, matter being drawn in at one pole, changed in the interior, partly excreted at the other pole, and partly used to build up the cell. Or, it may be that each pole draws in a different kind of matter, one the solution from the root, the other that from the leaves, which meet and combine in the interior. In this view each cell is a miniature galvanic battery, producing peculiar and vigorous arrangements of chemical affinity, and thus forming complex compounds not readily formed by ordinary chemical agencies.

We have but glanced at this subject, which presents many other points of curious accordance with the idea here presented, but hope we have presented sufficient analogies to render it not wholly unacceptable.

CHARLES MORRIS.

ILLUSTRIOUS OLD MEN OF 1871.

FOREMOST among the European old men of mark who have turned the corner of 1870 into the new year, is FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUIZOT, last October eighty-three years old. Professor of History in the Sorbonne, Councillor of State of Louis XVIII. and Louis Philippe, ambassador to the court of St. James, and holder of the portfolio of Foreign Affairs during the last six years of the king of the French; renowned as a scholar, successful as an advocate, persuasive beyond all his contemporaries as a speaker, and upright as a judge—a politician above low trickery, unsurpassed in sagacity as a statesman, shrewd among *diplomates*, and, as a leader of party in place or opposition, unrivalled—M. Guizot has witnessed all and taken part in most of the political changes of his country during the century. It is twenty-two years since he withdrew from the stage of public affairs, and yet in these two decades he has won distinction as a philosophic writer, and reputation as a scholar, more eminent, perhaps, than any *savant* in Europe. That he has kept still during these fateful days for his country, is due partly to his age, partly to his unpopularity, and, in a still greater degree, to his excessive caution.

When young Guizot came up to Paris in 1805, Pauline de Meulan was the popular contributor to Suard's newspaper, *Le Publiciste*. Falling into deep affliction, she was surprised to receive a letter without signature, and in an unknown hand. The writer did not wish to give his name, but said he had heard of her illness, and begged to be allowed to supply the articles she had engaged to write, so long as she felt herself unequal to the task. She at first refused, though touched by the delicacy of the proposal; it was renewed with more earnestness, when, charmed by the candor of the offer, she accepted it, and was supplied from time to time, by a secret conveyance, with such articles as she had no reason to regret publishing in place of her own. In the mean time the mystery continued, until, failing to penetrate it, the lady declined to continue under such obligations unless her wary correspondent would give his name. He yielded, and Mademoiselle Meulan thus became acquainted with her future husband. M. Guizot was at this time only twenty years old, and was immersed in his studies, preparing to make a name for himself some day in the literary world. Five years after this occurrence, which partook more of romance, perhaps, than generosity, the lovers were married; and, though the lady was more than fourteen years the senior, no wedded life was ever happier—no wife's influence more salutary during their fifteen years' union.

Withdrawn from all contact with politics, Guizot has grown old gracefully during the second empire, shut out from the noisy world pursuing his studies within the retreat of his library, and winning new honors as an historian and philosopher.

Next to Guizot, older in years, if not in honors, advances EDWARD BURTON SUGDEN—Lord St. Leonards of the House of Peers—the great chancery lawyer of England. He has outlived all his contemporaries—Aberdeen and Palmerston, Brougham and Lyndhurst, Cranworth and Campbell, and yet, at the age of ninety, holds his own with the youngest and wisest in the House of Lords. In that profusely-gilded chamber, a spectator from the gallery may have seen, at any time this present winter, a brisk old man, small, bent, and weakened, passing toward his seat, nodding recognitions, bowing profoundly to the occupant of the woolsack, dressed in black, with the profuse white neckcloth of the regent's days, scrupulously neat, his face clean shaven, and locks white as snow falling upon his shoulders, the observed of all observers among bishops and lords, royal dukes and princes of the blood. He has held position as equity lawyer, unequalled in the United Kingdom. Wellington made him solicitor-general, and Peel Lord-Chancellor of Ireland. Under two prime-ministers he was keeper of the great seal. Since the days of the Conqueror, no other barrister has thrice declined the highest gift the sovereign can offer a member of the bar. For thirty years he was the leading counsel in the great Court of Chancery. More than all other men of the century, he has contributed to simplifying law, reducing costs in courts, remedying vexatious delays, securing titles, abolishing useless forms, and making the House of Lords efficient as a judicial tribunal.

They tell endless stories upon the circuits of his forensic contests with Brougham. The two were almost always pitted together. Brougham was only three years the senior. He had been the more fortunate, and was first upon the chancery bench. Sharp contests had often taken place between them as rivals, and it was natural enough that the exchange of the gown for the ermine should not have commanded from Sugden all the deference to which Brougham, the judge, was entitled. During an argument upon a question of law before the latter, Sugden suddenly ceased, gathering up his papers with the remark:

"I see your lordship is engaged in writing letters, I will therefore postpone my argument."

"Writing letters!" responded Brougham; "I am merely jotting memoranda. You might as well complain of my blowing my nose. Go on, Sir Edward."

At another time, when both were in Parliament, in the heat of debate, Brougham had designated Sugden as a "bug"—a word which, in our American use, loses its sting—and then, with an air of inexpressible loathing, had proceeded to describe his crawling ways and venomous propensities. Sugden did not immediately reply. But when the time came, a few days afterward, his answer to the outrageous attack, from his place in the House, has not its equal for keen invective and bitter satire in parliamentary annals. He laid open the anatomy of his opponent's character with a skill and coolness that won the applause of all England. Then came Brougham's better nature. His apology at the club was as generous as his assault in the House had been mean. Gathering himself up, half averting his face, and offering his hand to Sugden, he said: "When a man has done wrong, Sir Edward, he cannot acknowledge it too soon." The reconciliation was complete.

Lord St. Leonards retains his mental powers apparently undimmed. In his "Review of Lord Campbell's Lives of Brougham and Lyndhurst," published two years ago, there is, without prolixity or prosiness, narrative, anecdote, analysis of character, chatty and undidactic description, and genial, good-tempered talk in the best of clear, pithy, and pungent English.

Very unlike the great equity lawyer, and even more unlike his old opponent, the statesman and scholar first described, is the third old man upon our list, LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS. Sixteen years the junior of Lord St. Leonards, and ten years of Guizot, the public life of the great Orleans minister extends, nevertheless, over almost as broad a space of time. He was a power in the opposition that drove Charles X. into exile. Talleyrand recognized him as the *parvenu* Brutus of young France. From the day of Louis Philippe's acceptance of the crown in 1830, until his inglorious flight, Thiers was leader of the Orleans party. During the last seven years of the second empire, he was the strongest man in the Chambers. There is scarcely a public work of the last forty years in all France—roads, canals, railways

telegraphic lines—the statue of the first Napoleon on the Place Vendôme column, the completion of the Church of the Madeleine, the erection of the Arc de Triomphe, the organization of the navy, and the promotion of public industries—in which he has not had a hand. The judicious friend of popular freedom when the minister of the crown, he, with the forty members of the extreme Left who have monopolized the brains of the Chambers for the last half decade, has always been a champion of the liberties of the people.

Thiers is nevertheless, while perhaps the greatest orator France has ever produced, one of the most uncertain of statesmen. The essence of mind to the tip of his lips, he is the very vapor of character. To the wisdom of a philosopher in argument he adds the frivolity of a child in action. His whole political life has been a continued series of feverish fits and nervous attacks. He has the reputation of constant insincerity. Honest convictions no one believes him to entertain. Opinions seem to pass through his mind like water through a sieve. And yet, in spite of all this cloud of doubt through which all men view him, in spite of his constant mockery, in spite of his half-deformed person, frail organization, feeble presence, nasal twang, slovenly dress, and repulsive manner, his intellect, elastic as the finest steel, his power of persuasion, that spreads the way he leads with flowers and pearls of thought, his transparency of language, vividness of description, sententiousness of statement, liveliness of narration, and cogency of argument, carry with him, almost irresistibly, both friends and foes. Cormenin, his bitterest satirist, said of him: "He thinks without effort, produces without exhaustion, advances without fatigue, and arrays his ideas before you with a rapidity which is inconceivable; former times pass before his memory in their order and proper costumes; and Nature, which others court, comes to him uninvited in all the pomp of her majesty, and all the grace of her smiles."

Age has not improved the personal appearance of M. Thiers. A little old man, erect in carriage, looking his listener full in the eye, and at the same time nervously active while addressing him; his clothes too large, his cravat awry, his boots unpolished, awkward in manner and ungainly in figure, constantly in motion, neither deferential nor rude in address, listening with patience, but taking the thought in his reply with such volubility of sense that no rejoinder is possible, he impresses you as a man so wholly *sui generis*, that you are compelled to yield to his opinions. Once started in conversation he never stops. "If the Almighty had foreseen," said one of his opponents, "that the day would come on which He would create a Thiers, He would undoubtedly have made the earth turn on its axis in forty-eight hours instead of twenty-four."

Almost any winter morning of the last twenty years, between the hours of six and eight, there might have been seen striding at rapid pace along the streets of Chelsea, making way toward the suburban villas that there introduce town to country, a man of large head, large body, and large limbs, a heavy man in gait, who, old as he is, with very slight attention to the choice of his dress, would be universally regarded as handsome. It is THOMAS CARLYLE. Rubens would have gloried in him as a model. With grizzly beard, long locks of white hair, shaggy brown overhanging eyes of extraordinary brilliancy, a seamed and scarred face ploughed deep with wrinkles, and stooping a little as he walks, you might think, but for his *outré* dress, you had before you some magnificent old feudal baron. His coat, large and loose, might fit a giant; and his trousers are two sacks joined at the upper end. At each long stride he disposes of nearly a yard of ground, and he bears in his hand, wherewith he strikes the ground as if with a paving-rammer, something between a stick and the trunk of a tree, a sort of gigantic club, the like of which for size you would hardly find in Tipperary. He looks like Fee-fi-fum come out for his morning walk, or an ogre seeking his breakfast.

Without good reason, one would not care to address him as he strides along, but when he does talk, as talk he can in Saxon idioms and Saxon words when occasion requires, his voice is gruff and toneless, coming from the recesses of his beard like the growl of a bear from the bush. But his language is simple, his sentences short, and he always speaks his convictions. Like every man who has thoroughly made up his mind, he declares it without circumlocution; but, unlike most men, he rarely reasons with those from whom he differs. He is not affable—certainly not of late years. His talk is short, continuous, and emphatic, and, toward strangers, likely at any moment to suddenly

stop. It has been compared not inaptly to the spring of a clock running down.

To analyze or even sketch the character of Carlyle, will not be attempted here. The *sticket* minister who came to London from Craigenputtock, "the loneliest nook in Britain, fifteen miles northwest of Dumfries, among the hills and black morasses, which stretch westward almost to the Irish sea," nearly forty years ago, and in his "Sartor Resartus," upon the homely topic of clothes, brought together much of the deepest speculation, finest poetry, noblest morals, and wildest humor, that this or any other age has produced, and has followed it by other numerous works equally strange and brilliant, has not yet found the undisputed place he is to occupy in the literature of England. That his genius will never want ample recognition is certain; but his writings derive so much of their interest from time and manner that it is impossible to predict how they will be relished in the future.

Mr. Carlyle shows his age in mind as much as in body. The strength in both remains unimpaired. But some of the parts are indurated. Incrustations have grown upon the surface. He is opinionated and irascible. The heaviest blow of his life—the sudden death of his wife during his absence from home some years ago—upset his temper beyond recovery. He has grown old more rapidly since he reached seventy, in 1866, than during a decade previous. But for his firm step and active movements, he might well be taken to be past fourscore.

The little old man, precise, exquisitely dressed, and nervous, who is never absent from his seat, and who, as you look at him from the gallery of the lords, is always busy writing, if not speaking, is Earl Russell, better known as Lord JOHN RUSSELL, the octogenarian, who has been fifty-eight years in Parliament, thirty-three years in place, six years prime-minister, and is the illustrious younger son of the great house of Bedford. He was Home Secretary under Melbourne, and Minister of Foreign Affairs under Aberdeen; Lord President of the Council in 1854, and Colonial Secretary under Palmerston; leader of the Reform of 1832, and ambassador to the Vienna Conference in 1854; measuring swords in debate with Grenville and Canning, Earl Grey and Sir Robert Peel, Huskisson and O'Connell, Wellington and Lord Derby; the personal friend of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, Shelley and Coleridge, Tom Moore and Sir Humphrey Davy; and the literary author of lives, memoirs, essays, and tragedies innumerable. Without extraordinary talents, wanting the advantages of person and presence; possessing in no degree the suavity of Lyndhurst, nor the force of Brougham, nor the logic of St. Leonards, nor the readiness of Palmerston, nor the oratory of Peel, nor the silver voice of Melbourne, with each one of whom he contested for the highest honor within the queen's gift; lacking by Nature the force, enthusiasm, brilliancy, and forecast, that made his contemporaries famous—he has succeeded, by simple industry, added to the advantages of family, in keeping his name familiar as a household word, for nearly half a century, in Europe and America. There was never a more drowsy speaker. His state-papers consist of the dreariest platitudes. He possesses learning without knowledge, argument without logic, politics without statesmanship, and power of debate without appreciation of the merits of the question discussed. England, the foster-mother of aristocracy, does not show, in her millennial annals, one such other notable example of the advantages of noble birth.

When Daniel O'Connell, taunted by Lord John that he had caused a death's-head and cross-bones (in that day fatal warning in Ireland) to be chalked over a refractory tenant's door, replied, "Death's-head and cross-bones? What can a son of Bedford know of these, when his best inheritance is *calves-head and jawbones*?" The House was convulsed with laughter not more by the drollery than the pertinence of the reply. "What then is an aristocrat in disguise?" asked Disraeli, in answer to Lord John's taunt. "It is a Whig in place—a man who owes his position to promises to the people which he has paid in performances to the lords," and the noble accuser had not a word to say.

And yet the club-house anecdotes of Earl Russell do not always exhibit him as dull. Upon leaving Devonshire House after dinner, he gave the usual "*vail*" (*vale*, farewell) to the servant who handed him his hat. "Your top-coat, my lord," said a second servant, who also received his shilling. "Your umbrella, my lord," said a third, who fared the same. "Your cane," "your goloches," "your gloves, my lord," repeated other servants, waiting the accustomed *douceur*, when

Lord John replied, "You may keep all those, they are not worth three shillings."

In the memoirs of Thomas Moore, published some five-and-twenty years ago, may be seen the portrait of Earl Russell, as he desired, at that time, to be presented to the world. The precise attitude, dignified manner, composed features, and aristocratic bearing, which appear there, may still be recognized in the black frock-coat, white neck-cloth, ruffled shirt bosom, polished boots, and Jouvin gloves of the little old man seated among the peers, and bishops, and law-lords of the Upper House of Parliament every night of the season. The step is less elastic indeed, and the voice pipes and whistles, but the veritable member who represented London for almost an ordinary lifetime, is still there, with enough of life apparently left to carry him over a half-score and more of coming years.

N. S. DODGE.

"DROPPING OFF"—A SKETCH BY EASTMAN JOHNSON.

IT is worth while to enlist the authority of John Ruskin for a form of art that has been commonly despised by his narrowest readers—we mean by those who have been exclusively impressed by his lessons about "lovely detail" and "finish;" who seem to think "sketch" is another name for laziness or ignorance.

In connection with the effort made at the spring exhibition of the Academy of Design, to interest the public in the sketches and studies of painters, we may begin to understand that the best art-culture is most hospitable and intelligent in its reception of a true sketch. Ruskin tells us that *incomplete pictures* ought neither to be purchased nor produced, but that careful and real sketches ought to be valued much more highly than they are. "Studies in chalk, of landscape, should form a part of every exhibition, and a room should be allotted to drawings of figures in the Academy . . . not blots of *chiaro-scuro*, but delicate outlines with the pen or crayon." We are not pleading for any crude or ignorant form of art: yet, we are as far from limiting the idea of a sketch to "delicate outlines with pen or crayon" as we are from accepting "blots of *chiaro-scuro*" as sketches. We mean by sketch the work a painter does, honestly, *from Nature*—never retouched for the sake of finish, or at least never retouched without Nature to determine the touch. Such a sketch we had the pleasure of seeing, some time ago, in the studio of Eastman Johnson. No finished picture by this artist holds a higher place in our judgment than this slight but admirable example of his talent; in it, the artist has caught, with a delicate and sympathetic and vital and intelligent touch, the most fleeting and indefinable traits of Nature, and in a fashion beyond the reach of a copyist, beyond even the possibility of duplication by his own hand. If, in some bad hour, the artist should retouch his sketch, we believe one of the finest specimens of his art will be hurt, if not lost.

The sketch of which we speak was probably made, in one sitting, from a very, very old man, in a country home. It represents an old New-England veteran of the rugged soil, yet living, but so old, so weak, so frail, that life in him seems barely to flicker in its time-worn socket. To paint this old creature, to place him before us in a manner to inspire interest, to make upon us the impression of reality, to give precisely the book of life without reaching realism through the effect of a photograph—this is no common result; in fact, to reach it, a genius akin to the greatest master, to Rembrandt, was needed. Now, Eastman Johnson falls short of the tremendous power of Rembrandt; but in this sketch he approaches some of the qualities of the great Dutchman by the delicate and easily-expressed vitality of his sketch from Nature.

We are attempting to help you enjoy, by the means of words, what we enjoyed by the direct means of Eastman Johnson's art. We have the advantage in vividness of impression. But look with us, if you can, yet more at this remarkable sketch. We were told it should be called "Dropping Off." Dropping off into the easy sleep of second childhood? or into the last long sleep that is next to each one of us? Dropping off! Poor old man, at the end of life, at the end of the seasons that come and go with the varied music, and perfume, and color, and splendor of life! At the end of *sensation*! the supreme fact of the supreme hour of life!

Just observe the peculiar shape of the old man's head. How high and narrow the skull! The New-England head in excess. His white, thin hair lies lightly. Feeble and exceeding old he seems; yet how ruddy, how fresh his wrinkled cheek! Time is the last friend of this old man, and yet he is dropping off even from his first and last companion.

The artist knows very well that this sketch is a masterly representation of Nature. When our picture-buyers are instructed lovers of art, they will covet such a slight but perfect specimen of painting, as now they covet elaborate pictures, in which the details and finish of a mechanical industry, or the general effects of a trickster in painting, make them marvel about the imitation of Nature and the interpretation of art.

Since Ruskin began his crusade against the inane effects, the blotchy and spotty manner of the degenerate successors of Reynolds and Gainsborough, public taste has obeyed in a large measure, and even exceeded, his ideas of reaction against whatever seems careless or slight. Now, we have not, as picture-buyers twenty years ago in England had, a too great fondness for unfinished works; we have a too great fondness for a smooth surface in a frame full of details, in our encouragement of what we call art. Half an hour before Eastman Johnson's sketch would teach us more of art than any photograph, more than any painting that indicates its idea of Nature as, in part, the product of the photograph. It is in just such bits of the actual, as Johnson's sketch, that we can learn to appreciate the qualities and traits that distinguish art from imitation, that teach us the natural is better than the real in art; for a photograph gives us the real, but it is not natural, for it misses just that inexplicable sense of the color, the breath, in a word, the *life*, that makes Eastman Johnson's "Dropping Off" so surprising and so satisfying to the most instructed sense of art and Nature.

It is to be hoped that the next spring exhibition of the Academy of Design will be graced with this specimen of Eastman Johnson's honest and admirable work. We have no painter more faithful and sensible in the rendering of American, or rather Yankee character. He seems to enjoy depicting just such homely, and shrewd, and weather-worn men. In this respect he is like George Eliot and Mrs. Stowe, like Whittier and Thoreau, that is to say, he is wholly possessed by a sense of the actual, of the real, and scarcely touched, or, if touched, but feebly touched, by the ideal as understood by certain writers and painters who rose at the beginning of this century.

EUGENE BENSON.

AT THE OPERA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRENZENY.

THE coaches up-rumbling to pause at those portals,
Which music holds revel within,
Disburden before them gay legions of mortals,
Ere yet the night's glories begin.
And thronged to their limit with many a patron,
The opera-corridors gleam,
Beau, critic, and patriarch, youth, maid, and matron,
In one multitudinous stream.

With lustre of silks and with glimmer of laces
At last the broad temple is filled;
The tardiest comers have taken their places,
The throng's busy murmur is stilled.
And now the fine *maestro*, where blandly serene he
Sits throned on his eminent chair,
Preludes the first notes of immortal Bellini,
By waving his *bâton* in air.

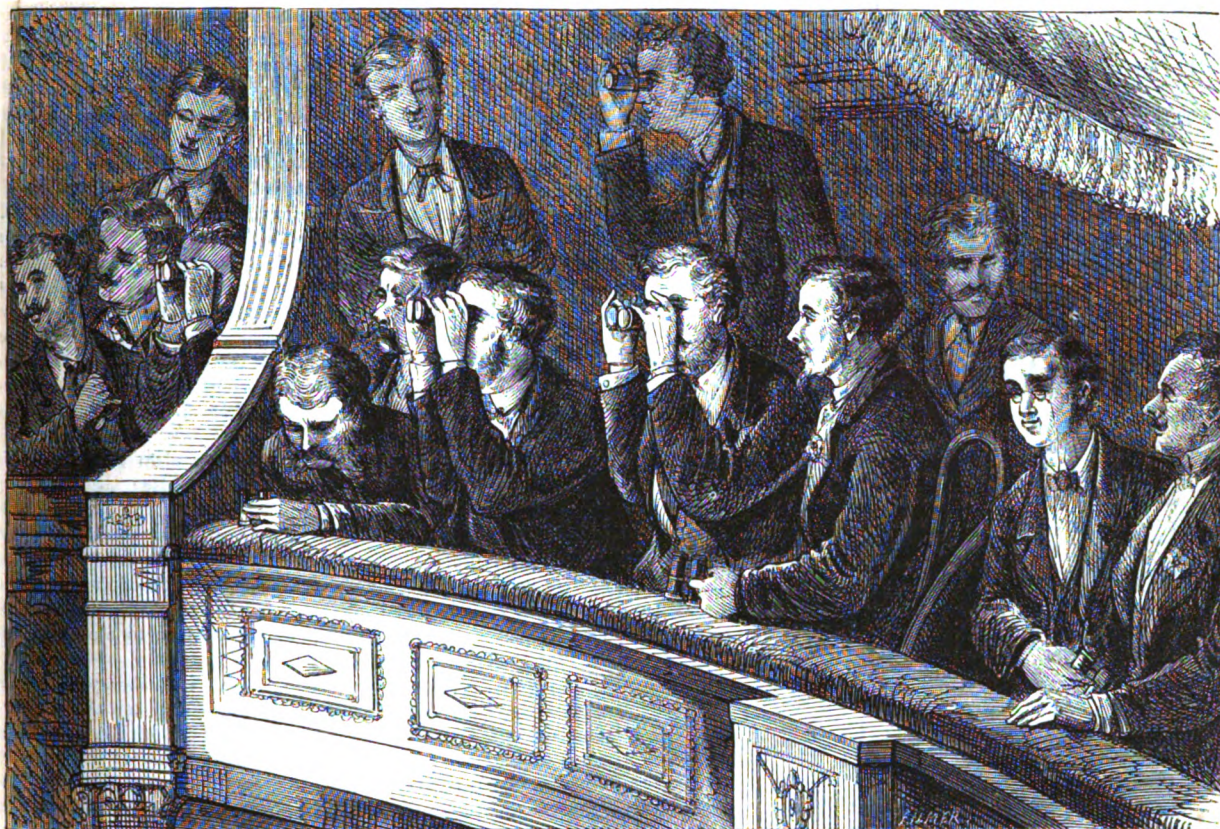
Why doubt if the soft eyes that tenderly glisten,
The smiles that from lovely lips glow,
Are kindled of spirits enraptured that listen
The music's divine ebb and flow?
Why doubt if delight that is born not completely
Of song's potent witchery, aways
The bosoms and cheeks whose rare tints rival sweetly
The blooms of the costly bouquets?



IN THE LOBBY



IN THE DRESS-CIRCLE.



THE LADY-KILLERS' BOX.



AT THE FINALE.

Why doubt it, ah, why? Yet no warbling Amina,
No love-lorn Elvino hath spells,
By silver *romanza*, by suave *cavatina*,
To charm these bright bebies of belles;
For all too devoutly their glances will follow
Where lounges or saunters or stares
This blond-haired Adonis, that dark-eyed Apollo,
Assuming magnificent airs.

How cold were the heart that could grant not the graces
Of Fashion's male idols and pets,
What time at the brilliant array of fair faces
They level their dainty *lorgnettes*!
With shirt-front immaculate, neck-tie artistic,
Superb gloves and exquisite hat,
Deserves not each gallant the gaze eulogistic,
Which greets him on this side and that?

Of course there are folk who condemn as too careless,
Vain, whimsical, flippant, their style,
Presuming to wish they would whisper and stare less,
But evil tongues love to revile.
By disapprobation such cavillers honor
Men made of superior clay,
And not prone to fancy a mere *prima donna*
Of greater importance than they.

But equally now unto all, it is certain
(The loud chorus singing their last),
Descends the huge breadth of that sombre green curtain,
Which proves the night's vanities past;
While some with grave brows hear the final strains dying,
Some hear them with boisterous claps,
And some, unconcernedly placid, are tying
And hooking and buttoning wraps.

Here rises a beauty, white-cloaked, in whose tresses
One diamond burns like a star;
There sounds the rich rustling of sumptuous dresses,
Here booms a sprung *chapeau de bras*;
And yonder, up-rumbling, to pause at the portals,
Dark coaches crowd vaguely in sight,
Receiving their cargoes of prosperous mortals,
And rolling them home through the night.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIED! No one cares for them now. Paul and Virginia are transformed into Darby and Joan. Benedick has forgotten his toothache, and Beatrice smiles at the story of Hero's death and resurrection—events which sealed her fate as well as her cousin's—with the melancholy conviction that somehow she was compelled to yield to a power far more potent than her own sweet will.

And here the hard and unpleasant truth may as well be stated—namely, that marriages occur in accordance with large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority, and that in numbers they are in no wise affected by the temper and wishes of the people. This first fact about marriage is not only prosaic, but humiliating. Shall not these people choose companions for life, and listen to the clerical "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," at such time as they may mutually agree upon? By no means. The law says they shall do neither of these things; and the peculiarity of this law is that it cannot be violated. Furthermore, all who desire it will not be permitted to marry. What is to be said of such inimitable tyranny as this? Not marry when we choose, and whom we choose! Not to be consulted as to whether we shall marry or not! What is life worth if these things are to be decided without our knowledge or consent? Not much, perhaps; but we might just as well learn the disagreeable fact at once, and submit to it. Nature is fond of cheats, and plays her charlatany irrespective of persons—

"Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.

Youth has its illusions, and middle age its hallucinations, wherefore these teachings of statistics may go hang. Does not Romeo actually know that he chooses Juliet in preference to Rosalind? Is it at all probable that Miranda would have escaped marriage with Caliban, if she had never met the shipwrecked Ferdinand? Where and what is this tricky Puck that makes maidens see as he wills, and transforms Demetrius and Lysander, subject to no law save his own? Alas! this plodding and prosaic statist, this withered and bespectacled mathematician, will prove to you that Romeo is mistaken, that Miranda and Ferdinand are both controlled by the superior prevision of Prospero, and that Puck is, after all, nothing but the personified Price of Corn. These illusions and hallucinations are results of the operations of law, and we cannot disturb them, though we pile formula on formula, and equation upon equation, until the revolving earth is light as a feather, compared with the weight of the argument. *Per contra*, what cares passion for the multiplication-table, or love for the differential calculus? A fieu for you, law of statistics! Nevertheless, Maud commits an unintentional perjury when she vows her husband shall be the man of her choice, and we all know that Adolphus Fitzherbert will repeat Romeo's blunder.

Leaving the domain of fancy, we find the plain statistical facts concerning marriage running somewhat in this wise:

The average age of women, when they marry, is 25.46 years; and, of one hundred who reach this age, twenty-one will never marry. With men it fares differently; for, strange as it may seem, more women than men get married, and, of one hundred of the latter who reach the marriage age of 29.5 years, twenty-two will die bachelors. Thus, about one-fifth of our people are doomed to die unwedded, whether they prefer it or not.

Now, the marriages that occur in New York number, year by year, about nine thousand two hundred and eighty—eighteen thousand five hundred and sixty persons—and for every one of these marriages there will at some time be left a widow or widower, for it rarely happens that husband and wife die at the same moment. Some of these widows and widowers will remarry—more of the latter than the former, and because of this fact the actual number of women who marry will exceed the actual number of men. The rule seems to be that about one in three widowers, and one in four widows, remarry.

Of one hundred marriages, about thirteen of the men will be widowers, and only eleven of the women will be widows, the bachelors numbering eighty-seven, and the spinsters eighty-nine. On general principles, there may be no serious objection to old Weller's advice, "Beware of vidders;" but we, not basing our conclusion upon domestic experience, but upon a series of mathematical calculations, can absolutely affirm that widows do not, by any means, monopolize the matrimonial market, and that there is more to be feared from one spinster than from a dozen widows—let bachelors make a note of this fact—for the truth is, that spinsters have a better success against widows in the hunt for husbands than bachelors have against widowers in the winning of wives. And, as all the hunting and winning is above the will, and superior to it, we cannot say "beware" to any, but simply admonish all to accept the conditions, and to yield as gracefully as possible to their predestinate fate, whatever it may be—whether single blessedness or wedded woe, conjugal felicity or unwedded discontent.

Suppose there be a hundred weddings in New York within a given time, in all respects of the average kind, how many of these persons will be minors? From Paracelsus and Cagliostro down to Home and Fox, not one of all the soothsayers and clairvoyants can tell you that. No palm-reading gypsy, no spirit from the vasty deep, let him be called by no matter what boasting Glendower, can tell half so much of these occult events as this interrogating mathematician will learn from his curious figures and bewildering signs. Ask him, and he will reply, without any mummary or gibberish, twenty-four will have been married and about nineteen will be under age. Of this latter number all but one will be women—spinsters not yet out of their teens. At all events, this is the result of his present calculations, and if time and increased numbers should alter the averages he will learn the fact sooner than any one else. The remainder will be bachelors and spinsters of the average age of 29.5 for the former, and 25.46 for the latter.

What the law is that makes bachelors so much more prudent than spinsters we will not undertake to say; but certain it is that maidens make much more haste than young men in getting into the matrimo-

nial net. Still, it must be remembered that girls, whether prudently or not, are regarded as marriageable at fifteen, and are certainly so at seventeen; so that, in view of the fact that only eighteen in every hundred of the delicate creatures who marry are under twenty years of age, while forty-three of the same hundred are between twenty and twenty-five, and twenty-two more between twenty-five and thirty, we must candidly confess that they manifest a degree of prudence in the matter that would seriously disturb Mr. Malthus were he only aware of it. We will not say that marriage previous to the adult age is invariably indiscreet; but we will defy any one to form a just conclusion in regard to the age of discretion from the study of marriage statistics. To find this result, the marriage and mortuary tables must be studied together. The question is of some importance, but it must be unwillingly deferred.

But if women come upon the marriageable list earlier than men, they suffer the inconvenience of being stricken earlier from it. After forty-five, women are no longer regarded as eligible, matrimonially, and the demand for wives of this age is so slight as to be hardly worth considering, although we find an occasional widow—still more rarely a spinster—willing to marry even after having passed the sprightly age of threescore years and ten. Under twenty-five years of age the number of women who marry is a little more than twice as great as the number of men; but, after forty-five, the number of Benedicts is more than thrice that of the brides. In one thousand marriages of the average kind as to ages, fourteen women and forty-nine men will have passed their ninth lustrum. Widows remarry at an average age of thirty-nine years, while the average age of widowers who again take to themselves conjugal partners is forty-one or thereabout.

We will not undertake to tell each of our fair readers how old she will be when led to the altar a blushing bride, if that should prove to be her destiny; but we can tell her what the chances are in the present state of our knowledge of statistical facts. If we take the weddings that actually occur, we shall find that in every thousand there will be one hundred and seventy-nine wives under twenty years, while there will be only nine husbands of that tender age. But perhaps these facts will be better stated in statistical terms, thus: In every thousand marriages there will be—

Husbands.	Wives.	Ages.
9	179	Under 20 years of age.
292	434	Between 20 and 25 years of age.
348	226	“ 25 “ 30 “ “
172	81	“ 30 “ 35 “ “
83	43	“ 35 “ 40 “ “
44	20	“ 40 “ 45 “ “
25	8	“ 45 “ 50 “ “
12	3	“ 50 “ 55 “ “
6	1	“ 55 “ 60 “ “

The remainder, nine men and five women, will be scattered along between sixty and eighty years—an age at which almost any one would be expected to know better. It will be seen, however, that the desire as well as the opportunity for marriage falls off rapidly in both sexes after thirty—up to that age both seem to increase. In twenty-seven thousand five hundred marriages, or thereabout, there will be one hundred and nineteen men and only sixteen women between sixty and seventy years of age, while fourteen men and four women will be between seventy and eighty.

Interesting as these ancients are, there is still another class deserving of something more than a passing notice. We mean old maids. How many are there, and what are their matrimonial chances? We have already stated that twenty-one out of every hundred women who reach the marriage-age, namely 25.46 years, never marry. But even this does not tell the exact number of marriageable women who are waiting for husbands, if indeed so ungallant a thing as this may be said of any. But, then, how is it possible to expect an algebraic sign to be guilty of gallantry? From the best authority that can be had upon this exceedingly interesting topic, it appears that the number of unmarried and marriageable women, within those heretofore mentioned as the marriageable ages, namely, fifteen and forty-five, is about twenty-five per cent. of the whole number of women living between those ages.

Now, if the last census of New York be correct, the application of this rule will show us that the number of unmarried and marriageable women living on Manhattan Island at the time the enumera-

tion was made, was exactly fifty-one thousand two hundred and sixty-two. The race has somewhat increased since then; for the total population has been considerably augmented within five years, and during a part of the time the high prices of rents and food articles, the scarcity of labor, the darkened prospects and depressed business activity so loudly complained of among all classes of the community, made the number of marriages less than the average, and added largely to the list of unwedded maidens.

It seems to be a part of the creed of the discontented sisterhood, whether wives or spinsters, that one of the inalienable rights of woman entitles her to a husband. It will be seen that Nature sets her face against this assumption, and makes a very different decree. The truth is, that every woman living between the ages of fifteen and forty-five has twenty-five chances in one hundred of dying an old maid—that is, her chances of marriage are as four to one. This is just enough to give them all hope, and not sufficient to drive any to despair. The complaints of managing mammas are of no avail. Even the ballot will not bring them a better fate, and, with suffrage or without it, one-fourth of all between the above-named ages are doomed to live in old maidenhood and to die unhusbanded.

Our task is done. In dealing with these secrets we have doubtless been dull; but these hard facts will not admit of poetic treatment even if we were capable of treating facts poetically. When Benedick enumerated the virtues of the woman he would consent to husband, he said, “Her hair shall be of what color it please God.” He might have trusted the same good Providence—call it fate, destiny, or whatever you will—for all the other qualities just as well. An old adage says, “Marriages are made in heaven,” but Benedick’s was made in old Leonato’s garden, as we all know; and it is absolutely true in every case, as it was in the one we are considering, that those most interested have less to do with the result than they can well imagine, or, if they knew, would be willing to admit. For the individual that which he desires is good, that which he would shun is evil; but in the grand economy of the universe the two are so evenly balanced and so closely intertwined that he must be bold, indeed, who would undertake to say which is which.

Talleyrand, upon being introduced to two young men—one recently married, the other still a bachelor—called the former a happy man, and the latter a lucky dog. This is the broad philosophy of our deductions. Those who live unwedded need no sympathy; those who die married are worthy of no envy, for which of the two events is better no one can possibly determine.

NEW-YORK BOARDING-HOUSES.

IF you live in New-York City, and have a family to support, and have but a thousand or two a year, you will find it impossible to keep house. The rent of a house, by no means large or sumptuous, is two or three thousand dollars a year.

Boarding, then, is your only resource. Two-thirds of New York board, you are told, and three-thirds take boarders! You protest; but resign yourself to your fate, and enter upon the process, which, briefly summed, is very much like engaging as guide a person who has lost his own way. The woman who has rented the room to you rents it at your rate, as a rule, in despair of a better. She has rented all her rooms on the same principle, and is losing money. The two objects of her worried life are, to make her rent, and to keep her boarders just this side of mutiny. The process is a delicate one. Some one should simplify it by getting out tables of calculations based on past experience, with a *moralometer* of the different human temperaments attached, for many are the landlady’s perplexities! Mrs. Smith calls the butter names! With secret anguish the poor woman pays ten cents additional on the pound, and pinches it from the beef, which calls out Mr. Quimbo, whereupon she makes haste to reform on the beef article, and takes it out of the coal, which sets half a dozen ladies to conspire in whispers, while shivering in the chilly drawing-room.

The shifts, the direful straits of the landlady, weigh down the atmosphere of the house with moral gloom: for houses are as expressive as faces, and reflect quite as sensitively the soul within. The wretched system of housekeeping weights it, the atmosphere I mean, with something more substantial also, and the “good goddess of Pov-

erty" will not let her manage matters better. That unsympathizing deity allows her but one drudge, whose shoes and stockings are dreadful revelations, and who has the fires, the errands, the table, the sleeping-rooms, and the door-bell, all in charge. She is simply so much human instinct! Of course, no well-trained servant will accept such a post. Human instinct is not particularly reliable, rather a poor article apparently, and directs one to the worst thing possible! Irish instinct takes one turn more, and accomplishes results worse yet. The overworked landlady, and her ignorant and overworked assistant, who develops blunders as naturally as the caterpillar does the butterfly, are as insufficient for the house as the mistress's income is for the housekeeping. Somebody complains of the drawing-room, and it is hurriedly brushed out in the centre. The stairs are hinted at, and a broom is planted at the foot thereof, and leans against the balustrade for an hour or so the next morning. Mrs. Jenkins storms about the condition of her room. The maid appears, armed with broom and floor-cloth, sweeps all the dust into her closets, wipes the paint and the mirror with the floor-cloth, and departs triumphant.

For the last six years, perhaps, the house has been rented furnished to an ephemeral race of landladies, who each, after her turn at "how not to do it," gives way in despair to her successor. Under their régime, successive generations of Norahs and Bridgets have washed the paint in the dish-water, and wiped their hands on the curtains. Mould and dust are under the carpets, behind the wall-paper, in all the corners. The majority of houses are built as if the builders had a spite against human lungs, or were ignorant of their existence. Under favorable circumstances, good ventilation is difficult; but here the blinds are habitually closed, a little, to save the carpets, and principally to hide the dust. Light and air being thus excluded, in dark and dampness, the residuum of innumerable coffee-boilings, soup-makings, and washing-days, the savor of ham and eggs, fried fish, oysters, cakes, what not, combine with the subtle displeasing odors that are the sure consequence of negligent housekeeping, and collect and mass together till the house acquires an atmosphere of its own, familiarly known as "the boarding-house smell"—an atmosphere compounded chiefly of deadly enemies of human life. Meantime, three times a day, there is made a formidable attack on the stomach, in the shape of hard-burned fibre, minus the juices, called roast-meat, vegetables half raw, butter rancid, tea and coffee—familiar names for strange compounds of mineral substances, old leaves, and animal fat—poor bread, and worse pastry. And these horrors are aggravated by the dismal monotony, so that each day the victims are wretchedly sure what special badness to expect. The meals are eaten amid subdued growls and covert sneers, every one of which rankles like a poisoned dart in the landlady's worried breast; and a chorus of fault-finding rises afterward from each special chamber, whose echoes are sure to find her out wherever she may hide herself. Pause a moment, and give one sigh to this victim of poverty! It is cruel, pinching, merciless poverty that has made and keeps her what she is. To succeed in her department, she needs financial and executive ability. Ten to one, she has neither. She is there, simply because she cannot starve. The wolf is always at her door. She is never out of sight of the baleful glare of his eyes. She is taking in less money than it costs her to live, and eventually will fail. She knows it, but by every device in her power staves off the dreadful, inevitable moment. Each day is a terror. What is stigmatized as a meanness, is an agony; what is denounced in her as malice, is desperation. To live well, and suit the differing tastes of fifteen or twenty persons, in a city where every article is adulterated, and butchers, bakers, and grocers, build blocks of houses out of their profits, requires time, energy, intelligence, firmness, great inventive power, money, and genius; and every third woman left destitute, no matter how ignorant, nervous, and undisciplined, rushes into the business! What wonder that these martyrs are among the best-abused women of the day, and that, in course of time, they are apt to merit the worst that is said of them?

To come back to the system. The general disgust, dissatisfaction, and annoyance, make up what might be wanting in the attack on life and health. The nerves are continually rasped, the blood is poisoned, the digestion impaired, the body only half nourished, and its whole tone lowered. The men get reaction, perhaps, in the stir of business down-town; but their wives know no exercise and no change beyond an occasional languid walk. Unfortunately, the majority of these ladies would find a sense of degradation in such exercise as sweeping,

dusting, and bed-making, and sit with a certain sense of dignity in their dingy, disordered rooms till the arrival of the unkempt, ill-smelling drudge. And for the children, woe to them! Enervated, languid, and ailing, without the stimulus and the pleasant little ambitions of a home, the fretful mother takes refuge in novels and gossip, and, with a misery in her head and another in her back, finds the clamor, the questions, the perpetual activity of a boy or girl—both perhaps—unbearable in her crowded room; and the children, nothing loath, are sent to play in the street, while the mother, with a sense of exquisite relief, settles back luxuriously to her millinery, her novel, or her chat. Much has been said about the girls of the period, as if they appeared an abnormal, unaccountable blight on the healthy American tree; but has any one considered the children of the period? Is not this much-abused girl the natural development of the dear little Bedouins in crimped hair and bronze boots, the pretty Arabs in splendid sashes and embroidery, clustering about the steps or on the pavements? The question is a difficult one. The children must have air and exercise, and not many mothers are like the little lady whom I saw yesterday—a veritable lily of a woman, deliberately in open day helping her two young Knickerbockers to climb a lamp-post. Blessed little woman! How those boys will love her! Develop as they will, she is sure of a life-interest in their hearts. But such a tableau, or a daily airing in the parks, how impossible for ladies who have dignity, and a hundred important matters—dress-making, calls, engagements, and some pet complaint—on their hands! The children get their exercise as they can; and how is one to grow modest, home-loving girls, fresh as violets, in the glare of the streets, and within sight and hearing of the shows, sensations, and vices, of a great metropolis?

Hundreds of thousands endure this life, impatient and protesting, but seeing no remedy. In what are called first-class houses, it is true that some of the most glaring evils mentioned are subdued, or not found at all; but the same dissatisfaction prevails. The process, between the entrance into such a house, the first glow of enthusiasm, and the gradual development of the house's evil qualities to the point past bearing, is as well defined as in any other growth; and, when you hear that "the table is falling off," and that "mistress is a good woman, but lacks judgment," prepare yourself to take your friend's new number. The fact is, that boarding anywhere is like a steady chronic pain; occasional change of position is absolutely required to make it endurable, and it is in obedience to a natural law, and not because either landladies or boarders are hopelessly depraved, that we behold its victims revolving uneasily between east and west, the upper and lower sections of the town, like so many disappointed demons, seeking rest and finding none.

Urged by these evils, the Hardpan family, whom circumstances forbid to try that panacea, the country, have taken lodgings without board—it is only fair to their friends to say, in spite of all advice. They had been so long half starved or half poisoned that they were determined to take their dose of the ills of life in a new shape, and boldly entered on this novel phase of existence with a gas-fixture for cooking, and something of the sensation of a set of Robinson Crusoes who had just hired an island. It is a wonderful "gas-fixture," boils and broils almost as well as it could do in an advertisement. The steaks and chops are quite astounding—glorified steaks and chops, tender, juicy, not bearing the most distant relationship to the dried, tough pattern of the gridiron-bars served up in the boarding-houses. Their little drawing-room is quite remarkable. Undeniably, there is a bureau in it—not exactly a parlor-ornament—and two closet-doors, which people will open by mistake; but there is such a cosiness, a brightness, a freshness, about it! and, for my part, I believe that walls and room furnishings are not quite so unsympathetic as is commonly supposed, and that, where they are made much of, and confidentially used in the daily family life, they become thoroughly imbued with geniality and home feeling, and give it out in a way of which the finest drawing-room dedicated to Mrs. Grundy is quite incapable.

The Hardpans have discovered, also, that New York is a wonderful city. There are three bakeries, two fish-markets, four markets, all within four blocks, and half a dozen eating-houses within easy reach, and at any one they are quite ready to send you a dinner complete, or the soup or the roast alone, as you may choose. Every one is quite willing to send you any thing from anywhere, up as many flights of stairs as you may choose to live. Everybody understands the situation at a glance, somewhat to the astonishment of the Hard-

pass, who had a vague impression that they were the only family in lodgings. Two-thirds of their neighbors are living similarly. It is young Paris established in the heart of New York, and there is a general jollity observable throughout the street, widely differing from those sombre and elegant localities in which every one goes about with the full responsibility of a brown-stone house on his shoulders, or a brick house with brown stone facings—just as bad! To the Hardpan mind, life in lodgings puts on the cheeriest face; but then it is always to be borne in mind that to differently-constituted families it might wear a very different aspect, and become at once extravagant, dreary, and shambling.

Mrs. Hardpan is her own maid-of-all-work, has dismissed the doctor and a supposed liver-complaint, and grown rosy; but then Mrs. Hardpan has exercise exactly proportioned to her strength, and practically no stairs. The younger Hardpans are her feet, and serve as her ambassadors to those potentates—the butcher, the baker, and the grocer. The little system of housekeeping required by three or four rooms on one level, exercises, without overtiring, the muscles, and is an excellent substitute for the course of gymnastics insisted upon by her doctor. Then, the fresh cleanliness, the pure atmosphere of her well-kept rooms, the honest pleasure that is as much the fruit of moderate labor as the apple is of its seed, and the little triumphs and surprises in the line of omelets and ice-creams, produce healthier mental conditions than the constant rub against the boarding-house angles. But there are many ladies who would feel themselves fatally compromised if caught busy about the dinner, or who have souls above omelets! Let none of these attempt life in lodgings, nor those who pride themselves on a ponderous respectability, and who have no heart for a joke; for occasional Bohemianisms—dining entirely on fruit and creams, or *en masse* at a restaurant, piecing out the table-service with inappropriate saucers and waifs of bottles and pitchers—the thousand little devices and inventions required by this pocket housekeeping—are the flavoring, the *sauce piquante*, the sparkle, and save the life from falling flat and dead into monotony. Some are for a dinner of herbs, and some will have the “stalled ox” at all hazards. Every one to his taste! But for life in lodgings you must bring nerve enough to defy Mrs. Grundy, muscle enough to help yourself, if need be, and fun enough to confront a “predicament” with a laugh. Remember that; else, don't try it.

LOUISE E. FURNISS.

THE SCOTTS OF ABBOTSFORD.

To the Editor of Appletons' Journal.

SIR: In noticing the recent death of Lady Victoria Hope-Scott, sister of the Duke of Norfolk, niece of Lord Lyons, formerly British minister at Washington, and second wife of Mr. James Hope-Scott, the most eminent member of the Parliamentary bar, where he often makes his twenty thousand pounds per annum, several usually well-informed journals have incorrectly stated that Mr. Hope-Scott is the owner of Abbotsford, and that “it is melancholy to reflect that his” (Sir Walter Scott's) “family is entirely extinct, and the place fast going to decay.”

The Parliamentary counsel is not the owner of Abbotsford; Sir Walter Scott's family is not extinct; nor is his loved domain going to destruction. Abbotsford, when I visited it, was in the most perfect order, and a friend, who was there last summer, tells me that the grounds have been beautified and improved in various ways since his previous visit in the year 1855. The only change made since the death of Scott is the addition, to the north wing, of a Romish chapel, its present occupant being a member of that Church.

Mr. Hope-Scott married first Charlotte, granddaughter of Sir Walter, and daughter of the great novelist's favorite child, Sophia, wife of John Gibson Lockhart. Mary Monica Hope-Scott, a fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden of eighteen, is the sole survivor of the Scotts of Abbotsford, her mother having passed away to join two of her children who preceded her to the other world. Miss Scott, the great-grandchild of Sir Walter by the female side, is the heiress of Abbotsford house and estate; her father, who took the name of Scott on the death of his brother-in-law, Walter Scott-Lockhart, being merely the administrator, in respect to the property, at present. Should the young heiress marry, her husband must take the name of Scott; and

should she die without issue, then the property, but not the title, which is now extinct, will revert to the nephews of Sir Walter—sons of his brother Thomas, who reside in Canada. Thus, although there is no hope of founding a family in the direct male line, there may yet exist a long line of Scotts of Abbotsford.

Strange and sad is the fatality which has attended the family of the modern Shakespeare. Sir Walter's brothers all died young, and his sons and daughters were summoned early from this life. His gifted son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart, died broken-hearted in 1854; his daughter-in-law, the pretty heiress of Lochore, died childless. Let us hope that the surviving scion of the great minstrel's race may be long spared, to hand down to posterity the name and features of the distinguished Scotchman, whose presence was so dear to the generation who knew and revered him, and whose genius is one of the brightest inheritances of his native land.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

TO MY OLD GRAY COAT.

MY old gray coat, my old gray coat,
Come wrap my aged form;
Surround me with thy ample folds,
To battle with the storm.

My old gray coat, my old gray coat,
Thou goest where'er I go;
By day or night, in heat or cold,
In hail, or rain, or snow.

The more the angry tempests rage,
The closer thy embrace;
Shielding my chilly limbs from harm,
Guarding my shrinking face.

Let others talk, as well they may,
Of friends of all degrees,
Thy friendship warms me every day,
While oft their friendships freeze.

Thou'st clung to me for many a year,
Though still I can't deny,
I've sometimes scorned thy kindly aid,
When summer friends were nigh.

But when November's nipping frost,
Forbodes stern winter weather,
We join again in fond embrace,
And closer cling together.

Let others richer garments prize,
Of brown, or black, or blue;
Still turn I with admiring eyes,
My old gray coat, to you.

I honor thee, my old gray coat,
For all thy blessings past;
And may the thoughts of by-gone days
Cement us to the last!

Thy youth is gone, thy fashion, too—
All outward charms decay;
But still thy virtues to my view
Grow brighter every day.

And if in rags, my old gray coat,
Still precious thou wouldst be;
I value thee for what thou'st done,
For what thou'st been to me.

DAVID PAUL BROWN.

TABLE-TALK.

HAS the reader heard of Ginx's Baby? "Who is Ginx," he undoubtedly exclaims, "and why should one hear of Ginx's Baby?" Ginx's Baby, let us explain, is a satire. "A what?" comes pretty emphatically and imperatively this time, but, in the words of Polonius, we beg him to "stay awhile; we will be faithful." "Ginx's Baby," which is now before us—not, of course, the individual baby in its infantile wrappings, but the satirical volume bearing this name—is a strange and veritable history of a destitute youngster, in whom the reader is requested to see personated and represented the baby-waifs of the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Let us follow the story a little, for it is instructive, and, we think, entertaining, too. Ginx's baby is the thirteenth child of Mr. and Mrs. Ginx, of St. Giles, London. Mr. Ginx had given Mrs. Ginx frank and fair notice that, as a dozen mouths were already more than he could feed, he should assuredly drown the thirteenth, if that lady should persist in her intent to populate a new ward in the metropolis. But Mrs. Ginx, in her obstinacy, did persist, and Mr. Ginx, in his obstinacy, determined to consign the new-comer to the Thames. On his way to execute this judicial sentence, followed by an excited crowd, he meets a police-officer, who lays down the law in the matter, and then is joined by two philosophers, who lay down the philosophy in the matter. "Man," says the law, "you're bound to support your child. You can't throw it off in that way—nor on the parish either." "Man," says philosophy, "you had no right to bring children into the world, unless you could feed, and clothe, and educate them." Whereupon a warm and lengthy discussion ensues, in which a shrewd stone-mason among the crowd joins and gets the best of the argument. "I'd just like to ask you," he says to the apostles of Malthus, "what a man's to do, and what a woman's to do, if they don't marry; and, if they do, how can you honestly hinder them from having children? Ain't it in nater," he asks, "for all beings to pair and have young? an' you say we ain't to do it! I think a statesman ought to make something out of what's nateral to human beings, and not try to change their natures." The discussion is interrupted by the appearance of a Sister of Mercy, who offers to take the care and nurture of the child, and into her hands it is surrendered. This is not the end but the beginning of the infantine Ginx's troubles. Mrs. Ginx is a zealous Protestant, and, when she learns the fate of the brat, is horrified that "her flesh and blood should be made Papish." The baby meanwhile, after no little controversy, is duly baptized according to the ceremonies of the Roman Church. The Protestant Detectoral Association, however, getting wind of the matter, and seeing in it a splendid opportunity for a first-rate sensation, take immediate measures to recover the baby. Accounts appear in the newspapers headed "No Popery, in which 'abduction of an infant;' mysterious and awful proceedings;" "assault on the liberty of the subject;" "outrage upon the nation by foreign mer-

cenaries"—are some of the choice phrases. A tremendous excitement is now created, and all Protestant England is in a hubbub. Applications are made to the Queen's Bench for the custody of the child. An exciting trial ensues, which ends in the surrender of the baby to the Protestant Association. Then come new and quite as exciting issues. How shall the child be supported? How shall it be educated? In whose charge shall it be retained? Every denomination in the Association has its particular views, and everybody asserts that the baby must be reared according to his theories. Meeting after meeting is held, and in each the debate is furious. Subscriptions come pouring in for the support of the baby, but they are all expended in pamphlets, placards, advertisements, and other expenses. While this exciting discussion is pending, the child is without a custodian. Everybody, frantic for principle, is unwilling to accept its temporary charge. At last a woman agrees to take charge of him, "for the sake of the cause;" but that night the unhappy brat is found on a door-step, stripped of its clothing, and abandoned. It is taken possession of by the police, and farmed out, pending the final determination of the Association as to its disposition. This final determination is never reached. The discussion extends over a year. By that time the interest in the brat has died out in the presence of new and more interesting foreign issues, and when at last a bill of thirty-six pounds for his keeping is presented, it is found that, of some thirteen hundred pounds raised in his behalf, there remain in the treasury but one pound four shillings and fourpence. The committee are asked to provide means for payment of the child's liabilities; they adjourn without doing so. The persons having him in charge now dun for their money, which, not getting, they soon abandon the youngster. One morning he is found wrapped up in a newspaper, and lying exactly across the boundary-line between two parishes. He is picked up and carried to the work-house of one parish; and then begins a new and fierce contest between the wardens of these two parishes as to which the care of the baby rightfully belongs. In the work-house where he is placed he is admitted under protest, and fed under protest. Prolonged litigation follows between the parishes, involving immense costs; and, when a decision is reached, the wardens discover that the youngster, who had been before unknown to them, is the famous Ginx's Baby. Then neither parish will have it. The baby is promptly returned to Mr. and Mrs. Ginx, who are legally bound to support him. Ginx declares that, no matter what the law says, he simply cannot do it. The baby, a night or two after, is found on the steps of the Radical Club. A benevolent member, Sir Charles Sterling, takes it into the club. Here he becomes a matter of prolonged and grave discussion. "He is only part of a great problem," says Sir Charles; "what are we to do with him?" Every one has his different idea. The statesmen of the club are as divided and polemical as the members of the Protestant Alliance. But our summary is getting too long. From the club Ginx's Baby gets into Parliament;

but Parliament debates, hesitates, thinks there is no real reason for baby's destitution, and escapes the matter by taking up the important "Timbuctoo question." Meanwhile the baby has grown into a youth, has run away from the club, and fallen into bad ways. His struggle for a living is prolonged and severe, and far from being always honest. At last, in despair, he one night jumps into the Thames. "Society which, in the sacred names of Law and Charity, forbade the father to throw his child over the Vauxhall Bridge at a time when he was alike unconscious of life and death, has at last driven him over the parapet into the greedy waters. . . . Philosophers," concludes this singular work, "philanthropists, politicians, Papists and Protestants, poor-law ministers and parish-officers—while you have been theorizing and discussing, debating, wrangling, legislating, and administering—Good God! gentlemen, between you all, where has Ginx's Baby gone to?" As a picture of the desperate social evils of modern society, and a scathing satire upon the methods for relieving them, "Ginx's Baby" is a graphic, sharp, pungent, and highly-entertaining volume, of which our summary gives necessarily but a scant idea.

— *The New-York Times*, in a recent article on "The Uses of Rich Men," remarks very truly that the notions of the communists are not likely to find favor or acceptance among the American people. A community in which labor is honored and loved, in which ambition is strong and the habit of accumulation general, will hardly ever take cordially to the theory, for instance, that a man ought to be sent to jail for taking rent for a house, or interest on a loan, or profits on money invested in a manufacture, or that anybody who wants capital and has not got it, and says he would like to have it, ought to have it supplied to him by his neighbor or the government for nothing. It thinks, however, that there is an impression among a large class of the community that very rich men—men, for instance, like Astor or Stewart, whose wealth is counted by tens of millions—are useless, if not injurious, to the body politic, and should in some way be suppressed or stripped of their overgrown accumulations. Against this crude notion the *Times* very sensibly argues that these rich men are, after all, only stewards of the nation, and that they are compelled, even if they did not desire to do so, to use their wealth for the public benefit. By their energy, prudence, and financial skill, they employ their money to the best advantage, and thus promote the common welfare and increase the common prosperity. The rich man, in this country, who remains rich or grows richer, does not waste his money in luxuries or in foolish and unproductive schemes. If he did, he would soon see the end of his wealth. On the contrary, "he invests it in all sorts of enterprises, to the selection of which he brings enormous natural shrewdness, strengthened by the experience of a lifetime, and in every one of which it is devoted wholly to the employment of labor. If he puts it in unproductive real estate even, as he doubtless does sometimes, he releases some one else's money, which goes into production.

If he builds houses to let, he employs labor, and helps to lower rents; if he makes railroads, he employs miners, iron-founders, machinists, and helps to transport commodities; if he goes into spinning and weaving, or gardening, the result is still the same—labor is employed, and employed with such sagacity that it is sure to return the capital and something more. If he loaded himself with diamonds, filled himself every day to the chin with French dishes, and wines, and wore cloth of gold, and lived in a palace, it would be found that his salary was low. If we dismissed him, that is, took his property from him, and employed a philanthropist, or editor, or lyceum-lecturer, to manage it in the interest of 'humanity,' the probabilities are that there would not be a cent of it left at the end of five years. It would have been put into the production of goods that nobody wanted, of roads on which nobody would travel, or stolen by knaves and wasted by visionaries." The true system, then, is to allow free scope to energy and enterprise, taking care only to preclude monopolies, so that every man has a fair chance, and to prohibit entails or any other contrivances by which estates accumulated by energy and skill are kept in idle and incompetent hands, instead of being subjected to the natural laws of diffusion.

— The members of the O. K. Club, a juvenile literary society in Baltimore, kindly send us word that for some months they have been subscribers to APPLETON'S JOURNAL, and desire to express their appreciation of its merits. They say: "We consider it the best family paper now published in this country. In quality of type and illustrations it has no superior. It gives more and better reading than any other paper or magazine of the same price." These are obviously very judicious views, and we cordially congratulate the young gentlemen of the O. K. Club on their good taste and sound judgment. They are certainly O. K. about the JOURNAL.

— We must again request our contributors, when writing to us, to give the titles of their manuscripts. Every day we receive letters running thus: "I send you by the mail that takes this a manuscript which I hope you will accept," etc. Each mail brings us many manuscripts, often without the author's name indorsed upon them, and it is only by an uncertain study of handwriting that we can tell to whom they belong. One of these correspondents writing from "Scrooba," wherever that may be, the name of the State not being given, informs us, as usual, that a manuscript has been sent, without naming it, and then forgets to sign his or her name to the letter!

— Those who wish fully to understand what art aided by artistic photography can do in giving a true as well as pleasing likeness, should see Sarony's large-sized crayons of Mrs. Scott-Siddons as Mary Stuart and Queen Elizabeth. It would be difficult to convey by description the individuality of these pictures, in which the artist has brought out the intensely pathetic expression of the lovely eyes and mouth of his fair sitter. In the Mary Stuart the eyes have a lightning-like gran-

deur. The "action" is splendid. Yet, with all the beauty of effect an ideal picture gives, the likeness is preserved.

Scientific Notes.

New Process for making Charcoal.

THE scarcity of charcoal, during the siege of Paris, led an engineer to the discovery of a new process for rapidly preparing this combustible. Having arranged a number of billets of wood in the form of a large fagot by means of wire, he placed the fagot vertically in a cast-iron tube, which served as the lid of a large cylindrical boiler, filled with lead in a state of fusion. The tube thus filled with the fagot of wood is gradually placed over the boiler containing the molten lead, by means of a small crane, and the fagot is slowly descended into the metallic bath. As wood in contact with lead makes the metal boil with great intensity, it is important to bear in mind that the descent of the fagot must be effected gradually, in order to prevent projections of the boiling metal. The wood, on account of its feeble density as compared with lead (viz., 0.9 to 12.50), floats upon the surface of the lead, and has to be pressed down by means of weights placed upon the cast-iron tube serving as lid, until the boiler is completely covered. The gases disengaged from the wood, thus imprisoned in the boiling lead, escape by a pipe passing from the lid to the furnace. These gases help to intensify the combustion, so that the expense of maintaining the lead at the proper temperature is insignificant. The carbonization of the fagot is exceedingly rapid. Billets eight inches in thickness, being thoroughly carbonized from the surface to the heart of the wood in less than twenty minutes. The lead does not penetrate into the pores of the wood, as might be supposed; the jets of gas emitted by the wood effectually preventing the infiltration of minute drops of lead. The expense of lead for the bath is trifling; the scum that gathers on the surface during these operations is occasionally removed, and easily restored to the state of pure lead by the ordinary means of fusion. The produce in charcoal, by this means, is thirty-two per cent.; while by the usual process of carbonization it is only from seventeen to eighteen per cent., even the charcoal distilled in close vessels yielding only twenty-eight per cent. It may also be interesting to know that the most of the products of distillation, which escape by the lead, may, in the process described, be utilized as vinegar, tar, and spirits of wood. In brief, this new method presents the merits of rapidity and economy, may be worked on a small scale, and produces charcoal good for all uses.

The tunnel of Mont Cenis was successfully terminated on December 25, 1870. At twenty-five minutes past four, the last layer of rock, in the axis of the mountain, was bored through, at the depth of seven thousand seven hundred and forty-three yards from Bardonnèche, and five thousand six hundred and thirty yards from Modane. The spectators who witnessed the fall of the last mass of rock, forming the wall of separation in the tunnel now bored through the entire length of thirteen thousand three hundred and seventy-three yards, hailed the event with enthusiastic cheers. The success of this admirable work is in the highest degree honorable to M. Sommeiller, the chief engineer. It is refreshing to turn aside from the horrors attending the war of extermination between France and Germany, to consider the

peaceful triumph of genius and the wonderful results of human skill and perseverance usefully employed, by which the barriers of Nature are broken down, to insure freedom of intercourse and communication between friendly nations brought into closer contact with each other.

Miscellany.

The House of Bourbon.

IF length of descent is a thing to be proud of, there ought to be no prouder family in Europe than that of the Bourbon. Not only can they trace a line unbroken to Hugh Capet, the strong-handed putter-down of a degenerate dynasty, but it leads through thirty generations of kings, interrupted here and there, where a stream breaks off, to run through banks studded with castles of honor only just short of royal. Hugh Capet is the first. From him the line runs uninterruptedly till we come to Louis IX., the Saint. The direct trunk here carries on the race of kings, which terminated in the children of Philip the Fair, and gave place to the House of Valois. After their failure of male issue, the Bourbons come in. Robert, sixth son of Louis the IX., married Beatrix, heiress of that noble fief of Bourbon which lay in the centre of France, north of Auvergne and Guienne. From him sprang eight Dukes of Bourbon; a stalwart, hard-fisted race, who were ever to the fore when fighting was going on, and always loyal to the crown, in good times and bad.

Antoine de Bourbon — a poor, irresolute creature, "the prince *sans gloire*," who never knew which side he was fighting for, nor which religion he belonged to — had the great good luck to marry Jeanne d'Albret, daughter to the King of Navarre and his wife, Margaret of Valois. By greater luck still, he had for an only son the jolliest, if not greatest, of French kings — their fourth Henry — whose succession put the Bourbon family, for the first time, on the throne of France. His claims were threefold. Through his father, he sprang direct from Louis IX.; through his mother, from Charles V.; and through his maternal great-grandfather, from Louis X. In the next generation but one, the race splits up again. The brother of Louis XIV., the Duke of Orleans, was the first of the Orleans branch, which now survives in the children and grandchildren of Louis Philippe. The representative of the direct line is the Count de Chambord, who is now fifty years of age, and has been long married, without children. He is supported by a very small following in France, who adhere to him from principle, and who will transfer their allegiance to the Orleans family as soon as he is out of the way. From time to time he puts his name to a document, which is drawn up and published to let people know he is still alive, and their king by divine right; and it may very reasonably be supposed that he has long since given up all hopes of succeeding to the crown. He seems to have inherited that character which is occasionally reproduced in the Bourbon family, of which the type is the indecisive and vacillating Antoine de Bourbon, father of Henry IV. Such was Louis XIII.; such Louis the Dauphin; such Louis XVI. Their energy and bravery are dashed by a fatal hesitation; they dare, but they think too long about daring; they resolve, but too late; they act, when the time for action is past.

One word on the Orleans family. They began, as has been said, with the brother of Louis XIV. He chiefly distinguished himself

by trying to spoil the grand old Castle of Blois. Three more dukes followed him, including that prince of debauchery, the regent. And then we come to Philippe Egalité, the father of Louis Philippe. This family, which has been in exile for twenty-two years, has shown how adversity may be borne without loss of dignity. They have been guilty of no conspiracies and no intrigues. Probably their conduct has never excited a single suspicion in the breast of the emperor. They have spent their time in travel, in study, in writing; and they have shown that, in intellect at least, there is one branch of the grand old house which is still ready to go to the front.

Concerning Lobsters.

Next to the egg, there is no shell-fish more edible than the lobster. It is an aquatic, and lives down at the bottom of the sea. He is the guardian-angel of October, and has his picture in the almanac over that month. Why he is the patron-saint of that portion of the year is a conundrum, the answer to which has not yet been handed in. Lobsters are built more for durability than speed, and are put together in short sections, or hinges, like a coat of mail. Their skin is hard, and resembles vulcanized rubber, and in color is a dark, dull, blue, blackish green. They are provided with much legs on either side, and have a pair of arms finished out with a decidedly big hand, which resembles a pair of mittens, it having only a thumb, all the balance being hand. When a lobster shakes hands with you, you always know when it takes hold, and are exceeding pleased when it gets done. They have small features, and lay no claim to good looks. When they locomote, they resemble a small boy shuffling off in his father's boots. They are backward, very. They even go ahead backward. They occasionally have a row, like other people, and in the *mêlée* sometimes lose a member, but have a happy faculty of growing out another. Their process is patented both in this country and Europe, which accounts for its not coming into more general use with the human lobster, so to speak. A lobster never comes on shore unless he is carried there by force. I never knew one to do so unless he got into hot water. They are afflicted with but one disorder, and that is boils. There is more real excitement in harpooning a whale, or having the measles, than there is in catching lobsters. The fisherman provides himself with a small hen-coop, and hangs therein, as enticers, several dead fish. He then rows his boat to the lobster-ground (which is water), and sinks his coop to the bottom, and anchors it to a small buoy (one from eight to ten years old will do), and then goes home. When he feels like it again, say in the course of a week or two, he goes back and pulls up his poultry-house, and, if he has had good success, he will find his game inside the coop. As an article of food, the real goodness of a lobster is in the pith. Very few persons relish the skin, and physicians say it is hard to digest. We, therefore, take the lobster and boil it till it is red-dy to eat. Nothing is better for colic than boiled lobster. It will bring on a case when cucumbers have failed. For a sudden case, we advise them crumbled in milk. Eaten at the right time and in proper quantities, lobsters stand second to no fruit we know of. They are great on eggs, and carry round vast quantities with them festooned all over their body. Merely to satisfy our curiosity we took the trouble to count the eggs toted around by a single lobster, and we found there were eight million seven hundred and sixty-four thousand three hundred and ninety-five by

actual count, and that lobster was not much on eggs either.

The Boy Franklin.

A stout, hardy-looking boy, with a great head, twelve or fourteen years old, clad in knee-breeches, with buckles in his shoes, is selling ballads in the streets of Boston—broad-sides printed on a single sheet, containing what were called "varses" in those times. One is "The Light-house Tragedy," giving an account of the shipwreck of Captain Worthilake and his two daughters, and the other "The Capture of Blackbeard the Pirate." He wrote the "varses" himself, and printed them also. "Wretched stuff," he says, "they were." No doubt of it. From eight to nine he has been in the grammar-school, but less than a year; then in another public school for reading and writing for less than another year—a short time, truly; but he made rapid progress, yet "failed entirely in arithmetic." In school he studied hard. Out-of-doors he was a wild boy—"a leader among the boys"—and sometimes "led them into scrapes." After the age of ten he never saw the inside of a school-house as a pupil. Harvard College was near at home and the Boston Latin School close by, its little bell tinkling to him in his father's shop; but poverty shut the door in his face. Yet he would learn. He might be born poor, he could not be kept ignorant. His birth to genius more than made up for want of academic breeding. He had educational helps at home. His father, a man of middle stature, well set, and very strong, was not only handy with tools, but "could draw prettily." He played on the violin and sang withal. Rather an austere Calvinist, a man of "sound understanding." Careless about food at table, he talked of what was "good, just, and prudent in the conduct of life," and not of the baked beans, the corned beef, or the rye-and-Indian bread. The father had a few books: Plutarch's "Lives," "Esays to do Good," by Cotton Mather, a famous minister at the "North End" of Boston, and, besides, volumes of theological controversy and of New-England divinity. Benjamin added some books of his own: Bunyan, Burton's Historical Collection; in all forty little volumes. He was fond of reading, and early took to writing poetry. Two children were born after him, making the family of the patriarchal number of seventeen. The father and mother were never sick. They died of old age, as we ought; he at eighty-nine, she at eighty-five. The apple mellowed or shrivelled up, and then fell off. It did not rot inwardly.

T. W. Robertson.

Thomas William Robertson, the distinguished dramatist, and author of "Society," "Ours," "Caste," and other comedies, died in London, on February 3d, at the age of forty-two. His plays are ten in number, and are among the best and least objectionable which the dramatic art of England has produced in this century. The London *Examiner* said of him, in a notice just before his death:

"Mr. Robertson has done more than any living writer to improve the condition of our drama. Cynical critics are fond of telling us that his plays are not of the highest order, and draw comparisons between him and such men as Sheridan and Goldsmith, greatly to his disparagement. We freely admit all the faults that can be found with Mr. Robertson's pieces, and the fact that he is not equal to our great comedy-writers of past times; but he has manfully waged war against the conventionality and vulgarity of our stage; he has given us dramas which, if they are slight in plot and

treatment, are at least works of art, carefully composed, and full of refined feeling and imagination. The theatre which is especially associated with these pieces has become in its way quite a school of acting, and actors and actresses from other theatres unconsciously drop stagey tricks and mannerisms when they appear on that stage. In addition to this, Mr. Robertson has tempted to the theatre many persons who seldom or never went, and has taught a large portion of the play-going public to look for and enjoy naturalness and refinement. Signs of this improvement in public taste have been clearly shown on many occasions during the last two or three years. Old conventional business, which was wont to set the house in a roar, has been met by an ominous silence or even hisses, and the indifferent reception which some of Mr. Robertson's pieces have met with was, in great measure, owing to the lessons he himself had taught."

The Duck and the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good Gracious! how you hop,
Over the fields and the water, too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond,
I wish I could leap like you!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"Please give me a ride on your back,"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo;
"I would sit quite still, and say nothing but
'Quack!'"

The whole of the long day through!
And we'd go to the Dee and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land and over the sea—
Please take me a ride, oh do!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires some little reflection;
Perhaps, on the whole, it might bring me luck,
And there seems but one objection,
Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the roo-
Matiz!" said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck: "As I sat on the rocks,
I have thought over that completely,
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks,
Which fit my web-feet neatly;
And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak,
And every day a cigar I'll smoke,
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo!"

Said the Kangaroo: "I'm ready,
All in the moonlight pale,
But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady,
And quite at the end of my tail!"
So away they went with a hop and a bound,
And they hopped the whole world three times
round;
And who so happy, oh who!
As the Duck and the Kangaroo!"

The Old Trees of Cambridge.

Not many years ago, Cambridge might have been called the town of fine trees. It had elms venerable with age and tradition. It had noble chestnuts, whose branches cast deep shadows on the street, making cool breathing-places for man and horse. Now and then you might see a stately pine, and, where the moisture favored their growth, huge willows, standing side by side in brotherly embrace. It was pleasant to walk the rural streets in spring, and see the buds swell and the leaves come out. It soothed the fever in the blood in summer's hottest day to stand in the shelter of those leaves, when

they had clothed every branch with their tender green. Their autumn splendors dazzled the eye. And, when they withered and fell, a thousand fond recollections would steal over you, as the faded ones came trembling to the ground, with their story of death and decay. And thus, from year to year, these grand old trees stood by the wayside, as expectant friends stand upon the threshold and look for the coming feet. I never went to Cambridge without rejoicing in their welcome. I never turned my back upon the classic town without feeling that I bore with me their blessing and farewell.

For surely, thought I, those trees will always be there. Elsewhere they might be cut down to widen streets hourly thronged by drays and heavy-laden carts; the whirling spindle might drown the multitudinous voices of the winds among their leaves. But in a great seat of learning, where Homer and Virgil and Dante are studied, and Milton and Spenser and Shakespeare cherished, surely the axe will never be laid to the root of the tree until time has done its work upon the trunk and branches. Under one of these children of the forest, an Indian treaty was ratified. Under another, Whitefield preached, and Washington first drew his sword as commander-in-chief of the army of the Revolution. I have seen Longfellow and Lowell and Sparks standing together in its shade. There is not one of all these trees but what might tell pleasant stories, if, like the "spreading chestnut-tree," and the willows on the banks of the Charles, they could find an interpreter.

But alas for patriarchal trees even in classic Cambridge! An evil day has come upon them, and the power to preserve them, or to destroy, has been intrusted to unworthy hands. Each visit that I now make to the pleasant town reveals some new outrage of the spoiler. Tree after tree has fallen, and who can tell where his hand will be stayed!

The German Cæsar.

William I. is Emperor of Germany; Sovereign and Supreme Duke of Silesia and of the county of Glatz; Duke of Saxony, of Engern, and of Westphalia, at Gueldre, Magdeburg, Cleves, Juliers, Berg, Stettin, Pomerania, of the Calturnes and Wender, of Mecklenburg and Grossen; Prince of Rügen, Paderborn, Halberstadt, Münster, Minden, Cammin, Wenden, Schwerin, Ratzeburg, Moers, Eichsfeldt, and Erfurt; Lord of the countries of Rostock, of Stargardt, Lauenburg, Butow, Hargerloch, and Werstein; King of Prussia; Grand-duke of the Lower Rhine and Posen; Burgrave of Nuremberg; Landgrave of Thuringia; Margrave of the Upper and Lower Lusace; Prince of Orange, of Neufchâtel, and of Valengin; Count of Hohenzollern; Count-prince of Henneburg; Count of Ruppın and of the Marche of Ravensburg, Hohenstein, Fecklenburg, Schwerin, Lingen, Sigmaringen, Wehringen, and Pymont.

The crown-prince, on ascending the throne, will add to the above titles that of Honorary Doctor of the University of Bonn.

New-York Life Insurance Company.

A few failures, recently, of life-insurance companies have caused very naturally some anxiety in the public mind as to the soundness of others. In a business so extensive as life-insurance, and offering such inducements for adventurers, it is not at all surprising that a company is occasionally found to have been conducted on reckless or unbusiness-like principles. But this fact should not impair public

confidence in well-established companies, and of these there are many. The "New-York Life Insurance Company," for instance, is an old and prosperous institution, in the entire security of which there can be no well-grounded apprehensions. The last report of this company gives a clear and surprisingly-favorable exhibit of their present condition. By it we learn that the company have in cash assets the enormous sum of nearly sixteen million dollars, and have a surplus, to be divided among participating policies, of eleven hundred thousand dollars. Within six years, the assets of the company have increased \$12,137,437, notwithstanding that \$4,310,650 were paid out in claims, and \$4,734,759 in dividends to policy-holders. During the same period, the increase of the reserve fund, set aside for the security of policy-holders, has been \$11,674,269. The company closes its twenty-sixth year in a condition of prosperity of which it may well be proud. No one can examine its statements without being convinced that he may with the most perfect confidence trust to the fulfilment of its promises.

Price of Provisions in Paris on the Hundred and Third Day of the Siege.

		Usual Price.
Potatoes....	.40 per lb.....	.02
Celery.....	.35 per plant..	.05
Beet-root...	.24 per lb.....	.02
Olive-oil....	1.00 "40
Milk.....	.40 per pint...	.04
Fresh butter	8.00 per lb.....	.60
Suet (beef)..	.40 "12
Suet (horse)..	.60 "10
Ox-head....	.25 "06
Rabbits.....	6.00 each.....	.60
Pigeons....	4.00 "30
Chickens...	11.00 "	1.20
Geese.....	16.00 "	1.40
Turkeys...	18.00 "	2.00
Carrots.....	.12 "04 per bunch.
Turnips....	.20 "10 "
Beet-roots..	.80 "06 "
Leeks.....	.08 "04 "
Onions.....	.40 per pint...	.03
A cauliflow-	er.....	1.0015
A large cau-	liflower...	1.6025
An ordinary	cabbage...	1.2015
A small cab-	bage.....	.2005
Beans.....	.30 per pint...	.08
Mushrooms:		
Fresh.....	.46 per lb.....	.16
Preserved.	.50 "18
Green peas:		
Preserved.	.60 "20
Lard.....	1.20 "20
Ham.....	2.00 "30
Cheese.....	6.00 "40
Eggs.....	.20 each.....	.02
Hares.....	14.00 "	1.00
Ducks.....	6.00 "60

Falkirk in Scotland.

Modern Falkirk is a pleasant town, and, like Ayr, is noted for honest (and hard-drinking) men, and bonnie lasses; but its chief claims to remembrance, in our day, are its annual "trystes," or cattle-markets, where more oxen and sheep are gathered together in one day than in any other town or city of the British empire, or perhaps of the world. A worthy Highlander, lately gone to his rest, who in his day was the greatest sheep-farmer and cattle-breeder in the North, was accustomed at the

Falkirk trystes, over his toddy in the evening, to hold forth to a sympathetic auditory in his favorite public-house, or "howff," on the great dignity of his calling. He asserted that to drive large flocks of sheep safely from the Highlands to the Lowlands was a work both of statesmanship and generalship, that entitled the performer thereof to a high place among the worthies of his country. "Talk of the Duke of Wellington," he said; "na doot he was a great mon, a vera great mon, and managed a few thousand troops wael enuch at Waterloo; but could he have driven a hundred thousand sheep from Sutherlandshire, and put them safely, without the loss of ane o' them, into the Falkirk tryste? No! my certies. That's a job that wad hae been over tough for him. He could na hae done it, sir; he could na."

The "Upper Ten Thousand" of England.

There are two hundred and thirty-one members of the Privy Council of England and Ireland, of whom thirty-one are entitled to sit on the judicial committee. The House of Peers consists of four princes of the blood-royal, two archbishops, twenty-seven dukes, thirty-two marquises, one hundred and sixty-four earls, thirty-five viscounts, twenty-four bishops, and one hundred and seventy-four barons, making a total of four hundred and sixty-two. There are one hundred and six peers of Scotland and Ireland who are not members of the Upper House, viz.: one marquis, thirty-one earls, twenty viscounts, and fifty-four barons. The House of Commons consists of six hundred and fifty-two members, there being at present four vacant seats. The nobility of the United Kingdom are five hundred and forty-eight in number, and there are fourteen peers who are minors, of whom one (the Earl of Pembroke) will come of age this year. There are thirteen peeresses in their own right, and twenty-three widows of peers whose titles have become extinct. The number of judges in England is twenty-six, and in Ireland twenty-three, and there are thirteen Scotch Lords of Session. There are two archbishops of the Church of England, and twenty-eight bishops, of whom two are suffragans. The Irish Episcopal Church consists of two archbishops and ten bishops, and the number of Indian, colonial, and missionary bishops is fifty-four. There are seven bishops of the Scotch Episcopal Church, and the number of retired bishops is nineteen. The Roman Catholic Church in England numbers twelve prelates, and there are four archbishops of that church in Ireland. There are twenty-two accredited foreign ministers in England, and the number of British ministers abroad is thirty-five. The number of governors of British possessions and colonies is sixty, and the lords-lieutenant of counties in Great Britain and Ireland are one hundred and seventeen. There are eight hundred and sixty-three baronets of the United Kingdom, and the number of noblemen and baronets who are knights is one hundred and twenty-eight. There are five hundred and nineteen knights, civil and military, exclusive of the honorary knights and the native knights of the Star of India. The Order of the Bath contains seven hundred and ninety-two companions, and there are one hundred and sixty-two companions of the Orders of the Star of India and St. Michael and St. George, which number includes the surviving Knights of Hanover. There are four field-marshal of the British Army, and the number of general-officers of all ranks (including those on half-pay and those whose rank is purely honorary) is six hundred and twenty-nine. The Indian Army contains two hundred

and ninety-four general-officers, and the number of flag-officers in the navy is three hundred and fifteen. The number of aides-de-camp to the queen is forty-four, and there are thirty-two medical officers who are honorary physicians and surgeons to her majesty. The judges of the county courts are sixty-one in number, and there are one hundred and ninety-seven queen's counsel and sergeants-at-law in England, the number in Ireland being one hundred and ten; the number of recorders of boroughs and cities in England and Wales is ninety-eight. There are thirty-three deans of cathedrals and collegiate churches in England and Wales, and the number of archdeacons in the same division of the kingdom is seventy. The chaplains and priests in ordinary to the queen number sixty-four. The number of royal academicians is forty-two, there being one vacancy to fill up, and there are three vacancies in the list of associates, who are twenty in number.

Mary's Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb,
And liked it very much;
It pleased her better far than birds,
Or ducks and geese, and such.

Whenever Mary came from school,
Her mother quick she sought,
And gave her not a moment's peace,
Until her lamb was brought.

And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go,
Because when asked if she'd have more,
She never answered "No."

What made dear Mary like the lamb,
Does any one inquire?
Because she knew how good it was,
When roasted by the fire.

And when served up with good mint-sauce
And fresh green peas you'll know
How 'tis yourself, and understand
Why Mary liked it so.

Left-handedness.

At the last meeting of the British Association, Dr. Pye Smith read a paper on Left-handedness, and began by adducing some cases in disproof of the supposition which has been brought forward that left-handedness depends on transposition of the internal organs, or at least of the arteries of the upper limbs. These cases of transposition should be compared with those of similar inversion among flat-fishes and mollusks. On the other hand, left-handedness was held to be comparable to the deviations from complete bilateral symmetry seen among the higher crustacea. Probability pointed to a difference in development of the two halves of the brain; but the statements of Gratiolet to this effect have not been confirmed. Dr. Brown-Séquard's view that the left hemisphere presides predominantly over the animal functions, and the right hemisphere over those of nutrition, would, if confirmed, afford a good proximal explanation. The ultimate origin of the difference, whatever it be, in the brain must probably be that also of left-handedness itself, and was to be sought in some habit prevalent among early races, by which the right hand, eye, and foot, being used in preference to the left, conferred some advantage on the race. An interesting discussion followed. Dr. King stated that, in his visit to the north, he had found no left-handed people. But in Italy was found the curious fact of what was termed left-handed, or inverted, intellect. His opinion was that, through the position of the infant in the cradle, or some such cause, the great cerebral was thrown out of position, and

gave a certain impetus to the nervous system. If a larger proportion were placed at one side, the explanation of right-handedness would be obvious. Dr. Addison said that the majority of men at least, and he also supposed the same of women, were right-eyed, and that led to the use of the right hand. The explanation of this should be sought in the centre of the nervous system. In continuation of these remarks, another speaker said that, having to use his left hand, he found no difficulty in acquiring full dexterity. It was also quite possible to write equally well with the left hand, and, in fact, to become ambidexterous, so that the explanation of left-handedness must be sought in education and descent. Dr. Rolleston, who presided over the meeting, in winding up the discussion, alluded to the fact that the left side of the brain got a more full and distinct supply of blood than the right side. But the force of this fact was also weakened by the counter-avertment, supported in some measure by proof, that this peculiarity was hereditary, and the result of some original and accidental deviation.

Baal-worship.

The festival of Baal, or Balder, was celebrated on midsummer night in Scania, and far up into Norway, almost to the Lofoden Islands, until within the last fifty years. A wood-fire was made upon a hill or mountain, and the people of the neighborhood gathered together, in order, like Baal's prophets of old, to dance round it, shouting and singing. This midsummer-night fire has even retained, in some parts, the ancient name of "Baldersbal," or Baldersfire. Leopold von Buch long ago suggested that this custom could not have originated in a country where at midsummer the sun is never lost sight of, and where, consequently, the smoke only, not the fire, is visible. A similar custom also prevailed, until lately, in some parts of our islands. Baal has given the name to many Scandinavian localities, as, for instance, the Baltic, the Grent and Little Belt, Belte Turga, Baleshaugen, Balestranden.—*Sir John Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times."*

The *Moniteur Universel*, the official organ of the government at Bordeaux, has published a kind of history of the French navy during the war. Never was there such a record of imbecility. It was proposed to send two fleets to the Baltic, one consisting of fourteen iron-clads, and another of gunboats, batteries, and steam-transports, with thirty thousand troops on board. Cherbourg, however, had been stripped, to foster Brest and Toulon, till there were neither fire-arms, victuals, nor sailors, and the fleet at last consisted of only seven iron-clads and one corvette. Especially was it without the American ram the *Rochambeau*, the only vessel in the admiral's opinion capable of encountering the King William, but so disliked by the French builders as an American vessel that they had hidden her up under pretence of repairs. The admiral's object was to seek out Prince Adalbert's fleet, but his ships were insufficiently provided with coal, and he was compelled to make for a port in Denmark. In the Baltic, however, he found that he had no maps, and received new orders to watch both Jaldé and Kiel, places nine hundred miles apart, with dangerous straits between them. The negotiations with Denmark failed, as is well known, and the admiral determined to watch Jaldé, but found before he quitted the Baltic that his heavy vessels were totally unsuited to the narrow channels and shallow coasts of that sea. The fleet was subsequently ordered again to the Baltic, but returned to the North Sea, and ultimately to

France, having accomplished literally nothing beyond driving the Prussian fleet into harbor.

John Peter Grant, Writer to the Signet, the only surviving son of the celebrated Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, died in Edinburgh last month, at the age of seventy-two, having been born in the Manse of Laggan, June 1, 1799. The deceased gentleman was the author of a memoir of his mother, published in 1844, and was also the editor of a fine edition of Mrs. Grant's "Letters from the Mountains." Some of our young readers may not know that, when about eight years of age, Mrs. Grant accompanied her father, who was an officer in the British Army, to America, and became acquainted with Madame Schuyler, of Albany, the widow of Colonel Philip Schuyler, and aunt to the distinguished general of that name, and that the little Scotch lassie enjoyed the advantages of her society for four years. The gratitude of the child was vividly recorded in a portrait of Mrs. Schuyler, containing many charming pictures of Colonial life, and entitled "Memoirs of an American Lady."

Varieties.

FOR a long time the Patagonians, it was understood, were real giants. Then this was denied; observers, it was asserted, had looked at them through the magnifying medium of a fog. But a letter from a member of the Magellan Colony speaks of some of them as standing six feet, six or seven inches, and "from head to heel symmetry itself." Nor is it unusual to find a Patagonian weighing as much as two hundred and eighty-five pounds. With all their splendid physical characteristics, the race is degenerating "through the use of tobacco and liquor." Moreover, with all their bodily strength, the people are said to be exceedingly cowardly. Most of their wounds are given from behind. Heretofore they have recovered marvellously soon from wounds; but with their degeneration the process is slower.

There is rather a long array of ex-rulers now living in Europe. Their names, including some who had never more than nominal tenure of their thrones, are as follows. The time when they "went out of business" is also given: Prince Gustavus Vasa of Sweden (1809); Count de Chambord (August 12, 1830); Duke Charles of Brunswick (September 16, 1830); Count de Paris (February 24, 1848); Duke Robert of Parma (1859); Grand-duke Ferdinand of Tuscany (1860); Duke Francis of Modena (1860); Francis II. of Naples (February 13, 1861); the widow of King Otto of Greece (October 24, 1862); Duke Adolphus of Nassau (1866); King George of Hanover (1866); The Elector of Hesse (1866); Princess Carlotta, ex-Empress of Mexico (1867); Isabella, Queen of Spain (1869); Napoleon III. (1870).

The late celebrated Dr. Warren of Boston gave his skeleton to the medical school by will. Jeremy Bentham, also, by will, gave his bones to a friend, who made much of them, and kept them, decently dressed, in his library. And here is Dr. Isaac Rowell, late of San Francisco, who in his last testament desired that his body might be dissected by his medical friends, the softer parts burned and the ashes preserved in an urn. Then Dr. Rowell further desired that his skeleton might be wired well together and kept in some medical college or university in San Francisco. Provided, nevertheless, that if the widow wished for the bones of her late-loved, they were to be delivered to her upon her paying the expenses of preparation.

John H. Surratt, in his lecture at Baltimore, related a singular incident which occurred to him while he was serving in the papal army: "He said that, as he and a party of his comrades were sitting together, it was proposed that each should tell how he came to be there. When his turn came, he evaded the truth by saying that a love of adventure had brought him. But a Frenchman said: 'I know what

brought you here; you are Booth; you killed President Lincoln, and you came here to hide.' The Frenchman knew nothing about Surratt or his history, and his remark was the prompting of a mysterious impulse that he could not explain."

A clergyman, in Oswego, recently complained to the *Times* of that city, not without reason, of the ridiculous work which its composers had made in putting in type one of his sermons. He used abbreviations in his manuscript, as, for instance, a simple straight mark for "the." This the composers made a numeral (1). He used "G" for God, and this the composers invariably made (9) "nine." That sermon ought to be preserved as one of the curiosities of typography.

M. de Catacazy, the Russian minister at Washington, devised a very pretty method of celebrating his wife's birthday. At eight o'clock she was awakened by music in her dressing-room, and, afterward, her husband's monogram, wrought in flowers, was sent her on a silver waiter. In every flower forming the monogram was placed a gold dollar. At the dinner, that day, concealed music again lent its charms to the happy anniversary.

A correspondent writing from Versailles says: "If I were asked why the Prussians had beaten the French in this great war, I should answer that I thought they had done so because they had better heads, arms, and legs, than the French. If I were asked whether I thought the Prussians could lose that superiority, I should say that they might, if they remained too long in France."

That was not a trifling exaction, made of a gentleman who was rather closely pressed in a social company to sing a song. He had a voice like the tearing of a strong rag, and *knew* it. "I see what you are after," he said, "you want to make a *butt* of me!" "Not a bit of it," responded one of his tormentors, "we only want to get a *stacc* out of you!"

Italy publishes 723 newspapers. In Florence alone, 101 periodical publications find sale—there being a daily average of 35,000 copies. In the province of Milan, 93 appear either daily, weekly, or monthly; in Turin, 73; in Naples, 47; in Genoa, 37. The Florence *Opinione* circulates a daily edition of 10,000. The *Italie* (French) has 6,000 subscribers.

Mr. John Ruskin has published a new work on political economy, an extract from which informs us that Mr. Ruskin wants to destroy "most of the railroads in England and all the railroads in Wales;" and that he also thinks it would be well to "destroy, without rebuilding, the new town of Edinburgh, the north suburb of Geneva, and the city of New York."

ACCOMMODATING NEWSBOY: "Evening paper! Evening paper! Tenth edition! Another great German victory!"

MONSIEUR CHOSE: "Go away vid your paper; I am Frenchman."

ACCOMMODATING NEWSBOY: "All right, yer honor, here's another where the Germans ha' got a hawful lickin'."

An Arkansas planter, who has carefully noted the work of about sixty Chinamen, reports that they are better cotton-pickers than the negroes, and that they are very industrious and obedient, and, at the same time, cleanly in their habits and persons. They work for fifteen dollars a month and board, and live principally on rice and molasses.

The Atlanta *Sun* asks: "Why are we not to-day the richest people in the world?" The Louisville *Journal* presumes it is chiefly because there are other people in the world who have the advantage of us in point of property.

The inquiry as to where all the pins go to, has been satisfactorily answered. The theory now is, that they go into the ground and become terrapins, by the Darwinian process of development.

The height of pugilistic sarcasm was reached the other day by Jem Mace, who, speaking of a rival accused of beating his wife, said: "What! him? He couldn't lick a postage-stamp."

Charles Lamb told Barry Cornwall, when they were once making up a dinner-party to-

gether, not to invite a certain lugubrious friend of theirs. "Because," said Charles, "he would cast a damper even over a funeral."

A farmer of Scipio, New York, has a turkey that has laid one hundred eggs in a hundred days, never missing a day on account of sickness, or a circus in town, or any thing.

A medical journal estimates that the people of the United States pay one hundred and twenty-five million dollars yearly for physicians' services and for medicines.

A minister asked a tipsy fellow leaning up against a fence, where he expected to go when he died. "If I can't get along any better than I do now," he said, "I shan't go anywhere."

Otto Janke, the Berlin publisher, has made a novel present to the hospitals there—eighteen thousand volumes of the Muhlbach stories, of which he is the publisher.

Field-marshal Von Wrangel, the oldest soldier in the Prussian army, celebrated his diamond wedding (sixtieth anniversary) on Christmas-day.

Two daughters of Baron Anthony Rothschild are the authors of a work just published in London, called "The History and Literature of the Israelites," in two volumes.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is now reported to have attained a weight of two hundred and thirty-eight pounds, with a growing tendency to enormous corpulence.

It is not strange that Dio Lewis should be deeply impressed with the importance of health when his name is a perpetual invocation to his own funeral.

"O woman, in our hours of ease!
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

When a man's business is rapidly running down, it is time for him to think of winding it up.

The United States last year produced ninety million gallons of molasses—ten millions less than the year before.

It is stated that more than two hundred students of the German universities have been killed during the war.

The passengers in a snow-bound train, in Wisconsin, had to tunnel through the snow, in order to reach the nearest village.

Don Piatt calls some of the Senators "featherless owls." "Tu whoo does this screecher apply the epithet?" asks the Chicago *Post*.

Is it proof of an economical disposition, if a young lady indulges in tight lacing to prevent waist-fulsness?

The English custom of celebrating the birthday of one's eldest son by a ball or a party has become quite general in New York.

A Paris correspondent writes that, since the siege, "the surviving cats of Paris are extremely shy, and no longer court on the roofs."

A kiss, says a French authoress, costs less and gives more pleasure than any thing else in the world.

Sioux City has more marriages than any city of its size at the West, but they seldom last more than a month.

In 1830 the United States had forty-one miles of railroad. In 1871 there are fifty thousand miles.

Paradoxical as it may seem, people who are inclined to be fat are generally the least inclined to be so.

The Sultan of Turkey's private life is declared to be a combination of that of Claudius and Commodus.

The way to become round is to eat square meals.

When is the letter D most useful? When it turns rain into the drain.

What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose? A bald head.

Mythological festivity—Hercules going to dine with a club.

In Germany, ten dollars is a high price for a popular lecture.

Railways are aristocratic. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there.

Constantinople has sixty-eight thousand four hundred volumes in its public library.

Nearly every South-American seaport has a horse-railroad.

There is said to be a horse at Mount Vernon, Illinois, that is nearly fifty years old.

It is estimated that nine inches of dry snow on the ground is equal to one inch of water.

Vinnie Ream's statue of Lincoln is certainly a "Ream-arkable work of art."

"Two heads are better than one," as the gentleman remarked to the celery.

When a person declares that his brain is on fire, is it etiquette to blow it out?

The Museum.

CONTINUING our series of geological illustrations, we reach what is known as the Quaternary epoch, which brings the revolutions of the globe down to our own time. The tranquillity of the earth was disturbed during this period but little. There were a few cataclysms of limited sphere, an interval of cold which extended over a long period, and the deluges and glacial period. Lyell and some other geologists designate this era as the *Post-Tertiary epoch*.

Our illustration is an attempt to represent the appearance of Europe during this period, with groups of the antediluvian animals. The huge *Ursus spelæi*, or cave-bear, which was probably a fifth larger than the brown bear of our own day, is seated at the mouth of its den, where it appears to be gnawing the bones of an elephant. The cave-bear was more squat than its modern successor. Some of the skeletons which have been discovered are from nine to ten feet long and about six feet high. It abounded in England, France, Belgium, and Germany. Above the cavern, the *Hyæna spelæi* is seen. This creature resembled the spotted hyæna of our own times, and seems to have been only a little larger. The great wood-stag, the mastodon, the bison, and the rhinoceros of the period, may be seen occupying the farthest shore of a small lake. Mountains, recently upheaved, rise on the distant horizon of the landscape, covered with a mantle of snow, and reminding us that the glacial period is approaching.

The most abundant fossil remains of this period are those of the elephant and the horse. The extent which the fossil bones of the elephant are scattered over the world is very remarkable. They are found in the north of Europe, in Scandinavia, in Ireland, in England, in Central Europe, in Greece, in Italy, in Africa, in Asia, and in the frozen regions of Siberia. Off the coast of Norfolk, England, two thousand elephants' teeth were fished up between the years 1820 and 1823. The number found in Siberia, a region altogether uninhabitable for the elephant in our days, is immense. New Siberia and the Lâchow Islands off the mouth of the river Lena are, for the most part, only an agglomeration of sand, ice, and elephants' teeth. At every tempest the sea casts ashore new quantities of mammoths' tusks, and the inhabitants of Siberia carry on a profitable commerce in this fossil ivory. Every year, during the summer, innumerable fishermen's barks direct their course toward this *isle of bones*; and, during winter, immense caravans take the

same route, all the convoys drawn by dogs, returning charged with the tusks of the mammoth, each weighing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds. The *Isle of Bones* has served as a quarry of this valuable mate-

rial, for export to China, for five hundred years; and it has been exported to Europe for upward of a hundred. But the supply from these strange mines apparently remains practically undiminished. What a number of

accumulated generations of these bones and tusks does not this profusion imply!

Our next geological illustration will afford an ideal view of an American landscape in the Quaternary epoch.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal Landscape of the Quaternary Epoch.

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RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[“RALPH THE HEIR,” SUPPLEMENT NO. XVII.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF FEBRUARY 18.]

CHAPTER XLV.

“NEVER GIVE A THING UP.”

MR. NEEFIT'S conduct during this period of disappointment was not exactly what it should have been, either in the bosom of his family, or among his dependants in Conduit Street. Herr Bawwah, over a pot of beer in the public-house opposite, suggested to Mr. Waddle that “the governor might be—,” in a manner that affected Mr. Waddle greatly. It was an eloquent and energetic expression of opinion—almost an expression of a settled purpose, as coming from the German as it did come; and Waddle was bound to admit that cause had been given. “Fritz,” said Waddle, pathetically, “don't think about it. You can't better the wages.” Herr Bawwah looked up from his pot of beer and muttered a German oath. He had been told that he was beastly, skulking, pig-headed, obstinate, drunken, with some other, perhaps stronger epithets, which may be omitted—and he had been told that he was a German. In that had lain the venom. There was the word that rankled. He had another pot of beer, and though it was then only twelve o'clock on a Monday morning, Herr Bawwah swore that he was going to make a day of it, and that old Neefit might cut out the stuff for himself, if he pleased. As they were now at the end of March, which is not a busy time of the year in Mr. Neefit's trade, the great artist's defalcation was of less immediate importance; but, as Waddle knew, the German was given both to beer and obstinacy when aroused to wrath; and what would become of the firm, should the obstinacy continue?

“Where's that pig-headed German brute?” asked Mr. Neefit, when Mr. Waddle returned to the establishment. Mr. Waddle made no reply; and when Neefit repeated the question with a free use of the epithets previously omitted by us, Waddle still was dumb, leaning over his ledger as though in that there were matters so great as to absorb his powers of hearing. “The two of you may go and be — together!” said Mr. Neefit. If any order requiring immediate obedience were contained in this, Mr. Waddle disobeyed that order. He still bent himself over the ledger, and was dumb. Waddle had been trusted with his master's private view in the matter of the Newton marriage, and felt that on this account he owed a debt of forbearance to the unhappy father.

The breeches-maker was, in truth, very unhappy. He had accused his German assistant of obstinacy, but the German could hardly have been more obstinate than his master. Mr. Neefit had set his heart upon making his daughter Mrs. Newton, and had persisted in declaring that the marriage should be made to take place. The young man had once given him a promise, and should be compelled to keep the promise so given. And in these days Mr. Neefit seemed to have lost that discretion for which his friends had once given him credit. On the occasion of his visit to the Moonbeam early in the hunting-season, he had spoken out very freely among the sportsmen there assembled; and from that time all reticence respecting his daughter seemed to have been abandoned. He had paid the debts of this young man, who was now lord of wide domains, when the young man hadn't “a red copper in his pocket”—so did Mr. Neefit explain the matter to his friends—and he didn't intend that the young man should be off his bargain. “No; he wasn't going to put up with that; not if he knew it.” All this he declared freely to his general acquaintance. He was very eloquent on the subject in a personal interview which he had with Mr. Moggs senior, in consequence of a visit made to Hendon by Mr. Moggs junior, during which he feared that Polly had shown some tendency toward yielding to the young politician. Mr. Moggs senior might take this for granted; that, if Moggs junior made himself master of Polly, it would be of Polly pure and simple, of Polly without a shilling of dowry. “He'll have to take her in her smock.” That was the phrase in which Mr. Neefit was pleased to express his resolution. To all of which Mr. Moggs senior answered never a word. It was on returning from Mr. Moggs's establishment in Bond Street, to his own in Conduit Street, that Mr. Neefit made himself so very unpleasant to the unfortunate German. When Ontario put on his best clothes, and took himself out to Hendon on the previous Sunday, he did not probably calculate that, as one consequence of that visit, the Herr Bawwah would pass a whole week of intoxication in the little back parlor of the public-house near St. George's Church.

It may be imagined how very unpleasant all this must have been to Miss Neefit herself. Poor Polly, indeed, suffered many things; but she bore them with an admirable and a persistent courage. Indeed, she possessed a courage which greatly mitigated her

sufferings. Let her father be as indiscreet as he might, he could not greatly lower her, as long as she herself was prudent. It was thus that Polly argued with herself. She knew her own value, and was not afraid that she should ever lack a lover when she wanted to find a husband. Of course, it was not a nice thing to be thrown at a man's head, as her father was constantly throwing her at the head of young Newton; but such a man as she would give herself to at last would understand all that. Ontario Moggs, could she ever bring herself to accept Ontario, would not be less devoted to her because of her father's ill-arranged ambition. Polly could be obstinate, too, but with her obstinacy there was combined a fund of feminine strength which, as we think, quite justified the devotion of Ontario Moggs.

Amid all these troubles Mrs. Neefit also had a bad time of it; so bad a time that she was extremely anxious that Ontario should at once carry off the prize—Ontario, or the gas-fitter, or almost anybody. Neefit was taking to drink in the midst of all this confusion, and was making himself uncommonly unpleasant in the bosom of his family. On the Sunday—the Sunday before the Monday on which the Herr decided that his wisest course of action would be to abstain from work and make a beast of himself, in order that he might spite his master—Mr. Neefit had dined at one o'clock, and had insisted on his gin-and-water and pipe immediately after his dinner. Now Mr. Neefit, when he took too much, did not fall into the extreme sins which disgraced his foreman. He simply became very cross till he fell asleep, very heavy while sleeping, and more cross than ever when again awake. While he was asleep on this Sunday afternoon Ontario Moggs came down to Hendon dressed in his Sunday best. Mrs. Neefit whispered a word to him before he was left alone with Polly.

“You be round with her, and run your chance about the money.”

“Mrs. Neefit,” said Ontario, laying his hand upon his heart, “all the bullion in the Bank of England don't make a feather's weight in the balance.”

“You never was mercenary, Mr. Ontario,” said the lady.

“My sweetheart is to me more than a coined hemisphere,” said Ontario. The expression may have been absurd, but the feeling was there.

Polly was not at all coy of her presence—was not so, though she had been specially

ordered by her father not to have any thing to say to that long-legged, ugly fool. "Handsome is as handsome does," Polly had answered. Whereupon Mr. Neeft had shown his teeth and growled; but Polly, though she loved her father, and after a fashion respected him, was not afraid of him; and now, when her mother left her alone with Ontario, she was free enough of her conversation.

"Oh, Polly," he said, after a while, "you know why I'm here."

"Yes; I know," said Polly.

"I don't think you do care for that young gentleman."

"I'm not going to break my heart about him, Mr. Moggs."

"I'd try to be the death of him, if you did."

"That would be a right down tragedy, because then you'd be hung—and so there'd be an end of us all. I don't think I'd do that, Mr. Moggs."

"Polly, I sometimes feel as though I didn't know what to do."

"Tell me the whole story of how you went on down at Percycross. I was so anxious you should get in."

"Were you now?"

"Right down sick at heart about it—that I was. Don't you think we should all be proud to know a member of Parliament?"

"Oh; if that's all—"

"I shouldn't think any thing of Mr. Newton for being in Parliament. Whether he was in Parliament or out would be all the same. Of course he's a friend, and we like him very well; but his being in Parliament would be nothing. But if you were there—!"

"I don't know what's the difference," said Moggs, despondently.

"Because you're one of us."

"Yes; I am," said Moggs, rising to his legs and preparing himself for an oration on the rights of labor. "I thank my God that I am no aristocrat." Then there came upon him a feeling that this was not a time convenient for political fervor. "But, I'll tell you something, Polly," he said, interrupting himself.

"Well—tell me something, Mr. Moggs."

"I'd sooner have a kiss from you than be prime minister."

"Kisses mean so much, Mr. Moggs," said Polly.

"I mean them to mean much," said Ontario Moggs. Whereupon Polly, declining further converse on that delicate subject, and certainly not intending to grant the request made on the occasion, changed the subject.

"But you will get in still—won't you, Mr. Moggs? They tell me that those other gentlemen ain't to be members any longer, because what they did was unfair. Oughtn't that to make you member?"

"I think it ought, if the law was right—but it doesn't."

"Doesn't it now? But you'll try again—won't you? Never give a thing up, Mr. Moggs, if you want it really." As the words left her lips she understood their meaning—the meaning in which he must necessarily

take them—and she blushed up to her forehead. Then she laughed as she strove to recall the encouragement she had given him. "You know what I mean, Mr. Moggs. I don't mean any silly nonsense about being in love."

"If that is silly, I am the silliest man in London."

"I think you are sometimes—so I tell you fairly."

In the mean time Mr. Neeft had woken from his slumbers. He was in his old arm-chair in the little back room, where they had dined, while Polly with her lover was in the front parlor. Mrs. Neeft was seated opposite to Mr. Neeft, with an open Bible in her lap, which had been as potent for sleep with her as had been the gin-and-water with her husband. Neeft suddenly jumped up and growled. "Where's Polly?" he demanded.

"She's in the parlor, I suppose," said Mrs. Neeft, doubtfully.

"And who is with her?"

"Nobody as hadn't ought to be," said Mrs. Neeft.

"Who's there, I say?" But without waiting for an answer, he stalked into the front room. "It's no use in life your coming here," he said, addressing himself at once to Ontario; "not in the least. She ain't for you. She's for somebody else. Why can't one word be as good as a thousand?" Moggs stood silent, looking sheepish and confounded. It was not that he was afraid of the father; but that he feared to offend the daughter should he address the father roughly. "If she goes against me she'll have to walk out of the house with just what she's got on her back."

"I should be quite contented," said Ontario.

"But I shouldn't—so you may just cut it. Anybody who wants her without my leave must take her in her smock."

"Oh, father!" screamed Polly.

"That's what I mean—so let's have done with it. What business have you coming to another man's house when you're not welcome? When I want you I'll send for you; and till I do you have my leave to stay away."

"Good-by, Polly," said Ontario, offering the girl his hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Moggs," said Polly; "and mind you get into Parliament. You stick to it, and you'll do it."

When she repeated this salutary advice, it must have been that she intended it to apply to the double event. Moggs at any rate took it in that light. "I shall," said he, as he opened the door and walked triumphantly out of the house.

"Father," said Polly, as soon as they were alone, "you've behaved very bad to that young man."

"You be blowed!" said Mr. Neeft.

"You have, then. You'll go on till you get me that talked about that I shall be ashamed to show myself. What's the good of me trying to behave, if you keep going on like that?"

"Why didn't you take that chap when he came after you down to Margate?"

"Because I didn't choose. I don't care enough for him; and it's all no use of you going on. I wouldn't have him if he came twenty times. I've made up my mind, so I tell you."

"You're a very grand young woman."

"I'm grand enough to have a will of my own about that. I'm not going to be made to marry any man, I know."

"And you mean to take that long-legged shoemaker's apprentice?"

"He's not a shoemaker's apprentice any more than I'm a breeches-maker's apprentice." Polly was now quite in earnest, and in no mood for picking her words. "He's a boot-maker by his trade; and I've never said any thing about taking him."

"You've given him a promise."

"No; I've not."

"And you'd better not, unless you want to walk out of this house with nothing but the rags on your back. Ain't I doing it all for you? Ain't I been sweating my life out these thirty years to make you a lady?" This was hard upon Polly, as she was not yet one-and-twenty.

"I don't want to be a lady; no more than I am just by myself, like. If I can't be a lady without being made one, I won't be a lady at all."

"You be blowed!"

"There are different kinds of ladies, father. I want to be such a one as neither you nor mother shall ever have cause to say I didn't behave myself."

"You talk the figures of a milestone," said Mr. Neeft, as he returned to his arm-chair, to his gin-and-water, to his growlings, and before long to his slumbers. Throughout the whole evening he was very unpleasant in the bosom of his family—which consisted on this occasion of his wife only, as Polly took the opportunity of going out to drink tea with a young lady friend. Neeft, when he heard this, suggested that Ontario was drinking tea at the same house, and would have pursued his daughter but for mingled protestations and menaces which his wife used for preventing such a violation of parental authority. "Moggs don't know from Adam where she is; and you never knowed her do any thing of that kind. And you'll go about with your mad schemes and jealousies till you about ruin the poor girl; that's what you will. I won't have it. If you go, I'll go too, and I'll shame you. No; you sha'n't have your hat. Of course she'll be off some day, if you make the place that wretched that she can't live in it. I know I would—with the fust man as'd ask me." By these objurgations, by a pertinacious refusal as to his hat, and a little yielding in the matter of gin-and-water, Mr. Neeft was at length persuaded to remain at home.

On the following morning he said nothing before he left home, but as soon as he had opened his letters and spoken a few sharp things to the two men in Conduit Street, he went off to Mr. Moggs senior. Of the inter-

view between Mr. Neeft and Mr. Moggs senior sufficient has already been told. Then it was, after his return to his own shop, that he so behaved as to drive the German artist into downright mutiny and unlimited beer. Through the whole afternoon he snarled at Waddle; but Waddle sat silent, bending over the ledger. One question Waddle did answer.

"Where's that pig-headed German gone?" asked Mr. Neeft, for the tenth time.

"I believe he's cutting his throat about this time," said Mr. Waddle.

"He may wait till I come and sew it up," said the breeches-maker.

All this time Mr. Neeft was very unhappy. He knew, as well as did Mr. Waddle or Polly, that he was misbehaving himself. He was by no means deficient in ideas of duty to his wife, to his daughter, and to his dependants. Polly was the apple of his eye; his one jewel—in his estimation the best girl that ever lived. He admired her in all her moods, even though she would sometimes oppose his wishes with invincible obstinacy. He knew in his heart that were she to marry Ontario Moggs he would forgive her on the day of her marriage. He could not keep himself from forgiving her though she were to marry a chimney-sweep. But, as he thought, a great wrong had been done him. He could not bring himself to believe that Polly would not marry the young squire, if the young squire would only be true to his undertaking; and then he could not endure that the young squire should escape from him, after having been, as it were, saved from ruin by his money, without paying for the accommodation in some shape. He had some inkling of an idea that, in punishing Ralph by making public the whole transaction, he would be injuring his daughter as much as he injured Ralph. But the inkling did not sufficiently establish itself in his mind to cause him to desist. Ralph Newton ought to be made to repeat his offer before all the world; even though he should only repeat it to be again refused. The whole of that evening he sat brooding over it, so that he might come to some great resolution.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. NEEFIT AGAIN.

THE last few days in March and the first week in April were devoted by Ralph the heir to a final visit to the Moonbeam. He had resolved to finish the hunting-season at his old quarters, and then to remove his stud to Newton. The distinction with which he was welcomed by everybody at the Moonbeam must have been very gratifying to him. Though he had made no response whatever to Lieutenant Cox's proposition as to a visit to Newton, that gentleman received him as a hero. Captain Fooks also had escaped from his regiment with the sole object of spending these last days with his dear old friend. Fred Pepper, too, was very polite, though it was not customary with Mr. Pepper to display

friendship so enthusiastic as that which warmed the bosoms of the two military gentlemen. As to Mr. Horsball, one might have thought from his manner that he hoped to engage his customer to remain at the Moonbeam for the rest of his life. But it was not so. It was in Mr. Horsball's nature to be civil to a rich hunting country-gentleman; and it was the fact also that Ralph had ever been popular with the world of the Moonbeam—even at times when the spasmodic, and at length dilatory, mode of his payment must have become matter for thought to the master of the establishment. There was no doubt about the payments now, and Ralph's popularity was increased fourfold. Mrs. Horsball got out from some secluded nook a special bottle of orange-brandy in his favor—which Lieutenant Cox would have consumed on the day of its opening, had not Mrs. Horsball, with considerable acrimony, declined to supply his orders. The sister with ringlets smiled and smirked whenever the young squire went near the bar. The sister in ringlets was given to flirtations of this kind, would listen with sweetest complacency to compliments on her beauty, and would return them with interest. But she never encouraged this sort of intimacy with gentlemen who did not pay their bills, or with those whose dealings with the house were not of a profitable nature. The man who expected that Miss Horsball would smile upon him because he ordered a glass of sherry and bitters, or half a pint of pale ale, was very much mistaken; but the softness of her smiles for those who consumed the Moonbeam champagne was unbounded. Love and commerce with her ran together, and regulated each other in a manner that was exceedingly advantageous to her brother. If I were about to open such a house as the Moonbeam the first thing I should look for would be a discreet, pleasant-visaged lady to assist me in the bar-department, not much under forty, with ringlets, having no particular leaning toward matrimony, who knew how to whisper little speeches while she made a bottle of cherry-brandy serve five-and-twenty turns at the least. She should be honest, patient, graceful, capable of great labor, grasping—with that wonderful capability of being greedy for the benefit of another which belongs to women—willing to accept plentiful meals and a power of saving twenty pounds a year as a sufficient remuneration for all hardships, with no more susceptibility than a milestone, and as indifferent to delicacy in language as a bargee. There are such women, and very valuable women they are in that trade. Such a one was Miss Horsball, and in these days the sweetest of her smiles were bestowed upon the young squire.

Ralph Newton certainly liked it, though he assumed an air of laughing at it all.

"One would think that old Hossy thought that I am going to go on with this kind of thing," he said, one morning, to Mr. Pepper, as the two of them were standing about near the stable-doors with pipes in their mouths.

Old Hossy was the affectionate nickname by which Mr. Horsball was known among the hunting-men of the B. B.

Mr. Pepper and Ralph had already breakfasted, and were dressed for hunting except that they had not yet put on their scarlet coats. The meet was within three miles of their headquarters; the captain and the lieutenant were taking advantage of the occasion by prolonged slumbers; and Ralph had passed the morning in discussing hunting matters with Mr. Pepper.

"He don't think that," said Mr. Pepper, taking a very convenient little implement out of his pocket, contrived for purposes of pipe-smoking accommodation. He stopped down his tobacco, and drew the smoke, and seemed by his manner to be giving his undivided attention to his pipe. But that was Mr. Pep-

per's manner. He was short in speech, but always spoke with a meaning.

"Of course he doesn't really," said Ralph. "I don't suppose I shall ever see the old house again after next week. You see when a man has a place of one's own, if there be hunting there, one is bound to take it; if there isn't, one can go elsewhere and pick and choose."

"Just so," said Mr. Pepper.

"I like this kind of thing amazingly, you know."

"It has its advantages."

"Oh dear, yes. There is no trouble, you know. Every thing done for you. No servants to look after—except just the fellow who brings you your breeches and rides your second horse." Mr. Pepper never had a second horse, or a man of his own to bring him his breeches, but the allusion did not on that account vex him. "And then you can do what you like a great deal more than you can in a house of your own."

"I should say so," remarked Mr. Pepper.

"I tell you what it is, Fred," continued Ralph, becoming very confidential. "I don't mind telling you, because you are a man who understands things. There isn't such a great pull after all in having a property of your own."

"I shouldn't mind trying it—just for a year or so," said Mr. Pepper.

"I suppose not," said Ralph, chuckling in his triumph. "And yet there isn't so much in it. What does it amount to when it's all told? You keep horses for other fellows to ride, you buy wine for other fellows to drink, you build a house for other fellows to live in. You've a deal of business to do, and if you don't mind it you go very soon to the dogs. You have to work like a slave, and everybody gets a pull at you. The chances are you never have any ready money, and become as stingy as an old file. You have to get married because of the family, and the place, and all that kind of thing. Then you have to give dinners to every old fogey, male and female, within twenty miles of you, and before you know where you are you become an old fogey yourself. That's about what it is."

"You ought to know," said Mr. Pepper.

"I've been expecting it all my life—of course. It was what I was born to, and everybody has been telling me what a lucky fellow I am since I can remember. Now I've got it, and I don't find it comes to so very much. I shall always look back upon the dear old Moonbeam, and the B. B., and Hossy's wonderful port wine, with regret. It hasn't been very swell, you know, but it's been uncommonly cosy. Don't you think so?"

"You see I wasn't born to any thing better," said Mr. Pepper.

Just at this moment Cox and Fooks came out of the house. They had not as yet breakfasted, but had thought that a mouthful of air in the stable-yard might enable them to get through their toast and red herrings with an amount of appetite which had not as yet been vouchsafed to them. Second and third editions of that wonderful port had been produced on the previous evening, and the two warriors had played their parts with it manfully. Fooks was bearing up bravely as he made his way across the yard; but Cox looked as though his friends ought to see to his making that journey to Australia very soon if they intended him to make it at all. "I'm blessed if you fellows haven't been and breakfasted," said Captain Fooks.

"That's about it," said the squire. "You must be uncommon fond of getting up early."

"Do you know who gets the worm?" asked Mr. Pepper.

"Oh, bother that," said Cox.

"There's nothing I hate so much as being told about that nasty worm," said Captain Fooks. "I don't want a worm."

"But the early birds do," said Mr. Pepper.

Captain Fooks was rather given to be cross of mornings. "I think, you know, that when fellows say overnight they'll breakfast together, it isn't just the sort of thing for one or two to have all the things brought up at any unconscionable hour they please. Eh, Cox?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Cox. "I shall just have another go of soda-and-brandy with a devilled biscuit. That's all I want."

"Fooks had better go to bed again, and see if he can't get out the other side," said Ralph.

"Chaff doesn't mean any thing," said Captain Fooks.

"That's as you take it," said Mr. Pepper.

"I shall take it just as I please," said Captain Fooks.

Just at this moment Mr. Horsball came up to them, touching his hat cheerily in sign of the commencement of the day. "You'll ride Mr. Pepper's little 'orse, I suppose, sir?" he said, addressing himself to the young squire.

"Certainly—I told Larking I would."

"Exactly, Mr. Newton. And Banker might as well go out as second."

"I said Brewer. Banker was out on Friday."

"That won't be no odds, Mr. Newton. The fact is, Brewer's legs is a little puffed."

"All right," said the squire.

"Well, old Hossy," said Lieutenant Cox, summing up all his energy in an attempt at maternal joviality, as he slapped the landlord on the back, "how are things going with you?"

Mr. Horsball knew his customers, and did not like being slapped on the back with more than ordinary vigor by such a customer as Lieutenant Cox. "Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Cox," said he. "I didn't take too much last night, and I eat my breakfast 'early this morning."

"There is one for you, young man," said Captain Fooks. Whereupon the squire laughed heartily. Mr. Horsball went on nodding his head, intending to signify his opinion that he had done his work thoroughly; Mr. Pepper, standing on one foot with the other raised on a horse-block, looked on without moving a muscle of his face. The lieutenant was disgusted, but was too weak in his inner man to be capable of instant railleury; when, on a sudden, the whole aspect of things was changed by the appearance of Mr. Newton in the yard.

"D—tion!" exclaimed our friend Ralph. The apparition had been so sudden, that the squire was unable to restrain himself. Mr. Neeft, as the reader will perhaps remember, had been at the Moonbeam before. He had written letters which had been answered, and then letters—many letters—to which no reply had been given. In respect of the Neeft arrangements, Ralph Newton felt himself to be peculiarly ill-used by persecutions such as these, because he had honestly done his best to make Polly his wife. No doubt, he acknowledged that Fortune had favored him almost miraculously, in first saving him from so injurious a marriage by the action of the young lady, and then at once bestowing upon him his estate. But the escape was the doing of Fortune and Polly Neeft combined, and had not come of any intrigue on his own part. He was in a position—so he thought—absolutely to repudiate Neeft, and to throw himself upon facts for his protection; but then it was undoubtedly the case that, for a year or two, Mr. Neeft could make his life a burden to him. He would have bought off Neeft at a considerable price, had Neeft been purchasable. But Neeft was not in this matter greedy for himself. He wanted to make his daughter a lady, and he thought that this was the

readiest way to accomplish that object. The squire, in his unmeasurable disgust, uttered the curse aloud; but then, remembering himself, walked up to the breeches-maker with his extended hand. He had borrowed the man's money. "What's in the wind now, Mr. Neeft?" he said.

"What's in the wind, captain? Oh, you know. When are you coming to see us at the cottage?"

"I don't think my coming would do any good. I'm not in favor with the ladies there." Ralph was aware that all the men standing round him had heard the story, and that nothing was to be gained by an immediate attempt at concealment. It behooved him, above all things, to be upon his metal to put a good face upon it, and to be at any rate equal to the breeches-maker in presence of mind and that kind of courage which he himself would have called "check."

"My money was in favor with you, captain, when you promised as how you would be on the square with me in regard to our Polly."

"Mr. Neeft," said Ralph, speaking in a low voice, but still clearly, so that all around him could hear him, "your daughter and I can never be more to each other than we are at present. She has decided that. But I value her character and good name too highly to allow even you to injure them by such a discussion in a stable-yard." And, having said this, he walked away into the house.

"My Polly's character!" said the infuriated breeches-maker, turning round to the audience, and neglecting to follow his victim in his determination to vindicate his daughter. "If my girl's character don't stand higher nor his or any one's belonging to him, I'll eat it!"

"Mr. Newton meant to speak in favor of the young lady, not against her," said Mr. Pepper.

"Then, why don't he come out on the square? Now, gents, I'll tell you just the whole of it. He came down to my little box, where I and my missus and my girl lives quiet and decent, to borrow money; and he borrowed it. He won't say as that wasn't so."

"And he's paid you the money back again," said Mr. Pepper.

"He have; but just you listen. I know you, Mr. Pepper, and all about you; and do you listen. He have paid it back. But when he come there borrowing money, he saw my girl; and, says he—I've got to sell that 'eritance of mine for just what it'll fetch.' 'That's bad, captain,' says I. 'It is bad,' says he. Then says he again, 'Neeft, that girl of yours there is the sweetest girl as ever I put my eyes on.' And so she is—as sweet as a rose, and as honest as the sun, and as good as gold. I says it as oughtn't; but she is. 'It's a pity, Neeft,' says he, 'about the 'eritance; ain't it?' 'Captain,' says I—I used to call him captain 'cause he come down quite familiar-like, to eat his bit of salmon and drink his glass of wine. Laws, he was glad enough to come then, mighty grand as he is now."

"I don't think he's grand at all," said Mr. Horsball.

"Well; do you just listen, gents. 'Captain,' says I, 'that 'eritance of yours mustn't be sold nohow.' I says so. 'What's the figure as is wanted?' Well; then he went on to say as how Polly was the sweetest girl he ever see; and so we came to an understanding. He was to have what money he wanted at once, and then twenty thousand pounds down when he married Polly. He did have a thousand. And, now—see what his little game is."

"But the young lady wouldn't have any thing to say to him," suggested Captain Fooks, who, even for the sake of his break-

fast, could not omit to hear the last of so interesting a conversation.

"Laws, Captain Fooks, to hear the likes of that from you, who is an officer and a gentleman by Act of Parliament! When you have any thing sweet to say to a young woman, does she always jump down your throat the first go-off?"

"If she don't come at the second time of asking I always go elsewhere," said Captain Fooks.

"Then it's my opinion you have a deal of travelling to do," said Mr. Neeft, "and don't get much at the end of it. It's because he's come in for his 'eritance, which he never would have had only for me, that he's demeaning himself this fashion. It ain't acting the gentleman; it ain't the thing; it's off the square. Only for me and my money there wouldn't be an acre his this blessed minute; d—d if there would! I saved it for him, by my ready money—just that I might see my Polly put into a station as she'd make more genteel than she found it. That's what she would; she has that manners, not to talk of her being as pretty a girl as there is from here to—anywheres. He made me a promise, and he shall keep it! I'll worry the heart out of him else. Pay me back my money! Who cares for the money? I can tell guineas with him now, I'll be bound. I'll put it all in the papers—I will. There ain't a soul shan't know it. I'll put the story of it into the pockets of every pair of breeches as leaves my shop. I'll send it to every M. F. H. in the kingdom."

"You'll about destroy your trade, old fellow," said Mr. Pepper.

"I don't care for the trade, Mr. Pepper. Why have I worked like a 'orse? It's only for my girl."

"I suppose she's not breaking her heart for him?" said Captain Fooks.

"What she's a doing with her heart ain't no business of yours, Captain Fooks. I'm her father, and I know what I'm about. I'll make that young man's life a burden to him, if 'e ain't on the square with my girl. You see if I don't.—Mr. 'Orsball, I want a 'orse to go a 'unting on to-day. You lets 'em. Just tell your man to get me a 'orse. I'll pay for him."

"I didn't know you ever did any thing in that way," said Mr. Horsball.

"I may begin if I please, I suppose. If I can't go no other way, I'll go on a donkey, and I'll tell every one that's out. Oh, 'e don't know me yet—don't that young gent."

Mr. Neeft did not succeed in getting any animal out of Mr. Horsball's stables, nor did he make further attempt to carry his last threat into execution on that morning. Mr. Horsball now led the way 'into the house, while Mr. Pepper mounted his nag. Captain Fooks and Lieutenant Cox went in to their breakfast, and the unfortunate father followed them. It was now nearly eleven o'clock, and it was found that Ralph's horses had been taken round to the other door, and that he had already started. He said very little to any one during the day, though he was somewhat comforted by information conveyed to him by Mr. Horsball in the course of the afternoon that Mr. Neeft had returned to London.

"You send your lawyer to him, squire," said Mr. Horsball. "Lawyers cost a deal of money, but they do make things straight."

This suggestion had also been made to him by his brother Gregory.

On the following day Ralph went up to London, and explained all the circumstances of the case to Mr. Carey. Mr. Carey undertook to do his best to straighten this very crooked episode in his client's life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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MIGNON. See page 286.

THE TWO LOVERS.

"O MAMMA!" exclaimed Josephine Rawson, as a middle-aged, motherly lady came into the room, where she, Dr. Houghton, and myself, were sitting together in the summer twilight, "this is Dr. Houghton's birthday, and he is thirty-seven; I wouldn't tell it if I were he, would you?"

"And why not, my child?" said Mrs. Rawson; "thirty-seven is not old, at least not for a man; and years are not a thing to be ashamed of."

"That sounds just like Aunt Jenny," said the young lady; "she is always telling her age when there is no need of it;" and, turning to me, "I am sure if I live to be as old as you, aunty, I'll take off a year or two, especially if I am an old maid."

"And why should the fact of being an old maid make one less candid in the matter?" I answered. "I should certainly like to be younger, but I cannot deceive myself, and shall not try to deceive others."

"Well, you are the strangest woman, aunty!—Now, doctor, just see if you can guess her age; if you do, she will own it."

"I do not suppose Dr. Houghton is particularly interested on the subject," I replied; "but I will save him the trouble of guessing." And as that gentleman, who seemed rather embarrassed by the turn the conversation had taken, raised his eyes to my face, with a half-annoyed and half-amused expression, I spared him the necessity of speaking, by saying that, in just one month from that day, I should be thirty-six years old.

"Miss Rawson was correct," replied the doctor; and, turning to me, "I should have supposed you younger, Miss Hartley, for Time has not told quite so plainly and unmistakably upon your face as he has upon my own; your life has been less rough, I imagine—may it be so always!"

So serious was the tone in which the last words were spoken, that silence fell upon us all for a few moments. Presently we heard a light footstep on the sidewalk; and the doctor, catching the sound, exclaimed:

"Ah! that is the 'Inevitable'—I know his step. I think that boy of mine is engaged in a conspiracy with all the invalids of the neighborhood against my peace. No sooner am I settled for a comfortable evening, either alone or in company, than he manages to get up a patient for my especial discomfort. So, ladies, I must bid you good-night, wishing you a pleasanter one than mine is likely to be, I fear." And then he left us.

"It's too bad!" cried Josephine, petulantly; "Dr. Houghton is better than no beau at all, old as he is—and now it is so late, I am sure no one else will come to-night, though, of course, you don't care; I believe you would like to be alone half the time. But I think it is awfully stupid, and am going to bed. Come up and sit with me till I am sleepy;" and she rose and waited for me to follow.

"Josie, I am not quite ready to go yet," I said, "it is so pleasant here; but I will come soon."

"O dear! I think you might come, just to please me, whether you want to or not; but I won't tease you;" and the girl, who was rather wilful and thoughtless than really unkind, kissed me, and left me to myself.

And now I must pause to tell you, reader, who and what we are, who are brought thus suddenly and unceremoniously before you.

To begin at the beginning. We were all residents of the little city of Hampstead, though neither Dr. Houghton nor myself had been born or bred there. He had come to the place, from a distant State, some thirteen years before the time at which my story opens, bringing with him sufficient credentials of respectability to satisfy the most exclusive of our townsfolk; a limited amount of means, as was inferred from his modest way of living, and a pretty, helpless, sickly, and fretful wife, of whom every one but himself complained bitterly.

He had married her, it was said, against the wishes of his own family, who were much above hers in social position, when he was but nineteen, and she two years younger.

Never did married pair exhibit a greater contrast. She, childish, exacting, unreasonable, threw herself upon her husband, a mere heavy, galling burden.

He, manly, patient, forbearing, took her up, tenderly and uncomplainingly, and bore the weight silently until the end. Whatever he

may have thought of her shortcomings, or of his own mistake and its heavy and bitter retribution, no word of blame for her, or pity for himself, escaped him, until he came at last to lay her down to rest, under the daisies of the church-yard, where now, for five years, she had "slept well."

The modest sign bearing the name of "Felix Houghton, M. D.," and embellishing at first the window of a very humble boarding-house in the outskirts of the town, had gradually advanced toward a better locality, with the increasing practice and popularity of its owner, until now his name shone on the door-plate of a large and comfortable residence on one of our most desirable avenues, and his carriage was seen on our streets much oftener than the old-fashioned chaise of even our oldest physician.

For Dr. Houghton, bending over a sick-bed, had a very pleasant face to look upon, as they who had need of him were not long in learning. Not that he was handsome, far from it; for his face was sallow and care-worn, and his hair was prematurely gray. But his dark eye always met yours fearlessly and honestly, and his voice had in it a sort of sweet and comfortable assurance, no matter how little there might be in the spoken words themselves. His touch, soft as a woman's, was yet firm as it was tender, and his smile, ah! who so sick as not to feel it strengthen him like a sweet restorative?

Mrs. Rawson, with whom I had recently come to make my home, and who was my senior by some years, had been the wife of my only brother, who died, leaving her childless. After his death, she had married again, and was now, for the second time, a widow. Her family had, till I came, consisted of herself and one daughter, who, at eighteen, was thoughtless, pretty, and impulsive, with a little selfishness, and too much romance in her composition to listen patiently to her mother's oft-repeated praises of Dr. Houghton, whose partiality to the daughter was most acceptable to her heart.

"Do you want to marry a boy?" Mrs. Rawson would ask, when her daughter referred to the gentleman's age.

"A boy!" why, mother, Dr. Houghton is more than twice my age. He has forgotten what love is by this time, if he ever knew. And he is so odd, he never pays me compliments, nor gives me presents, like—like other gentlemen."

"Like Phil Singleton, for instance," the mother would answer.

"Yes, like Phil Singleton. Oh, he's perfectly splendid. He thinks I never had a fault, in which opinion I am sure the doctor would not agree. But then I would not lose his friendship for the world; and I do like to talk with him, especially when Phil looks so jealous."

"You will either change your tune yet, my young lady, or be sorry that you did not," the mother would respond. And so the discussion would end for the time, to be renewed at pleasure.

But I am forgetting to tell you of myself. First, as you will have seen already, I was an old maid. My sister-in-law always called me "Aunt," as if my only claim to any sort of regard was my relationship to her daughter. All young persons, and many of my own age, addressed me, usually in a sort of commiserating way, as "Aunt Jenny," and inquired after my health as if a spinster of my years must, of necessity, be suffering from physical or mental infirmity.

When I came to live with Mrs. Rawson, I had been recently left, by the death of my father, with a competence, but with no nearer relative than my sister-in-law; I had passed most of my life in the country, and wanted now to come to Hampstead and take a house of my own.

This my sister most decidedly objected to. She said, "It would look so strange for me to live alone, as I had never been married; people would certainly talk;" and so, more especially as I felt very lonely, I consented for the present to take up my abode with her.

When I had been settled for a week or two, and had seen most of her friends, and heard the histories even of those I had not seen, that of Dr. Houghton among the rest, that gentleman dropped in one evening, and I was introduced to him by Josie, simply as "My aunt."

"I beg pardon!" said the doctor, politely appealing to her; "I did not understand the lady's name."

Josephine looked almost puzzled at first, as if she wondered why any one should wish to understand my name, and replied: "Miss Hartley—I beg your pardon, doctor, and yours too, Aunt Jenny; but I forgot you had any other name."

And Miss Hartley I always was to Dr. Houghton, though my sister considered it a rather unnecessary and affected degree of politeness, and used to say:

"I wonder if he will keep it up when you get to be his aunt in earnest, for I think Josie will have him yet, don't you? Certainly he comes oftener lately, and stays longer, than he ever did before."

About the final result of these visits I was not quite so clear myself. For, though I knew Josephine was well pleased with the idea that a man so superior in mind and worldly advantages should be led captive by the power of her charms, I was sure that Dr. Houghton was much too grave and old to suit her notions of a lover; and that handsome and dashing Phil Singleton, who continued, Heaven knows how, to make a greater show of wealth with a few hundreds a year than the doctor with his few thousands, came much nearer to her ideal.

"Philip Singleton, attorney-at-law," was a young gentleman of twenty-three, or thereabouts, whose father had recently "set him up," and whose principal business, as yet, consisted in watching for, and bowing to, the pretty girls who passed his office, and in waiting for clients who, as yet, were few and far between! For the rest, he was handsome, harmless, and desperately enamoured with Miss Josephine Rawson.

Many a pleasant evening did he spoil for us, or I should rather say for me, during my first season at Mrs. Rawson's. Dr. Houghton, when he visited us, usually came early in the evening; often before we had left the tea-table, always inquiring for "the ladies," which sometimes quite piqued Josephine, as it was generally the custom of single gentlemen in Hampstead to ask only for the one young lady they had a particular desire to see.

Sometimes she threatened us with not coming into the parlor at all; as she "presumed he came to see mamma and aunty;" but, as the doctor at such times only made the proper inquiries in reference to her health, and manifested no particular uneasiness, she was fain to join us at last, more especially because she knew Mr. Singleton was likely to drop in later in the evening, and she would never willingly lose the chance of flirting with him, and all the better if it could be done in the presence of Dr. Houghton.

It was also necessary, as she knew, if she wished to make the most of her opportunity, that she should be on the ground at the moment of Phil's arrival; as that event was very likely to remind the doctor, before long, either that he had a professional engagement, or that his having fulfilled one the night before had "rendered him unpardonably dull, and unfit for the society of ladies."

He never showed any mean jealousy or dislike of his rival: on the contrary, he was ceremoniously polite and courteous; but somehow, when Phil joined us, the conversation almost always took a new and more constrained tone; none of us ever felt quite as comfortable, I think, as before, always excepting Josephine.

From the first day of my acquaintance with him, I liked our friend and neighbor, and, when I began to think that he was ultimately to occupy a new and nearer relation to me, I was heartily glad. And yet the better I liked him, the more I was vexed with Josephine, that she did not quite appreciate his true nobleness of character.

Then I began to wonder how a man of cultivated tastes, ripe judgment, and settled habits of life and thought, and especially one who, if report spoke truly, had paid such a heavy price for the folly of an ill-assorted alliance, should fancy one whose shortcomings were so manifest, even to himself. For often had I seen him, though evidently not insensible to the charm of her youth and beauty, turn almost sorrowfully away from her thoughtless gayety, to talk with me, upon what Josie considered "such horrid, stupid subjects," that we two were often left to ourselves; and many a time we sat deep into the summer night, revelling in the pleasant regions of poetry and romance.

"She is not worthy of him," I would say to myself, "and I am angry and indignant with him that he can be so blinded by her mere beauty of person! If she were only a little older and steadier, and a little more in sympathy with his tastes and pursuits, or if there were enough in her ever to learn to comprehend his larger nature, and to sympathize with him—but no, it will not and it cannot come to good." Sometimes I thought, if he were going to marry some one I liked as well as I did himself, how pleasant it would be to me; and then I would run over, in my thoughts, the list of my lady friends, and always to find that none of them would be quite to my mind, even if they were to his, and to end with a sigh, at the blind perversity of Love.

Pleasantly and quietly the summer and autumn passed away with us all. Dr. Houghton's courtship made, as it seemed, very little

progress. Sometimes Josephine was very gracious to him, and again she seemed almost offensively indifferent.

Nevertheless, he remained mostly calm and unruffled, never seeming to feel annoyed, nor to come or go any whit later or sooner, for all her moods and caprices.

"Josephine," said Mrs. Rawson, a little sharply, one evening, "I am really provoked with you; and I should not be surprised if you try the doctor beyond what even he will bear yet. He is only too good for you, and, what is more, he may find it out."

"Well, let him!" replied the daughter, in a gay, defiant tone. "He is not the only man in the world. And, besides, he is so stupid—no, not that, exactly—but he's so odd. Why, he divides all his attentions so impartially between you and me and aunty, that I am sure I can't tell yet which of us he likes best. Now, wouldn't it be funny if, after all, I should have to learn to call him 'Papa!'" and she laughed very merrily at the conceit.

"How ridiculous you are!" said the mother, half laughing, in spite of herself, at the girl's absurdity. "The doctor wouldn't thank you for the compliment you pay his taste, in supposing he visits here for the pleasure he finds in the society of two old women; but it's just like you, to talk so; I do believe that little Phil Singleton has turned your head!"

"Little Phil Singleton, indeed!" cried the now really irritated young lady. "Little Phil Singleton is larger than Felix Houghton, M. D.! And suppose he did turn my head? my head is my own, I hope!"

"I hope so, and your heart too; you will certainly never give it to that fellow with my consent! A pretty match that would be!"

"I think so too, mother; though, to tell the truth, I never thought seriously about it till now; but if there is no other escape from the old doctor, I may be driven to Phil yet, in sheer desperation."

"Old doctor! oh dear me," exclaimed the mother; and then, feeling too indignant to pursue the controversy, she left the field in the possession of her very provoking adversary.

Such conversations seemed to have but little effect in changing the position of affairs. Nevertheless, Mrs. Rawson still continued hopeful that matters would eventually take the turn she so much desired. For myself, I almost feared to believe she was right, and that Josephine, thoughtless and careless as she was, could not long remain insensible to the advantages of such an alliance.

Hampstead was a very quiet place, and, during all my first winter, there occurred no event among its inhabitants worth recording. And now, as I look back over the time that passed, after the chilling winds of autumn drove us from the open windows to the cheerful wood-fire on the hearth until the spring breezes called us back again, all the season seems like one long, happy day.

Yet how swiftly the shadow was stealing on that should darken all my world! For there came a time, following close on my day of brightness, when, though I took shame to myself to own the truth, even in the darkness and solitude of the night, I knew too well that I, madness though it might be, could love him, whose devotion was so little prized by her who reached no hand to take it!

One night—I can recall it very distinctly, it was in the early spring—I sat by the open window of my own quiet room, and saw the night drop the slender bow of the new moon out of her hand into the darkness; and then I turned my face and my thoughts from the outer world, and communed long and sorrowfully with my own heart. I accused myself of weakness, of folly, of madness. I do not think there was another mortal in the whole world at that hour who, knowing all that I knew, would have felt such scorn and contempt for me as in that solitary conflict I felt for myself. And yet, what could I do? I knew now that the thing I had so often and so solemnly resolved not to do was already done. I loved where there was no possibility of any return; where I had known from the first that it must be so; and, if in the very face of this knowledge I could fall into such a depth of folly, where was the hope that I could ever rise from it again! Sometimes I resolved to go away. Then I said that flight would be cowardly, and that I would face and overcome the danger; and told myself that seeing constantly before me the proof of the utter hopelessness of my passion, would be the most certain means of effecting its cure. One thing, at least, I was sure I could and would do. I could hide my secret safely in my own bosom. This would not be very difficult to do, more especially as no one near me, certainly not they of my own household, ever imagined that such frail

and perishable things as human affections survived the period of early youth.

So you will see that my secret, after all, was not so hard to keep; but the fact that it must be kept made it hard to bear. Indeed, I know not how I should have done so well as I did, if Fate had not been kind to me, though, at any other time, her interposition would have seemed like cruelty.

When the advance of the spring had made the world without pleasant for the eyes to behold, I began to take long walks daily; partly for my health, but more especially to divert my mind and weary my body, so as to bring the old refreshing sleep to my pillow that now came not always at my bidding.

One pleasant afternoon, I set out on my rambles, and had strayed far beyond the town, when suddenly I found the sun withdrawn under a heavy curtain of clouds, and, turning about, I made such haste as I could to find some shelter from the rapidly-gathering shower. But, fast as I walked, the rain overtook me before I had reached the first place of refuge near me, which happened to be a police-station. A man who seemed to have charge of the place invited me to come within, where a group of men were gathered round a little fire, and I would fain have availed myself of his kindness and dried my wet shawl; but the room was full of tobacco-smoke, and the men were noisy and uninviting; so I said that I was not much wet, and preferred to remain outside and watch the storm. And a storm it really proved to be. The wind blew most fearfully, and the rain literally poured down from the clouds, as gaping fissures were made in their blackness by the red spears of the lightning.

By making inquiries, I learned that a stage would pass the place in about an hour, by which I might be conveyed safely to my own home, and as the roads would be quite muddy, even when the storm, which was now subsiding, should cease, I concluded to wait with what patience I might.

Toward sunset the rain ceased, the clouds rolled away, and the sun came out for a moment, as if to see how the earth looked after her fearful baptism.

Consulting my watch, I found I had yet half an hour to wait, and, quietly resigning myself, I sat looking on the spires of the city, and falling into a sort of dreamy reverie, when a carriage, the noise of whose coming I had not noticed, halted suddenly before me, and a pleasant and familiar voice cried out:

"Good-evening, Miss Hartley! I am really sorry to see you here; but, if your offence is a bailable one, I shall be most happy to become your surety, and convey you safely back to your afflicted friends."

And there, smiling pleasantly before me, was the man toward whom all my thoughts were even at that moment tending. I was indignant with myself to feel that I started at the sound of his voice, and murmured my excuses for being found there; as if he could know what was in my mind, or as if our chance meeting had been by my design.

"Nay, you had better make no explanations or confessions to me," he said, "since I am neither counsellor nor priest. And, though I know not of what you stand accused, I see by your manner that you are guilty, and, as a friend, advise you not to criminate yourself. But seriously, Miss Hartley, you will return with me, will you not?"

"Many thanks," I answered; "you have saved me another tedious half-hour's waiting, besides bestowing upon me much pleasanter company than I should have been likely to encounter in a stage. This ill wind has blown some good to me, if to no one else."

And, quite recovered from my confusion, I rose and came forward, while the doctor, alighting, unfastened the apron, and turned the wheel of his carriage for my better accommodation.

"Be a little careful of the step," he said, "it is wet and slippery; and allow me to guard your dress, as my wagon is not especially adapted to ladies' costumes. There! I think, between us we have managed to surmount all the difficulties."

And, placing me carefully in the seat, he took his own beside me, and, possessing himself of the reins, gave his jaded horse the permission to start in the direction of his stable.

"This is the only thing at all approaching to an adventure that I have yet met with," I said, by way of saying something, "and I have taken my walks abroad, of late, in a variety of unexplored regions."

"Do you often stray so far from home, and in all weathers? If so, I should advise you, as a physician, to be more thoroughly protected than to-day, for I see you have no umbrella, and your shawl is

quite wet and not thick enough," and he laid his hand on my arm. "Really, if it were Josephine who had done so imprudent a thing as this, I should not be so much surprised, and should rather feel inclined to scold; but you are not quite young enough to be excused, and a little too old to be reprimanded. What shall I do in such a case, Miss Hartley?"

"Pray, do nothing, doctor, since you are in no way responsible for my conduct, and since any trouble given yourself on my account might be entirely useless; for, I assure you, I am exceedingly perverse."

"Yes, so I should judge; you are true to the reputation of your sex; but can you not be persuaded nor entreated? Could you not yield a point, if one said, Do this, or refrain from that, because it is best, and because I ask it?"

"Oh, in that case I should be the veriest slave to the will of another. It is only unwarrantable interference or opposition that arouses my resistance; I yield very readily to kind treatment, I assure you."

"Yet I thought, at first, you were almost inclined to refuse my slight service when I proposed to bring you into the city. You certainly looked taken by surprise, and not eager to accept it."

"You quite misinterpreted my manner, doctor; I was in dream-land when your voice woke me, and could not immediately come back to the sober certainties of life. Its follies are the only part of youth that I have not yet outgrown."

"You give me great comfort, Miss Hartley," replied my friend, speaking in a lower and more earnest tone than he had yet used; "for, however sober and matter-of-fact I may appear to others, I too have lived, perhaps, too much of late, in the land of dreams. I know the earth where I walk is not firm under my feet, yet I cannot go back."

So long as our conversation had taken a tone of *badinage*, I had found no difficulty in sustaining my part; but now I understood his meaning, and knew he wished to speak to me more plainly and confidentially. I shrank from hearing more, fearing lest I should betray myself, if he were permitted to proceed. And, thinking of no better way by which to change the subject of our talk, I complained of feeling chilly, which I really did; for, as the evening drew on, I began to realize some unpleasant effects from my recent wetting.

Dr. Houghton looked surprised, almost pained, when my abrupt remark seemed to prove how little I was interested in what he had been saying. But, recovering himself directly, he appeared to forget every thing but what appertained to his profession, and became all-engrossed in fears for my health, and a desire to get me home as soon as possible.

Very closely and carefully he wrapped the carriage-robe about me, and, urging his horse to a quicker pace, he soon brought me to the end of my journey.

There, with many kind and minute instructions as to the precautions necessary to be used, in order to prevent my taking cold, the doctor left me, promising to call the next evening to see how carefully I had attended to his orders, and to ascertain what the effect had been.

I went to my room that night, after taking a cup of tea, feeling in a sort of miserable mood, and altogether too helpless to care for myself, or follow the advice so kindly given me. After passing a most uncomfortable night, I felt, though not unable to rise, quite disinclined to make the effort to do so. Toward evening, however, I roused myself sufficiently to leave my bed and make an attempt to dress; but I felt so much worse as to be unequal to the task, and was obliged to confess that I had taken cold, and that I was really ill.

Now, do not, I pray you, imagine that my illness was the "low, nervous fever" of a heroine suffering from disappointed affection; for, sick as I was at heart—and I own it all—I was, till now, strong enough in mind and body. I had a fine constitution, and had all my life known the most perfect health, and my mind was still clear, and my will pretty firm and strong—so strong, that I was still resolved to live, and to live in such a way as to preserve the respect of the world, and, above all, to keep my own, hard as the task might prove.

For the last twelve years my duties as a daughter had kept me closely beside an invalid father. I had had no society, no books, and almost no thought, that he did not share. I had had some glimpses in that time of persons of culture and refinement, who suggested to me another and more delightful world than mine, wherein my more favored

sisters dwelt, and were blest. I had read of men, and even met them sometimes, who awakened the thought, *such a one as that I too could have loved*; but, for the most part, I put such thoughts aside as not for me; and, if ever I forgot the sober realities of my life, it was when I shut my eyes to all I had seen or known, and saw visions and dreamed dreams.

But to return to the present. True to his promise, Dr. Houghton came the next evening, making many very particular inquiries about me. I was not well, Mrs. Rawson informed him, but not so ill as to need medical advice, and hoped to be down-stairs again in a day or two.

This was in accordance with my wishes, as I really did intend, if possible, to subdue without help the enemy that was trying to gain the mastery of me; but, by the second evening of my trial, even my will was vanquished, and, for almost the first time in my life, I was utterly helpless.

"If Dr. Houghton comes to-night," I said to my sister-in-law, who was sitting with me and trying to talk me into feeling better, "tell him to come up. I am too sick to do any thing more for myself, and I do not know as any thing can be done for me; but you may all try."

"Why, Jenny! it is not like you to talk so, you must not be so easily discouraged; the doctor will have you up again in a few days—and I know he is coming to-night, for I heard him tell Josie he would come without fail; so let me smooth your hair, and make you presentable."

"Oh, no," said Josie, who now came smiling into my room, looking so radiant and beautiful that, for the moment, I almost turned from her, with a groan, at the contrast thus presented to my own condition; "let me wait on aunty, mother—I am sure I can do it without annoying her at all.—For you know how well I love to comb your hair, it is so soft and pretty; I like to handle it, and now I may do it as much as I please, mayn't I, you dear, good, sick aunty?"

And, even while she talked, she had propped me up comfortably, and was passing her cool fingers over my burning head. Gay and thoughtless as she was, all her selfishness, and all her frivolity, seemed to be left outside the threshold. In the sick-room she was nothing but tenderness and self-forgetfulness.

"There, aunty," she said, when she had arranged me to her satisfaction, "you never looked so pretty in your life. The fever has just given color enough to your cheeks, and your eyes sparkle like diamonds. I declare, you're quite a beauty."

"Thank you, Josie dear, I do feel very much better, and I am sorry to have you go and leave me; but I hear the door-bell, and I know you will be asked for, so you may as well go down now, and save Annie the trouble of coming for you."

"Oh," she said, "that is only the doctor, I know his decided way of ringing; but I'll go and send him up, and make you entertain him for a while, for you know you promised to see him to-night."

"Yes," I said, "let him come." And then Josephine brought a chair to the bedside, softly closed the door, and went out.

In a little while I heard a light step passing up the stairs and along the passage, and behind that a heavier and firmer tread, whose echo did not drive back any jot of the color already burning in my face.

"There she is, doctor," cried Josie, leading the way into my room. "Now, does she appear like a sick woman? shouldn't you rather say she looked well? Come, be honest."

"I should not say that Miss Hartley looked like a well woman," replied Dr. Houghton, as, coming forward, he looked earnestly and very kindly in my face; and then, taking the seat placed for him, he softly lifted my hand from the counterpane and held it in his own, as he continued: "I feared this—and now we must see what can be done for you; I wish I could have seen you last night, but it is better now than later. Do you know what a lovely evening you are losing by being shut up here, and will you allow me to put back the curtain a little that you may see the sunset?"

I assented, and, while he was arranging the shade and drapery to his liking, there came a light knock at the door, and Annie, looking in, announced "Mr. Singleton, for Miss Rawson," whereupon Josie silently made her exit, and the doctor came back and seated himself near my pillow again.

Not a word more did he say in reference to my condition or its cause. No minute directions did he give, and no learned prescriptions did he write. Some cooling draught he prepared for me, and accorded me unlimited freedom in the use of cold water. In reference to diet, he told me not to be troubled in the least, because I had no desire for

food, as my appetite would doubtless be found in good time, and that, whenever it was, I might eat, but in moderation, of whatever dishes I wished. Then he turned the talk to other topics, but always keeping to such as were of a cheerful and healthful nature; and when the last color had faded out of the west, and silence had fallen upon us, all my pain and all my fever were vanished and forgotten.

Presently Annie came back to light the lamps, and then the doctor rose, and, shading them down to a sort of soft twilight, said: "I must leave you now to visit some patients who have greater need of me than even you have."

"Indeed, doctor, I feel that I do not need you at all. I think this may be your first and last professional visit to me. See! I have no fever now, and I am almost certain I shall sleep."

The doctor smiled, incredulously, as he answered: "I hope you may, and do not wish to discourage you; but I half suspect you have a new lesson to learn, and one rather hard for you, I imagine, namely, dependence. Perhaps you are too self-willed—we shall see; at any rate, having once admitted me to the privilege of a physician, I shall abate no jot of my professional prerogative. You are neither to rise, walk, nor sleep, without my gracious permission, so you may as well yield gracefully; and now, good-night. About this time to-morrow evening I will see you again, unless you need me before, in which case do not fail to send for me," and he was gone.

Dr. Houghton was right. The fever was only held at bay a moment by a strong, skilful hand; not conquered, and was not to be, until after many weary, weary weeks of hard struggle on the part of both of us.

Almost every evening during that time did he visit me; sometimes he sat with me for an hour, sometimes barely looked in, for his practice was very large; then again he and Josephine would spend an entire evening in my room, or he would stay alone with me for a little while and return to the parlor, and then I would lie awake and listen to the pleasant murmur of voices below, turn my face to the wall, and cry out in utter desolation for some help outside my weak and miserable self.

As the spring ripened into summer, I grew better, and began to sit up once more. I had never wished to die, never thought that I should, nor did any one else imagine me in a dangerous condition; but I had been very ill, and was far from being well or strong, and besides, with my weakness, I had grown cowardly; and now as the time drew near when I must take up my burden and my march of life again, I dreaded to make the effort.

"I do wish mother would let me alone," said Josephine, as she came into my room one day, just after I had begun to sit up again. "I would not trouble you while you were so sick, but I think it's too bad!"

"What is too bad, my dear?" I said; "I am sure your mother wishes nothing but what is for your good."

"Why, I am sick and tired of hearing her praise the doctor, to the disparagement of Phil. I am sure he is not so awfully wicked, if he does smoke a cigar sometimes, and has not a good house like Dr. Houghton. What do you think, aunty? which one shall I have?"

"And must you come to a decision now, darling? Has either of them asked you?" I said, almost dreading to hear her reply. For, since I had kept my room, I had heard but little of how matters progressed below.

"Phil has," she said, blushing, "and I put him off; but I can't do it long, he's so impatient; and oh, aunty, I do believe I love him! but then I know the other is the wisest and the best;" and, changing her tone, she cried out, "What do you think is the latest news in Hampstead? it's about Dr. Houghton."

I shook my head.

"He is making all sorts of changes in his house, so they say, and I saw myself, in passing there yesterday, that the shubbery had been trimmed, and the flower-garden enlarged, and new walks cut, and the old fence round the yard is being torn down, and the foundation for a new one laid. And, besides," she went on, "Mrs. Brett, the house-keeper, you know, told our Annie that all the inside of the house was turned topsy-turvy with painters, and paper-hangers, and upholsterers, and that the doctor brought home a lot of new books last week, *poetry and stuff*, she said; and that as soon as he could leave some of his patients for a day, who were too sick to spare him now, he was going to the city to buy new furniture; for, Mrs. Brett said, she supposed there was nothing fine enough here in our little town, and, though the old was suitable for the first wife, it wouldn't do for the second; but it

wouldn't make much difference to her, as, when the new mistress came in at the front door, she should go out at the back, for she couldn't bear to see another in poor Mrs. Houghton's place, and she did not see how *he* could, but she s'posed it was all right."

I could not help smiling at Mrs. Brett's view of the subject, since every one knew that the dead wife was no favorite of hers in her lifetime; but verily Othello was not so different from the world in general when he said:

"I'll kill thee, and love thee afterward!"

Now that I was reminded of the circumstance by Josephine's news, I remembered that Dr. Houghton had talked to me one evening during my illness on the subject of furnishing—trying, as it seemed, to ascertain the tastes of the family, with a view to pleasing them in his new arrangements.

"Did Josephine select and dispose the furniture of this room of yours, Miss Hartley?" he asked of me one evening after taking a most careful survey of all the details of my apartment; "it is quite unlike the rest of Mrs. Rawson's arrangements."

"No," I said, "the furnishing of this room is all due to my taste, or want of taste; I hope you like it."

"It is harmonious," he replied, "and certainly looks as if you might have chosen it, that is to say, it expresses you—yes—I do like it."

This was all of our talk that I recalled, but I felt now as if I understood his drift.

The next evening after Josie had told me the great news, I was voted by everybody well enough to go down-stairs once more. The doctor had said, however, I must wait until he came in, and, if he thought it prudent for me to go, he would carefully convey me down himself, and see that I took no harm in the transfer.

However, when the evening came, I did not wait for his permission or aid. It took me some time, and tired me not a little, to make my toilet unassisted, now for the first time since my illness, but it was done at last, and, resting for a little while, I slowly descended just as tea was brought in, and took my old place at the table with a grateful, peaceful, almost happy heart. While we yet lingered—for it was pleasant to be there together once more, and we were in no haste to rise—we heard the bell and the well-known step for which I had listened daily for so long.

The doctor saluted us almost gayly, and I thought I had never seen him so genial and delightful. He seemed really glad to see me down-stairs, though he shook his head gravely, as he said: "Do you know, Miss Hartley, you are disobeying orders? You were to wait in your own room till I came to fetch you. But I am too much delighted to have you with us again, to put on the proper professional look of displeasure."

"But I made no promises, and therefore have not broken my word; recollect I was discharged cured yesterday."

"Nevertheless, I think I shall look after you from time to time, to prevent a relapse," he answered; "but you are losing the last glimpse of the sun in this shaded room. Miss Hartley, let me assist you!"

And the doctor put my arm through his, and waited for Mrs. Rawson and Josie to precede us to the parlor.

"Do not hurry yourself," he said kindly; "lean on me—I want you to take better care of yourself now, not only for your own sake, but because—"

"Take care, doctor! you came near missing the step," I said, breaking into his unfinished sentence; "either you are a bad guide, or I am not sufficiently accustomed to being led, to profit by your kindness."

My friend vouchsafed no reply to my remark, but led me carefully forward to a low, cushioned chair, which he placed so that I should be near the window and yet partly sheltered by the fall of the curtain, and, seating me, folded the shawl close about me, and then, taking a seat himself near Josephine, entered into general conversation with us all, which I was sorry to have interrupted, an hour later, by the arrival of Mr. Philip Singleton.

That gentleman having very properly congratulated me on my recovery, and the doctor upon his medical skill, proceeded to inform us that it had been a fine day—unusually fine—and added: "Especially for the ladies, you know; the streets begin to look really charming again; upon my word, the little bonnets and things passing a fellow's office are quite distracting, though I regret to say I missed some of the fairest of the sex to-day from the throng."

And his glance took in our group generally, to whom he considered himself as having done the agreeable in a most taking manner. We ladies bowed our acknowledgments, and the doctor rose to take his leave, Phil exclaiming, "Ah, doctor, how can you leave such society? Hope I am not sending you away?"

"By no means, Mr. Singleton," he returned, "I am only obeying the voice of that ugly imp Duty, whose orders I have already disobeyed too long."

Slowly but surely now, as the days grew long and warm, my health and strength returned to me, and, as they came back, came the desire for some change, some employment. I wanted to take a house, so that I might have an interest in something in the wide world that was exclusively mine. This step the Rawsons were decidedly opposed to, and even Dr. Houghton, when appealed to by them on the subject, said I had better have all the summer to recuperate, and if at the end of that time nothing happened to change my plans, and I still desired to do so, he saw no reason why I should not; but, as a physician and a friend, he should advise me not to take such a step for two or three months. So, against my own wishes, I yielded for the present.

But, by the time the summer was really upon us—it was an unusually hot one, following a wet spring—I grew very restless, and the air of the place seemed stifling to me. A neighbor of ours was going to the White Mountains with his family, and asked me to accompany them, and, though he gave me little time for preparation, I was too eager for a change to refuse his offer.

So busy was the doctor, for it was a sickly season, that now we scarcely saw him for days together; and, when we did, he seemed hurried and anxious, and my plans were made and almost ready to be carried out before he knew of my intention to leave Hampstead for the summer.

It was within a day or two of that fixed for my departure when he came in early, one evening—a thing he rarely did now—to share with us, as he said, something that was too good to be devoured in solitude, and, exhibiting a dainty little volume, he proceeded at our desire to read the last new poem.

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Rawson, who was mending an apron, and who, by-the-way, was rather practical than poetical in her tastes and employments, "excuse me for interrupting you, but who do you think is going away, to stay all summer?"

Almost always self-possessed, I saw that the doctor was for a moment surprised and thrown off his guard by the abrupt question, but there was no change in his tone as he said:

"Can it be possible that Mrs. Rawson is about to do any thing erratic and unusual?"

"No, indeed, I could not be spared from home. It is only Aunt Jenny who is so fortunate as to have no cares and no ties to keep her. She is going to the mountains with some friends for a while. Don't you think it a good thing for her?"

"I think it will be an admirable thing for her health," he replied; and, turning to me, "Why do you not take Miss Rawson with you, so that one of you could take care of the other?"

"Josephine does not care to go," I said; "and as for me, I shall be with friends, and, besides, I have had a good deal of experience in taking care of myself."

"But how soon do you propose to go? I shall see you again, shall I not?"

"If you come to-morrow evening. The day after that I shall most probably leave."

"Then I shall most certainly come, to say good-by," he replied.

"Do so, but pray resume your reading; the story interests me."

So the reading was resumed and finished almost without pause or comment, the doctor only stopping once for a moment to bow to Mr. Singleton, who had meantime joined our group. Then he rose to go, saying, as he took my hand, in a tone designed only for my ear: "I shall see you again to-morrow evening. I must see you before you leave, for I have much to say to you that you ought to hear. I wish I had known sooner, or that you were not going so soon; but no matter—pleasant dreams, and good-night."

I had not told Dr. Houghton the exact truth. It was not only possible, but highly probable, that I should start the very next day, although the following one was that originally fixed for our departure. But my friends were very anxious to get off, and, if they could so arrange, we should go in the morning, though even my sister-in-law had not been told of the change of plans.

That Dr. Houghton proposed to take to himself a wife again, no one now doubted; indeed, some of those who had charged him with such intent, said he did not deny it.

And so when a note was handed me at the breakfast-table next morning, informing me that my friends would expect me to be ready in a few hours, I was glad to escape, and leaving my adieu for the doctor, and my regrets at not seeing him again, I bade good-by to my friends for a season.

I heard often from home. Josephine, being an indefatigable letter-writer, informed me of all that occurred in her little world, which was seldom any thing of sufficient interest to bear repeating. The great news I expected did not come, and, strange to say, I did not ask her for it. Once she had to tell me of charming rides taken on horseback with Phil for an escort, and that they did not see very much of the doctor now; it was still sickly in Hampstead, and what, with his practice and repairing, he did not seem to rest day nor night. She wrote me, she was sure he was very much disappointed at not seeing me again; that he had asked for my address, saying that I might need medical advice while away.

From Dr. Houghton himself, after I had been gone about a fortnight, I received a long and most friendly letter. He made particular inquiries about my health and occupations, and the probable length of my stay. Nothing could have been kinder or more considerate, nay it was almost lover-like in its tone, and that tone, absurd as it may seem, was the very thing that roused in me something very nearly akin to resentment.

Of course, I would not make myself ridiculous by allowing him to get any intimation of my feelings. I waited a very reasonable length of time before replying, if reply my letter to him might be called.

After thanking him for the kind interest he had manifested in reference to my health, which I assured him was perfectly restored, and telling him how busy I was, and how thoroughly I was enjoying my summer recreation, I proceeded, in an entirely impersonal manner, to edify him with a very proper magazine article in reference to the walks, drives, and views in my present locality, and upon mountain-scenery in general. This closed the correspondence, with the exception of a formal note received from him some time afterward, in which he acknowledged the receipt of my very interesting letter, and regretted that the hurry of business prevented him from making a longer and more suitable reply.

About a week before the time fixed for our return, I had a letter from Josephine, evidently written under great excitement. It puzzled me exceedingly, not so much by what it contained as by what it withheld. She said she had a great secret she wanted to tell me, and wished to know when I would return; if not soon, she would write it, though she feared to trust to the mail.

"I want your advice, aunty," she said, "though it is too late now, as I have made up my mind."

When the time for my return drew near, I had matured my plans in reference to my future way of life. I resolved to take a house of my own, and make for myself such a home and such a household as a single woman might; and, whatever that should be, I knew it would at least be something more to my taste than the occupying of a subordinate position in the home of another.

It was little more than a year now since I had come first to Hampstead, and in that time I had learned more of myself, and lived more, than in all the other years of my life. I had suffered, but I had gained strength thereby; for I knew that, though all the undercurrent of life was changed for me, the surface was, to all human observation, unruffled and undisturbed.

With a very cheerful and happy heart in my bosom, did I shake the dust of the cars from my feet and garments, at high noon, on one of the last days of summer; and, hurrying along the few blocks that lay between the depot and my home, surprise my friends, from whom I received a warm welcome and many congratulations on my improved appearance.

"And now," I said, when our greetings were over, "as soon as I have taken a bath, I shall be glad to give you a specimen of my improved mountain appetite."

"You can only have about an hour," said Mrs. Rawson, "or my dinner will be spoiled—so don't bother Aunt Jenny; Josie, you act like a baby;" for the girl was hanging about my neck and almost crying, as in a sort of nervous delight.

"Do let me go and help you, aunty," she said, as I turned to seek

my room; "I can't bear to have you out of my sight; you have been away so long."

"Thank you, dear," I replied, "but I can get on much faster alone; and you will see enough of me now; but, if you really want to do something, please go to the door and show the porter, whom I see there, where to carry my trunk, and then unstrap it for me, and I shall be ready for dinner all in due time."

We lingered a good while over the dessert that first day of my coming home, though now, that there was opportunity, Josie had very little to say.

"And now," said Mrs. Rawson, when at last we rose from the table, "you must go and take a nap, so as to be wide awake this evening, for your judgment is to be asked in a most serious and important matter. We are all to be taken to inspect Dr. Houghton's improvements. He concluded them some days ago, but I think he has been waiting for your return; for, when I told him we expected you to-day, he gave the invitation. I begin to be half-jealous lest he should prefer his aunt to his mother-in-law;" and she laughed heartily at the odd suggestion.

But Josie, who seemed really distressed by the remark, said, almost crying:

"O mamma, how can you talk so! Don't; it makes me feel miserable."

"Why, darling, what is the matter with you? You are not well, surely; you will need the doctor in good earnest, I fear. What is it, my child?"

"Nothing, nothing at all, mother, only I'm silly and can't help it; but it's over now, so don't say any thing to the doctor, nor any one else, please."

And, true to her word, Josephine was chatting and laughing the next moment, although to me the merriment seemed more unnatural than the crying. However, I soon forgot all about it; for, once more in my own quiet room, I was not long in passing into the realm of dreams, and very delightful and very refreshing was my stay there.

How peaceful and pleasant it seemed that evening to be taking tea under the vines of the porch again; and how perfectly natural sounded the quick ring of the door-bell and the fall of the old familiar footstep; and how glad I was to see the kind face of my friend, though it did look a little worn and pale, smiling down upon me once again!

Of course, he was not surprised, though I was sure from his manner he was pleased to see me there; and, for myself, I was as composed as in the presence of my most ordinary acquaintance.

Only Josie seemed constrained and uncomfortable, a feeling which she ardently tried to hide by talking a great deal.

As Dr. Houghton had come to fetch us to inspect his premises, he declined to be seated, saying:

"I want you to have the full benefit of the daylight for your observations, and, though I feel sorry to break up your pleasant group, I cannot deny myself the pleasure I hoped to have this evening of gracing my hermitage with the presence of ladies."

So we rose, and in a few moments were ready to set out.

Dr. Houghton's house had been built by one of our old and wealthy families, whose declining fortunes had obliged them to part with it, and, when taken by its present owner, had been greatly out of repair. Now, however, as we came upon it, we found it changed so as to be hardly recognizable. A Mansard-roof had been added, new porches built at the sides and in the rear, and within old partitions were taken down and new ones put up. A dining-room had been built to open upon the flower-garden, and the basement-room, formerly used for that purpose, was converted into a laundry; in short, it was a new place altogether.

Every thing did we examine and approve. Mrs. Brett was even called upon to exhibit the china-closet and kitchen-pantries. Only one room, on the second floor—though I judged from its situation it must be one of the very pleasantest in all the house—was not thrown open to our inspection, although we passed and repassed the door several times. At last—though, of course, we had said nothing—our host seemed to think it necessary to make some sort of apology, and, trying the door, remarked:

"Ah, this is locked; I thought so. I believe Mrs. Brett has something she particularly prizes in here, and she probably has the key."

The housekeeper, who happened to be near enough to hear her name, came forward at this moment, and asked what was wanted.

"I was only speaking about the key of this room," the doctor said, leading the way to another part of the house. "I must have mislaid it; but no matter, it is not quite finished."

"I thought you always carried that key yourself," persisted Mrs. Brett; "but, if you have not got it, then it must be in the office with the others. I will tell James to look for it, and bring it to you;" and she moved away.

The doctor called after her:

"Do not give yourself the trouble, Mrs. Brett. James is busy just now with work. I do not wish him to leave, and, besides, I am not at all certain he could find the key."

At last every thing that was to be seen had been seen and admired, discussed and commented upon, and it was time for us to take leave.

Dr. Houghton proposed to go with us, saying, as we were starting, he hoped no one would think of any thing so inopportune as requiring his services for a few hours; but, as we passed the office-door, the "Inevitable" stood in wait for him.

"Well, what is it, James?" he said, seeing that the boy wished to address him.

"A gentleman is waiting in the office for you, sir."

"Very well. Tell him I will be with him in a few moments."

So the doctor, after escorting us to our own door, was obliged to leave, and we saw no more of him that evening; nor did we see any one else.

I inquired after Mr. Singleton.

He came very often, Mrs. Rawson said; she wondered he was not there now, though no doubt he would appear before the evening was over.

But he did not come; so she and I had a quiet talk together, for Josie kept outside, walking up and down in the moonlight. When she came in she complained of being very tired and sleepy, and said she wished we would come to bed.

"But suppose we are not ready," said her mother; "you can go to sleep without help, can't you?"

"Of course, I can; but, if I do, your coming up-stairs will wake me, and then I can't get to sleep all night."

"Josephine, is that a proper way to speak to your mother?" began Mrs. Rawson, severely; but Josephine had already thrown her arms round her neck, saying:

"Don't, mother; don't scold me to-night; I can't bear it. Forgive me for speaking so. I did not mean to. I'll go to bed now. Good-night." And, kissing us both affectionately, she went.

"I know she can't be well," her mother said, apologetically, to me after she was gone, "or she never would act so. I am almost sorry I spoke so crossly to her, and, if she is not better in the morning, I shall send for the doctor without consulting her. Perhaps we had better go up-stairs now, so as not to disturb her."

Owing to my afternoon's nap, I was not at all sleepy; and was sitting at my window about half an hour after I had gone to my room, when Josie, still dressed, knocked softly, and came in.

"What, not abed yet!" I exclaimed. "Do you want any thing?"

"No, only to say good-night."

"But you said that below," I answered. "Josephine, you have something to tell me."

"It is too late now."

I thought she referred to the hour, so I said:

"No, it is not late; but, if you prefer, wait till to-morrow; you will tell me then, won't you?"

"Yes, dear aunt, you shall know all to-morrow." And, kissing me again, she stole from the room, though even after I was in bed, an hour later, I heard her step across the passage, although she walked very lightly, as if not wishing to disturb the household.

It was pretty late when I rose next morning, for Mrs. Rawson, thinking I was tired, and Josie not well, had the breakfast put back half an hour. When I did come down, however, and we two had taken our places, the mother said, anxiously:

"I do wonder what keeps Josie! Have you seen her?"

On my replying in the negative, she told Kate, who was just bringing in the coffee, to answer the door-bell, which was rung energetically at that moment, and then go up-stairs and tell Miss Josephine that breakfast was ready.

Kate went to the door, and came back presently, handing her mistress a letter, saying:

"It was a boy with this, ma'am. No answer."

Mrs. Rawson examined the outside carefully, and then breaking the seal, and handing it to me, said:

"Here, Jenny, I have left my glasses up-stairs; see what this is. I do not suppose it contains any secret."

I opened it, saw the contents at a glance, and laid it down without saying a word.

"What is the matter; why don't you read it?"

Mrs. Rawson spoke a little impatiently.

"I can't—that is, I do not like to," I said. "It is from Josie—don't be frightened. She is married."

What followed my rather abrupt announcement I do not well recollect. It took the mother some time to really accept the fact that her daughter had been guilty of such needless folly and deception; but when, at last, she did grow calm enough to listen, I proceeded to read the letter, which ran as follows:

"MIDNIGHT.

"DEAR, DEAR MOTHER: Forgive me for what I have done. I would not have taken this step but I feared you would force me to marry one to whom I could not give my heart, and I never could have loved Dr. Houghton as I love dear Phil, who is now my husband. We were married two hours ago, Phil having arranged every thing yesterday. We thought it would be so romantic to do this way. We shall start at six in the morning for the sea-side. I am not sorry for the step I have taken, though I am sorry to pain you; for Phil is just as kind and good as he was before. He has not changed a bit. But, dear, dear mother, I cannot be perfectly happy till you say that you forgive me. Write and tell me that you do. Phil sends his love to his mother, and says he asks pardon for robbing her of her treasure. Give love to Aunt Jenny, and say to her I wanted to tell her last night, but my courage failed. Do write, and do forgive us.

"Your loving daughter,

"J. R. SINGLETON.

"P. S. Dear Mother: Phil was not as much to blame as I!"

Thus the letter ended, and thus ended Mrs. Rawson's plans and hopes for her daughter's settlement.

Gradually subsiding from her first feeling of surprise, sorrow, and indignation, at the foolish and unnecessary deceit the fugitives had practised upon her, the mother spent the rest of the day in blaming everybody but her daughter, and in writing and rewriting letters to her, which she could hardly make kind and forgiving enough; for, though she was ambitious, she was a loving mother, and Josie was the very apple of her eye.

I was sitting, as the shadows fell, patiently beside her, letting her talk to her heart's content, when Annie came up to my room, and announced "Dr. Houghton to see Miss Hartley."

"I am glad he asked for you," said the distressed mother, "for I shouldn't know how to see his face. I wonder if he knows? But, whether he does or not, you can talk with him best, Jenny; you won't mind it. Oh, dear, dear!"

I found the doctor awaiting me in the parlor. His manner was certainly a little different from what it had ever been before, though he seemed neither excited nor distressed. There was some change in him, which I rather felt than really defined.

He shook hands very cordially, led me to a seat, and, taking one near me, inquired after my health.

I attempted some sort of reply, confusedly I believe, for I was trying in vain to read his expression, and only growing more puzzled, and said, abruptly:

"Surely you have heard—you know—"

"About Josephine? Yes. The whole town knew it, I imagine, by breakfast-time this morning. Mrs. Brett poured out the news with my coffee, and seemed rather disappointed, I thought, that I swallowed both so calmly. That they should marry," he continued, "was well enough; at least it does not surprise me; but, what puzzles me, is the running away. I think that must have been Singleton's idea. You know Mrs. Rawson was not inexorable—was she?"

"She was not consulted, of course; though, if she had been, she would, I am sure, have made no serious objection to the match; but," I proceeded, hardly knowing what I did say, and breaking down in the middle of my sentence, "I thought—I feared that you—"

"You thought I might have something to say on the subject," the doctor hastened to reply. "As a good friend of hers, I might have

wished her to marry a person a little more to my mind. Singleton is not a bad fellow; he has no vices, and no very bad faults. He is weak, but that is the worst that can be said of him—though I have no right to say any thing on the subject. I am not the lady's guardian, and certainly never aspired to be a lover; did you imagine that I did?"

"I hardly know; I thought you cared for her."

"So I did, and do; but not in that way, and I am very glad that Josephine comprehended me better than you seem to have done. May I ask, Miss Hartley, if the lady in question is such a one as you would have selected to be my wife?" And the doctor looked at me in a way I could not understand.

"I should never have presumed to take so important an office upon myself, more especially as I consider you fully competent to the task of making such selection without assistance."

I did not look up, but I felt the eyes that were bent upon me as he said, slowly:

"That is as it may be. My competence for the task remains to be proved; but my selection is made, and now you must tell if it is wise."

"Describe her. Do I know her?" I said.

My mind was in such chaotic confusion now that I dared not trust my voice with more words.

Earnestly, almost solemnly, he made reply:

"You do know her, Jenny, or you ought to. Sometimes I think I do, and then again she withdraws herself so far from me, and is so inaccessible and self-contained, that I doubt and fear. Listen: she is not young, though she is younger than I; much younger, I think, in heart and feeling. She is not perhaps what others would call beautiful. She is the light of my eyes. I know she has a fine womanly nature, and a heart capable of the tenderest and truest devotion, for I have studied her long and well. I have made, I think, a good and a pleasant home for her, and have given her a heart that, whether she believes it worth her acceptance or not, is at least wholly hers. Do you think she will take it, Jenny?"

It was growing dark now, and I was growing braver, since my face was veiled in shadow, and I spoke steadily:

"You must ask her; how can I answer for another?"

He did not speak for a moment. Then he drew nearer, looked with eager, questioning eyes into mine, and, reaching out his hand to me, said only "Jenny, Jenny!" And then I put my hand in his, and for a moment he held it silently, yet firmly and tenderly, and, bending over, almost reverently, he touched it with his lips and said: "Darling, I will never hold it carelessly, and never, never let it go."

Mrs. Rawson did not seem so much astonished by the doctor's proposal as I supposed she would be.

She said "she did not know what was strange any more, or as any thing was! It seemed queer that anybody should want to marry an old maid; not that you are any older than he is," she added, as if that were admitting a good deal; "but then a woman seems so much older than a man."

The next evening I did not see Dr. Houghton; but the evening following that he spent with me, and, when he held my hand at parting, he said:

"Do you know, Jenny, what day this is, and what a month will bring round?"

"I am not likely to forget what you are so ungallant as to remind me of: namely, that on this day one month I shall be thirty-seven years old."

He did not seem to heed the jesting tone in which I had spoken, but answered gravely and tenderly:

"That is the day, Jenny, on which I wish to take you home. I am, as you know, much hurried with business now, and I want you near me, so that we may begin our courtship in good earnest. You will not deny my first request, will you, darling?"

And so it was settled. Phil and Josie would be back soon, and I longed to get away from the confusion incident to the changed order of things, and to enjoy my new-found happiness, and besides I knew I was waited for with tender impatience.

We had a quiet wedding, or rather marriage; no cards and no wedding-tour; and then we two went home. And once again we went over the house together (oh, how much more pleasant and beautiful it appeared now that it was mine!) and came at last to the door of the room that had not been thrown open to us on my first visit.

"I have found the key to this Bluebeard's chamber," said my guide, taking the article in question from his pocket. "Do you fear to behold its mysteries?" And he put the key in the lock, and waited for my answer.

"Not with Bluebeard beside me," I said. "Enter."

If he who had been so thoughtful for me could have seen in my face only one-half the joy that was in my heart when my feet passed the threshold, he was surely repaid.

I was at home in my own room again. For here I saw reproduced the same effect of color and contrast, the French gray paper, the carpet of green and white, with crimson flowers dropped here and there over its ground of soft emerald moss; the curtains of pale green bordered with crimson, and even the pretty chintz covers of the seats—in short, every thing I had left was found again, even to my favorite volumes and engravings, and the pot of mignonette, such as always had place in my window.

I do not know what I said, and I shall not say if I did, lest it might sound foolish if written; but after a little while we were sitting side by side, quiet for very happiness, in the deepening twilight, knowing such sweetness and fullness of perfect content as rarely comes in this world save to the most favored of the children of men.

Mrs. Rawson invited her son-in-law to come and live in the house with her, and this he consented to do, the more willingly, I imagine, as he had no home of his own to go to.

"For," he said, "you know Josie has her duties as a daughter as well as wife; and, if her mother wishes it, I think we ought to give up our comfort for hers. It isn't exactly what a fellow would like, having his mother-in-law in his house, you know. But a woman's in a bad fix without any man to take care of her."

And Mr. Philip Singleton yielded to his fate in a philosophic manner most edifying to behold.

Josephine, I think, was a little disappointed at first that her elopement was so entirely unnecessary, and at the quiet way in which matters finally adjusted themselves.

As to Phil, I am sure he cannot quite comprehend that Dr. Houghton's choice of a wife was not, after all, a *dernier ressort*. He often bewilders his brain over the subject, and concludes by saying:

"Upon my word, Jo, I can't understand the doctor; and, do you know, the fellow keeps it up well, if he isn't in earnest. It staggers me to see him just as polite and attentive to his wife as if she were a pretty young girl, and he was courting her. It's queer, and not natural, for a man, you know; but he always was a queer fellow!"

It is just three years to-night since I first entered this room, a sacred place to me; and now I am sitting here in the twilight, waiting, as I have done so many, many happy times, for the footsteps whose fall always makes my heart beat quicker when it comes.

Two darling children have gladdened our home.

One I have just kissed, asleep, in his cradle; and the other, after lying in my arms for a brief, happy season, was called to Him who loves to bless little children; and, though I grieved to part with her, in my heart I could not forbid it.

Very sweet and very dear they are to me. On one I hope to lean as I descend the shadowy slope that borders the silent river; and the other I know will wait to lead me softly up the shining hills that lie beyond; but not both my babes, dear as they are to me, not all that is mine besides, nor all that I hope for, is so precious to my soul as the devotion of my faithful and passionate lover, my true and tender friend.

PHOEBE CARY.

A BALLOON-VOYAGE WITH GAMBETTA.

IN August, 1870, Mr. W. W. Reynolds, the agent of a New-York firm, went to Paris to make contracts for arms with the French Government. His business detained him there until Paris was invested by the German army, and the usual modes of departure suspended. He availed himself of this forced delay to go about the city, and had excellent opportunities for observing the preparations for defence. It was a good while before the Parisians began to feel the effects of the siege. Most kinds of food were plentiful at first, including meat and vegetables, and the only articles lacking were butter and milk. All the public buildings were occupied for military or state purposes. The

Louvre was turned into a gun-factory and government store-house, the Tuileries was a hospital and barrack, the Luxembourg Garden was used as a sheepfold, while the Jardin des Plantes was filled with oxen, the Grand Opera House was stored with provisions, and the Champs Elysées had the appearance of a military camp. The Boulevards were used as a parade-ground, and, on one occasion, Mr. Reynolds saw General Trochu review the whole army within the city, numbering over a quarter of a million men. After waiting about ten days longer, finding there was no other means of escape, it was decided that a balloon should be resorted to. Up to this time only a few of these machines had been made use of, but they were being constructed as fast as possible. A special permit had to be obtained from M. Peard, the Finance Minister, before the order could be given to Nader to make a balloon, which cost twelve hundred and fifty dollars in gold, and occupied ten days in the making. Nader's manufactory was in an old theatre, where about fifty hands were employed. Instead of silk, which is the customary material, strips of varnished linen were used. They were cut out by men, sewed together on sewing-machines by girls, and then filled with ordinary gas, taken from the street-lamps. They were found to be quite sufficient for a few hours' flight, and could probably have been supplied by the score, if needed. Mr. Reynolds's balloon had a capacity of twelve thousand cubic feet, and was yellow in color. It was all ready for service, when word was received from M. Gambetta, the Minister of War, that the interests of the republic required that he should leave Paris at once, and he therefore requested the use of the balloon. He promised, however, that the next one that was completed should be given to Mr. Reynolds in its place. This request could not, in courtesy, be refused; but, as it happened, the weather prevented M. Gambetta from leaving before the second balloon was ready, so that the two started together.

Friday morning was the time agreed upon to leave, and an immense concourse of people assembled to witness their departure. The event had been advertised in the journals, and all Paris was interested in it. It was well known why Gambetta was going to leave the city, but there was some mystery about the cause of the departure of the two Americans, Mr. Reynolds and his friend, and consequently some excitement was shown by the populace. All the members of the government were present to bid adieu to Gambetta, so that the occasion had something of an official character. Both balloons bore the tricolor, and were greeted with cries of "*Vive la république!*" and waving of handkerchiefs, as they rose into the air.

In Mr. Reynolds' parachute there were, besides himself, his friend and companion, Mr. C. W. May, a New-York merchant, M. Cuzon, a French army officer, who bore official dispatches, and their engineer, Durevilio, who managed the balloon. M. Gambetta was accompanied by his private secretary and engineer. Each party was seated in a wicker-basket attached by eight cords to the body of the balloon. They carried only a few extra clothes, some food, and other necessities, together with a coop of carrier-pigeons, and copies of two addresses, one in German from Victor Hugo, and another in French from Jules Favre, for distribution through the country.

At eight minutes past eleven the start was made. The day was clear, and not a cloud obscured the sky. The balloons rose rapidly to a height of eight hundred yards, and were carried by the wind, which was northeast, directly toward the Prussian lines. Paris lay beneath them, spread out like a panorama, so that the public buildings and streets could easily be distinguished.

The Prussians, as soon as the balloons approached them, opened fire from several points with cannon, musketry, and rockets, and for some minutes their missiles whistled through the air in dangerous proximity. The mounted uhlans also tracked the balloons for some distance along the roads, in expectation that they would have to descend, but they were doomed to disappointment. Gambetta, however, narrowly escaped falling into their hands, and also of destroying his companions. From some cause his engineer lost control of his balloon, and it dropped down until it was close to the ground. It then soared up at a rapid pace, but, to the horror of Mr. Reynolds's party, it rose directly under their balloon, and for a few minutes it seemed as if there must be a fatal collision. The party awaited the result in fear and trembling, but the wind fortunately put an end to their danger by wafting the lower balloon to one side, and the two then passed on in safety together, rising to the height of more than a mile. At this distance the landscape seemed to blend in a confused mass of objects. The roads appeared like white lines, villages seemed to be mere hamlets, while the woods, which had just

taken on their autumnal tints, looked like a raised, velvet carpet. Even with strong glasses, they could scarcely tell whether the people they saw were peasants or soldiers, and it took several minutes for the rolled-up papers and circulars which they threw out to reach the ground. The speed of the balloons could not be estimated while they were high in air; but, when they descended near to the ground, it was seen that they were going as fast as a railroad-train. Though the engineers had not had much experience, they succeeded very well in managing the machines. Every little while they would descend near enough to drop written questions to the peasants, asking where they were, and the latter would shout up the name of the place.

At two o'clock they all dined. Soon after, the balloons parted company. The one which bore Gambetta tried to land at Criel, but found, when close to the ground, that it was over a Prussian camp, and its occupants only escaped capture by throwing over their baggage, carrier pigeons, and some of their clothes, and even then did not escape until after M. Gambetta had been wounded in the hand. His party afterward succeeded in landing in a tree near Amiens, whence they were rescued by passers-by; but their balloon was torn to pieces.

The other party fared better, and at four o'clock safely landed by means of a grappling-rope, after being up just five hours. The place was the Ville Roye, in the Department of the Somme, ninety-five miles from Paris. The people of the neighborhood hoisted the French colors, to show that they were friends, and were overjoyed to see the party, who brought twelve days' later news from the besieged capital. Their pleasure was increased on learning that two of the party were Americans. They were escorted to the mayor's office, and every one seemed eager to have the honor of entertaining them. A public reception was given in their honor that evening at the prefecture, and the next day they were forwarded, free of charge, by rail to Amiens, where they found Gambetta, and accompanied him to Tours. At different stations along the route they received a popular ovation. The people were everywhere overjoyed to see Gambetta, who spoke to them from the train, and was received with great enthusiasm. In personal appearance Gambetta is short and stout; he is about thirty-two years of age, though he looks much older. He is a fiery and eloquent speaker, intense and earnest in manner, and apparently strongly patriotic. The two Americans, while with him, were much impressed by his energy and spirit, and give him the credit of every thing that has been done outside Paris to rouse the French people. He found them apathetic and almost demoralized, and, by his ardor and eloquence, infused a new spirit into them. But for his exertions, nothing would probably have been done by the people in the provinces, to resist the Prussian invaders.

The Americans made a present of their balloon to the French, and received the following letter of thanks from Gambetta:

"TOURS, 12 octobre 1870.

"MONSIEUR REYNOLDS: Votre offre généreuse me touche sans me surprendre, et je vous en remercie au nom de la république et de tous mes collègues.

"Bien cordialement à vous dans la république.

"Signé: L. GAMBETTA."

At Tours the two Americans had an interview with General Garibaldi, who was suffering from sickness, and received them, wrapped in blankets, seated in a chair. He wore a red shirt, and round hat without a peak, and looked very much as the late pictures represent him. He spoke with great pleasure of his life in this country, and with pride declared himself to be still an American citizen. He said he was proud of the balloonists for having taken such risks to pass the Prussian lines, and gave his autograph with the words "*Au courageux aéronaute*" to Mr. Reynolds. He spoke with confidence of the success of the republic, and said if he had one hundred thousand men he could drive the Prussians from France. He was unfortunately nearly disabled by rheumatism; but, if he could not ride a horse, he was able to go in a carriage, and all his strength should be used for the spread of universal liberty. He spoke English, and could be understood readily. Altogether, the old man looked and talked like a hero, and made a strong impression upon the two Americans, who were sorry not to see more of him, as he left by train, the next day, to join the army.

Mr. Reynolds remained in France for two months longer, attending to the shipment of the arms for the French Government. He

is now in this city, and has communicated to us these particulars of his voyage in the air with Gambetta.

C. F. WINGATE.

THE TURCOS.

BY HENRY, BARON VON MALTZAN.

THE word "Turco," now so frequently used, is by no means the proper appellation of the native Algerine soldiers. Officially, they are called *Tirailleurs Algériens*—that is, "Algerine Skirmishers"—and this is the only name given them by the Arabs, as difficult as it is for them to pronounce these French words, and the one which the troops apply to themselves.

To be sure, *tirailleur* comes very much distorted from the mouth of an Arab, so as to be scarcely understood, and sounds something like "derallyir." But to the Arab it seems absurd to use the word Turco, as he knows there is not a single Turk now in this corps, and perhaps none has ever served in it. The reason for their not calling themselves Turcos lies in the fact that the whole word, by its termination, indicates a nickname of contemptuous signification.

The Turcos are a so-called foreign corps; for, although the Algerines are French subjects, they have not the rights of French citizenship. The name of Frenchman, in its political sense, is denied them. As a foreign corps, the Turco troops are on equal footing with the Foreign Legion, and foreigners of all nations are allowed to enlist in it. I once met two Turcos in Algiers whose white skin and blond hair plainly betrayed their non-African origin, and I was not a little surprised to hear them converse fluently in Low-Dutch. They were from Brunswick, and had first wished to enter the Foreign Legion; but, as this was filled, they were obliged to join the Turcos, and are now called Mustapha and Hassan. Every European who becomes a Turco or Spahi (native trooper) must assume an Arabian name. The difference in the formation of these two foreign divisions appears to be that natives are received only in the Turco regiments, while in every other respect this corps can be recruited from the same elements as the Foreign Legion. The conditions of advancement are the same in both. All the officers, from captain up, are exclusively Frenchmen; and no foreigner can attain a higher rank than that of first lieutenant. Formerly it happened a few times that an Arab was made a captain for distinguished services; but this was for him a purely nominal rank, as he was under the control of a French lieutenant, and had nothing to say. Such instances as Jussuf, who became a general, are exceedingly rare.

The elements composing the Turcos are extremely various, since, as I have said, even Germans have served among them. Yet, one can distinguish a predominating element—the natives of Great Kabyle and the province of Constantine. The Kabyles, or Berbers, are aborigines, who speak their own language. Their type of countenance varies materially from that of the Arabian. The Arab has rather long features, a straight or aquiline nose, and somewhat resembles the Jew. The Kabyle, on the contrary, has a roundish face, sometimes prominent cheek-bones, often a flat nose, and generally a large mouth. There is a great diversity of complexion among them, some having white skin and light hair. These belong to that race which are generally regarded as descendants of the ancient Vandals, although for no other reason than their physiognomy, already mentioned. I saw others who were quite dark-brown, but who had no negro blood in their veins, as the Kabyles despise the blacks and will never marry a negress.

The great variation in the external appearance of the Kabyles has been produced by mixing with other tribes. Among the mixed races are two whose members enlist in the Turco regiments—viz., the mulattoes and Kuluglis. The latter are a mixture of Turks and Arabs, descendants of the janizaries, who formerly ruled in Algiers, and Arabian women. The word signifies "Son of the One-eyed," as the first Turk that married an Algerine woman had but one eye. The Kuluglis have inherited the warlike instincts of their ancestors, and therefore willingly become soldiers; but, as they have also inherited their pride, which receives little nourishment in the low positions that the Turcos are obliged to occupy, only the most degraded among them enlist in these troops. Nevertheless, there is always a number of Kuluglis with the Turcos, and the French consider them more capable of discipline than the rest. They differ little from the inhabitants of Southern

Europe, resembling them particularly in the luxuriant growth of their beards, while the beard of the Arab is very scanty.

The mulattoes are a most unwelcome addition to the Turcos, whom the French accept when necessary, but not willingly. The Algerine mulattoes are generally weak, in body as well as mind, and very difficult to govern—not so much on account of their licentiousness as their proverbial stupidity. The darkest element of all—the genuine negro—appears less often than formerly among the Turcos, since those negroes who went to Algiers as slaves are too old to serve, and no slaves have been imported there since 1848. Of the negroes born in Algiers, called the Schuschân, the same may be said as of the mulattoes, but in a still greater degree. They are generally too weak for service; yet there are a few exceptions, and a Schuschân is found, here and there, in the Turco regiments. From time to time, a free negro, still young, being too indolent to work, enlists; for the life of the Turco, when at peace, has a great attraction for such born idlers.

Formerly, the Turcos were treated much better than they are at present. They were a permanent corps, upon liberal pay and allowance for board, each man receiving one franc daily. The allowance for board has been withdrawn, and they are now given the ordinary soldiers' rations. Yet, most of them lead a better life with the army than they are accustomed to at home, especially the Kabyles, who in their own country live so frugally that the famous Spartan soup would be a rich dish compared with their food.

In ordinary life, a Kabyle eats nothing except his sour, oily barley-dough, which he calls bread, and washes it down with unrefined olive-oil. He eats meat only at great feasts, when he is treated to it by the chief of his tribe, as he is too avaricious to kill an animal himself.

If he is supplied with bread and oil, he willingly abstains from other food, observing very strictly the Mohammedan rules for eating. But this is not abstinence for him, as he is accustomed to nothing better at home. In other respects, he is a bad Moslem. Pork is to him the horror of horrors, and I can easily believe the story of a Turco's having thrown some sausage in the face of a citizen of Frankfurt, who in his kindness and ignorance of Moslem rules offered it to him.

The Kabyles are equally strict in respect to drinking wine. If one sees a drunken Turco, it is safe to conclude that he is not a Kabyle, but in all probability a Kulugli; for these descendants of the Turks pay little regard to the commandment relating to wine. Negroes and mulattoes are also fond of drinking. Genuine Arabs seldom associate with the Turcos; but their customs in camp-life and upon the march have much in common with those of the Kuluglis.

On the whole, it may be said that the Turco troops are recruited from the lowest and most immoral portion of the inhabitants. A city Arab or a wealthy land-owner would sooner think of hanging himself than of permitting his son to become a Turco. Among the Arabs they are universally despised, notwithstanding their acknowledged bravery. This undeniable valor does not elevate them in the eyes of the world. As it serves an unbelieving master, their own countrymen regard it rather as an evil; for to the modern Moslem courage is honorable only when it is exhibited in the service of Islam. The French are not so willing to recognize bravery in others as in their own countrymen. I have heard Frenchmen say that the courage of the Turcos was only the savage fury of wild beasts. Thus they thank the poor creatures who shed their blood for France in a cause foreign, and, indeed, hostile, to themselves! It is true, Napoleon presented the Turcos with medals, and a few even with the cross of the Legion of Honor; but the French in Algiers are accustomed to regard the cross of honor worn by an Arab in quite a different light from that which glistens on the coat of a Frenchman. I was once in a company, when a great Arabian chief, upon whom the government had bestowed the commander's cross of the Legion of Honor, entered; but he was treated quite shamefully. Surprised at this, I turned for an explanation to an officer of high rank, who replied, in a manner characteristic of the French bureaucrat:

"He is only a dirty Arab, and the Legion of Honor becomes him about as well as a golden collar would become a hog."

In view of the universal contempt in which the Turcos are held, nothing could be more ludicrous than the announcement, recently contained in the newspapers, that the French Government contemplated giving to the Emir Abd-el-Kader the chief command of the Turcos. If they had wished to render the emir ridiculous, and at the

same time contemptible, in the eyes of his countrymen, they could have chosen no better course. Moreover, the chief command would have been merely nominal, and Abd-el-Kader would in reality have been under the control of a French colonel.

The Turcos have not only excited contempt, but also the deepest aversion and disgust in all of the various campaigns in which they have opposed European enemies, as well as in the present war. The indignation of the German newspapers over the cruelties of the Turcos is certainly justifiable; but who is to blame for their being allowed to practise their cruelty on German soldiers? No one except the Government of France—"the most civilized nation on the earth!"

That the Kabyles are naturally cruel; that they torture their prisoners to death; that their women vie with each other in mutilating the wounded, and incite their sons to the same bloody work, were well known to the French in their Kabylene campaign. The employment of such savages in a European war is a disgrace to that nation. But it is a still greater shame that, instead of regulating the wild instincts of the Turcos, they inflame them by giving to these ignorant hirelings the most horrible descriptions of their enemies. In the year 1859 I heard Frenchmen tell the Turcos that the Austrians, against whom they were then fighting, were wild barbarians, who committed the most cruel deeds. They have been recently told similar stories of the German forces. It is a current belief even among the French in Algiers that the Germans are savages, who live like Huns and Vandals. What wonder that the Turcos believe it? May our Fatherland remain free from this scourge in the future, as, thanks to the wise management of the German leaders, it has succeeded thus far in keeping these wild hordes from German soil!

LORD LYTTON.

IN spite of the peerage, and in spite of his previous change of surname, it is with some little effort that people old enough to have read his novels a quarter of a century ago can call the author of "Pelham" even now by any other name than Bulwer. If the author of "Pickwick" had been created Lord Gadshill it would still be almost impossible for us ever to speak of him except as Dickens. The eminent man of letters, whose portrait we give, was born in 1806, and was christened EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER. He was a younger son of General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk. It is said that he received from his mother, a clever and accomplished woman, more of his early teaching than most boys are so happy as to get from their mothers. In his pensive and often lonely youth, as he has told us in "The Student," he was wont to pass much time at Knebworth, thirty miles north of London, the old ancestral seat of the Lyttons. He has described, with affectionate minuteness, the roomy and stately dimensions of that Elizabethan mansion, and the cool verdure of the park, with its trees, and with the placid sheet of water, upon the sedge brink of which he used to lie and dream the waking visions of enthusiastic boyhood. It is not recorded that he went to Eton, or Harrow, or to any other public school, but his instincts made him a scholar. Entered of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, he studied, we may suppose, more classics than mathematics, and won the chancellor's prize-medal for an English poem on "Sculpture." Solitary travelling was the next part of his preparation for a literary career; he rambled all over England and Scotland on foot, and on horseback through the sunny plains and vineyards of France. He printed about this time, for private circulation, a little volume of poems entitled "Weeds and Wild-flowers;" but so do hundreds of young men in the green spring-time of their lives, and write no more.

Mr. Bulwer started as a novelist as early as Mr. Disraeli, with whom, in some features of character and position, he might then have seemed to have much in common. Not to mention a tale or fragment concerning O'Neil, the Irish rebel chieftain, the list of his published novels begins, in 1827, with "Falkland;" and he wrote one or two every year, "Pelham," "The Disowned," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," and so on, till his mind had reached a higher stage. For it must be confessed by his warmest admirers that the novels just named, though of startling energy and versatility of talent, were not the productions of a ripe genius, or such as a mature judgment would have allowed him to put forth. "Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman," was a book of peculiar fitness for the temper of that time. People can very well help reading it now. It

no longer affords the same gratification it did when its author was barely of the age of discretion. "Books written by boys, which profess to give pictures of life and to show a knowledge of the world, are necessarily founded in affectation." So says Mr. Disraeli of his own "Vivian Grey." But we must consider the peculiar temper of that time. There was an epidemic of fashionable novels. The general public, of middling rank, had a fancy just then to peep into the saloons and boudoirs of the West End. Silver forks were lately invented, and there was a "silver-fork school" of literature to match. The adoration of exclusive "sets," associated in the pursuit of gayety and in pretensions to elegant luxury, arose from the regency and reign of George IV. A mythical legend was already current in the outside world representing the manners of the privileged few as a miracle of graceful dignity and delightful ease. The female and youthful members of the middle-class family were rather pleased with the haughty scorn which they were taught to believe was felt in the higher circles for the plebeian multitude. Any smart writer, having the *entrée* to that region of fashionable life from which they were shut out, was sure of grateful attention if he could furnish some not incredible sketch of its behavior.

The other novels of Mr. Bulwer's first period were purposely varied in style and subject. "The Disowned," which seems to have been meant for a contrast to "Pelham," displayed the figure of a hero of stoical virtue, grand in his own esteem, amid the miserable ruin of his fortunes. The plot, though too complex, showed the author's rare faculty of contriving a combination of incidents. But this story was never popular; and his next attempt, in "Devereux," was of a different kind. It was a more carefully-finished production, and the fruit of some historical study. The courts of England and France in the times of Queen Anne and George I. and of the Regent Orleans, with the splendid intriguer Bolingbroke, were portrayed in a lively manner. The moral tone of "Devereux" was higher and purer than that of Bulwer's other stories; it was free from the affectation of bantering indifference which had run through the confessions of Pelham. The surprise was the more startling, and the author lost ground the more irretrievably in the opinion of sober readers, when he suddenly plunged, with his "Paul Clifford," into the lowest haunts of vice and the depths of vulgar villany, where he literally fell among thieves by his own wilful fault. The constructive skill which he applied to "Eugene Aram" is entitled to much applause. It is a masterly piece of work, though it fails just in that part, the consistent and truthful exhibition of human character, which could alone have justified a romantic fiction treating such a hideous subject. This main defect would have been still more apparent if the author had used that village tragedy for a dramatic poem instead of a novel. The monstrous and impossible falsehood of his conception of the school-master's character would have been still more glaring—a treacherous murderer for the sordid lucre of gain, who is, at the same time, an enthusiastic scholar, a refined and generous lover, and a philanthropist longing for the redemption of humanity from evil. But the story is so circumstantially related as to excite our curiosity, appealing to the sense of mystery and terror with increasing fascination as it proceeds. Another work by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, produced many years later, has the same merits of artistic execution, but is liable to the same fatal objections upon the score of its treatment of a yet more repulsive subject. "Lucretia; or, the Children of Night," in spite of the special apology he felt called upon to offer, is a book that should not have been written. It is in the power of such an imaginative genius to interest the reader without performing either of the alternatives required by Horace, who says the poet should either profit or delight us. Neither in one way nor in the other can we be served by the presentment of so disgusting a pair as Oliver Dalibard and his wife, the ruthless poisoners of their friends for money, with their serpentine wriggings of intrigue through three dismal volumes, ending in a horrid catastrophe with the denunciation of a wicked mother by her own son, and the dreadful death of the son by an envenomed ring upon his mother's accursed hand.

Composed along with "Eugene Aram," as he states, to afford his mind some diversion from that dark and unwholesome theme, was Mr. Bulwer's slighter tale of "Godolphin," one of his weakest, and scarcely worthy to be published at a later period. By this time it is probable that Mr. Bulwer's views of human life were becoming more enlarged and exalted as he attained the maturity of his manhood and took his part in the active business of the day. He had entered the

House of Commons, in 1831, as member for St. Ives; and, in the next year, after the Reform Act, obtained a seat for the city of Lincoln. He was a good Whig Reformer and a strong advocate of the ballot. His opinions on many political and social topics were set forth in a series of essays called "England and the English," published in 1833, but now somewhat out of date. If the word "Philistine" had been then imported, we may presume that its signification, as lately defined by Mr. Matthew Arnold, would have expressed what Mr. Bulwer may then have deemed the special object of his antipathy and the besetting sin of our age. He now devoted himself with earnest faith and elevated purpose to the study of classical poetry, philosophy, and history, with which he joined that of Italy in the middle ages. "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Rienzi" were the admirable results of this more worthy direction given to his genius. We need not say any thing in praise of that pure and beautiful story, which is better remembered than any of his other works, "The Last Days of Pompeii." It won the approval of scholars and men of taste by its graphic delineation of the social and domestic manners of the ancient Roman world in that gay city of the Neapolitan bay, whose marvellous destruction by the falling ashes of the volcanic fires is one of the grandest historical events. "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," was founded upon a large amount of historical fact in the actual career of that enthusiastic Italian patriot, the Mazzini of the fourteenth century, who established a short-lived republic at Rome, and fell a victim to the hatred of priests and nobles. These two historical novels were, beyond all comparison, the best that had then appeared next to those of Sir Walter Scott; they were sufficient to earn for Mr. Bulwer the title of successor to that great master of English prose romance.

He had also undertaken the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which placed him in communication with many of the cleverest and most popular writers of the day. His own contributions to that periodical, consisting of sketches, didactic essays, apologues, and dialogues, which were too sententious and aphoristic for this age, are collected in two volumes, called "The Student." They betray a pass-

ing fondness for mysterious fables of an Oriental type, conveying profound lessons of human duty and destiny, which were more acceptable in Dr. Johnson's time than in ours. The influences, too, both of Goethe and Byron upon Mr. Bulwer's mind were distinctly perceptible; but he seems to have persevered with his Greek studies. In 1837 he came out as an inquirer, like Mr. Gladstone, into the literary and historical antiquities of Greece. His book, "Athens—its Rise and Fall," though superseded by later researches, showed that he had a keen insight, not into the details of ethnological or philological erudition, but into the social condition and character of that highly-gifted nation, and a fine appreciation of the Greek poets. He

resumed, about this date, the office of novelist with "Ernest Maltravers," which obtained so much success that he was tempted to follow it up with a sequel, "Alice; or, the Mysteries," relating the further development and consequences of an unhappy love-affair. These stories were acknowledged to be works of high imaginative power; they showed a great advance in the artistic faculty, and a greater in the analysis of characters and motives. They were followed by "Lelia; or, the Siege of Granada," which showed that the restless quest of exotic subjects and examples had led Mr. Bulwer to Spain. "Night and Morning," a tale of modern English society, with some adventurous scenes in Paris,

which might have been drawn by Balzac, was his next production. In 1838 Mr. Bulwer's literary distinction, added to his social position as a gentleman of good birth and fortune, besides his consistent attachment to the Liberal party, induced Lord Melbourne's government to confer a baronetcy upon him. His elder brother, Sir Henry Bulwer, was already notable in the diplomatic service.

In the same years, while gaining by repeated good hits the post of premier novelist, which he was soon to resign to Charles Dickens, he had been making himself no less the chief of contemporary dramatists then writing purposely for the London theatres. There was at that time a chance of the reception of a good original play, not borrowed from the French, but the true invention of an English author. The plays of Bulwer, "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and



LORD LYTTON.

the comedy of "Money," were found eminently fit for acting; they have been acted ever since, and Macready, Phelps, and Charles Kean, did justice to the parts he gave them. "Not so bad as we seem" was written for the amateur performances to raise a fund for the Guild of Literature and Art. But we have not yet finished the list of his prose tales. The sceptre, indeed, departed from Sir Edward in a very short time when young "Boz," after his memorable burst of fresh humor in the "Pickwick Papers," and the dashing vigor of "Nicholas Nickleby," conquered all English hearts with "Oliver Twist." As Dickens went on triumphant, and proved himself the greatest of English humorists since Shakespeare; while Thackeray, not yet much known, was about to surpass Fielding and every other novelist in his pictures of English society; and Lever was afieid in Ireland, among the jolly good fellows of sporting and military sets—there was no longer a public to care for the sentimental stories of irregular amours. It was certainly a change for the better. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, thenceforth leaving to his competitors, but only for a time, the domain of realistic fiction, withdrew himself to that of the miraculous and supernatural, or quack semblance thereof, in his extravagant tale of "Zanoni." The subject was probably suggested by Cagliostro, the Sicilian impostor of the last century, whom Alexandre Dumas had put to romantic use. Bulwer's story was excessively wild, and perhaps nonsensical; but those who read only for the excitement of feeling and the occupation of fancy were not disposed to object. The whole performance, like some of his others, must be regarded as an experiment; and we should say the same of "Lucrætia," and of that strange literary mystification entitled "A Strange Story," which he wrote, in 1861, for *All the Year Round*. His two English-history novels, "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings" and "The Last of the Barons," deserve a good place in their class; and they prove that he might, if he had chosen to undertake the labor, have produced a series not inferior, as vivid illustrations of our national chronicles, to those of Scott. But there can be no mistake as to the cherished offspring of his muse—the acknowledged *chef-d'œuvre* by which his spirit and genius must be tried. In the preface to "King Arthur," published in 1849, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton says: "If this work be worthless, it is at least the worthiest it is in my power to perform; and on this foundation, however hollow, I know that I rest the least perishable monument of those thoughts and labors which have made the life of my life."

It is probable that many of the readers of "Pelham" and "Zanoni" have never heard of "King Arthur;" not one in ten has read it or ever could read it; but it is a noble poem for all that. It is a regular, symmetrical epic, which narrates, in harmonious stanzas, and in a strain that sounds like an echo of Tasso or Ariosto, one of the most charming of the old chivalrous legends of Britain. It is not such poetry as Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," but more like such as "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The key-note is pitched high enough for the expression of generous ardor and pure enthusiasm, but so as to admit of easy variations to a playful and sportive tone. Its subject is the experience of the hero, Arthur, King of South Wales, in an errand upon which he is sent, by the weird Lady of the Lake, to search for three talismanic gifts, by the aid of which he may overcome the enemies of his nation and achieve immortal glory. His adventures in this quest, with the trials of his virtue, not only in the wilderness, but in the Happy Valley ruled by the fair young Queen Ægle, are told with great animation. Upon the whole, it may be admitted that "King Arthur," if not a powerful, is a graceful and pleasing composition, which comes near to fulfil the author's frequently-professed intention of exhibiting an ideal image of human nobleness, with a free poetical treatment of the surrounding conditions.

There is but one other work to which we should refer as most truly characteristic of his mind, such as we believe it sincerely to be, in its best and happiest moods, when stripped of the veils of literary artifice and rhetorical affectation. It is not "The Caxtons," which is half an imitation of "Tristram Shandy" and half a commonplace narrative, but the long story, alleged to be written by Pisistratus Caxton, and significantly called "My Novel." The author—not Pisistratus, but Bulwer Lytton—who thought this book worth an affectionate dedication to his brother, may be assumed to have meant, by its title, that he put it forth as his own genuine view of the "Varieties in English Life." It is totally unlike every thing else he has written. A better book, in the spirit which it breathes, in the tone which it sounds, in the repose of feeling, the breadth of contemplation, the

purity of style, has been written by no English novelist of our day. Upon his last novel, "What will he do with it?" we can offer no particular remark; nor have we space left to notice "The New Timon," or any of his minor poems, or his translations of Schiller and Horace. The variety of his literary tasks during more than forty years defies the attempt to classify them in order.

In the enumeration of his writings we have lost sight of his personal career, and of his eminent position in the social and political world. Sir Edward, in 1843, by royal permission, took the name of Lytton, instead of Bulwer, for his surname, on coming into possession, by his mother's will, of the estates in Hertfordshire, to which she was sole heiress. The Lyttons, formerly the Robinsons, were an ancient Denbighshire family, allied to the Tudors, and to the old sovereign princes of North Wales. In 1852 Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, having attached himself to the Conservative party, though in many points a Liberal, was returned to Parliament for the county of Hertford, after ten years' absence from political life. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Derby's second ministry, in 1858; and, in 1866, when Lord Derby was again premier, Sir Edward was raised to the peerage.

Lord Lytton, having been married in 1827, has a son, the Hon. Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, born in 1831, whose poetical works, bearing the assumed name of "Owen Meredith," have been received with much favor. He is secretary of legation at Vienna.

MIGNON.

MIGNON, the subject of the engraving on the first page of this number of the JOURNAL, is one of the characters in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." She is an Italian girl, a wandering minstrel, homesick and sad, in the cold, harsh North. She sings of Italy in a famous song, often translated, of which we present a new and very literal version by T. E. Osmun, of this city:

Know'st thou the land? 'Tis there the lemon blooms;
'Bove shady groves the golden orange looms;
There gentle winds come sweeping o'er the land;
The myrtles still and high the laurels stand—
Know'st thou it well?
'Tis there! 'tis there
Where I with thee, O father, long to go!
Know'st thou the house? Its roof on columns rests;
Its hall of gold that wealth and taste attests;
And marble statues stand and look at me:
"What did they, then, thou dearest child, to thee?"—
Know'st thou it well?
'Tis there! 'tis there
Where I with thee, O father, long to go!
Know'st thou the mount, its cloudy path, oh, say?
The stubborn mule there seeks his foggy way;
In caverns lives the dragon-winged beast;
There high the cliffs and deep the floods thou seest—
Know'st thou it well?
'Tis there! 'tis there!
Come, lead the way! O father, let us go!

Byron imitated this song in the opening lines of "The Bride of Abydos:"

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?"

NEW-HAMPSHIRE SCENERY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. C. WARREN.

HE was not a senseless nor an altogether ignorant man who remarked, when Hugh Miller was mentioned the other day in conversation, "Oh yes! Hugh Miller—I've read his book." But he was evidently unaware of the facts that Miller had written nearly a dozen books besides the "Old Red Sandstone;" that an equal number

of popularly comprehensible treats were yet in store for him; and that he would appear to better advantage in such conversation after he had pushed his bibliographical investigations a little further.

This anecdote is frequently brought to mind when summer travellers talk of New Hampshire. The tourist, who wants his baggage checked through to the Tip-Top House, has as little comprehension of the wonders, the sublimities, and the fascinations of the Granite State, as the man who had "read Hugh Miller's book" had of the great Scotchman. Mount Washington is not the only peak worth climbing, nor are Conway Meadows the only dream-land. The Saco and the Pemigewasset lapse down from dizzier heights, and wimple through the foreground of grander pictures; but all over the State the coquettish streams run on from beauty to beauty; the broad, green intervals are flecked with the shadows of isolated elms and fringed with the water-side willows, and lonely peaks stand up as landmarks of the Almighty, or look off beyond valley and village, beyond shore and island, far out upon the broad Atlantic. The points of observation, from which the picturesque and the poetical in landscape may be enjoyed, are numerous in almost every township. The mountain-wall with snowy cope does not always rise directly before you; but the brook forever tugs at its boulder, and the widening water keeps its youthful purity, and the powerful river tumbles and dashes itself for pastime and demands a task, and the roots of the elm and the birch seek out the kindly crevices of the confused granite, and meadow and midland and highland terrace out the landscape, and slope and curve cast themselves into the company with a graceful confidence of being never out of place. The broken and erratic soil, like the typical poet, produces little of sordid value, but much of lasting beauty, and ministers less to man's comfort, but more to his enjoyment.

A native and life-long resident of Concord, who has travelled extensively in Europe, discovered last summer, within three miles of his home, a view which he seriously pronounced more pleasing than any he remembered across the ocean. Patriotism may have prompted the emphasis; but the remark was by no means absurd. Turning into an unfrequented road, he beheld a vast landscape before and beneath him, set in a frame of successive, independent mountains, which, though at widely-varying distances, like the stars of heaven, rounded seemingly to a perfect arc. At the extreme left were the symmetrical Uncanoonucs, and then in order came Wacluset, the Francestown group, Monadnock, an unknown mountain, the Mink Hills, Sunapee, Kearsarge, Ragged Mountain, Cardigan, and the Franconia range.

From the summit of Mount Kearsarge,* in Merrimac County, one of the finest views in America may be obtained. It stands alone, in the northwest part of the county, and is a sort of French-roofed mountain four thousand five hundred feet high, with a kitchen-part half as high. From the railway-station a ride of four miles, over a road not unpleasantly steep, brings you to a public-house, built in a grove on the crest of the lower mountain, and appropriately named the Winslow House, after the commander of the vessel that sunk the Alabama. This road is skirted all the way with farms, or, at least, rocky fields laid out in squares, and carefully fenced with the too abundant stone that covers their surface. Sheep and goats pick their living among the rocks, with a commendable but pathetic industry; while the bleak farm-houses that are scattered all along to the lower summit present a living conundrum which no man can answer. By the road lie granite boulders in profusion, of astonishing variety in colors and texture. Some of them, with broken surfaces flashing in the sun, seem like jewels for a giant. Around them grow masses of golden-rod, gentian, and immortelles; and at brief intervals are veteran apple-trees, moss-bound but thrifty, their loaded branches showing that no school-boys pass this way. When you were at the station, the hills around seemed of respectable height and quite interesting; but, as you rise with the road, you see they are only the little fellows on the first form, as over their shoulders begin to peer one row after another of the larger fellows on the forms behind. The road traverses the north, northwest, and west sides of the mountain; and among the first of the pleasant surprises are the little ponds and lakes that gleam out in every direction. The most noticeable, perhaps, is Pleasant Pond, apparently circular, with Scytheville on its hither margin. From the Winslow House

you have such a prospect as many tourists are disappointed at not finding among the White Mountains—a view, from a moderate elevation, over slopes and valleys not so far off as to become indistinct or lose their smaller features. From this point, a faint path leads directly up the steep ascent to the summit of the mountain. Sometimes it passes through groves of evergreen, whose roots and boughs make steps and banister; sometimes through the dry bed of the spring-runnel, that has carried off the successive snows of centuries; and sometimes over a smooth, bare ledge of native granite, with precarious footholds at the lines of cleavage. The summit is bald and brown; and the rock, at its more prominent points, is water-worn like the piers of an ancient bridge. Here, in a clear day, you may look down upon fully one-half of New Hampshire and a portion of Vermont. The land, with its alternating woods and fields, looks as if the tawny skin of some enormous leopard had been thrown over it in crumpled folds; and two round ponds, gleaming between us and the sun, might be taken for the eyes of the monster, still unclosed. Mountains notch the horizon on every side. To the north, Lafayette with its scalloped summit, and the sharper peaks of the Franconia range, are distinct and almost neighborly; while to the right of them, a little more distant and dignified, Mount Washington towers over all. In the south rise Monadnock and Wachusett; and in the west, Ascutney and Mansfield. And all around are uncounted peaks, unnamed, or unknown. To the east, the course of the Merrimac may be traced by its broken bluffs of yellow sand; and in its valley are the symmetrical Uncanoonucs, near Manchester. About thirty ponds or lakes, many of them very beautifully nestled among the hills, may be counted. And in every direction the little villages, resting in the valleys, or clinging to the hill-sides, with their invariable white buildings glimmering in the sunlight, look like quiet cities of the dead amid the expanse of natural beauty and life.

The number of birthplaces of noted men that are in sight from the top of Kearsarge, is remarkable. On the eastern side you look almost directly down upon a district ten miles square, in which were born Ezekiel and Daniel Webster, William Pitt Fessenden, John A. Dix, Farmer, the electrician, C. C. Coffin, the well-known traveller and correspondent, the Greenes of the *Boston Post*, and the Bartlett family (including Ichabod) famous in New Hampshire. United States Senator Wilson was born in Farmington, Lewis Cass in Exeter, United States Senator Grimes in Deering, United States Senator Chandler in Bedford, Levi Woodbury in Portsmouth, Horace Greeley in Amherst, General Butler in Deerfield, Franklin Pierce in Hillsborough, Chief-Justice Chase in Cornish, and Chief-Justice Clifford, of Maine, in Rumney; and all these places may be seen from Kearsarge.

Peterboro, in the western part of Hillsboro County, a dozen miles from the Massachusetts border, has been heretofore entirely out of the lines of travel; but the completion of a railroad from Winchendon to the village of Peterboro, now makes the latter easy of access. It is near the head-waters of the Contoocook, the largest tributary of the Merrimac. Our second engraving represents the view of Monadnock from North Peterboro, with the Contoocook in the foreground. The distance represented in the picture is about ten miles. Monadnock is three thousand seven hundred and eighteen feet high, and, though far inland, can be seen from the ocean. Its base occupies an area measuring about five miles north and south by about three miles east and west. The extreme peak is what is known as Grand Monadnock. It was the inspiration of one of the best of those minor American poems, which were considered good until Lowell and Whittier gave us a higher range of national song. I refer, of course, to Mr. Peabody's poem, commencing—

"Upon the far-off mountain's brow,
The angry storm had ceased to beat."

Perhaps two of the best and most appropriate stanzas will not be out of place here:

"I've seen him, when the morning sun
Burned like a bale-fire on the height;
I've seen him, when the day was done,
Bathed in the evening's crimson light.
I've seen him at the midnight hour,
When all the world were calmly sleeping,
Like some stern sentry in his tower,
His weary watch in silence keeping.

"And there, forever firm and clear,
His lofty turret upward springs;

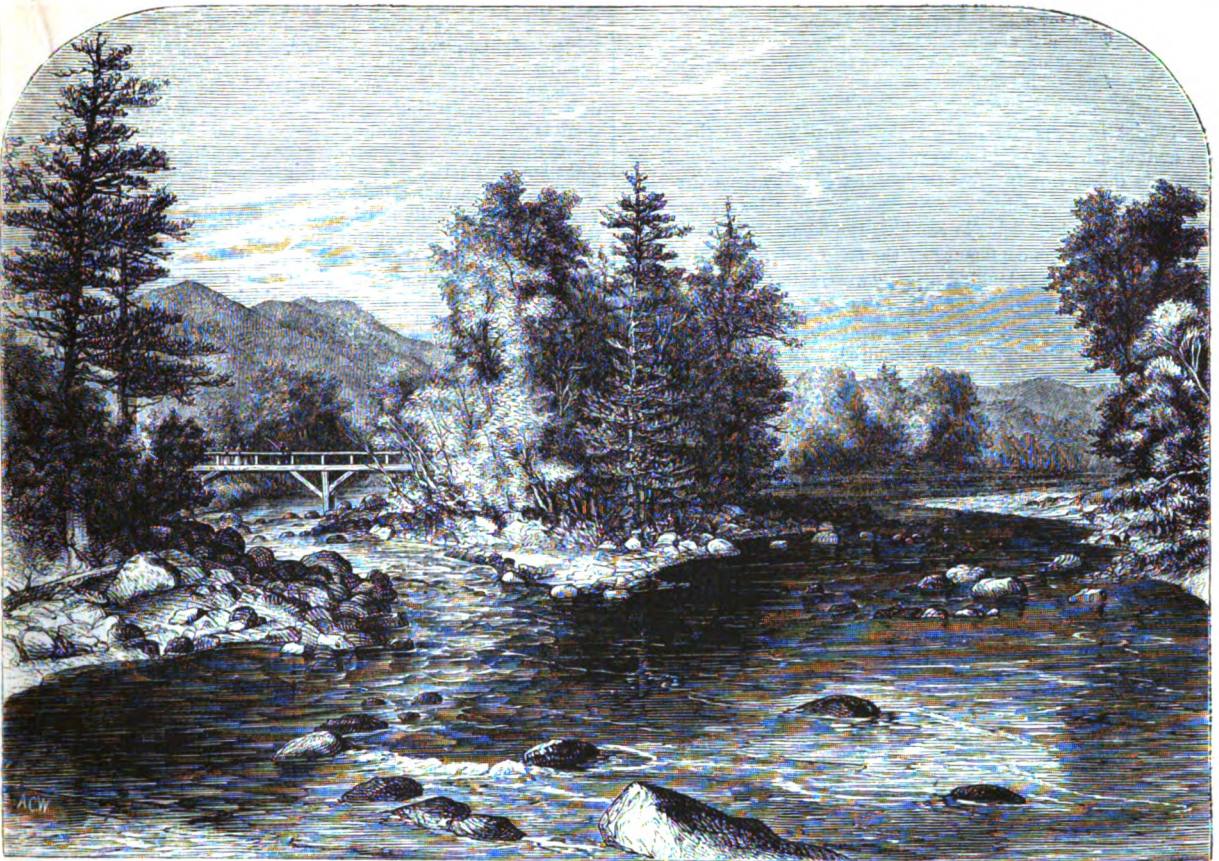
* A mountain near North Conway, whose right name is Pequaket, is known as Kearsarge, and has often been chosen for representation on canvas because of the famous sea-fight in the English Channel. I have it from the gentleman who suggested the name for the vessel, that the mountain in Merrimac County is the one from which the victorious cruiser was named.



MOUNT KEARSAGE.



MONADNOCK MOUNTAIN FROM NORTH PETERBOROUGH.



CONFLUENCE OF SACO AND SWIFT RIVERS, CONWAY.



EAST MOUNTAIN FROM ROBBE'S HILL, PETERBOROUGH.

IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

He owns no rival summit near,
No sovereign but the King of kings.
Thousands of nations have passed by,
Thousands of years unknown to story,
And still his aged walls on high
He rears in melancholy glory."

The tourist is generally hurried through Conway to the more famous and alluring North Conway, five miles beyond. But if he stop either in Conway or in West Ossipee, on his way from the lake to the heart of the mountains, he will find charming landscapes that will richly reward a short delay in reaching the mountains. Our third engraving represents the confluence of the Saco and Swift Rivers at Conway. The spectator is looking directly west, with the famous Chocorua and its outlying range at the left of the picture, and Mote Mountain at the right. Chocorua is three thousand six hundred feet high; Mote Mountain, three thousand two hundred. The stream spanned by the bridge is Swift River.

The fourth engraving shows East Mountain, in the town of Temple, seen from Peterboro. The foreground and middle distance may be taken as a fair specimen of what may be seen from thousands of ordinary door-yards in New Hampshire. A spot two miles west of the capital, commanding very much such a view, was chosen by the late ex-President Pierce as the site of his permanent home. But the loss of his wife caused him to relinquish the design of building on it; and to-day the wide, sloping lawn, uncut by gravel walk or wheel-marks, the houseless grove of forest-trees, and the long, curving sweep of granite wall, flanked by gateway towers at either end, excite the wonder and the question of the passer-by.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.*

THIS volume is from the pen of Mr. W. F. Rae, attached to the editorial corps of the *London News*, who visited America, and made the Western tour to San Francisco, in 1870. "Although," says the preface, "two series of letters, the one entitled 'New York to San Francisco,' the other 'A Visit to the Mormons,' which recently appeared in *The Daily News*, form the basis of this volume, yet those who have perused these letters will find that the revision they have undergone is so thorough, and the additions made to them are so considerable, as to constitute the volume itself an entirely new work in substance, if not in name. Like the famous stockings of Sir John Cutler, these productions now resemble, in general outline only, that which they were originally."

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK.

"When I first saw New York it did not appear to me a foreign city in the same sense as Paris, or Frankfort, or Milan. A closer and more leisurely examination produced a different impression. To walk along Broadway recalls a walk along Regent Street, but it also recalls a walk along the Rue de la Paix. What seems to be English is rivalled, if not outdone, by what is unmistakably French, while many things have neither a French nor an English impress. The architectural effects are extraordinary in their variety. The want of simplicity and repose is as marked as the absence of a distinctively national style. Every one has apparently followed the bent of his fancy, and the straining after originality has led to a confusion of ideas and a clashing of aims.

"All nationalities seem to have sent their representatives to this city. Half the languages of Europe are spoken by the motley gathering. The English tongue is in the ascendant; but the eye fails to see many figures or faces to match the hereditary language. The ladies are dressed in the latest French mode, yet the fashion of their apparel is the only thing they have borrowed from Paris. Their looks are native to the soil, and to call them good is not to speak of them in language sufficiently eulogistic. The men are dressed with a regard for appearances which is more common in Paris than in London. There is none of the uniformity in their attire which is akin to monotony. All do not seem to have been condemned, by a law which cannot be gainsaid, to wear the same hideous hat. The 'wide-awake' is as common as the 'chimney-pot' and the mixture of the two produces a pleasing effect.

"The purity of the air is delicious. If a dwelling be built of marble, or brick, or stone, the beholder has no difficulty in pronouncing as to the nature of the material, and has the satisfaction of duly appre-

ciating the whiteness of the delicate marble, the warmth of the brick, the solidity of the stone. The principal streets are broad; the principal squares are spacious. The several avenues which run parallel to each other throughout the greater part of the city are so wide that the tramways which are laid in them do not in the slightest degree interfere with the traffic. For the passage of all conveyances there is room enough and to spare. At the upper end of the city is the Central Park. This public ground covers an area of more than eight hundred acres. It is laid out in a style resembling the Bois de Boulogne rather than Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Several years hence when the trees shall have attained their full height the Central Park will be second to no other place of the kind.

"In my opinion scant justice has yet been done to New York on the whole. It has its drawbacks, as has every city on the face of the globe, but it possesses excellences which more than outweigh them. The man of business finds it as good a centre for his operations as London. The pleasure-seeker can amuse himself as well as in Paris, while men of letters and students of art affirm that the prospects of New York becoming an honored home of literature and art grow brighter every day."

CHICAGO.

"By the residents Chicago is often styled the 'Garden City.' Both its citizens and its admirers sometimes claim for it the still more dignified title of the 'Queen City of the West,' or the 'Queen City of the Lakes.' The pride they take in it is extreme, and the language in which they express their feelings is high-flown. This appears quite natural to the traveller who has journeyed from England to the United States in order to witness the marvels which human industry and energy have wrought on the surface of the vast American Continent. Books and newspapers may have prepared him for an extraordinary spectacle, yet neither tables of statistics nor any printed statements can enable him to realize the grandeur of the impression produced by a stay, however short, in the modern city of Chicago. With a sensation of incredulity hardly to be repressed, he listens to the stories which tell of the city's foundation and history. Forty years have not yet elapsed since the site of palatial dwellings was distinguished from the surrounding wilderness by a log fort, in which two companies of soldiers were stationed for the protection of a few traders who collected furs from the Indians in exchange for trinkets. In those days civilized men regarded a visit to the shores of Lake Michigan much in the same light which many persons now regard a visit to the sources of the Nile. Those who made the journey had to brave the attacks of ferocious animals; had to face the perils incident to an inhospitable and uncultivated region; had to live in constant dread of an attack from Indians more deliberately cruel than any beast, and more crafty than any other enemy in human shape. The wild men and wild animals have both disappeared. The land which once yielded a precarious subsistence to the hunter now repays the skilful farmer one hundred-fold. Where weeds formerly thrived in rank profusion peach-trees are now heavy with precious fruit. A city of palaces has taken the place of a few miserable hovels. Similar transformations have occurred in other parts of the globe. Venice and Holland do not fall short of Chicago as evidences of what man can achieve in his struggle with rugged Nature and hostile elements. Yet the growth of either city was the work of many years, as well as of much toil; whereas Chicago has waxed great and famous within the memory of men still living, and not yet old. If another Queen Scheherazade were compelled to rehearse a tale of enchantment for the gratification of an exacting husband, she might find in the authentic story of the rise of Chicago materials which would produce a result as striking as that caused by a recital of the fabulous doings of Aladdin."

FIRST SIGHT OF INDIANS.

"The first real sensation is obtained at Jackson, a small station a hundred miles west of Omaha. Here many of the passengers see genuine Indians for the first time—that is, men who live by hunting, and who glory in getting scalps. They are Pawnees. We are told they are friendly Indians, being supporters of the United States Government. They may be friendly at heart, but they are blood-thirsty in appearance. They probably consider themselves civilized, for each carries a revolver in a belt strapped round his waist. That they are staunch adherents to old traditions is proved by an inspection of their encampment. Outside the tents are poles stuck into the ground. From the tops of these poles, wisps of hair flutter in the breeze. The seeker after knowledge naturally asks the meaning of these things. His belief in the friendliness of the Pawnees is not strengthened when he is informed that the wisps of hair are trophies of victory which have been cut from the heads of vanquished foes. The Indians, whose advance in civilization is manifested by the addition of the revolver to the scalping-knife, are not persons for whom it is possible to entertain great admiration. Their acquaintance is more to be avoided than courted. Seen at a distance, they are picturesque additions to the landscape; when met by the defenceless traveller, they prove to be brutal monsters. The chief testimony given in favor of the Pawnees is that they are better than the Sioux, and that they are always ready to demonstrate their loyalty to the Union by murdering the Sioux without mercy."

* "WESTWARD BY RAIL: The New Route to the East." By W. F. Rae. New York: D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.

TROUT-FISHING IN WYOMING.

"Sherman Station, the highest point on the Pacific Railway, is in the Territory of Wyoming, the youngest among the Territories of the United States. Some writers strongly advise the traveller to make a halt at Sherman Station. The inducements held out to him are mountain-scenery, invigorating air, fishing, and hunting. A sojourn among the peaks of the Rocky Mountains has the attraction of novelty to recommend it. Life there must be, in every sense of the word, a new sensation. But some sensations are undesirable, notwithstanding their undoubted freshness. That splendid trout swarm in the streams near Sherman admits of no dispute. Yet the disciple of Isaac Walton should not be tempted to indulge rashly in his harmless and charming sport. It is delightful to hook large fish, but it is less agreeable to be pierced through by arrows. Now, the latter contingency is among the probabilities which must be taken into consideration. A few weeks prior to my journey, one of the conductors of the train by which I travelled learned, by practical experience, that fishing among the Rocky Mountains has palpable and painful drawbacks. Having taken a few days' holiday, he went forth, fishing-rod in hand, to amuse himself. While whipping the stream, in the innocence of his heart, he was startled to find himself made the target for arrows shot by wild Indians. He sought safety in flight, and recovered from his wounds to the surprise as much as to the gratification of his friends. His story did not render me desirous of sharing his fate. The trout-fisher might employ his leisure to greater advantage elsewhere than in the Territory of Wyoming."

GAMBLING.

"After passing Corinne, around which the country is fertile and well-cultivated, the line runs through a barren tract, skirts the shore of the Great Salt Lake, and ascends the side of Promontory Mountain. The gradients here are very steep, and the cuttings in the rock must have been made with much expenditure of toil and money. Two trestle-bridges are crossed, a sharp curve is rounded, and the station of Promontory is reached. This is the western terminus of the Union Pacific, and the eastern terminus of the Central Pacific Railway. The town is built partly of canvas and partly of wood, and has but one street. The signs are hardly in keeping with the structures to which they are attached. Over a shanty is painted, in large letters, 'Pacific Hotel,' and over a tent, 'Club House.' One of the wooden dwellings attracts notice on account of the neatly-arranged muslin curtains within the window. Unlike the others, it has no sign-board to indicate its purpose, but a glance through the open door satisfies the curiosity of the passer-by. He sees two or three smiling females ready to extend welcomes to whoever will enter in. This is characteristic of all these rude settlements in the wild Western country. In a canvas town, the abode of women with few scruples to overcome, and no characters to lose, is as distinguishable, and as much a thing of course, as the gambling-hell and the drinking-saloon. Of drinking-saloons there are many at Promontory, but there is only one gambling-hell as far as I could learn. This one is quite enough for the place. In its way, the hell is unique. The object of its keepers is to entice the passengers halting here to try their luck. With this view, agents are sent to the neighboring stations, where they take their places in the cars, and enter into conversation with the occupants. Of course, as soon as the train stops at Promontory, these agents lead the way to the gaming-table. Nor have they far to go. It is in the open air, within a few yards of the line. The game played is three-card monte. It is as simple as thimble-rig. Three cards are laid out in line with their faces downward. Let it be supposed that these are a jack, a king, and a queen, the denomination of the cards making no difference—the dealer will then challenge any one to point out one of them, say the jack. A stake of a twenty-dollar gold-piece depends on the event. In front of the card-dealer is a pile of these gold-pieces. He addresses the on-lookers as follows: 'Gentlemen, you have your eyes against my hand. You see how I place the cards,' moving the three backward and forward, and then laying them in a row. 'Now I will bet any one of you that he does not point out the jack; if he does so at the first chance he wins his money, if he fails he loses it.' One of the by-standers inquires if he will bet without touching the cards, to which the reply is: 'Certainly, sir; I will bet any thing, from twenty to one hundred dollars, that you do not point out the jack.' The speaker steps forward eagerly and excitedly, places a twenty-dollar gold-piece on the table, and points to a card, which, when reversed, is seen to be the right one. He gets his twenty dollars, which he clutches, and then makes off rapidly, as if surprised and delighted at his good fortune, carrying off, also, the winning card in the excitement of the moment. The card-dealer calls upon him to return the 'ticket,' adding, 'By golly, sir, you have beaten me this time, but you are as welcome to the money as if you had worked hard for it.' This is repeated several times, the keeper of the table invariably losing. Indeed, the game seems absurdly easy, as there is always a small black speck on the back of the winning card, and every on-looker thinks it a certainty to point out this card. At last, after the dealer had lost repeatedly, a man came out of the tent behind the table, saying, 'Come, now, partner, you had better stop; this won't do.' To which he replies, 'By golly, I will play till I lose every cent I have in the world. I must win nine times out of ten, and I am ready to bet any gentleman one hundred dollars that he does not point out the right

card this time.' The truth is, the men who had staked and won were what we call confederates, and what are here called 'cappers.' They certainly played their parts exceedingly well, and would have imposed on any other set of spectators than one composed of old Californians, who are too knowing birds to be caught by the chaff of card-sharps. They are well acquainted with the trick of the game. I saw a poor German baker, destitute of experience, and endowed with but little sense, dispossessed in a few minutes of all that he had in his pockets. The trick consists in being able to deceive the spectator by shifting the small black speck on the back of the cards in such a way as to make him point to the wrong one. When the betting is real, the 'bank' never loses."

ENTERING CALIFORNIA.

"Summit Station, though the highest point on this line, is not so high as Sherman Station on the Union Pacific. It is seven thousand and forty-two feet above the level of the sea. This represents not the altitude of the Sierra Nevada range, but only the elevation of this mountain-pass. Above the station the peaks of the mountains tower cloudward. The scene is one of unprecedented grandeur. Owing to the delay caused by the accident I have described, the speed of the train had been increased. The engine-driver had been running extra risks in order, as the Americans phrase it, to 'make time,' so as to arrive 'on time.' The descent was thus made with exceptional rapidity. From Summit Station to Sacramento the distance is one hundred and five miles. Between these places the descent from a height nearly half as great as that of Mont Blanc to fifty-six feet above the sea-level has to be made. The velocity with which the train rushed down this incline, and the suddenness with which it wheeled round the curves, produced a sensation which cannot be reproduced in words. The line is carried along the edge of declivities stretching downward for two or three thousand feet, and in some parts on a narrow ledge which had been excavated from the mountain-side by men swung from the upper parts in baskets. The speed under these circumstances seemed terrific. The axle-boxes smoked with the friction, and the odor of burning wood pervaded the cars. The wheels were nearly red-hot. In the darkness of the night they resembled disks of flame. Glad though all were to reach Sacramento, not a few were specially thankful to have reached it with whole limbs and unbruised bodies."

"The charm of the last few hours is indescribable. It owed its effect to the striking contrast between the experience of the past and the pleasure of the moment. To nothing can it so aptly be compared as to that impressive passage in the inspired vision of the great Italian poet which tells how, after having painfully traversed the circles of hell, he at last entered the 'dolorous realm' ribbed in everlasting ice, then, issuing forth through an outlet, he returned to the 'bright world,' beheld the beautiful sights of heaven, and saw the stars again. But a few hours ago we were passing through a region in which desolation reigned supreme; a region of sage-brush and alkali-dust, of bitter water and unkindly skies. Still more recently the icy winds of the snow-crowned Sierras had chilled us to the bone. The transition was sudden and the transformation magical. The sun descended in a flood of glory toward the Pacific Ocean, while the train was spinning down the ringing grooves of the mountains. The canopy of azure overhead, unfecked by a cloud and spangled with myriads of brilliant stars, surpassed in loveliness the brightest and most serene sky which ever enchanted the dweller on the luxuriant shores of the blue Mediterranean. No Italian air was ever more balmy, nor evening breeze through vineyard or olive grove more grateful to the senses than the soft wind which, tempered by the coolness of the distant ocean and odorous with the rich perfumes of the neighboring plains, now fanned our cheeks and gave a fresh zest to life."

SACRAMENTO.

"After all that I have said about this city, it may be a surprise to read that the number of its inhabitants does not exceed between twenty-five and thirty thousand. It is the more noteworthy, then, that it should merit so much attention. A glance at the spacious streets stretching away on all sides for long distances leads the beholder to suppose that, as the area of the city is large, the number of its citizens must be large also. The majority of the houses have gardens attached to them. Rows of stately trees line many of the streets. The vegetation is on a scale of tropical richness. The weeds appear to be shrubs, and the shrubs resemble small trees. Other pests besides weeds abound here in rank profusion. The mosquito-curtains which closely surround the beds are significant tokens of the prevalence of a form of insect-life with which most persons would gladly dispense."

"When it is considered that not many years ago Sacramento was the haunt of the most reckless and depraved of the earth; the temporary home of men who came to dig for gold, and who lavished the gold of which they became possessed in riotous living and in the vilest profligacy, the marvel is to find how thorough has been the change, how complete the purification. The streets of Sacramento are as quiet at night as the streets of Boston. A Maine liquor law is unknown, drinking-customs are in the ascendant, yet drunkenness is not the vice of the majority. Whereas formerly every man carried a revolver, and used it on the smallest provocation, or even out of mere

wantonness of brutality, it is now the exception to go armed, and the rare exception to hear of dastardly murders having been committed either in passion or cold blood. At night the streets are ablaze with gas and guarded by vigilant policemen. The peace is strictly preserved, and the lawless stand in terror of the judges. One relic of the olden times still survives. Gaming, the miner's favorite pastime, flourishes in defiance of the law, or, perhaps, with the connivance of the authorities."

AMERICAN WOMEN.

"From points about which travellers differ, it is a pleasure to turn to one about which there has been, and must be, perfect unanimity. The beauty of the women is without the pale of controversy. It cannot be likened to the beauty for which English girls are deservedly and universally admired; for which Italian maidens have been immortalized on canvas or in verse; for which the sprightly damsels of France and the coquettish ladies of Spain have won applause, and by means of which they have made conquests. If I were to select a particular locality in the United States, I might truthfully compare the type of beauty predominant there to that of a particular country in the Old World. But America is a world in itself. Within the bounds of the Republic of the West are all the climates which give diversity to Europe, from Rome to Copenhagen and from London to Madrid. Where climates vary, female faces vary also. In New England may be seen those delicately-chiselled features and transparent complexions which in Europe are characteristic of the fascinating beauties of the North. In the Southern States the imperious and indolent Spanish women, with their amorous eyes and raven hair, have been reproduced at the distance of many thousand miles from Andalusia and Castile. Let the traveller cross the continent till the Pacific slope is reached, and there the soft and delicate beauty of Italy, combined with an intelligence wholly American and a physique wholly English, delights and surprises him. Nor are good looks the sole dower of American girls. They are more French than English in the acuteness with which they argue. They are passionately fond of the frivolities of existence, yet they follow with interest the course of the graver topics of the day. On political questions they are ready to take sides, and they discuss the issues involved in a controversy with zest and understanding. Their patriotism is not a profession, but a passion. The intensity of their devotion to their country imparted superhuman vigor to the struggle when North and South faced each other in battle array. The women of the South were the soul of the Confederacy. The women of the North saved the Union. If the women of America were more kindly disposed toward England, the relations between the two countries, at this moment, would be more cordial and more secure."

FEELING TOWARD ENGLAND.

"Nothing gratified me more than the feeling of kindness toward the Old Country which I found pervading the American people. The bitter and undying animosity about which much has been written exists on paper only, or in the distempered minds of irreconcilable Fenians. In this particular the press is not a faithful exponent of the public sentiment. A disposition to construe in the worst sense all the actions of the United Kingdom and to discredit her on every occasion and in every imaginable way, is certainly the characteristic of the press of New York. I believe this to be mere sound and fury, wholly devoid of significance. It is the relic of a traditionary policy, rather than the token of a living and active hostility. To find a parallel to it, we have not far to seek. Long after the English people were on a footing of amity with the French, the tone of the press toward France was little more friendly and complimentary than in the days when it was the bad fashion to style Frenchmen our hereditary foes. The change in public opinion has now been responded to by the press of England, while that of France, reluctant to allow old jealousies to subside into oblivion, still harps on the imaginary plots and intrigues of perfidious Albion."

ABOUT CIGARS.

IT is strange, among nations of smokers other than the Cubans or Spaniards, how little understood are the distinctive marks by which manufacturers indicate the make, shape, size, color, and quality of cigars.

One may frequently hear gentlemen offer a *Concha*, a *Regalia*, or a *Londres*, under the impression that they convey the idea of some superior brand of especially fine quality. Instead of this, they only offer a cigar of a certain size or shape, the quality of which may be any thing, from the finest "Upmann" or "Cabarga" to the poorest "Connecticut." Or you are offered a good *Maduro*, which is not made by Mr. Maduro, but is simply a cigar of a ripe or dark color.

To any one with a very scant smattering of Spanish the various marks used by the trade on their cigar-boxes are readily explainable.

The first and most important of these is, of course, the *brand*—so called from being usually burned on the box by a hot iron. This is either the name of the individual proprietor, the manufacturing firm, or the special fancy name given to the factory, in accordance with a Cuban custom which so designates their retail-shops—as, "The Pearl," "The Rose of Seville," etc.—or as though Ball, Black & Co.'s establishment were here known as the "Golden Eagle," instead of by their name.

The brands, then, are either such as "Upmann & Co.," "Cabañas y Carbajal," "Cabarga & Co.," or the well-known "Figaro," "La Corona" ("The Crown")—Antonio Cabarga's brand—or "Flor del Fumar" ("The Flower of Smoking")—Barruete's brand—lately coming into high favor. These are the special trade-marks of the factories indicated.

Next in order comes the indication of style—i. e., size and shape—and the terms used are, as a rule, common to all manufacturers, very few making any designated shape or size exclusively.

This mark is stencilled, usually, on the front of the box. The best known, and most familiar of these to our ears now, are:

Regalia—about the same as our word "present," or "gift"—the largest ordinary size.

Media Regalia—half *Regalia*—a smaller cigar.

Regalia del Rey—King *Regalia*—smaller.

Regalia de la Reina—Queen *Regalia*—smaller still.

Londres—London—a medium size for length and thickness, so called as being a favorite size in England.

Brevas—named from a luscious variety of the fig grown in Spain.

Concha—meaning a "shell," but really named after the late Captain-General Concha.

Conchas de Regalo—Conchas for presents.

Napoleones and *Imperiales* are extra-large fancy sizes, but little used, except for showy presents.

Besides these, there are some compound indicators of size and style—as, *Regalia Britanica*, *Regalia de Londres*, *Londres Corta* (short), and others.

Among shape and size marks there are two, now seldom heard, but no doubt familiar to many readers—the *Trabuco* ("Blunderbuss"), a short, thick, "dumpy" cigar; and its direct opposite, the *Panolda* ("Sponge-cake"), a long, slim article, apt to be hard-rolled and difficult to smoke, evidently the sort referred to by Dr. Holmes in his "Latter-Day Warnings"—

"When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist."

Another indicator of the style of cigar, or, more properly, its style of packing, is found in two words—*Cilindrados* and *Prensados*—which may be applied to any size and shape. The first merely signifies that they are in *cylindrical* bunches, rolled in paper or tied with ribbon; the second, that they are *pressed* while moist, so as to present two flat surfaces.

The indications of shape, size, and style, are collectively understood by the Havana makers as the *Vitola*—accent on the second syllable.

Next in order come the indices of quality, or grade of tobacco. *Flor* ("Flower") is now the most usual mark for the best, or what used to be called "Firsts;" *Segundo* ("Second"), or, with some makers, *Superior*, for the next. Lower grades, known as "Thirds," are not generally marked, although some factories use *Bueno* ("Good") for that quality.

These marks are stencilled, usually, on one end of the box, while on the other is the indication of color. This is, of course, expressed by the proper Spanish word, as:

Claro—clear, i. e., light-colored.

Colorado (literally, red)—brown.

Maduro (ripe, mature)—dark.

Oscuro (obscure)—very dark.

These, again, are combined to fit intermediate shades—as, *Colorado-Claro* (light brown), *Colorado-Maduro* (dark brown). These guides to color are, however, not very accurate, as the "Light Brown" of one box may open as dark as the simple "Brown" of another.

A still lighter color than *Claro*—seldom seen here, as it goes mostly to Spain—is *Pajizo*, or straw-color, a very mild grade of the weed, which, if my memory serves me, used to be known as *In-jurado*.

With these explanations, then, it will be readily understood that,

if a friend offers a "Regalia del Rey, Cabarga, Colorado, Flor," he tenders a *Cabarga's King Regalia, Brown, First Quality*, and I can only add that it is hard to beat.

Fashion is fickle in cigars, as in other matters, and the brand or shape in vogue to-day is out of favor to-morrow. The once popular *Normas* and *Noriegas* have disappeared, like the *Trabucos* and *Panelas*; and that old favorite, the little black *Principe*, of fine *Yara* tobacco, with its snow-white ash, is no more seen of men. In those days, too, a first-class cigar could be had for thirty dollars the thousand—the "good old times!" *Eheu fugaces!* How have the smoky risen!

A. STEELE PENN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DARWINISM.—APES OR FROGS?

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*.

SIR: Your criticisms of Darwin's "Descent of Man," in the *JOURNAL* of February 11, 1871, are very just. That word *assumption* tells the whole tale. The facts on which he relies to prove his theory of development are not selected as judiciously as they might have been. There are difficulties in the ape theory that he does not remove, and some of them would not be in his way if he had given us frogs, instead of monkeys, as our ancestors.

It is certain the frog contains many bones which correspond with the bones of man, and, if there is any difference, it may be accounted for on the ground of development. The same is true of the brains of the two types. As to the similarity of disease, there is not a school-boy who has not heard that, by a certain process, the frog can cause the hand of a man to become full of warts, and although the frog has great tenacity of life, yet in the process of pouncing, or lofty tumbling, both frogs and men find death, or bruises. That frogs will eat something that men eat, though men sometimes eat them, can easily be proved. As for parasites, internal and external, the frog has them in abundance.

The frog is developed from an ovule; and no observation, as yet, proves "that, at a later period when the extremities are developed, the feet of frogs, and lizards, and birds, no less than the hands and feet of men, do not arise from the same fundamental form."

Man has a love and a talent for music. So has the frog. I had for several years a frog under my steps, that always came out of an evening when I was playing the flute, and jumping upon my foot would remain there as long as I played. Then, for their own music! For hours I have listened to them in concert, and in time, causing the marshes and the lakes and ponds to resound with every note and every key of the gamut. Even blind Tom is compelled to own himself vanquished at his efforts to imitate their multitudinous variations. Jenny Lind and Mr. Kellogg give it up in despair. The tongue of the frog much resembles that of a man, and the vocal organs need only further development to make them perfect. With but little stretch of imagination the searcher of lost cattle has heard the frogs say, "Bob Jones, Bob Jones, here's your cows, here's your cows." And when he has waded into the swamp, and become nearly overwhelmed, he has been derided with "Ay, ye fool; ay, ye fool." If this is not so, then often in my infancy my nurse deceived me by a most Münchhausen story.

That frogs sometimes try to metamorphose themselves into other animals by swelling, we have the authority of *Æsop*, that most veritable of all fable-writers. Their bursting up without succeeding is very much like some of Darwin's developed apes. The assumption, from analogy, that either man or ape came first from frogs, is as strong as assumption ought to be. And, if Darwin had only started with the frog, he would have saved himself from that cruel blow you gave him when you said, "He has not been able to find, in the whole course of Nature, one single proof to confirm his assumption—not a monkey changing into a man—or a fish growing into a land animal." Here, sir, I beg you to turn Darwin's attention to the frog. What do we see? All the conditions of his theories complied with. What is that we see in the still water? A nebula or molluscous something; in it an ovule, in that ovule protoplasm, or force, or motion, or life, or something, call it *nature*, if you please, that develops into a living being and grows. It seems to be a kind of fish. It grows, and has gills, and mouth, and a finny tail. We call it a tadpole. Watch it! Its tail grows shorter, contracts, becomes entirely absorbed, disappears as completely as the hole of the Know-Nothing's cave, into which, after he had entered it, he took the hole in with

him, and left not a trace behind. No "one or two basal ones only embedded;" but, as the old negro shouted, in response to the prayer that the power of Satan might be curtailed, "Amen, cut he tail smack, smooth off!" The whole tail is gone, so that even McAllister's microscopes cannot detect in the os coccyx any remains of it! And still, look! See the arms and legs, the hands and feet, the thumb and great toe, waiting to be modified, developed, whenever it shall be necessary for this now four-footed or rather biped and bimanus animal to become a man! See this singular development, adapted to live in water, living on land, climbing trees, trying to stand upright, using its hands; acquainted with botany, not only with the plant's appearance or form, but its medicinal virtues, as is manifest from its eating plantain to cure the bite of a spider; and say, what presumption there is in the assumption that it may not yet be developed into a man; nay, that it has not been! Is not this theory all the more probable, because facts, things visible and tangible, prove the change, and the entire absorption of the tail? It is true, Darwin maintains that the "tail is not of much importance to some animals." My great favorite, *Æsop*, whose animals had all been developed into talkative and talking things, contradicts this assumption. A certain fox called a convention of his kind. He spoke to them about the uselessness of tails; told them, as Darwin does, "that all tails taper toward the end" (except the broad-tailed sheep) whether they be long or short; that they might become subject to "atrophy of the terminal bones, and so become completely embedded within the body, and leave nothing but an os coccyx, consisting of a few basal and tapering segments of an ordinary tail." He advised them to escape this atrophy by cutting their tails off at once. An old fox, given to assumptions, suggested that it was possible this truly benevolent advice might have resulted from the fact that this friend of tailless foxes had lost his own in some predatory excursion. On examination and an appeal to facts, the convention voted against the recommendation, and kept their tails. The acknowledgment "that no explanation has ever been given of the loss of the tail of man or monkey" is a presumptive assumption that man had a tail, or is developed from a race that had. Take the frog for the origin, and we have the facts of the tail and its disappearance; and of a wonderfully progressive development, from the mollusca to the thing that in many things resembles some things in man. Why reject facts and frame theories on assumptions? As Nature, without any wise forethought, or well-planned, watchful, designed system, only develops, or, in other words, as there is no superior, superintending power but Nature working by protoplasm, one presumption or assumption is as good as another. Let us, therefore, take the frog instead of the ape for our ancestor. Or, if Darwin prefers it, let the apes which have lost their tails be developed from the frog, and the frog from the tadpole, and the tadpole be developed throughout all developments down to the time when Nothing gave the order, "Go it blind, but develop as you go." Surely we ought not to be ashamed to own our origin to a blind chance, a nothing, nor blamed for the developments of a being whose "eminent distinction is the want of tail," nor for being like our ancestors.

Still, in spite of "science," and of Mr. Darwin's "facts," I must be permitted to believe that there is a God who made, sustains, and governs all things, and that He made us, and is our Father.

T. P. H.

SONNET.

SOME things there are that may be, spite of Fate,
And some there are that must be, spite of men:
Infinity can choose not but create;

Mortality can 'scape not, but again

Must render back that which no rendering shows,

For, wanting that which yet it must become,

E'en while it rendereth into this it grows—

Yet oft best speech is still while lips are dumb.

Faith is not faith that less than all believeth,

Nor love is love that loveth as it will;

Love giveth ever more than it receiveth,

And ever, as it giveth, groweth still.

Death lives in life, and life in dying breath—

Love, e'en in dying, all things vanquisheth.

L. BRUCE MOORE.

TABLE-TALK.

THE new school of poetry which has so suddenly sprung up is at present the most noticeable feature of our literature. The "Heathen Chinese," of Mr. Brett Harte, and the "Little Breeches," of Mr. John Hay, the leading specimens of this new school, are popular to an extent almost without example. Quotations from them are heard on every side and among all classes, and they are even gaining currency in England, though their peculiarly American humor is hardly likely to be fully relished in that country. The secret of this universal popularity is, of course, their humor, their keen though good-natured satire, the freshness of their topics, and their strong and racy flavor of Western life. The Chinaman is just now one of the chief problems of American politics and society, and Mr. Harte has hit with admirable force and felicity the main features of his Californian connection with the "Melican man." We presume that most of our readers have seen the poem, but, even those who have, will be glad to have it in a form for permanent preservation, and we shall, therefore, copy it, premising that it professes to be the "plain language" of a Californian rowdy, who calls himself "Truthful James." It appeared first in the *Overland Monthly*:

"Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

"Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

"It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

"Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

"Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve;
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

"But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinese,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

"Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, 'Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor'—
And he went for that heathen Chinese.

"In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game 'he did not understand.'

"In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four jacks—
Which was coming it strong;
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

"Which is whv I remark.
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain."

Very touching is the righteous horror of the virtuous Mr. Bill Nye and his confederate on discovering the duplicity of the "heathen Chinese" with "his smile that was childlike and bland," and very effective his mournful expression of the great Californian politico-economical truth that "we are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," and very satisfactory also his vigorous vindication of Christian and Caucasian morality when he "went for that heathen Chinese." It is to these skillful touches, appealing to current topics and to the passion for our national game of euchre, that the poem owes its great popularity.—"Little Breeches" belongs evidently to the same school as the "Heathen Chinese," but its topic is theological, not political. It is a Pike-County view of special providences, and is meant to be religious and reverential in thought, however rough and rowdy in expression:

"I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

"I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong.
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

"The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store.
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

"Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

"And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critters' aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Ierul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

"We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shnt up the lambs at night.
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar
So warm and sleepy and white.
And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirped
As peart as ever you see,
'I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me!'

"How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loading around the Throne."

The humor of this, it will be seen, consists in the contrast between the good little boy of Pike County—

"Peart and chipper and sassy
Always ready to swear and fight"—

and the good little boy of the regions where Sunday-schools are in vogue. The Pike-County father regards the ability of his four-year-old son to swear, fight, and "chaw terbacker," as something to be proud of, and as comprising just the qualities and accomplishments that would recommend the young innocent to the consideration and care of the angels. He is not surprised, therefore, to find his little lamb among the other lambs, and holds it perfectly natural and proper that his first remark after his miraculous deliverance should be a "peart" demand for "a chaw of terbacker." The closing lines of the poem seem to many persons irreverent. But we have heard a clergyman of unquestionable piety, who is himself an accomplished poet, say that he liked them better than any other part of the poem. They were coarse in expression, according to the refined notions of the East, but their meaning was sound and just. It was only the Pike-County way of expressing a truth, which no one would deny that angels occupied in saving little children were better employed than they would be if standing idle in heaven.—The new school, of which we have given the best specimens, is in a vein very easily worked, as is shown by the multitude of imitations that have already appeared. It has, however, the high merit of raciness, of intelligibility, and of being intensely American. Its chief danger is that it will come to an untimely end by the process expressively described in its own dialect as being "run into the ground."

—A writer in one of our weekly journals opens an article as follows: "The disciples of the late Mr. Buckle must have begun at least to doubt the prophetic character of their master from the signal contradiction which the facts of the last twenty years have given to his assertion that nations had grown too wise to go to war any more. The cheerful facility of that superficial philosopher in picking out and arranging his facts, and then drawing from them conclusions to suit himself, has ceased, we believe, to impose upon many minds; and the immortality of his fame as an historian has probably seen its best days." One of the difficulties usually occurring in an argument is to make your opponent state your position in the matter correctly. The author of the above sentences proves Buckle to have been a false prophet and a superficial philosopher by simply attributing to him sentiments that he never uttered. Mr. Buckle did not say, and we have examined his pages carefully to ascertain the facts in the case, that "nations have grown too wise to go to war any more." He simply, with almost unnecessary elaboration and anal-

ysis, argues that the war-spirit is on the decline; and he points out with absolute conclusiveness the different elements in modern society that are antagonistic to the spirit of war. Can anybody deny that war is looked upon in a very different light from what it was in the middle ages? Is not the very spirit with which the war between France and Prussia has been condemned by people everywhere, a proof of all that Buckle utters upon the subject? The writer from whom we have quoted seems to be unable to see a difference between a tendency and a consummation. Because war has just devastated one of the great civilized countries, he immediately assumes that all theories as to the decline of the spirit of warfare in the advance of civilization are false. In all social movements there are perturbations, and the critic is superficial who does not perceive this fact, not the philosopher whose generalizations are broad enough to reach beyond them.

— The *Worcester Spy*, one of the leading papers of Massachusetts, whose editor, Hon. J. D. Baldwin, for many years a member of Congress, is an eminent Sanscrit scholar, and author of a very learned work on Prehistoric Nations, speaks of the *JOURNAL* in terms which we are proud to quote. It says: "APPLETON'S *JOURNAL* is one of the best publications of the kind in the English language. It is edited with remarkable intelligence and good judgment, and each volume is a small library of miscellaneous reading—literary, historical, biographical, and scientific. There are sketches of travel and observation, illustrated descriptions of mechanical industry, and papers on art. Four volumes have been completed, and the first monthly part of the fifth volume has appeared. The bound volumes (handsome quartos of some eight hundred pages each, not including the supplements) contain a great amount of useful and entertaining matter, all specially prepared for this publication, and a great abundance of well-executed pictorial illustrations. Many of the pictorials are portraits. Beethoven, Thiers, Hawthorne, William Gilmore Simms, Von Moltke, Trochu, Max Müller, Ruskin, Barry Cornwall, and Charles Lever, are among those depicted in the fourth volume. Many of the illustrations are remarkably well conceived and very spirited: A series of articles entitled 'Picturesque America,' which was begun in the latter part of volume four, is continued in that which began with the present year. The publishers aim to make this series of illustrated papers attractive; and, as 'America' presents a wide field, it may become extensive. But the illustrations of American scenery are not confined to this series. In the volume just closed will be found illustrated sketches of scenery among the Adirondacks, around Seneca Lake, and in the Indian country. We may add that APPLETON'S *JOURNAL* is fit to have a place in any family where intelligence, good taste, and purity of mind, are encouraged."

— For many nights Mr. Edwin Forrest has been acting Lear before New-York audiences. This personation ought to be witnessed by all persons having a love for high art. When this veteran actor shall leave the

stage—an event that cannot be far distant—there will pass with him a grand method, of which he is now nearly the only representative. The whole tendency of the drama is now toward the simple and the realistic. Just as painters delight in cabinet *genre* pictures instead of the old historic canvases, our new actors have only taste and facility in the pretty trifles of French comedy. Those who attempt the higher ranges of the drama are, for the most part, but little imbued with the true histrionic dignity; they neither grasp so forcibly, delineate so clearly, nor illustrate so consummately, as the old masters of tragedy did. There is no one, for instance, on the stage now, excepting Forrest, who can at all personate a character like Lear. This splendid historic figure needs the massive method, the accurate elaboration, the careful study, the perfect knowledge of the art, of which Kemble, Siddons, and Kean, were exponents. Forrest is very far, indeed, from being an imitator of these distinguished actors, but he has a dramatic genius as powerful as theirs, and an art, like theirs, based on the most searching study. Two weeks since we spoke of an unjust prejudice entertained by many people against Forrest. He is wrongfully supposed by these persons to be representative solely of a loud and rude method of acting. Whoever sees his personation of Lear must admit the utter mistake of this supposition. We certainly prefer the quieter touches of his acting—gems often of rare beauty; but we doubt whether the severest critic would accuse his rendition of the choleric, inflammable, passionate old king as being in any wise too vehement. If there is vehemence in the powerful passages, there are marvellous pathos, rich and mellow repose, fine conceptions, apparent at every step. It seems to us the most perfect dramatic study now on the stage. It is very much to be regretted that Forrest gives Tate's stage-version of the play rather than the unaltered original, which Macready restored to the stage. It is stated that Mr. Forrest at one time contemplated adopting the true Shakespearian play, but for some reason he changed his mind, and has adhered to the old stage-version.

— One of two sisters, who for many years have sung pleasant strains of love, and beauty, and duty, has, in the fulness of fame, but with years too few, passed into a land which she believed closely bordered this. ALICE CARY is dead! Perhaps of all the poets of America whose rank has not been quite of the highest, Alice Cary has enjoyed the largest appreciation and the widest fame. Her poems have been, in the best sense of a term now become commonplace, household words. They have cheered, they have sweetened, they have refined, they have touched with quiet and subtle power, the hearts of thousands living in humble cottages, in the obscure by-ways of life. She probably came nearer to the sentiments and sympathies of the multitude than many of greater fame. She understood the level of the heart—the emotions, and tastes, and aspirations, and desires, and pleasures, of the pure and simple—even if she did not always reach the heights of art. Not that her skill was inferior to her power; the measure of her performance was always equal to

the measure of her conception. Very few have the highest flight, but then very few have the gaze to follow them. The average appreciation is kindled quicker by the grace, simplicity, and naturalness of a poet like Alice Cary, than by the more ambitious strains of others. It is a mistake, however, to make comparisons of this character. In Art as in Nature inferiority is in execution, not in measure; the violet is as admirable as the oak, the dove as the eagle. Alice Cary was a native of Ohio, the daughter of a farmer living near Cincinnati, and, with slender advantages of education, began early in life to contribute to the newspapers and magazines essays, sketches, and poems. In 1850 a volume of poems, the joint work of herself and her younger sister Phoebe, appeared in Philadelphia. In the same year, we believe, the sisters removed to this city, where they have ever since resided, esteemed and beloved by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Alice, in 1851, published a romantic poem entitled "Hualco," which was followed, the next year, by "Lyra, and other Poems," and by a new collection of poems in 1855. She published, under the title of "Clovernook," a series of sketches of Western life and scenery, and also four novels, "Hagar," "Married, not mated," "Hollywood," and "The Bishop's Son." She also published, in 1866, "Lyrics and Hymns;" in 1867, "The Lover's Diary;" and, still later, "Snow-Berries," a book for children. Many of her works have been reprinted in England, and have received there a cordial welcome. She was an occasional contributor to this journal, in which her last article, "The Great Secret," appeared in the number bearing date February 4th, only eight days before her death. She died on the morning of February 12th, after a long and painful illness, at fifty years of age.

Literary Notes.

PROFESSOR SEELEY has lectured before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on the qualities, characters, and works of Goethe. The substance of his address was as follows: "Realism was the first characteristic of Goethe; he was a realist in art, and his imagination had a vast fund of observation to work upon. What he wanted was a biographical subject, and with such subjects he was most at home when he had studied them at first hand. For that reason he liked best to describe himself, so much so that he had gone so far as to speak of the mass of his works as one great chapter of personal confession. His second characteristic was grace; no writer that ever lived had that gift in a more eminent degree. The third characteristic of Goethe, and one of perhaps greater importance than either of the others, was, that he possessed them both in perfection. There were, however, very striking and very distinct limitations to Goethe's intellect and power. He had ever an unconquerable aversion to mathematics, logic, and metaphysics. Professor Seeley was inclined to think that this aversion was due to the fact that those three sciences came under the category of abstract sciences; and Goethe's mind ever required to be arrested, in the first place at least, by the concrete. That state of mind might be, perhaps, expressed by saying

that Goethe was rather a sage than a philosopher."

John Esten Cooke's "Life of General Lee," which will soon appear from the press of D. Appleton & Co., is an elaborate biography, including an accurate but dramatic and picturesque history of those military transactions in Virginia of which General Lee was the distinguished leader. This "Life of General Lee" was commenced five years ago, in 1866, and the author then informed General Lee of his purpose. The general, in reply, assured him that the work "would not interfere with any that he might have in contemplation; he had not written a line of any work as yet, and might never do so, but, should he write a history of the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, the proposed work would be rather an assistance than a hinderance." As Colonel Cooke, in his letter, had offered to discontinue the work, if not agreeable to General Lee, this reply is an obvious sanction of the author's design. It is prepared by a man of large literary experience, who served in the Virginia campaigns, and saw much of what he describes; and General Lee's sanction of his design arose from his knowledge of Colonel Cooke's peculiar fitness for the task. The general has died without executing his at one time contemplated labor; and this biography must, in a certain sense, fill the place, as regards the history of the Virginia campaigns, that Lee's own history would have done, had he lived to write it.

A critic who has read the advanced sheets of Darwin's "Descent of Man," says: "Whatever may be thought of Mr. Darwin's thesis, that man has arisen within the order of Nature, and by secondary causes, one thing is certain, he has produced a most fascinating book on life, and which will do more than any book has ever done before to create a kindly interest in the inferior orders of animate beings. A blow is given such as has never before been dealt to that false dignity of human nature which has no better basis than man's ignorant contempt of the creatures below him. I have never before had so sympathetic an interest in my neglected relations, the so-called brutes. Mr. Darwin has towed up the whole animal kingdom and anchored it in closer human neighborhood; and, if Mr. Bergh will turn colporteur for the diffusion of this book, he will be taking the most efficient means for securing the object he has at heart—the more Christian treatment of the dumb creatures which suffer so much from human brutality."

Judd's "Margaret" has been considered one of the most original and characteristic of American novels—a book thoroughly pervaded with the atmosphere of New-England life, and a perfect reflex of the idiosyncrasies and temperament of her people as they were exhibited in days before the Revolution. But the London *Saturday Review* pronounces it—incomprehensible! The same great authority disposes of a new edition of Walt Whitman's poems in this wise: "Mr. Walt Whitman publishes or republishes three volumes of what he calls poetry—probably because it is not prose."

A new uniform edition of the novels of Miss Yonge is now issuing from the press of D. Appleton & Co. "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease" are ready, each volume accompanied with a new illustration, and the series bound in a unique and handsome style. Miss Yonge's novels still retain a share of the great popularity they enjoyed on their first appearance, and this new, tasteful edition is in re-

sponse to a demand for a uniform and satisfactory issue of her books.

Mr. St. George Mivart, an English naturalist, has just published a work entitled "Genesis of Species," which is an attempt to disprove the Darwinian theory. Here is an outline of the arguments which Mr. Mivart undertakes to substantiate:

That "Natural Selection" is incompetent to account for the incipient stages of useful structures.

That it does not harmonize with the coexistence of closely-similar structures of diverse origin.

That there are grounds for thinking that specific differences may be developed suddenly instead of gradually.

That the opinion that species have definite though very different limits to their variability is still tenable.

That certain fossil transitional forms are absent, which might have been expected to be present.

That some facts of geographical distribution supplement other difficulties.

That the objection drawn from the physiological difference between "species" and "races" still exists unrefuted.

That there are many remarkable phenomena in organic forms upon which "Natural Selection" throws no light whatever, but the explanations of which, if they could be attained, might throw light upon specific origination.

Francis Parkman, the eminent historian, has just issued a new edition of the earliest of his historical works, "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," which was first published about twenty years ago. It is regarded by the critics of England, as well as of this country, as one of the best of that series of powerful works in which the author has so vividly and yet so accurately portrayed the Indian life and character, and the French and English struggle for mastery in America. The new edition is enlarged and improved, and is made uniform in size with the other volumes of the series.

M. Ollivier, late Prime Minister of France, who has founded an asylum at Pollone, near Brelia, in Piedmont, is preparing for publication a work entitled "My Ministry of the Second of January." The first volume will bear the title "The Plébiacite," and the second "The War."

The name of Edwards seems to have recently multiplied oddly among English novelists, to the confusion, no doubt, of readers. Three English magazines now before us contain novels, by H. Sutherland Edwards, M. de Betham Edwards, author of "Dr. Jacob," and simply Mrs. Edwards, author of "Archie Lovell."

More than fifty million copies of "Webster's Spelling Book" have been sold, and the present rate of its production is about a million copies a year. More than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been paid to the family of Noah Webster, since his death, as copyright on his works.

Buchanan's poem, "Napoleon Fallen," has reached a second edition in London, and to this is added a supplement in the shape of a very fine war-song, written in parts. France entreating aid from England, and England expressing her bitter feeling at the moral degeneracy which prevents her from affording it.

D. Appleton & Co. have in press, and will shortly issue, "Musings over the 'Christian Year,' and 'Lyra Innocentium,' by Charlotte

Mary Yonge; together with a few Gleanings of Recollections of the Rev. John Keble, gathered by Several Friends."

Woman writers have multiplied in Russia during the past five years in a ratio equalled by no other country, and there are now eight hundred in the realm whom Prince Galitzin thinks worthy a place in the second edition of his "List of Russian Authoresses."

The *Athenæum* says that among the unknown curiosities in the British Museum are some cases bequeathed by Francis Douce, the well-known literary antiquary, on the condition that they are not to be opened till the year 1900. No one is aware of their contents.

The first of three octavo volumes on "John Wesley, his Life and Times," written by Rev. Luke Tyerman, has just been published in England.

In the five largest libraries in Paris are contained one million four hundred and fifty thousand volumes and eighty-seven thousand manuscripts.

Mrs. Hines's little volume of poems, which was issued about six years ago, and attracted some attention at the time, is again on sale, and will commend itself to those who like graceful and delicate poetry.

A new periodical, *The Ferret*, described as "a journal of humor," has made its appearance at Swansea, in South Wales. "Five numbers have reached us," says the *Pull Mall Gazette*, "but the humor has yet to come."

With a view to promote newspaper production, the Government of Peru has issued a decree exempting printers from service in the National Guard.

Dante's "Divina Commedia" is now being translated into Roumanian by the Roumanian poet I. Eliades Radulescos.

"Diary of the French Campaigns," and "Historical Diary of the War," have been reprinted in London from the German.

"Ginx's Baby," of which we gave a summary in our Table-Talk last week, has been reprinted in New York by Routledge & Co.

Bret Harte's stories are pronounced too rude for English readers.

An Englishman has written and published an "Ornithology of Shakespeare."

The Chinese at North Adams, Massachusetts, have been presented with Chinese Bibles

Scientific Notes.

PROFESSOR TRUMAN H. SAFFORD, who, in his boyhood, was famous as "the young Vermont mathematician," is now director of the Observatory of the University of Chicago, and has a high reputation as an astronomer. He lately read the following paper, at a meeting in Chicago, in which he gives a clear and concise view of the most recent researches on the sun, and on the nature of heat, and also some indications of the position which the sun holds in the philosophy of Swedenborg, in which Professor Safford is a believer:

"We are taught, in the writings of the Church, that the sun corresponds to the Lord; its heat to His love; its light to His wisdom; that it is the mediate instrument of our natural life by the life which it receives from Him, and images, on the natural plane, His constant good-

ness toward us. We learn also, in the writings of the Church, many other things which indicate the principle of a true philosophy with regard to the sun; so true a philosophy, indeed, that it comprehends the great laws which the science of the present day is toiling to prove in detail and in ultimates. If we imagine ourselves in the other world, we shall see high above us, in a middle altitude, the sun of heaven; the divine proceeding from the Lord; the outflow of His infinite life. Its heat is His love, poured down upon angels and spirits, and becoming their love and life. Its light is His wisdom, which enables them to see things about them, and thus to see what He creates in that world, and the laws of such creation. The spiritual sun reaches every thing in the universe by its heat and its light, and by the atmospheres surrounding it. The earth in the spiritual world is real and substantial. It has hills and valleys, rivers and streams, green fields and great cities. Its air is clearer and purer than the bluest sky of this world; its climate more temperate than the most favored regions here. Its inhabitants are angels and good spirits, instead of men, and enjoy, proportional to their goodness, happiness both in external manifestations and surroundings, and in the inward peace to which the lovely world about them corresponds. The source of all the externals of the other world—the Sun of heaven—operates as does the sun of this world, but in a living, divine, original manner. Our sun itself is but a dead image of that; but so correct an image that from it we may learn much about the Lord, or rather, confirm much which is revealed to us. Thus that Sun is most intensely active; and we can hardly picture to ourselves any more distinct representation of its activity than the glowing lake of fire which warms and lights us at so great a distance. The later discoveries of science have told us much about the intense motions in our sun. Its body is supposed to be liquid, in continual agitation, surrounded by an atmosphere of glowing vapor. Every now and then some portion of this atmosphere becomes less intensely heated than the rest, and forms what seems to us a dark spot, even approaching blackness, but which really is as a white heat, shown dark by contrast only. Outside the great body of the solar atmosphere are the brilliant red protuberances, seen at total eclipses, and lately by new instruments at any time, which are also glowing, hot, and fiery, and in constant agitation, undergoing enormous changes, extending over thousands of miles, in a few minutes. Among these fiery clouds, as we may call them, are known to be contained many substances like those on the earth, but glowing as vapor. Among these are sodium, iron, copper, and probably gold. We can hardly imagine how hot it must be, not only to melt, but vaporize these substances, and how enormous must be the activity of the forces indicated by the rapid motions of the solar atmosphere. The spots upon the sun change in figure and form very rapidly. Some of them are thousands of miles in diameter, and are formed in a day or two; and every ten years there seems to be a period of unusual activity in their formation. The present year is one of those periods, so that, whenever the sun is looked at, we may expect to find large spots upon it. Now it has been observed that the influence of this change in the spots extends to the earth, and affects the magnetic needle, which, during this year, may be expected to be unusually disturbed. The sun images the Lord, then, by its intense activity continually operating, by its immensity, representing his infinity. It again corresponds to Him in the stream of energy and life, as it were, it continually pours forth out of itself into

the bodies which surround it; energy which, when it reaches the earth, becomes useful to every creature. The Lord's life, which proceeds from Him to angels and men, is His love and wisdom, which in turn becomes their love, their wisdom, and their life. So the sun's heat and light become, on the earth, sensible heat and light, or force, which, equally with heat and light, is a part of the phenomena of animal life. Force or power we become conscious of when we do any thing with our hands, or when we walk from place to place. The physical part of force is now thought, by scientific men, to be certainly the same thing as heat. The solar heat, falling upon the earth, is taken up partly into the atmosphere, causing winds; partly into the water, causing vapor, clouds, and rain; partly into animals and vegetables, making them grow. The winds give us power by wind-mills, or sails of ships. The rain falls on high places, and runs into brooks and rivers, thus supplying water-power. The vegetable kingdom furnishes wood and coal, the food of the steam-engine; or grain and hay, to feed animals and men. In a word, if we need power of any kind, we must go directly or indirectly to something which received it as heat from the sun. 'All the world's work, with the one trifling exception—the work done by the tides,' says a scientific writer of high repute, 'is done by the sun.' Still more than this, there is but little doubt that what we call heat is really motion. Sound is composed of waves in the air, which impinge on the ear; light, of waves in the ether, which strike the eye; and heat is so closely allied with light, that it must be something of the same kind. This ether is an extremely thin atmosphere, the finest of all fluids. It can carry light, but not be seen; can carry heat, but not be felt. It is probably necessary as a means of holding solid bodies together, though itself of the most delicate consistency. Numberless little waves of this fluid reach the eye, and, by their variegated forms, make us see every thing that we can see, though they may have started years ago from a distant star. This ether penetrates every thing without obstruction, and without it all matter would most likely dissolve into atoms. Heat, also, is composed of similar waves of this ether. When they reach an object, they heat it and set its particles into motion. If the heat reaches the finger, for instance, the motion may be so rapid as to cause extreme pain, or finally destroy the finger itself. Solid bodies can be melted, and even vaporized, by a sufficiently rapid and numerous series of these waves of the ether; in other words, by a sufficient amount of heat applied to them. In this character of heat, as a most subtle force exerted in the inmost and most delicate part of Nature, in a most deeply-hidden manner, and yet so powerfully that nothing can withstand it, we see again an image of the heavenly Sun, and its operations upon the soul. Heat is not simply something which can be felt, but is an activity of the most powerful kind. The Lord's love is not simply something to be felt, but something which is to become our life. The great storms in the natural sun, the spots, and other phenomena in its atmosphere, are now more and more regarded as effects of something deeper. There was a time when it was thought that the outside atmosphere of the sun gave light and heat; that the interior was a dark body like an earth, and the spots were openings in the bright clouds of the atmosphere, showing behind them the dark body. Some speculated that the sun might be inhabited, others that it was heaven. But nowadays it is beginning to be admitted that the sun's heat and light proceed from the depths of its body, and that they cause the spots and other

phenomena. That the sun does the world's work, is generally believed among scientific men; and it is also pretty generally thought that the earth was formed from the sun. There are many reasons for this view, which I cannot well detail here; the chief reasons being that the sun and planets have what I may call a strong family resemblance, in many features not involving the giving out of heat and light, but more related to their various motions. It will, I think, be sufficient to recapitulate the points in which the philosophy of the Church is confirmed by modern science in points relating to the sun: 1. The earth was probably formed from the sun, and performs its work by the sun's help. 2. The sun is itself not a dark body with bright atmospheres, but glowing and fiery interiorly, and contains within itself many of the substances, in principle at least, which exist here. 3. All force known, which can be used by man to do work with, gets its physical part directly or indirectly from the sun. 4. The activity of the sun is most intense and immense, and pervades the whole solar system, while at the same time it is most subtle and interior. 5. The atmospheres of the sun are the media of its activity and usefulness toward the earth and its inhabitants."

Miscellany.

Carrier-Pigeons.

IT is generally supposed by the uninitiated that the "carrier"-pigeon, so called by fanciers, is the bird especially selected for carrying messages. Now, a highly-bred "carrier" would be no more fitted to convey a dispatch from one place to another at a rapid rate than a brewer's dray-horse would be calculated to win the Derby. The birds bred for, and employed upon, this special service of letter-carrying and rapid flying are known as "Antwerps," "Homing birds," "*Les Pigeons Voyageurs*," etc. They possess great breadth and power of wing, while the breast-bone is strongly developed, giving ample room for muscular attachment. In 1865 a race was flown from Liverpool to Ghent, a distance as the crow flies of about three hundred miles, and the pigeons, thirty in number, were started at half-past five in the morning. Some of them reached Ghent about six that same evening, while others did not arrive until eight; and eight out of the thirty birds which were started never arrived at all. This gives a rough average for the fastest flyers of about twenty-five miles an hour. But, according to the statements published as to the speed at which the distance between Bordeaux and Liege is traversed by highly-trained birds, the rate of progress is considerably more, the five hundred miles being accomplished in something like twelve hours. Not long ago two celebrated pigeons were flown from the centre arch on London Bridge to their cotes in Chelsea, a distance in a straight line of about four miles. A stiff westerly breeze was blowing at the time the birds started. One reached its "cote" in nine minutes and fifteen seconds, the other in six minutes and forty-five seconds. The pigeons were not started together, but about fifteen minutes apart. The first remained in sight thirty-five seconds, the second twenty-eight seconds. These "homing birds" are regularly trained by taking them, while young, short distances from home, and letting them return, the distances being gradually increased from time to time, until they are perfect at their work. The direction in which they are taken is likewise constantly varied. There are two plans for fastening the dispatch-

es to the birds intended to carry them. The one, to write the message in cipher or some very abbreviated system of communication on a slip of very thin vellum, then to wind this slip around the bare part of the bird's leg neatly and firmly, fastening it at the finish with fine sewing-silk. Another, and by far the better plan, is to wind the slip containing the message around the centre tail-feather, or, rolling up the slip, fastening it firmly to the feather by means of fine silk. The centre tail-feather has this great advantage: it does not materially alter its position when the bird spreads its tail during flight, or when it folds it during the period of rest. Other feathers of the tail are frequently stamped with the time of departure, number of the bird, or other matters of interest or importance. No one would ever dream of attaching a letter to a pigeon beneath its wing or round its neck.

War versus Civilization.

It may be asked, indeed, with only too much force, what is the use of lamenting over the horrors of war? It is a very old story; war is, and always will be, a very ugly thing when stripped of its covering of romance; and to insist upon one more proof of its ugliness is not a very profitable expenditure of human energy. The Quaker doctrine cannot yet be applied to international relations. Everybody, with some few exceptions, will admit that, under many circumstances, it would be our duty to go to war in order to preserve the respect for treaties or the independence of an oppressed nation. We admit that there are greater evils than those which we are lamenting, and diseases which require this tremendous surgery. To denounce war purely and simply means nothing but that we are to allow brute force to have its own way in the world. Weeping and wringing of hands over bloodshed and outrage is, indeed, futile enough, unless it is a preface to some practical substitute for our present mode of settling disputes. The process now taking place, revolting as it appears to bystanders, is, on the whole, the only plan hitherto devised by which certain problems, which must be solved in one way or another, can get themselves thoroughly worked out. Yet it is perhaps worth while to insist occasionally on the extremely unsatisfactory nature of the system, in order to stimulate our anxiety to discover some efficient substitute; and still more to throw discredit upon those erroneous theories and evil passions which must inevitably lead to war. For it is a most disagreeable reflection that, until that change has been effected, the tendency of improved civilization is obviously to make wars more horrible than of old. The nearer men are brought together, the more intimately they are dependent upon each other's services, and the greater the power given by improved methods of organization for bringing the whole strength of a nation to bear upon a given point, the more serious will be the injuries inflicted, and the more bitter the animosities generated. It is frequently remarked that the extension of military service from a purely military class to a whole people is a retrograde step. In one sense it may be so; but it is only a natural consequence of all those complex changes which have made the union between different parts of a country far closer than was the case in former times. Telegraphs and railways are the instruments and material symbols of the social and intellectual forces which are steadily binding us more closely together, and iron-clads and cannon of the occasional dangers produced by the approximation. The embittered character of the present contest is a proof that the development

of our social machinery has proceeded much more rapidly than the development of the feelings which should correspond to it. We have come incomparably nearer to each other without learning to like each other much better than before, and the natural consequence is a terrible explosion which does more mischief in a month than a steady, respectable old war used to do in a year. It is the more necessary to insist in due season upon the dangers thus fearfully illustrated, and likely to become more serious as time goes on. War will not be put down by simply denouncing it, for it is a symptom of a profound want of adaptation of our present society to the conditions in which it is placed; but such denunciations may not be quite worthless if they call attention to the importance of removing the causes of so horrible a system.

A London Fog.

Every thing was wrapped, as it were, in a veil of brown holland; our elegant statues, our superior public buildings, were all hidden from view. The 'buses moved slowly as ships in a Channel mist, and were invisible until within so short a distance that their huge bulk seemed about to crush and topple on the foot-passenger. The reckless cabman, for a wonder, was tamed. The fog was too much for him. He was afraid to venture upon his customary rushes, and might be seen cautiously feeling his way, as though afraid of the police, and occasionally so helplessly adrift that he was compelled to seek the aid of the link-boys. The fog sadly interfered with the pride and pomp of the lord-mayor's show as it advanced westward. It is hard even for a mounted farrier to look imposing enveloped in a brumous mist, and the banners and carriages made a blurred, washed-out spectacle from the foot-path as the procession appeared to dissolve into dirty yellow smoke. Billows of fog rolled up the Thames, which was literally a silent highway; barges and steamers lay idle; and the noise of the traffic on the bridges came to the ear with a dull, muffled sound, while the bridges themselves only loomed into sight when for a moment a cold, damp gust would cause the curtain of vapor to move aside.

The chemical constituents of the London fog must be of the most irritating character. The fog affects the eyelids, tickles the throat, and, taken into the lungs, brings on a fit of coughing. It puts a deposit of those minute particles known as blacks on the face. It is greasy and palpable, and wonderfully penetrative. It is exceedingly difficult to bar it out. Into a room of any size it is sure to get and to take up its quarters for the period of the foggy visitation. It hangs on the landings and in the hall. From the window you gaze into fog, and, when you turn to look to your bookshelves, you find that the fog has obscured their range of friendly contents. The mode in which a fog enters and takes complete possession of the larger theatres is picturesque if not agreeable, or conducive to the comfort of the audience, or of the performers. The gasaliers are murky; the gods, or the regions where the gods were wont to be, are as obscured as the peak of Skiddaw in heavy weather. Coughing sets in in the stalls at an early hour, and continues until the close of the last farce.

Different Ways of making Tea.

The Chinaman puts his tea in a cup, pours hot water upon it, and drinks the infusion off the leaves; he never dreams of spoiling its flavor with sugar or cream. The Japanese triturates the leaves before putting them into the pot. In Morocco they put green tea, a lit-

tle tansy, and a great deal of sugar, into a teapot, and fill up with boiling water. In Bokhara every man carries a small bag of tea about him, a certain quantity of which he hands over to the booth-keeper he patronizes, who concocts the beverage for him. The Bokhariot finds it as difficult to pass a tea-booth as our own dram-drinker does to go by a gin-palace. His breakfast beverage is Schitschaj, that is, tea flavored with milk, cream, or mutton-fat, in which bread is soaked. During the daytime, sugarless green tea is drunk with the accompaniment of cakes of flour and mutton-suet. It is considered an inexcusable breach of manners to cool the hot cup of tea with the breath; but the difficulty is overcome by supporting the right elbow in the left hand and giving a circular movement to the cup. How long each kind of tea takes to draw, is calculated to the second; and when the can is emptied, it is passed round among the company for each tea-drinker to take up as many leaves as can be held between the thumb and finger—the leaves being esteemed an especial dainty.

When Mr. Bell was travelling in Asiatic Russia, he had to claim the hospitality of the Buratsky Arabs. The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near boiling-point, she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquor became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire, in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream were then poured, the ladle put into requisition, and, after a time, the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs were handed round, and the tea ladled into them, a tea forming meat and drink, and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveller.

I wish he would decide.

I wish he would decide, mamma,
I wish he would decide;
I've been a bridesmaid twenty times—
When shall I be a bride?
My cousin Anne, my sister Fan,
The nuptial-knot have tied;
Yet come what will, I'm single still—
I wish he would decide.
He takes me to the play, mamma,
He brings me pretty books,
He woos me with his eyes, mamma,
Such speechless things he looks!
Where'er I roam—abroad, at home—
He lingers by my side;
Yet come what will, I'm single still—
I wish he would decide
I throw out many hints, mamma,
I speak of other beaux,
I talk about domestic life,
And sing "They don't propose;"
But ah! how vain each piteous strain,
His wavering heart to guide,
Do what I will, I'm single still—
I wish he would decide!

French Character.

The extraordinary race by which France is inhabited appear to be richly, nay supremely, endowed with every gift but one—the gift of true political sagacity. Hence it is that, while they are the greatest framers of logical processes and the most prolific parents of abstract ideas for the solution of all manner of problems, they seem to show in their own case little practical tact available for the management of human affairs. In every other race of excellence they

commonly conquer or vie with the foremost of European nations; in national self-knowledge they seem to be behind the hindmost. France does not know, and cannot discover, how to constitute herself. Gifted with great administrative faculties, her people have now, for nearly a hundred years, exhibited a woful incapacity for adapting their institutions to their wants, or for imparting to them a character of durability.

No French constitution lives through the term of a very moderate farm-lease. The series of perpetual change is not progression; it is hardly even rotation, for in rotation we know what part of the wheel will next come round, whereas the French polity of to-day in no degree enables us to judge what will be the French polity of to-morrow. Accomplished and consummate in the branches of an almost universal knowledge, in this single but great chapter of the appliances of civilized, not to say human life, they have yet to learn their A B C. What might France not be if, instead of allowing her mouth sometimes to water for the annexation of Belgium, she could import from beyond her northern frontier the political common-sense which makes that small country one of the best governed and most respected members of the European system? With this crudeness, changefulness, and barrenness in point of achieved political results, France becomes before all things a calamity to herself, but she becomes also of necessity a standing cause of unrest to Europe.

Our Two Great Libraries.

The librarian of Congress reports the number of volumes now in the library as one hundred and ninety-seven thousand six hundred and sixty-eight, an increase of twelve thousand four hundred and sixty-one from last year. As to the Astor Library, the report of the trustees shows that the books now number one hundred and forty thousand five hundred and fifty-eight, an increase of fourteen hundred and fifty-three in 1870, and that the finances are in a healthful condition. The number of books read in the course of the year in the halls of the library, is given as seventy-eight thousand nine hundred and ninety-five; and, from a carefully-drawn statement, it appears that British literature, excluding novels, was the topic most favored by readers, then theology and ecclesiastical literature, then American history, and then commerce and the useful arts, novels forming but a trifle over seven per cent. of the works read. Jurisprudence, which one would think likely to make a prominent study, appears to have but little the advantage of heraldry and genealogy, of all themes in this work-a-day age. But, no doubt, there is a vein of romance in us all, apt to linger over crests and blazonry, family mottoes, and long-descended coats-of-arms. One little circumstance evidenced in this report may serve to evince the special utility of the Astor Library; being this, that, of some five thousand two hundred and fourteen permitted to the privilege of the alcoves, no fewer than twenty-three hundred and thirty-four, or very nearly half, were busied with works on inventions, theology, and the fine arts.

Varieties.

THE scene described below is said to have taken place in the Kentucky Legislature in the winter of 1867: A member of one of the mountain-counties was a persistent reader of the *Louisville Journal*, and each morning, as the House opened, would commence reading his favorite paper. About the same moment some member would move to dispense with the reading of the journal, and our mountain-

member would lay down his paper. He stood this for some time, but one morning, rising from his seat after the usual motion, he exclaimed, at the top of his voice: "Mr. Speaker, I've sot here for morn'n a week and submitted to the tyranny of this House. Somebody every morning moves to dispense with the reading of the journal, and I've lost every paper I've bought for a week by it; and no man has ever moved to dispense with the *Democrat* or *Courier*; and, Mr. Speaker, I won't stand it any longer. Mr. Speaker—" Here the remainder was lost in the general laughter.

A few days after Charles Dickens's death one of his countrymen, an enthusiastic admirer of the great novelist, made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Gadshill. After feasting his spirit on the scene before him, and indulging freely in the luxury of woe, the flesh began to assert its claims, and the enthusiast repaired to the famous hostelry, the Sir John Falstaff, hard by. Every one knows how wretched it is when one's emotions are too much for one not to be able to pour them out into a sympathetic ear; and, so sensible was this "man of feeling" of his desolation in this respect, that, for want of any one better, he took the waiter into confidence. "Sad loss this of Mr. Dickens," said, in mournful tones, the sentimental traveller. "Sad loss to us, sir, indeed," was the emphatic reply; "ad all his ale from this 'ouse, sir." The conversation was not continued.

One of the results of the German Arctic exploring expedition is the discovery of immense coal-beds in the north of Greenland. Mountains exceeding Mont Blanc in height were discovered, and the botanical specimens found indicate that Greenland must have been covered at one time with a rich vegetation.

The following rules for the government of children, which were first presented in one of Mr. Jacob Abbott's books, have been of great service to many successful teachers: "When you consent, consent cordially. When you refuse, refuse finally. When you punish, punish good-naturedly. Commend often. Never scold."

An advertisement was lately sent to the office of the *Cleveland Herald*, in which the words: "The Christian's Dream: no Cross, no Crown," occurred. The compositor made it read: "The Christian's Dream: no Cows, no Cream."

King William, on being asked what he thought was the most wonderful thing in Versailles, replied by quoting the words of the Doge of Genoa to Louis XIV. "*C'est de m'y voir.*" (It is to find myself here.)

Josh Billings observes: "Sekrets are poor property enny how; if yu circulate them yu loze them, and if yu keep them yu loze the interest on the investment."

"Do you think that raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "Yes," he replied; "I never knew one to complain of being out of health in my life."

As many as twelve French dukes, of the oldest and most distinguished lineage, have been killed or seriously wounded during the present war.

A little boy, returning from Sabbath-school, said to his mother: "This cat-e-chism is too hard. Ain't there any kitty-chism for little boys?"

The Cincinnati *Commercial* warns Englishmen to pronounce General Schenck's name "Skenk."

The Chicago City Directory for 1870-'71 contains the names of nine hundred and fifty-seven Smiths.

Warning to bald heads—"Death loves a shining mark."

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

When is the weather like a crockery-shop? When it's muggy.

It is a somewhat curious fact that a compositor takes most *e's* when hardest at work.

New reading—None but the brave dispute the fare!

The Museum.

OUR ideal geological illustration, this week, is an endeavor to represent the remarkable Edentates—the *Glyptodon*, the gigantic *Megatherium*, and the *Mylodon*, which inhabited America during the Quaternary epoch. The order of edentates is more particularly characterized by the absence of teeth in the forepart of the mouth. The armadillo, ant-eater, and pangolin, are the living examples of the order. These animals had largely-developed claws at the extremity of what resembled hoofs, and seem to have been a link between hoofed mammals and the ungulated animals, or those armed with claws.

The glyptodon belonged to the family of armadillos. A hard, scaly shell, composed of numerous segments, covered the entire upper surface of the animal from head to tail. It had sixteen teeth in each jaw, channelled laterally with two broad and deep grooves, which divided the surface of the molars into three parts—hence its name of glyptodon. The hind-feet were broad and massive, designed to support a vast incumbent mass. Specimens have been found nine feet in length. Its habitat was the banks of rivers in Buenos Ayres.

The megatherium, or animal of Paraguay, as it is sometimes called, was an extraordinary creature. Its place is between the sloths and the ant-eaters. Like the first, it fed on leaves of trees; like the latter, it burrowed deep in the soil, finding there shelter, and food on the roots of trees. It was as large as an ordinary elephant—its body measuring thirteen feet in length, and between five and six feet in height. It possessed an enormous tail, not less than two feet in diameter, which it probably used as an aid in supporting the great weight of its body, as well as a formidable weapon of attack or defence. Supported on its hind-feet and tail, it could use its fore-feet as powerful implements for excavating the earth. It had the head and shoulders of the sloth, the feet and legs combined of the ant-eaters and sloths. With its massive proportions it could neither creep nor run, but only walk with a very slow and tedious movement. Complete skeletons of this animal have been found in the bed of the river Salada, which runs through the pampas to the south of Buenos Ayres.

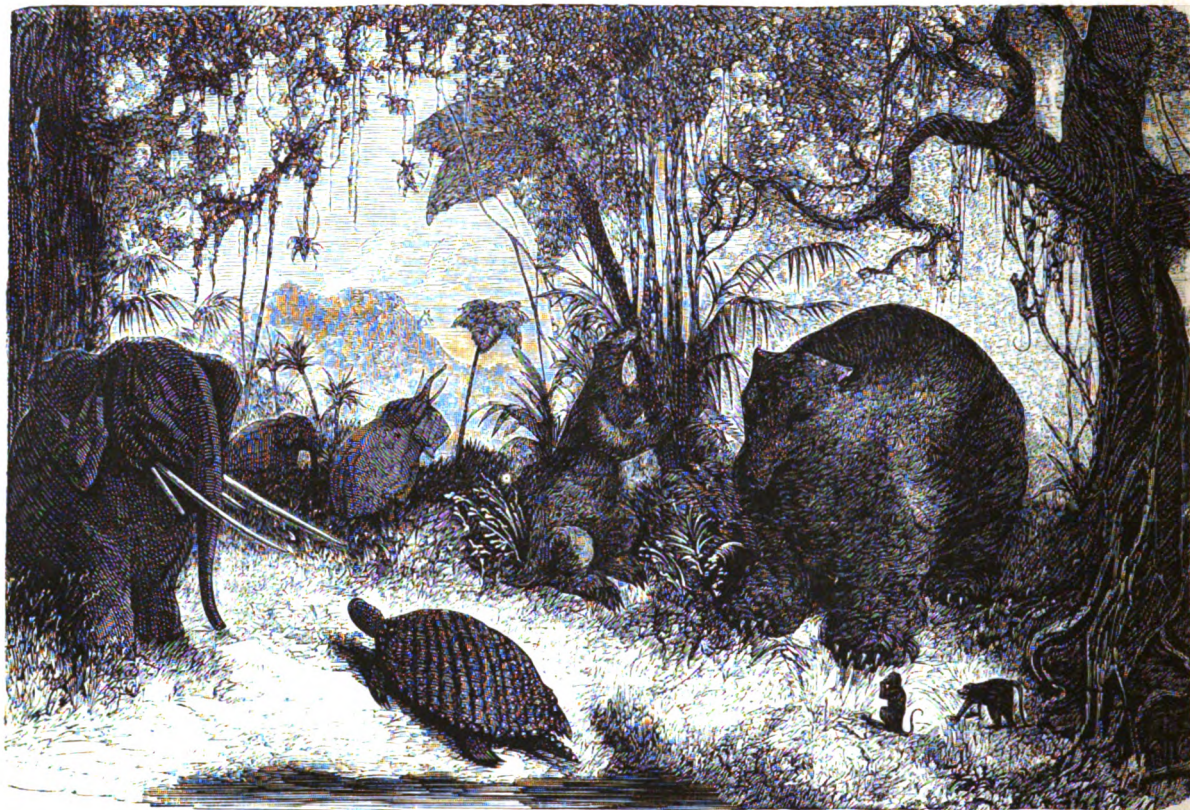
Like the megatherium, the mylodon closely resembled the sloth. Smaller than the megatherium, it differed from it chiefly in the forms of the teeth. Those organs presented only molars with smooth surfaces, indicating that the animal fed on vegetables, probably the leaves and tender buds of trees. With the great tail and huge hind-feet fixed on the ground this creature could freely exert the full force of its powerful arms and great claws in pulling down branches of trees in order to reach their leaves. The edentates are found in America alone.

In consequence of some hints given by President Washington, Mr. Jefferson discovered, in a cavern of Western Virginia, the bones of a species of gigantic sloth, which he supposed to be the remains of some carnivorous animal. They consisted of a femur, a humerus, an ulna, and three claws, with half a dozen other bones of the foot, forming the remains of a species of gigantic sloth, the complete skeleton of which was subsequently discovered in the Mississippi, in such a perfect state of preservation that the cartilages, still adhering to the bones, were not decomposed. Jefferson called this species the *Megalonyx*. It resembled, in many respects, the sloth. Its size was that of the largest ox; the muzzle was pointed; the jaws armed with cylindrical teeth; the anterior limbs much

longer than the posterior; the articulation of the foot oblique to the leg; two great toes, short, armed with long and very powerful

claws; the index-finger more slender, and armed also with a less powerful claw; the tail strong and solid: such were the salient

points of the organization of the megalonyx, whose form was a little slighter than that of the megatherium.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal American Landscape of the Quaternary Epoch.

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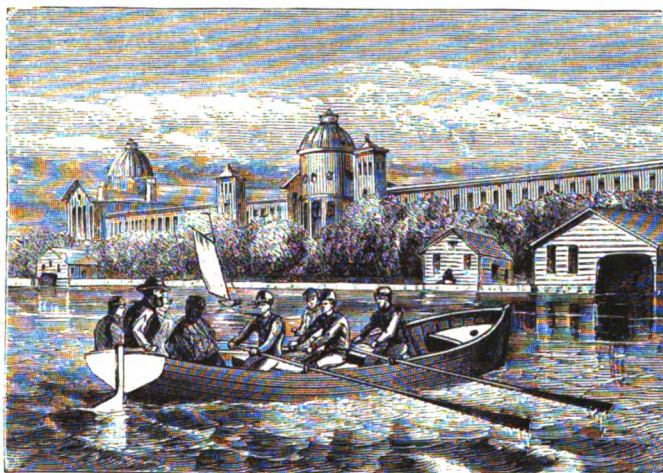
No. 103.—VOL. V.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1871.

{ PRICE TEN CENTS.
{ WITH SUPPLEMENT.

NEW-YORK HOUSE OF REFUGE.

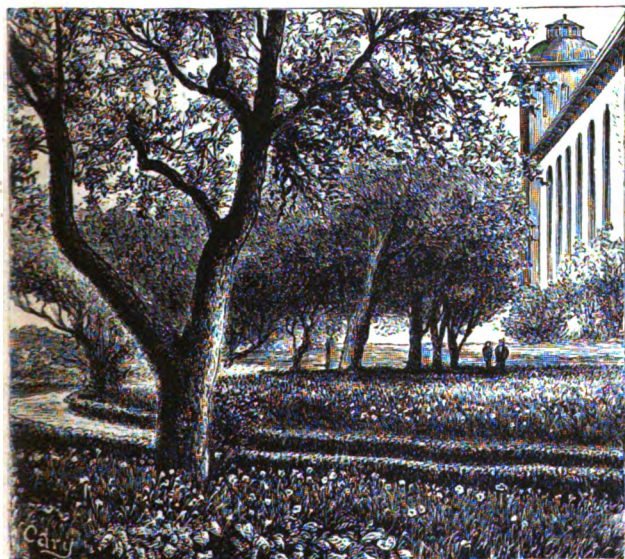
VERY little even the old citizens of the city of New York know of the daily reformatory work going on within the halls and walls of the two imposing structures, with their lofty domes, standing upon the highly-cultivated grounds forming the southern extremity of Randall's Island. Strangers from over the seas visit the House of Refuge, embodied in these fine and well-arranged buildings, and carry away with them the most favorable impressions. As early as 1832, seven years after its establishment, when the institution was poorly accommodated in the stone barracks, which old residents of the upper part of the city will readily call to mind as standing at the junction of the Bloomingdale and Old Post Roads, now a portion of Madison Square, De Tocqueville and Beaumont, French



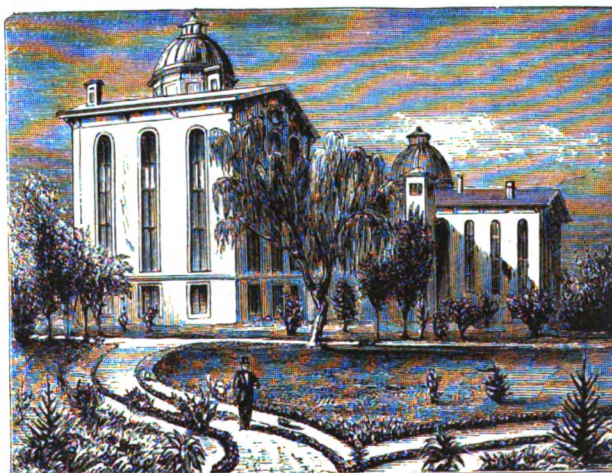
HOUSE OF REFUGE ON RANDALL'S ISLAND.

counsellors and special prison-commissioners, carefully examined its form of discipline, and made an elaborate and favorable report upon it to the French Government. In 1839 another French jurist, whose name has become identified since with the question of juvenile reform, Judge de Metz, received an inspiration from an examination of its reformatory processes, which induced him to devote the remainder of his life to the redemption of the young criminals and the exposed youth of his country. The great institution—a little village by itself—at Mettray, four miles from Tours, with its six or

seven hundred *détenus*, stands now—unless the Prussians have burned it—as the monument of his intelligence and patriotic charity. The *Reformatory and Refuge Journal*, published in London, has presented



FRONT GROUNDS.



NORTH LAWN.

to its readers several particularly appreciative letters from its English correspondents, visiting our city, who had been greatly impressed by the admirable accommodations and the efficient industrial discipline of the House of Refuge; and there lies before us, as we write, a two-columned letter to a leading provincial paper, published in *St. John's*, prepared by a cultivated Scotch clergyman familiar with the British measures and institutions for reform, expressing the highest satisfaction with the result of his personal examination of the New-York establishment.

To many, if not the majority, of our city readers, its walls are simply the enclosures of a juvenile prison, and the young persons within them are only thought of as objects of unmingled pity. They can hardly ima-

gine that young life flows on here with scarcely a consciousness of restraint, and expresses its vitality and genuine joyousness in almost every possible form of youthful sport and hilarity. They think of its officers simply as jail-keepers, and do not dream of the strong family-tie binding the children to their governors and teachers, and opening the hearts of the latter with the tenderest interest in behalf of their young charges. The inmates of the Refuge, after an absence of a few years, visit their old home with the enthusiasm of returning children, and fall upon the arms of their teachers often with the warmth of a long-absent youth coming into the presence of a beloved mother. Incidents full of romance, as they are sometimes the actual foundation of it, are constantly occurring. The hero of Melville's South-Sea fictions—"Omoo" and "Typee"—was a boy of the Refuge, and is still living. He is now a worthy member of the Episcopal Church in a New-Jersey city. With his rector, he lately dined at the House. He went from the Refuge, forty years ago, upon a whaling-voyage, rose to the second office on shipboard, and was for many years, through sickness at first, a resident, high in office, in one of the Society Islands. He will carry to the grave with him the mar-

vellous tattooing that covers his body. He relates, with great unction, the strange incidents in his eventful life, which the hand and brain of the novelist have woven into such entertaining pictures. When he returned from his long banishment, whither should he go but to one of his old managers, Hon. Hugh Maxwell, then United States collector? By him he was introduced to another worthy New-Yorker, Peter Cooper, and is to this day in his employment. The history of his

neglected boyhood, is it not fully written among the chronicles of the inmates of the House of Refuge?

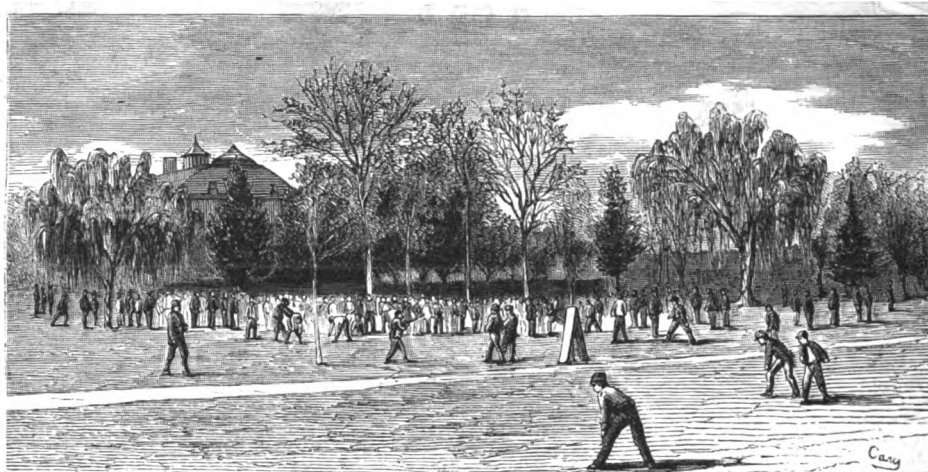
The Sabbath before this paper was written, a wedding occurred at the chaplain's residence—the pleasant brown cottage standing in the shadow of the Refuge buildings. A young Swede, without proper guardianship, fell into the vices and petty crimes of our street-boys, and became as hard and apparently hopeless as any of his associates.

After spending some months at the Refuge, he ran away. He was afterward heard of in the Penitentiary. A wound, received in a street-brawl, sent him to the Charity Hospital. Then he came to himself! He remembered his friends and his opportunities at the Refuge. He wrote a touch-

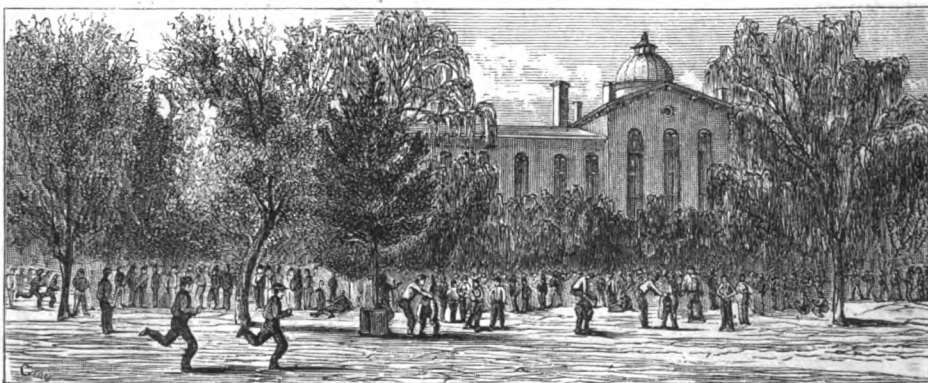
ing letter to the superintendent, asking the privilege of coming back of his own accord and trying its discipline over again. Back he came, closing with his own hand its door upon his departure, except by the consent of its officers. An opportunity was afforded him to complete a branch of the shoemaking trade, to earn, while an inmate of the House, enough to fit him out with a suit of clothes and to pay his board a short period in advance. Then, having secured a decent boarding-place in the upper part of the city, remunerative work was given him, as it is offered to others of this class, by the institution contractor, and every day found him regularly at his bench. During the period of his connection with the House, a girl from a western city in the State was enjoying the instruction of the Refuge in the female department. There was occasion enough for her committal, and very slight hopes were indulged by her friends of her ever becoming such a person as they could welcome again to their homes.

She awakened the interest of her teachers, and, after months of instruction, gave encouraging evidences that a womanly modesty and a penitent purpose to live a new life had been awakened. After her discharge from the Refuge, finding herself for a time

out of place, and at loss at the moment which way to look for another, she turned her steps toward her old home. As she approached the ferry, her courage failed her. She had not fully met the reasonable expectations of her friends at the Refuge. Would they receive her? She was just about to return and bury herself among the unhappy frequenters of the streets, when the boat bringing across from the island the workmen from their daily tasks, touched the wharf, having on board, among



PLAY-GROUND, FIRST DIVISION.



PLAY-GROUND, SECOND DIVISION.

others, our young Swede. She had seen him, as he had visited the chapel often after his discharge, and she knew his story. He also recognized the young woman, and soon drew out her purpose from her. He dissuaded her from returning to the city, and offered to find her a boarding-house and a place for service. The offer was accepted. After two or three months' acquaintance, in the presence of the brother of the girl, a young man of fine character and in good circumstances, who had satisfied himself as to the habits and prospects of both parties, and cordially consented to the union, promising them all needed aid hereafter, they were married by the chaplain of the institution.

The House receives boys, not from the city only, but from Long and Staten Islands, and from the river counties of the whole State. The girls' house—a very convenient and pleasant edifice—with its separate school-rooms and playgrounds, can accommodate two hundred and fifty. It is the only State institution for girls, in New York, but it has never been full. It has now less than one hundred inmates. Young girls who are falling into temptation, or exposed to it in various portions of the State, are often permitted to go on in a downward career until their vices or crimes become openly manifest, and then they are sent to the county-jail or almshouse, or are permitted to run away to some large town or city, to keep up the supply of abandoned women. The expense of sending a girl from a distant county to the Refuge is made the common excuse for permitting a perilled child to go on to certain ruin without interference. Hundreds of girls, snatched from the jaws of moral death, are now scattered over the

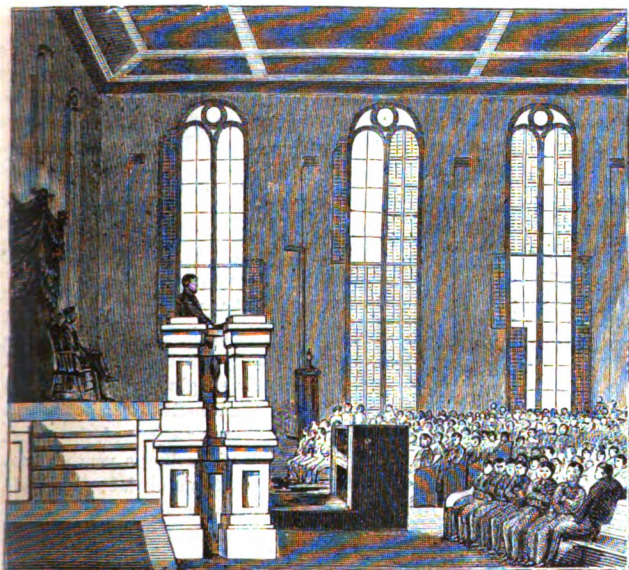


FOUNTAIN.

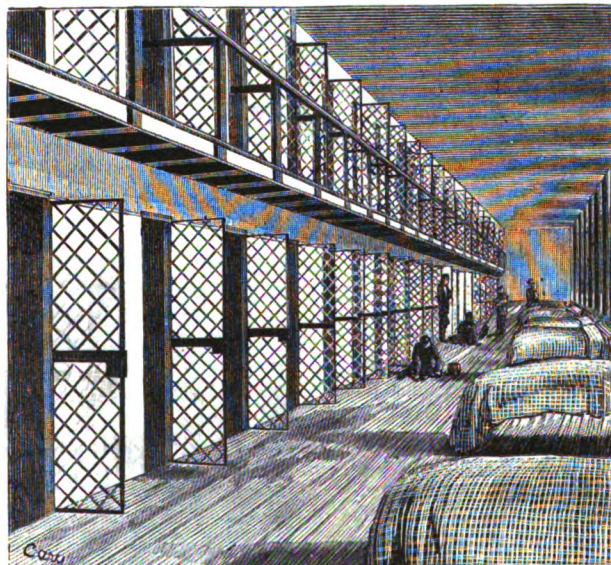
There is a marvellous difference in the early social condition of the youth reaching the Refuge. Here are little parentless boys and girls, the vagrants of the streets, guilty of petty thieving, with little sense of wrong-doing, through lack of instruction. Here are small lads from very decent families, who have been drawn into thievish habits by their street companions. Here are boys and girls whose parents are church-members and well-to-do in worldly affairs, who were, when they came, the helpless slaves of a monomaniacal habit of theft, or an appetite for stimulants, or for sexual indulgence. And here are older boys and girls than are found in any other houses of refuge in the country—youths who have become familiar with a vicious or criminal life, and whose only hope of redemption turns upon the efficiency of the Refuge discipline. By the admirable arrangements of the House, the older and criminal classes are separated from the younger and vagrant. Homes are early found for the latter, where they will have the best and kindest form of training. By breaking the institution up into comparatively small classes, under appropriate officers and teachers, every

peculiarity among the children is separately studied, and each one is personally drawn to an affectionate and confidential regard for some one standing in a paternal or fraternal relation to him.

These youths are all committed here by law for their minority; but, unfortunately, the manner in which justice is administered in our vicinity constantly hinders the managers in the use of a wise discretion as to the time of discharge, or as to the parties into whose hands they shall be delivered. The great body of the city children, much to



CHAPEL.



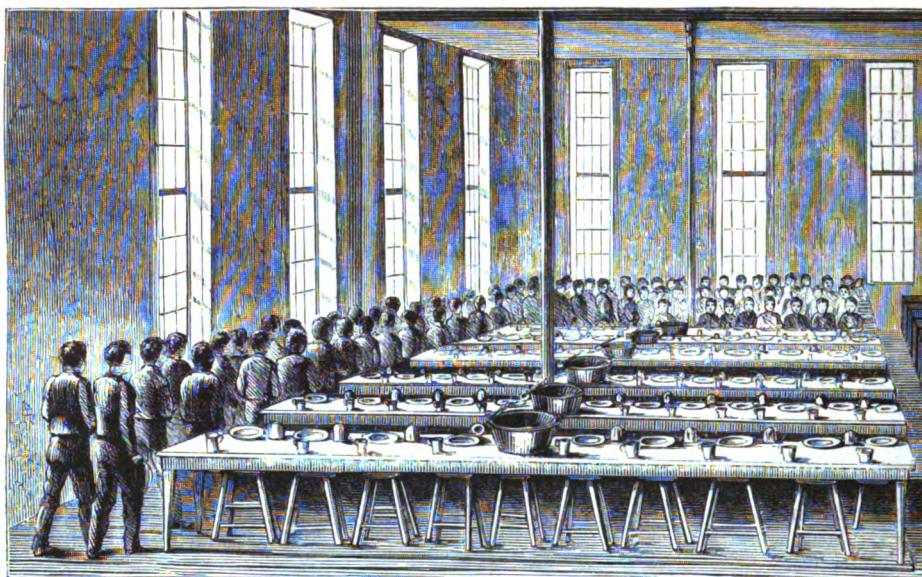
BOYS' DORMITORY.

country, surrounded by happy families, and filling very important positions as teachers and missionaries, who received almost all their intellectual and moral culture within the walls of the House of Refuge. They never forget their old home, or hesitate to express their sense of obligation for its lessons and its aid in introducing them into a higher and purer social circle. There is no difficulty in finding good homes for girls after they have been in the house for twelve or fourteen months. The demand has always been greater than the supply.

their moral peril, must at an early date be returned to their homes. No warrants in our days stand against the wills of magistrates, and men with political influence command the magistrates. How long before the community will learn that society and the children themselves have rights as well as miserable parents and guardians, who care not for the ignorance or viciousness of the youth, if they can realize a few dollars weekly from his or her earnings?

One important advantage of a large institution is that, without an

increased expense, *per capita*, first-class men can be secured to fill its very delicate and responsible offices. If the poet is *born*, and not *made*, certainly reformatory minds are. One of the chief difficulties in inaugurating new reformatory enterprises is the limited supply of the right class of men to comprehend and



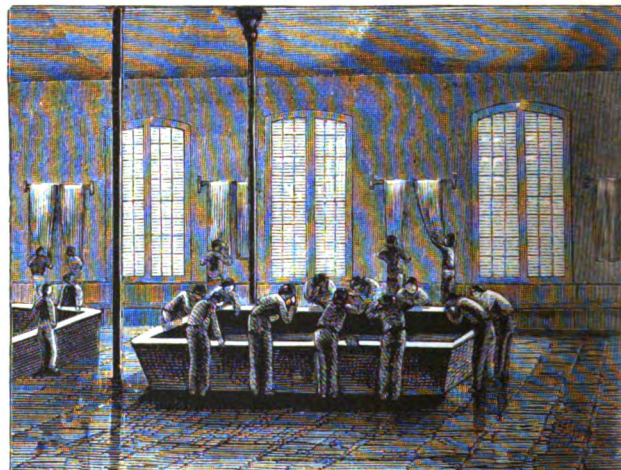
DINING-HALL.

young persons. The success of the managers of the Refuge in filling their corps of principal officers has been a matter of constant remark among both American and foreign visitors.

To secure the confidence of the children, and win their affection, to make the Refuge a pleasant home to them, to train



SOUP-BOILERS.



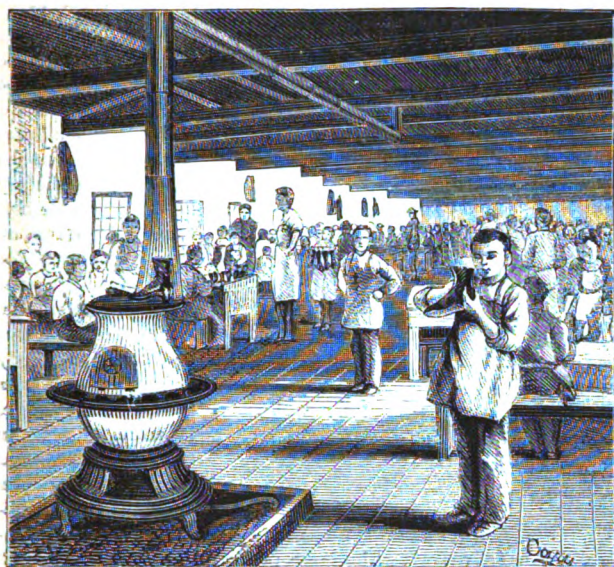
BOYS' WASHING-ROOM.

administer humane and efficient systems of discipline. The two or three men in the Atlantic States, including our New-York superintendent, who have national reputations for their executive and moral abilities, have been tempted, during the last season, with salaries double their present remuneration, to transfer their fields of labor to the West. In these large and carefully-graded institutions, all the departments—health, education, industry, and moral instruction—can command the services of a professional man whose talents and culture secure for him the respect and confidence of the community, as well as eminently fit him for the exacting duties incident to the care and training of such a class of



LITTLE BOYS AT SKIRT-MAKING.

them to respond to the trust reposed in them, and to yield a cheerful obedience to the requisitions of the House, are important objects to be earnestly and wisely sought for, as inmates enter an institution; but when these ends are gained, the great work of starting a youth in an honest form of labor for his livelihood, and giving him defences against the temptations he will certainly meet in society, is but just begun. As affording peculiar facilities for drawing out these traits of character, the opinion among the friends of juvenile reform has, quite generally of late, been disposed to favor an open institution in the country without an enclosing wall. But, when these children have been induced to remain quietly upon



SHOE-MANUFACTORY.

such unguarded farms, only a short step has been taken toward reform. There is not a lad in the New-York House that could not be



SOLING AND HEELING.

trusted to go to the heart of the city without an officer, when placed upon his honor. This is constantly done, in the instance of lads who are permitted to attend the funeral of a relative; and, in some cases, they remain away two or three nights. This trust has never been betrayed. The same boy, however, may not yet be fitted intellectually, industrially, or morally, for a discharge from the House. A young man of nineteen, an inmate of the Refuge, was placed in charge of the ferry-boat,



FINISHING.

for a month, during the absence of the regular officer. He had the supervision of eight boys, from six in the morning until ten o'clock in the evening, with every possible facility for escape, if he had chosen to avail himself of it. He was faithful to the last. A week, however, after the return of the ferry captain, he ran away! He was brought back by the police. No additional surveillance was exercised over him, but his ambition was roused to a better and higher idea of life and duty. He is a manly farmer in Connecticut now, and is happily married. The young woman to whom he was engaged, before marriage wrote to the superintendent to learn how much confidence she might place in his word and character, and received an encouraging answer.

It will soon be generally discovered that the chief trouble is not in the institution, or to be met by the character of its system of discipline, whether congregate or family, but that the trying hour is upon the discharge of an inmate from either form of restraint. The chief work

of the managers of such an establishment is to start a youth fairly in a regular life outside of its limits, and to watch over him in it until established habit gives good evidence of a permanent reform. The renowned German family school of Wichern, at Hamburg, has attained its large percentage of reforms, not because it is broken up into small households, but because of the culture and piety of all its officers, the long period (five years) during which it retains its subjects, its voluntary character, no inmate being sent or retained by



MAKING SIEVES.

law, and especially on account of the watch and care exercised over its subjects after their discharge—being visited *weekly* by officers of the institution.

Three great instruments of reformation are relied upon in the Refuge:

I. *The School.*—The great body of the inmates have either been utterly neglected as to school-training, or have been inveterate truants, or are of a low order of intellect, requiring special care and effort on the part of the teacher. Every day but the Sabbath the children spend four hours in as thoroughly-appointed rooms, and under the tuition of as cultivated teachers, as can be found in any of the common schools of the land. If any child, through deficiency of intellect, or for any other cause, fails of promotion at the regular periods, he is made the subject of special inquiry by the principal. In order to inspire the children to improve their opportunities, no inmate is discharged from the House, except by an order of court, or to a parent who has arranged to send



TYING UP SIEVES.

his child to another school, until he has reached the third class, and thus secured some knowledge of the rudiments of an English education—reading, writing, and arithmetic. The attainments in the Refuge schools, in the judgment of the city superintendents, are fully equal to the average of the public schools, for the time the inmates remain in them.

Still further to quicken the mind, and to awaken an interest in intellectual subjects, during the winter, about once a fortnight, in the evening, addresses are delivered before the assembled inmates and officers, in the great chapel hall, by some of the most interesting platform-speakers of the day, who cheerfully volunteer their services, and in every instance have expressed their great personal enjoyment of the occasion. These exercises are varied with readings, recitations, and concerts.

In addition to this, over two thousand volumes have been gathered in the school libraries, and large annual additions are constantly made.

II. *Work*.—Every day, also, except the Sabbath, every inmate has an appointed task. A portion of the girls are employed in the making of the boys' clothes, a part in working upon their own; a company of lads have the daily duties of the cooking; a number find work in the bakery, and thus acquire a valuable trade; a large body work, during the summer, in the garden and upon the farm—the physical condition of the inmates being considered in the allotment of the form of labor. The great body of inmates are engaged upon different kinds of productive employment, which will be of immediate practical service to them upon their discharge—manufacturing of ladies' shoes, wire-work, and hoop-skirts. Every child has a task arranged according to his age, strength, and time of training—arranged not by the contractor, who supplies capital and carries on without risk to the institution the business, but by the superintendent. No workman employed for the instruction of the inmates can administer the slightest discipline. An officer of the House, in each shop, is alone intrusted with this. A framed copy of the regulations, under which work is performed, hangs



GIRLS' PLAY-GROUND.

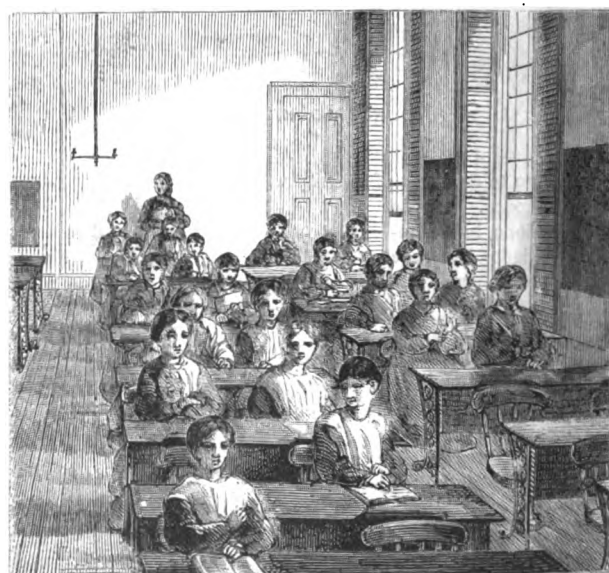
in every room, reciting, in conspicuous letters, before the overseers and the youths, the rights and limitations of all parties. No persons stand up more sharply for their just deserts than this class of young persons. For these indolent, vagrant, inattentive, loose-fibred children, no discipline for body and mind, and even for the higher nature, is more efficient in securing positive and permanent results for good, than this admirable system of honest,

est, diligent, daily work. The large proportion of the expense of maintaining the institution, which is secured by the industry of the inmates, is one of the smallest beneficial results flowing from it.

The most interesting feature connected with the industrial training afforded by the Refuge has already been alluded to in one of the incidents related. It was found that a large class of lads were certain to return to the city after their discharge, even if placed upon farms in the country. They had been previously connected with street-gangs of young thieves and burglars, and were quite sure to fall back into their ranks again, and to be forced, even if not readily won, into their old criminal life. They would be returned two or three times to the Refuge, and ultimately revolve between the Penitentiary and State-prison. The favorable result attained in the experiment with the young man whose marriage we have related, suggested a broader application of the plan. Through the hearty coöperation of the contractor, who enters personally into full sympathy with the great objects aimed at by the institution, arrangements were made by which a certain number at a time of the maturer boys could be fully instructed in a trade, and, after a period, receive, in addition to the amount paid for their labor to the House, a weekly stipend. At a definite date, if the boy's conduct and acquirements justified the step, with a good suit of clothes and a small sum of money, he was to be discharged, and permitted to return to daily labor in the shop with the usual journeyman's wages. The result has been interesting and satisfactory in the extreme. Nearly a score of young men, that seemed inevitably predestined to a criminal life, are now earning good



LAUNDRY.



GIRLS' SCHOOL-ROOM.

daily wages, living regular lives, and contributing to the support of their friends. One young man who had been discharged from the Refuge, and found it difficult to keep himself from vicious companions, deliberately stole a garment from a store-door, informed the po-



FIRST DIVISION, GIRLS.

liceman of the act, and requested the magistrate to return him to the House. He has been for a year discharged, is one of the most regular daily workmen in the shop, has united with the Young Men's Christian Association, and brought already two or three others into the Association with him. One lad greatly excited the sympathies of the superintendent. His father was a drunkard, abused his mother, and finally had her committed to the work-house. She begged the son, when released herself from confinement, to obtain his discharge, and come out and provide for her. He resisted her importunity until he had learned his trade, and secured nearly fifty dollars. Just at that moment, his father having deserted his home again, the landlord turned her out upon the sidewalk with her four little children, without shelter or food. Then the boy went to her, and provided comfortable rooms for the family, returning every morning to his work.



GIRLS' DORMITORY.

Finally his father came back, and quite humbly begged admission into the home again. The boy induced him to sign the pledge, relating the story of it to the superintendent of the Refuge with most touching pathos. The father said to him: "We will change places. You

shall be the head of the family; for you have done more for it than I have, and I will do just as you say." One cannot listen, without being deeply moved, to the simple recital of the present comfort which has followed the frightful misery in this rescued boy's home.

A lad of quite remarkable intellectual qualities had been returned three times to the House. He fell at once, each time upon his discharge, into the hands of a gang of reckless fellows, who, knowing his weakness, would ply him with liquor until he was their helpless victim. When he returned, some time since, to his home, being once more discharged, in a fine new suit, he came upon his mother just as she was going out of the house. He called her "Mother." She turned, but did not recognize him. He uttered her name again. The voice was too familiar for a mistake. She led him to the street-lamp, as it was evening, and looked him all over.

"Is it possible that you are my Patrick?" she inquired, with unfeigned surprise, and fell upon his neck.

His trade, his large weekly compensation, his daily call to the shop under the shadow of the old Refuge, with God's blessing, afford a sufficient defence against the solicitations of his former companions, although he boards in his old home in the centre of his former haunts.

With an adequate expansion of this system, there is every proba-



SEWING-ROOM.

bility that a large proportion of these youths, who have heretofore been considered hopeless, may be saved, and be transformed into wholesome citizens and honest producers.

III. *Moral and Religious Training.*—To obviate as far as possible corporal punishment, a system has been arranged, which, from the first, addresses the strongest desires of the inmate. His behavior and progress in school and in the shop, and his general conduct, are made to become the measure of his restraint in the House. If he obtains and retains a badge of good conduct everywhere for a given period, and reaches the third class in school, he is assured of his discharge. This badge becomes a matter of supreme importance to him, and, that he may be impressed with the absolute justice of his discipline, it can only be changed by the highest officers of the institution. No corporal punishment is so effective in its operation as the action of this self-occasioned and self-administered corrective. Every loss of an honorable badge adds an additional period to the time of detention in the Refuge. Every inmate can answer at once the question, "How long before you can be discharged from the House?" A better form of moral discipline could hardly be devised.

A religious instructor, in the form of a chaplain, is a regular officer of the institution, and an occupant of a pleasant cottage upon the grounds. In addition to his Sabbath duties, his daily intercourse with the inmates, and evening prayers, he delivers a weekly lecture before the officers, visits the homes of the children, and the places where they have been indentured in the country. No sectarian religious instruction is given. All religious denominations, with one exception, heartily unite on the common ground of revealed religion as inter-

preted from the Holy Scriptures. For that portion of the religious community unable to harmonize upon such a basis, with remarkable generosity a special provision is made out of the public treasury. Every Roman Catholic parent or guardian can demand that his child or ward be sent to the Protectory in Westchester, and our Catholic magistrates are far from being reluctant to anticipate this request as long as the large capacity of that institution admits of any additions. There the instruction is purely sectarian. Certainly it is a small privilege for our earnest Catholic friends to permit, what they now only reluctantly submit to until such time as the Legislature shall accede to their often-preferred request to Romanize the Refuge, that one institution of reform shall remain unsectarian, teaching to its subjects "pure and undefiled religion" as the "truth is in Jesus," without prejudicing the young *détenus* against any denominational forms or opinions. Subjects are always transferred to the Protectory upon the request of parents, and the incorrigible inmates of that institution are often transferred to the House of Refuge. The Sabbath services, attended nearly every Lord's-day by many of the parents of the children and by visitors from the city and country, are affecting in the extreme, and the moral and religious results of the Sabbath and of the daily religious instruction are constantly apparent.

We have not mentioned recreations and amusements. These, of



SKIRT-MAKING.

course, are indispensable, and should have a large space in the discipline of young persons. In addition to generous portions of every secular day devoted to the most robust and manly outdoor sports, from one to three hours can be, and are, with large numbers, daily redeemed from the period allotted to labor by an early accomplishment of the appointed task. Every public holiday is duly celebrated with appropriate exercises, with special games, with pantomimic and dramatic performances, and with particular animation in the culinary department of the House. A brass band among the inmates also adds its rousing notes to their holiday pleasures. Food and clothing are made the special study of the intelligent physician who daily visits the House and watches over its hygienic as well as its sanitary condition.

Such, then, at the end of a half century, is the New-York House of Refuge. It opened January 1, 1825, with eight children, and it has had since, at one time, one thousand and twenty within its halls. Its average this year has been about seven hundred. There have been connected with it from the beginning nearly fourteen thousand inmates. All similar institutions in the country have sprung from its sowing. It never was in a more efficient condition or administered with more vigor than at present. Only an Omniscient Mind can measure the good that it is and has been accomplishing.

B. K. PEIRCE.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER I.—OUT OF THE DUSK.

IT was drawing toward the close of a soft November day, some thirty years ago, when the sound of children's merry laughter burst suddenly into the quiet garden of a quiet house, situated on the outskirts of the moderately-sized village of Tallahoma, in the populous and wealthy county of Lagrange. The sun had gone down, leaving behind him broken masses of gorgeously-tinted clouds, which were forming themselves into fanciful shapes of mountains and castles, while over the distant landscape the brooding haze of the Indian summer began to melt into the deeper purple of the gloaming; and the peculiar coolness that betokens coming frost, to make itself perceptibly felt in the pearly atmosphere. It was only the first of the month, and as yet but few of the trees had shed their leaves. The russet of the oaks, the pale yellow of the elms, the burning scarlet of the maples, and the vivid gold of the chestnuts, were all in their glory, and formed a bright autumnal background for the sober house which overshadowed the blooming garden, and the noisy groups that were scampering up and down its paths.

Very noisy groups they were; and yet their noise did not seem at all disturbing to a young girl who had followed them out, and stood leaning over the low garden-gate, while they played hide-and-seek among the rose-bushes. Perhaps this noise had grown an accustomed thing to her ears, as a great deal of it was her daily portion; or, perhaps, she liked children well enough to like even this their most disagreeable attribute—a conclusion devoutly to be wished by all interested in her welfare, since Fate had made of her that much-tried being, a governess. At all events she did not heed it in the least. The worse than Mohawk yells of uproarious Dick, the squabbling of Jack and Katy, the indignant remonstrances of elder Sara, and even the lifting up of baby Nelly's voice in injured weeping, were all unnoticed by their young teacher, who kept her eyes steadily fastened on the distant horizon, where the line of dark woods melted into the hazy atmosphere, and the pale-blue smoke curled upward from several unseen chimneys. Not that Miss Tresham did not hear the various disturbances. But, even in the school-room, she ignored a great deal, for peace' sake; and, once out of that durance vile, she left the children much to themselves—giving them, in unimportant matters, that blessed freedom of conduct and speech which no human creature is too young or too ignorant to appreciate.

She was a stately creature, this Katharine Tresham; and one of the women who possess a power of attraction quite apart from personal gifts. Her face was not a beautiful one, by any means; yet few beautiful faces pleased either so well or so long as this, notwithstanding its faults. The gray eyes were very clear and honest in their glance, but there was none of the sunny gleam of violet orbs, or the dusky splendor which dwells in dark ones; the complexion was very fair and pure, but rather pale, unless some quick emotion or pleasurable excitement, sent a clear carmine glow to the cheeks; the nose was straight and delicate, but not in the least classical; and, if the mouth was all that a mouth could or should be, the unusual squareness of the chin gave a finish to the face that was far from adding to its symmetry. Still, no one could deny that Miss Tresham was handsome—handsome in a very striking and aristocratic style—that her hands and feet were irreproachable in size and shape, that her lithe, slender figure was so well developed that not even an artist could have wished for it a pound of flesh either more or less; and that she carried herself with a very distinguished manner. Most women, looking in their mirror at a face so fair and a form so noble, would have been tempted to murmur at the fate which had dealt with them so hardly; but this was the one point wherein Katharine Tresham proved herself something more than mediocre. She did not indulge any vain regrets, or still more vain aspirations; she did not mourn any withered hopes, or bewail any blighted existence: but she took life as she found it, and bore its burden with a courage as cheerful as it was patient. Her employers were always kind and considerate, the children were warmly attached to her, she was beyond the

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

reach of storms that had once beat very roughly on her head, and as her disposition—a disposition more to be prized than gold or precious stones—was eminently one of content, she furled her sails, and rested quietly in the pleasant haven into which she had drifted, where the sea was smooth beneath, and the sky was bright above her. No genius, the reader will perceive; no unsatisfied yearning being, full of repressed passion and morbid longings; only a brave, bright young gentlewoman, who was Christian enough to be satisfied that God knew what was best for her; who took the good He gave, with grateful heart, and rarely murmured at the ill.

She was leaning over the gate now, softly singing to herself a verse of song, and gazing over the scene before her, with eyes that took in and enjoyed all its beauty. But, after a while, the children began a game very near, and sent their shouts ringing through the clear autumn air, with such hearty good-will, that the young governess was fain to put wider space between herself and their merriment. So she turned away, and began pacing up and down a sheltered walk—a walk bounded on one side by the garden-fence and a hedge of Cherokee rose, on the other by tall gooseberry-bushes. A bright-red glow of the flaming western sky fell over her as she moved to and fro, lighting up her rich brown hair, her clear, bright eyes, and her tall, slender figure, and making a very attractive picture of youth and grace, in the midst of the lovely autumn scene. At length, she drew a small volume from her pocket and began to read. Thirty years ago, Tennyson's fame was yet young—not so young, however, but that even in the backwoods of America, men had heard his name; and the girl who paced up and down the garden on that soft Indian summer evening, was steeping her soul in the beauty and music of those early poems which no after-efforts can ever supplant in our hearts. Enthralled in the sweeping rhythm, it was rather hard to be suddenly recalled to commonplace reality by a child's eager, uplifted voice.

"Miss Tresham, Miss Tresham!" sounded the cry, "Look, oh, look, what a pretty horse Mr. Annesley's on! May I—please—may I ask him to give me a ride?"

"Certainly not," answered Miss Tresham, speaking with great decision, but without looking up from her book. "Katy, you know your mother forbade your ever again asking Mr. Annesley for a ride."

"But she did not forbid her taking a ride if Mr. Annesley asked her, did she?" said a gay voice; and the next moment there appeared at the end of Katharine's walk, between the Cherokee hedge and the gooseberry-bushes, a slender, handsome young cavalier, in riding-boots and spurs, who stood with Katy mounted triumphantly on his shoulder, one tiny hand clutching nervously at his coat-collar, and her blond ringlets falling in a golden shower upon his crisp dark curls.

"No, I don't think she forbade that," Katharine replied, looking up with a smile, whether merely of recognition, or of welcome also, it was hard to say. "But indeed you are spoiling that child dreadfully, Mr. Annesley! She never sees you that she does not expect some marked attention, and almost breaks her heart when you do not notice her."

"And do I ever fail to notice her—when I see her?" asked he, swinging Katy to the ground, and coming nearer to Katharine—seeming, at the same time, to bring sunshine with him in his hazel eyes and brilliant smile. "I am sure I am always very attentive—am I not, my little coquette?"

The little coquette said "Yes," very promptly; but Miss Tresham shook her head.

"It seems I must refresh Katy's memory," she said. "You would scarcely believe that the other afternoon—last week some time, I believe it was—she cried all the way home because you passed her without notice, when you were accompanying two ladies down the village street. It was vain to reason with her—both her mother and myself tried argument unavailingly—and she sobbed herself to sleep that night in profound disdain of bread and milk, or even bread and jam, for supper."

"I remember the afternoon," said the young cavalier, a little confusedly. "I was riding with my sister and a friend of hers. But Katy cannot say that I did not speak to her."

"Ah, but you didn't!" said Katy, eagerly, forgetting her contrary assertion of the moment before. "You spoke to Miss Tresham, but not like you always do—and you didn't notice me at all."

"You shall have a ride this evening to pay for it, then," said he; "and I will be more careful in future. Miss Vernon's horse was rather unmanageable, and occupied all my attention. She does not know how to ride as well as you will when you are grown."

"Is she 'fraid?" asked Katy, with great interest.

"Very much afraid," he answered.

Then he turned to Miss Tresham, and asked if she would not come and look at his new horse.

"So you have another new horse?" she said, smiling. "Of course, I will come and look at him. You know horses are my weakness, and—oh! he is a beauty!"

"Is he not?" responded her companion, pleased with her burst of enthusiasm. "I was sure you would admire him.—Soh! Donald! Steady, boy!"

They had approached the gate, and were leaning over it together, while the horse, which was fastened outside, began to move a little restlessly at sight of his master.

"Look at him!" said that master, eagerly. "Did you ever see a more symmetrical form? And his head—is it not superbly set on the shoulders?"

"He is a paragon," said Katharine, playfully. "And—he is not dangerous, is he, Mr. Annesley?—I must go and speak to him."

"He is as gentle as a greyhound," said Annesley, opening the gate for her to pass out. "I only wish—"

But what he wished was left in doubt; for he paused abruptly, while Katharine went up to the paragon, and patted his straight nose and his glossy, satin neck, calling him many pet-names in her clear, young voice.

"What an intelligent eye he has!" she cried, suddenly. "I really believe he understands all I am saying to him. Mr. Annesley, what is his name?"

"Donald is his name; but I do not like it."

"Donald? No; it is not good at all; it is not suggestive in the least; and it is not pretty either. He deserves a beautiful name."

"Give him one, then," said Annesley, quickly. "He will be only too proud to own you as a sponsor. I have no aptitude whatever for such things, and my horses are usually 'the bay' and 'the sorrel' to their dying-day."

"I thought you were more imaginative," said Katharine, absently. "Is he fleet?" she went on, still looking at the horse.

"He is like the wind, or the lightning."

"Is he? Then I will give you a name for him at once. Call him Ilderim."

"Ilderim? You mean—"

"The sobriquet of Bajazet, of course. It signifies 'The Lightning,' you know. Will it do?"

"It is excellent," he answered, as, indeed, he would have answered to any thing whatever of her suggestion. "From this moment, Donald dies, and Ilderim rises like a phoenix from his ashes.—Soh! Steady, sir!"

For, arching his handsome neck like a bow, the new-made Ilderim began pawing the earth so energetically with his fore-foot that he made Katharine beat a hasty retreat.

"What a racer he would make!" she cried, suddenly. "Is that what you intend him for?"

"Why, no; I had not thought of it," he replied. "I was merely attracted by his beauty, and thought myself lucky to get him."

"Lucky!" she repeated, looking up at him with a smile. "Most people are lucky when Fortune has never said them nay in any one desire of their hearts. I suppose you never wished for any thing in your life without obtaining it."

Standing there in the soft, purple dusk, with one arm thrown over his horse's arched neck, with an unconscious grace in the careless attitude, a suppressed eagerness in the handsome face, and a chivalric deference in the uncovered head, it was not hard to believe this—not hard, indeed, to tell that here was one of those to whom had fallen the purple and fine linen of a world which gives to others only serge; one of those to whom its wealth and fame, its love and pleasure, came, as it were, by right divine, and who now and then flash across the path of our work-day lives, and make our twilight seem more dun by contrast with their own radiant sunshine.

"Yes, I have been very fortunate all my life," he answered, more gravely than Katharine's gay tone seemed to warrant; "but the future may overbalance the past, and you may give me my first lesson in de-

nial this very afternoon. I mean to ask a favor of you after a while."

"I hope it is one that I may be able to grant," she said, quietly. "But you know my opinion on that subject."

"That friendship is best kept free from favors?—yes. But I should like to convince you how wrong that is. I should like to make you believe that *real friendship* never hesitates either to give or accept a favor."

"Don't try," she said, lightly; "you might fail, and that would not be pleasant to one who has never known failure. I will grant you this much, however—that, where friendship exists between two people of equal position, they may afford to meet each other half-way in the matter of favors; but, where one occupies the worldly vantage-ground, it is not well for the other to accept benefits which may assume the weight of obligations."

She spoke very calmly; but a hot, red flush mounted swiftly to the brow of her listener. He made one hasty step forward, and then fell back again, irritating Ilderim very much by the unintentional jerk of his rein.

"Why do you say such things? why do you take such a tone about yourself?" he cried, with a sharp accent of reproach in his voice. "You of all women! It is grievously wrong to yourself! It is even more grievously wrong to me!"

"And why should I not look truth in the face?" she asked, gravely. "To say that I am not your social equal means nothing that either you or I need blush to acknowledge. It is merely a conventional accident, and does not even touch the other ground, the personal ground on which we meet—meet, I am glad to think, as friends. That you are Mr. Annesley of Annesdale, of gentle blood and almost princely estate, is a mere chance of fortune; and that I am Katharine Tresham, governess, who teaches Mr. Marks's children for six hundred dollars a year, is equally a chance. I am of the Old World, you know. Perhaps that is the reason why these things seem to me at once a matter of course and a matter of small moment."

The young republican by name, the young aristocrat by race and nature, looked at her in wistful silence for a moment.

"Yet you think of them far more than we do," he said, at length.

"Because I have been trained to do so," she answered, moving toward the half-open gate, "and, perhaps I ought also to add, because I am unfortunately very proud—much 'too proud to care whence I came.' You see I have not forgotten that apprenticeship to the conventionalities which I served when I spent a year as governess in England—a year I would not live over again for untold wealth."

"But that was in England. You are in America now, thank God!"

"Yes," she answered, with an arch gleam in her eyes, "I am in America now—America, where I am theoretically supposed to be the equal in all points of any among your county gentry—we will say, for instance, that lovely Miss Vernon. What would she think, do you suppose, if you suggested that she should call on Mrs. Marks's governess?—But poor little Katy! See how downcast she is looking! She evidently thinks you have forgotten all about her ride."

"I have not, though," said Annesley, half absently; and, looking up, he beckoned Katy to come to him.

The little girl gladly obeyed. She had left her companions to their play, and had been leaning wistfully against the gate, pushing back her bright curls, so as to see what was going on outside, and longing for the signal that was so slow in coming. When, at last, it did come, she bounded forward, and stood impatiently beside the horse, while Annesley gathered up the reins and sprang into the saddle. He bent down and lifted her from the ground to a seat before him, made her kiss her hand to the governess, and they were off, the child's short dress fluttering in the evening breeze as they cantered down the road and out of sight.

Katharine watched them, with a strange sort of yearning in her eyes. Perhaps she was thinking how pleasant it would be to ride down that road, under its crimson and golden woods, in the lovely autumn dusk, with a crescent moon faintly gleaming above the still tinted west, and such a stately and gallant escort by her side as he who had just passed from her sight. Perhaps she thought of those to whom such pleasure was common, and—even the best-disciplined of us will sometimes do such things—contrasted her own life with theirs. Perhaps she remembered that scene of last week, to which she had alluded—the two elegant ladies in their sweeping habits and waving

plumes, the curvetting horses, the flashing bits and jewelled whips, the young cavalier, and the golden sunshine streaming over all, while she plodded by in the dust and shadow. Perhaps she wondered if this dust and shadow were henceforth to be her portion; or perhaps she thought of a time when the sunshine had slept on her path too, when kind eyes and loving tones had followed her, when life had seemed for a short while the fair and pleasant thing which it never seems to any long, when a young girl who bore her name had smiled and talked and jested beneath the waving palms of a distant tropic island, and when—but her thoughts went no further than this. It was only Mrs. Marks's governess who turned abruptly from the gate, and, with a resolute compression of the lips, that brought lines too hard for so young a face, began the same pacing up and down the walk that had been interrupted half an hour before. It was not long before she was interrupted again, for Mr. Annesley did not give Katy a very extended ride. Ilderim was brought up before the garden-gate once more, and Katy, flushed, smiling, yet regretful, lowered to the ground. Then Mr. Annesley sprang off also; but this time he did not fasten his horse to the iron staple so conveniently placed in a large elm-tree near by. Probably something in Katharine's face warned him not to do so—he was very quickly sensitive to any change in that face. At all events, he kept the rein over his arm, and, uncovering as he advanced, spoke, half apologetically:

"I am going in a moment, Miss Tresham, but—you know I told you I had a favor to ask of you. The evening is so lovely, I am sure you will not mind a few minutes longer in the open air."

"Yes, the evening is very lovely, but rather cool," answered Katharine, in a tone which was cool also; "and I cannot promise to make it more than a few minutes, Mr. Annesley, for Mrs. Marks expects me to see that the children come in before nightfall."

"I did not know that you were the children's nurse as well as their governess," he said, somewhat hastily.

"There you are right," she answered, quietly. "But they don't obey their nurse very well, and they do obey me. So this duty has devolved upon me—and it is not a very irksome one. I wish I had none that pressed more heavily."

The young man leaned forward over the closed gate which divided them.

"And I wish to Heaven," he said, passionately, "that I could make your life what it should be!"

She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"Now, that is very kind, but not very wise. There is One who knows what is best for us; and you might spoil the whole aim and intention of my life, if you went to work to improve it after your own device. Really, I am very well content with it as it is. You must not let that foolish speech make you think otherwise."

"Content! How can you possibly be content with such occupation, such surroundings, such compan—"

"Hush!" she said, quickly; for several small listeners had grown tired of their game, and drawn near. "It is all very pleasant—sometimes I think too pleasant, to last long. But you said you had something you wished to ask me."

"Yes," he answered. "I wish to ask you—well, for one thing, why you will never let me do any thing to make your life more endurable?"

"You do a great deal," she replied, a sudden cordial light springing into her eyes and making them beautiful. "You do more than any one has ever done before in—oh, such a long time! Do you think I am ungrateful for the books and papers, the flowers and music that brighten my life so much? Can you imagine I do not see how much more generous you would be if I could allow it? Surely, Mr. Annesley, you do not think that I have so many friends, or receive so much kindness, but that I feel this in my heart of hearts."

"Then grant me one favor," he said, impulsively. "Promise to give me one pleasure, which will be the greatest I have ever known."

"I cannot promise in the dark. What is it?"

"It is not much—to you, that is. Only that you honor Ilderim by riding him."

Katharine drew back a step in her surprise.

"Mr. Annesley, you are surely jesting! Ride Ilderim!"

"Yes," he answered, with a desperate attempt at *nonchalance*; "ride Ilderim—why not? You cannot say you would not like it; and I

only bought him because I thought how well he would suit you. And—Miss Tresham, pray do not refuse me this my first request!"

Katharine was silent for a moment. Not that she had a thought of yielding to any thing so inadmissible as what he asked; but simply because she was touched by the desire to give her pleasure, which was so delicately veiled. "How kind he is!" she thought, "and yet, poor fellow, how foolish!" Annesley, who had begun to feel uncomfortable at her long silence, was certainly relieved, but yet more surprised, when she suddenly held out her hand to him.

"Thank you so much," she said. "You are so good—so kind! But, then, you know it is impossible."

The action was only one of frank gratitude; but the next instant she was sorry for having given way to it. Very sorry indeed, when, glancing up, she saw that a carriage had approached unperceived by them, and was passing by, while several pairs of eyes looked curiously from the windows at this way-side scene. Katharine drew back her hand hastily, and a shying movement of Ilderim made Annesley turn at the same moment. Thus they both looked full at the equipage, which, truth to tell, was rather a strange one for that road, at that hour.

Not that the equipage in itself was at all remarkable—only a dusty travelling-carriage, with two worn-out horses, a cross-looking driver, a large trunk behind, and numerous boxes on the driver's seat and under his legs. But the fact that it was leaving the village at such an hour, that the road was a retired one, only leading to several country-houses, and to a town distant some forty miles, and that the faces which looked forth from it were totally unknown, conspired to make its unexpected advent surprising. Strangers did not often come to Tallahoma; and when they did, it was generally in the stage-coach, and they ordered supper at the "Tallahoma Hotel," and went to bed like orderly and ordinary mortals. These travellers plainly intended to do neither; and they certainly did not seem very ordinary. The only outside passengers were the driver, who, as before mentioned, looked very cross, and a small spaniel, who looked very tired and patient. But three faces were gazing from the inside, when Katharine with haste drew back her hand, and Annesley turned round. The first that attracted their notice was one which would have claimed attention anywhere, or from anybody. A hollow, attenuated face, with features so finely marked that they stood out like pure Greek chiselling, and eyes so large and dark that they seemed shedding a flood of light over every thing on which they rested, was partially revealed under a black bonnet and heavy crape veil, and showed itself for a minute only—sinking back out of sight immediately. The two others kept their positions, and were hardly less remarkable—hardly less remarkable, that is, to Tallahoma sight; for one was a beautiful bold-eyed boy who was staring with all his might, and hugging closely a small monkey; the other a woman whom Katharine at once recognized as a French *bonne*, in the usual dress of her class. It was a very brief gaze that the two parties interchanged as the carriage moved by, and rumbled away in the dusk. As it disappeared, the eager little voices of the children standing around Katharine found utterance.

"O Miss Tresham, did you see the monkey?"

"Miss Tresham, did you see the little boy?"

"Miss Tresham, wasn't that a pretty lady?"

"Miss Tresham, how funny the little dog looked!"

"Dog! you're crazy! It was a monkey!"

"It wasn't no such thing! It was a dog! Didn't I see it?"

"And didn't I see the monkey? Silly!"

"You're a silly yourself, sir! Miss Tresham, wasn't it a dog?"

"Hush, children," said Miss Tresham, in her governess tone. "There were a dog and monkey both." Then she turned to Annesley. "Who can they possibly be?"

He shook his head. "I have no idea. Strangers, evidently; but where they can be coming from, or where going, at this hour, I can't tell."

"And such strangers! They would not be extraordinary objects on a French or Italian highway; but in this remote corner of the world, they are rather astonishing. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," he answered, "rather astonishing." But it was obvious that they had made but a momentary impression on him, for he turned at once to the subject that had been interrupted by their appearance. "Miss Tresham, seriously, is there any reason why you should not give me this great pleasure?"

"There are many reasons, Mr. Annesley," answered Miss Tresham,

gravely. "But I have only time to give you one at present, and with that you must be content—by doing as you wish, I should make myself the object of countless remarks; and I might probably in the end lose my situation. That would be paying rather dearly for a ride, even on Ilderim. Thank you again, though; and now, good-by."

The young man looked at her in the waning light with a passion of resolve in his eyes. "You will not think of this?" he asked. "You will not even give me time to try and change your resolution?"

"I am sorry to say that I can do neither," she answered, a little coldly. "It is late, and I must really go—and so ought you, for that matter, since Annesdale is five miles off. Here! let me return your 'Tennyson.' I have enjoyed it so much."

He received the volume, and thrust it carelessly into his pocket; then, while drawing on his gloves, he said:

"I have received a packet of new books to-day; may I bring you some, when I come again? There are one or two I am sure you will like."

"Then bring me one or two—not more," she said, laughing. "Poor Mrs. Marks must not be frightened by another such imposing sight as those dozen volumes you sent the other day. Bring some poetry, please. Formerly I did not care much for poetry; now I like it—I suppose because my life is so very prosaic. Once more, good-by."

"Good-by," he echoed.

He vaulted on Ilderim, rode away a few steps, wheeled suddenly, came back, and leaned out of his saddle toward the gate where Katharine was still standing.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you," he said, "that I am not at all discouraged. You may yet ride Ilderim, and I may yet thank you for my first denial."

With this, and before she could answer, he was gone.

CHAPTER II.—MR. WARWICK'S GHOST.

MISS TRESHAM remained standing in the place where Mr. Annesley had left her, for a minute or two, gazing with slightly-knitted brows after his vanishing figure; then she turned, and told the children that it was time to go in.

"It is cold," she said, with a little shiver; "and I don't think there is any use in looking for your father. Since he has not come already, he is not likely to be here for an hour yet."

"We'll have to wait a long time for supper, then," remarked one small murmurer; but that was all.

The legion knew better than to offer any open signs of disobedience to their chief; and, although discontent was rife among them, they followed her to the house.

A flight of steps led from a side-piazza down to the garden, and across this piazza a flood of cheerful light was already streaming from two windows and a glass door which opened upon it.

"Why, papa's here already!" cried Katy, who had bounded up the steps before any one else and taken an observation through the window. "Papa's here already! Where did he come from?"

Then the door flew open with a sudden burst, and the merry little crowd rushed pell-mell into the room.

A very pleasant room it was, with a sparkling, light-wood fire on the hearth, and a well-set table in the middle of the floor—a room abounding in comfort but lacking in luxury, and with little or no evidence of what are called refined tastes. That is, there were few books visible, and they were chiefly of an unused kind. No pictures excepting some ugly daubs supposed to be family portraits, and not even a vase to hold the royal flowers blooming by in such prodigal profusion. The aspect of the place proclaimed substantial ease, nothing more. There were comfortable chairs, and one or two chintz-cushioned couches; there were various tables, with carved legs and bright-red covers; there was a glowering mahogany sideboard, there was a pretty little work-stand that stood in a niche near the fireplace, and there was a clock on the mantel that told the quarters with remorseless exactitude. But the proprietors of the apartment were plain people, of no fashionable pretension, and still less fashionable ambition—people who were "in business," and were not ashamed of the fact; who were well-to-do in the world now, but who had known a hard struggle before becoming so—who were of the best morals, but

of moderate culture; and who, while they were always glad of social advancement and social recognition, never went out of their way to seek either—people, in short, who were types of the best portion of the middle class—the portion that is neither hopelessly vulgar nor absurdly aspiring—and who, in consequence of sturdily respecting their own dignity, were universally respected by those above as by those below them on Fortune's ladder.

The head of the household, Richard Marks, had begun life as a very small tradesman, and it may readily be conceived that the man who sold coffee by the pound, and calico by the yard, across a village counter, was scarcely able to command, or even hope for, any very exalted social elevation. Yet social elevation of a certain sort came with time—as it comes to all men who trust less to fortune than to their own endeavor. To his diligence and energy, and to the scrupulous honesty which made all men recognize his word to be as good as his bond, Richard Marks owed at last an assured competency and an honorable, even an enviable, position among his fellow-townsmen. To these things he owed it that the most aristocratic gentlemen of his native county were proud to hold out the hand of friendship, not patronage, to him; and that, after many years of hard labor, he was now resting on his oars as cashier and virtual controller of the one bank which did all the monetary business of Lagrange County.

His wife, although the daughter of a gentleman—if a spendthrift insolvent deserves the name—had sunk so easily to the social level of her husband that those among her friends and acquaintances who still spoke of her as “Bessie Warwick,” were forced to explain the obvious fact as best they could.

“She never had much sense,” they would say, “and certainly no great amount of refinement—though she was so pretty—pretty in a certain style, that is; and then she inherited low tastes, no doubt. Her mother was shockingly common, if you remember. It was his marriage that ruined Arnold Warwick—at least his friends always said so.”

But, notwithstanding this unflattering opinion, Mrs. Marks certainly proved that she had found her right place in the world as helper of a good man's upward career. The best of wives and mothers—yet, like most best of wives and mothers, apt at times to become a little tiresome, especially if she once began the circumstantial history of Dick's dreadful accident when he fell and broke his collar-bone, or how little Katy whooped through an entire summer with whooping-cough. But a sensible and kind-hearted woman with all that; one of the large class of women of whom the world knows little, and hears nothing; who are not remarkable either for beauty or mental capacity; but who fill their own position in the world better than a Lady Blessington or a Madame de Staël could do it for them; who live a life all pure and blameless in the domestic relations, and who at last go down to the grave leaving in the hearts of their children a good example and a fragrant memory.

In her own way, too, Mrs. Marks was a good business-woman; and the only time in her life that she had acted without due foresight and deliberation was in the matter of engaging a governess for her children. She had accompanied her husband on a short business-visit to Charleston some two years previous to this autumn evening, and while there met Katharine Tresham.

The young foreigner, who had but lately landed, was entirely alone in the strange city; and something in her refined, ladylike appearance, together with her deep-mourning dress, touched the kind heart of the elder woman. They were boarders in the same house, and, when she heard that Katharine was anxious to procure a situation as teacher, that she could give good English and West-Indian references, and that she would much prefer the country to any city as a residence, Mrs. Marks's mind was at once made up. She did not even wait to consult her husband; she made her an offer on the spot, and it was gratefully accepted.

“Indeed, my dear, I could not help it!” she afterward humbly confided to her lord. “It seemed so pitiful to see such a pretty young thing entirely alone; and then, you know, the children learn nothing at all at school. You said yourself that Mr. Watson was good for nothing but to drink whiskey and pay attention to Lucy Smith.”

“I did say so,” Mr. Marks replied, “but are you sure, Bessie, that your new friend will be worth much more? I don't mean, of course, that she will drink whiskey or pay attention to Lucy Smith; but, after all, there may be worse things than that. What does she engage to teach the children, and what are her terms?”

“She engages to teach the children—well, every thing that is

usually taught, I suppose,” answered Mrs. Marks, a little vaguely; “and, as to her terms, she does not seem to know very much about them herself. She taught one year in England, and received forty pounds—that is all she knows.”

“Why, that is a little less than two hundred dollars,” said Mr. Marks, opening his honest eyes. “Teachers must be plenty over there at that rate. Poor thing! I'll tell you what we'll do, Bessie. She is a nice-looking girl, and there'll be no harm in trying her. We will offer her four hundred dollars, and take her for one year.”

So it was settled; and so Katharine Tresham came to Lagrange.

At the end of the year her employers requested her to remain, and Mr. Marks voluntarily raised her salary. The children had improved so rapidly that Mr. Watson would not have recognized his quondam pupils; and the bright, even temper of the young governess made her presence in the house a kind of moral sunshine. Altogether, as Mrs. Marks was accustomed to declare, she could not have been so exactly suited by anybody else in the world; and she would have had no possible fault to find with Miss Tresham if—there is an *if* to every thing earthly—she had been an orthodox member of that religious denomination to which Mrs. Marks herself belonged. But, dreadful to relate, Miss Tresham was that strange off-shoot of iniquity, in the eyes of Tallahoma, a blind and bigoted Papist. She had given Mrs. Marks fair warning of that fact before their engagement was concluded.

“There is one thing I must mention,” she said. “I am a Catholic. I know that most Protestants are very much prejudiced against the faith, and don't care to admit Catholics into their households. If this is the case with yourself, we will not say any thing more about the proposed engagement.”

But Mrs. Marks, although very much staggered by the information, replied:

“My dear, I don't see that it makes any difference. You will be uncomfortable, I am afraid, for there is no Romish church in Tallahoma; but, as far as I am concerned, I—I suppose we are all Christians.”

When the young governess followed her noisy charges into the sitting-room, a pleasant-looking woman glanced up and smiled from her seat by the work-table, while a much older man, with gray hair and frank blue eyes, gave her a hearty greeting.

“Good-evening, Miss Tresham. How do you and the little ones come on?—Well, Nelly, can you spell ‘ab,’ yet?”

“Spell it, Nelly, for your father,” said Miss Tresham, smiling. “She knew it to-day, sir; but I am afraid that hanging head doesn't say much for her recollection of it now.”

“Speak up, little woman,” said her father, lifting the shame-faced scholar to a place on his knee. “Speak up—and I'll give you a sixpence.”

But bashfulness or ignorance continuing to hold the little woman's tongue, Jack and Katy, tempted by the promise of the sixpence, burst out with the spelling of the word desired, and were rewarded by being informed that the offer was not intended for irregular claimants.

“I tell you what I will do, though,” said the indulgent father, seeing the disappointment legible on their faces. “Nelly must have her sixpence—but another shall be found for the first one who brings me the mail from your Uncle John's coat-pocket.”

“Is this mail-day?” asked Katharine, looking up. “Then why did you not bring it yourself, sir?”

“Because I have been in the country on business, and didn't come through town on my way home,” answered Mr. Marks, good-humoredly. “I wish Warwick would come along! I want my papers—and I expect you want your letters, Miss Kate.”

“Letters!” the governess repeated. “I thought you knew that I never receive any letters. There is nobody that I care to hear from. Indeed, the worst luck that could befall me would be a letter—unless it came from Father Martin.”

Father Martin was the priest of Saxford, a somewhat larger town than Tallahoma, boasting a small Catholic chapel, to which she went occasionally for ghostly shriving—and it was certainly true that his rare letters were the only ones that had ever come to Katharine Tresham, since she first set foot on the soil of America. Nor did she ever write any that were not addressed to him. She seemed to have severed every link that bound her to her former life, and, save in a few general particulars, her present friends knew no more of that life than if she had not broken their bread for the period of two years.

"John is very late to-night," said Mrs. Marks, glancing up at the clock, as if it was its fault that the waffles were burning in the kitchen. "I really think we need not wait for him any longer. Some troublesome man has kept him, and he always begs me not to wait.—Sara, go to the door and tell Judy to send in supper."

Sara obeyed; and, the next minute, two mulatto boys began bringing in plates of biscuit and waffles. Then came some broiled partridges, the tempting odor of which caused Mr. Marks to look round with interest.

"By George! that is delightful to a hungry man! Where did you get such fine birds, Bessie?"

"They were brought this morning, with Mr. Annesley's compliments," answered Mrs. Marks, rising and going to the head of the table. "Sent to me, the boy said—you have forgotten the cream, Tom—but I expect Miss Katharine knows more about them than I do."

Miss Katharine smiled slightly, but without the least tincture of embarrassment. "How could I possibly know about them?" she asked. "I saw Mr. Annesley this afternoon—did I tell you that he gave Katy a ride?—but I assure you he did not hint that even one of the partridges was intended for me. You will spare me one, though—won't you, Mr. Marks?"

In the clatter of plates and knives which followed, a step crossing the piazza outside was unheard; and when the door suddenly opened, Katy was the first one to observe it. She sprang forward with a cry of "Uncle John!"—a cry the eagerness of which was more for the letters in Uncle John's pocket, and the promised sixpence from her father, than for the every-day presence of Uncle John himself.

The new-comer surrendered the letters to the quick little fingers that dived at once into his pocket, watched the payment of the sixpence, with a smile, and then walked to the fireplace and sat down, while Mrs. Marks sent out a requisition for hot coffee.

"Never mind about that, Bessie," he said, in rather a tired tone. "What is on the table will do well enough. I only want to get a little warm before moving again—it is quite cool to-night."

"What on earth made you so late?" asked his sister.

"Business," answered Mr. Warwick, briefly. Then he sank back into his chair, and into silence.

It was not an ordinary face, by any means, across which the fire-light played so fitfully—no more an ordinary face than John Warwick was an ordinary man. There was little beauty in it; and that little was more the beauty of expression than of feature; not much grace of outline or delicacy of coloring. But there was force of will and power of thought; there was a keen habit of observation, and sometimes there was an almost womanly gentleness—the latter not habitual nor often to be seen, but coming occasionally to melt the eyes and soften the mouth, around which some hard lines lay dormant. Take it all in all, a face so full of moral and intellectual strength that the wonder grew how this man could possibly be brother to the pretty commonplace woman who sat at the head of Richard Marks's table. Yet her brother he undoubtedly was; and, if Mrs. Marks loved her husband with all her heart, she certainly revered her brother with all her soul—for in him all the gentlemanhood of the father stood confessed, without the father's weakness or the father's vice. He it was who had raised their name from the mire where it had fallen, and given it once more an honorable rank. He it was who had claimed his birthright of social position, and placed his foot, when that foot was yet young, upon the place his father had forfeited. Men already forgot the poor drunkard who had ruined others as well as himself, and only remembered that "Mr. Warwick is decidedly our most rising lawyer." Indeed, they had long since begun to be very proud of him in Lagrange, to put him forward on all public occasions, and prophesy great future advancement for him.

The hot coffee came, and Mrs. Marks announced its arrival to her brother; but he did not move. He seemed, indeed, so deeply sunk in thought as not to hear her; and it was Mr. Marks's brisk tones that roused him at last.

"What's the matter, Warwick, that you sit there staring in the fire, instead of coming to supper? I hope you haven't heard bad news of any kind?"

"Bad news!" repeated Mr. Warwick, looking up with a start. "Why, of course not.—Did you say the coffee was ready, Bessie? I beg your pardon, but I did not hear you."

He rose as he spoke and came to the table. The light thus falling

for the first time upon his face, some change there attracted the attention even of the children.

"Unky, you've got a bad headache, haven't you?" inquired womanly little Sara, by whom he sat down.

"Unky, Jack says you've seen a ghost!" cried Katy, with her mouth full, despite an angry "You hush!" and a push under the table from Jack.

And Mrs. Marks herself said, "What is the matter, John? You look pale."

"Nothing is the matter, excepting that I have had a hard day's work, and am tired," he answered. Then, catching the gaze of a pair of eyes opposite him, he added, "Do I look so shockingly, Miss Tresham, as to merit all this?"

"You look as if your day's work had been a very hard one," said Miss Tresham. "That is all, I think."

"I don't know," said his sister, doubtfully. "John, are you certain that is all?"

"Not quite," he answered, with a fitting smile. "Jack was right in his conjecture—I have seen a ghost."

"A ghost!"

"A ghost, Bessie. As veritable a ghost as ever came out of a church-yard."

"My dear John, please recollect that I don't like such things talked of before the children."

"Oh, there is no rawhead and bloody bones in this," said Mr. Warwick, glancing round at the various pairs of eyes that stared at him from over various mugs of bread and milk. "The ghost was not even dressed in white, Katy—what do you think of that?"

"Oh, it wasn't a real ghost, then," said Katy, breathlessly.

"Yes it was, though.—Come, Marks, put down your paper, and guess whose ghost I saw this afternoon."

Mr. Marks laid down his paper as requested; but confessed himself unable to imagine, unless (with a sly glance at the children) it was that of old Mrs. Packham, who was buried about a fortnight before.

But Mr. Warwick shook his head. It was not old Mrs. Packham, he said; but somebody who had gone away at least twenty years before; somebody whom they all had known. And then he told his sister to guess. Whereupon, after much consideration, Mrs. Marks inquired if it could possibly have been that wild son of old Joe Williams, who ran away ever so many years ago, and had never been heard of since. At which Mr. Warwick shook his head yet more impatiently.

"Then tell us who it was," said she.

And Katharine was struck by a husky tone in the lawyer's voice as he answered—

"I have seen Pauline Morton!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR BURGLARS.

I WAS in the middle of a troubled dream about the price of gold when Effie gave me a little pinch and woke me:

"Do you hear that noise?"

"What noise? Where?"

"I think somebody is trying to open a window."

I raised my head in the attitude of a listener for a moment, out of mere politeness.

"Nonsense! it's rats; you know the house is full of them. Or, it may be the wind rattling the casement. It would be a convenience, my dear, if I could be allowed to sleep through one night without being disturbed by thieves and hobgoblins."

I spoke rapidly, and in no very gentle tone. I am not a cross man. I repeat the assertion with emphasis. I am only a little inclined to dyspepsia at times, and my business affairs were just then all in a muddle.

Our house was an old-fashioned castle of a building, which stood in the centre of a half-acre lot. It was in the very heart of the fastest city on this continent. The grounds were filled with flowers, and shrubbery, and peas, and beans, and pumpkin-vines, and cucumbers. On every side of the old mansion were verandas, and side-entrances, and low windows, which must have looked inviting to the members of the light-fingered fraternity. My wife had suggested to me once

or twice that the fastenings on both doors and windows were time-worn and insecure, and I had responded by promising to hire a tinker by the day. I never wanted to have her think about such things, particularly when she ought to be getting her rest, because it left little white circles round her pretty eyes.

I was having some such thoughts in my mind, when there came a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder, which set the house quivering on its foundation. At the same instant my well-toned ears caught another sound, like the breaking of a pane of glass. I sprang out of bed and peered through the half-closed shutter into the yard below. It was pitch dark, and of course I saw nothing. A few rain-drops spattered in my face. I hit my head against the gas-burner as I turned to go to the other window.

"What is the matter?" asked Effie, in a sleepy voice.

"That is what I am trying to find out."

"Don't bother yourself, Cynic, I presume it is a mouse in the cologne bottle, or a cat in the chimney."

Another flash of lightning revealed to my startled vision the figure of a man darting under the barberry-bush.

"Effie! Effie! give me my pistol, quick!"

Alas! It was in the bottom of a trunk in the attic, and the key was on a ring with seventeen other keys, in a box in the china closet in the dining-room. Effie has an opinion of her own about having a place for every thing, and keeping every thing in its place. Just then there came a loud nervous knocking at our chamber door. I opened it promptly, and found our cook, Lizzie, outside, in a state of mortal terror.

She screamed her information. All the burglars on the block must have heard what she said. Her room was in the wing on the ground floor. Her window opened out on a veranda. When she awoke, a man was just in the act of stepping inside. She started to fly from the room and he made a quick movement as if to catch hold of her. She escaped him, but in the passage by the laundry she passed another window which a man was at work trying to open.

"So there are two of them!" exclaimed Effie.

"Three! I saw one myself on this side of the house at the same moment," I replied.

"Are you sure, Cynic? You know Fido is often hopping about the yard."

"Halloa! What's all this?" cried my wife's brother, Jerry, who occupied the room with the arched ceiling on the opposite side of the hall from our own.

"Burglars!" I responded. "Come down with us and help chase them out."

"Have you pistols?"

"Yes, but not at hand. We can pelt them with chairs and crockery."

"I am your man."

He lighted his gas, and so did I mine. We dressed ourselves and went for Hildragon, who slept in the wing directly over the cook's room.

Of course the rascals had had plenty of time to make their wills and take a journey to Salt Lake, while we were preparing for battle. We went down-stairs and found the coast clear. They had been there, though, that was plain enough; the fastening of Lizzie's window had been cut with a very sharp instrument, and one of my hills of beans had been robbed of its pole to make a support for the sash. The fellow's tracks were on the carpet. The shutter had been taken from the window in the passage, and that fastening broken. One of the panes of glass in the great north outer door had been broken, and a man's hand had slipped back the bolts.

We were safe, however, and so was a considerable sum of money which I had brought home with me, because I was too late for the bank.

We did not sleep any more that night. During the next and the following days we discussed the subject pretty effectually. Effie recommended new locks and fastenings, but I was of the opinion that I should be doing the community good service by picking off a regiment or two of housebreakers. I exhumed my pistol, loaded it, and kept it under my pillow. I bought one for Hildragon, and gave him some private instructions in respect to its use. I provided Jerry with a sword-cane that once belonged to my grandfather, and Lizzie was ordered to throw a water-proof round her, and come noiselessly to our room on the first approach of danger.

"But don't you know that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?" asked Effie.

"We shall see." I must confess that I was rather desirous that the burglars should come back. Effie meanwhile grew pale and thin. I think she was afraid I might kill some member of the household with my shooter.

"You certainly will not fire until you have asked who it is, will you, Cynic?"

"Maybe not. But I sha'n't have many words with the wretches. If they don't want to get shot, they must not be caught prowling around my house on dark nights."

"But the baby might have the croup or swallow the match-safe, and then nurse would have to run through the halls."

"I am not blood-thirsty enough to want to kill her; don't get excited unnecessarily."

We did not have to wait always for the crisis. It came sure and swift. It was hardly two weeks after our first scare when the events occurred which make my hair stand on end to relate—it was always a trifle stiff, and I part it in the middle.

It was another stormy night. Signs and shutters banged and clattered. I was wakeful. I must have had a premonition of mischief. Ah! what was that? Yes; I was certain that I heard a door latched or unlatched somewhere not far distant.

"Effie," I whispered, jumping up.

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"Somebody's in the house; don't make a noise, for your life!"

"I do wish the thieves and hobgoblins would let me sleep till morning," and she turned over without manifesting the least apparent interest in the matter. I found afterward that she had slid my pistol down between the sheets where I could not reach it easily.

I opened the door into the hall and listened. A step! Yes. It was approaching, stealthily. Nearer, nearer, and more near. I could almost feel the villain's breath in my face. I banged the door together and rushed for my pistol.

"Where is it?" I asked, excitedly.

"You had better see who the person is, Cynic. Perhaps it is one of the servants," and not finding me eager to ask the first question in the catechism, Effie went herself to the door before I had time to say "Jack Robinson."

"It is me, madame," replied the well-known voice of Hildragon, in a strange whisper. "There is something going on in the house. There has been a gentle wee bit of a knocking right in my floor, for an hour a'most. It goes tap, tap, tap, just three times, then stops awhile. I thought it was spirits and didn't like to make much of a stir, but finally I kinder thought to myself they would be in more respectable business than bothering round that way, and I grew to suspicioning that the house was broken into."

Effie threw her wrapper about her and proposed to go to Hildragon's room, and listen for herself. I went too, a trifle dumfounded by my wife's exhibition of common-sense bravery. Sure enough, we heard the rapping, there was no delusion about that.

"This is over Lizzie's room. She must be in some trouble," said Effie.

"It cannot be Lizzie, for the raps are in the floor unmistakably. She never could reach the top of her room."

"I will go down and see," said Effie.

"Oh, no! not you! The house may be full of concealed demons. Stay quietly in your room, and I will manage this business."

We spoke in softest whispers. It was but the work of a moment to organize my army. I was captain-general, Jerry was aide-de-camp, and Hildragon was high private. Effie insisted upon bringing up the rear, to look after the killed and wounded.

We put on our coats, that we might not be seen so readily in the dark. My orders were:

"Single out your man, and take steady aim."

It was a silent, solemn, ghostly procession that started out on that midnight march. Step, step, step, along the corridor, carefully, creakingly down the stairs, through the long north hall to the west wing of the building, each and every one of us in breathless dread of dire calamity. I was conscious of an intense longing for those peaceful days when my blood was not so stirred with the hope of shooting a burglar. I was foremost, and might encounter one at any moment, and what if he should kill me instead of I him! who would comfort my widow and fatherless ones?

There was a squeak in the floor under my feet, and I jumped backward into Jerry's arms. The shock gave him a retrograde impetus, and he rested in the bosom of Hildragon. The latter individual resisted manfully, but was obliged in the end to fall back, hitting his brawny elbow against Effie's face.

I regained my equilibrium and we moved on. Before Lizzie's door we halted and hearkened. All was still as the grave. Five minutes, ten minutes, twelve and one-half minutes—then we heard, distinctly, three knocks.

I quaked from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet. But my presence of mind forsook me not. I ordered Hildragon to fix his eyes upon the window in the far end of the room, and fire immediately if a shadow should come between. I stationed Jerry with his uplifted cane a little to my right, for the purpose of knocking down any similar apparition.

"Let me speak to Lizzie," said Effie, laying hold of my arm. Before I could reply she had pronounced the girl's name with her lips close to the key-hole.

There was a stifled sob within. "Oh, Mrs. Croaker, help me. They have fastened me up and are all over the house stealing every thing, and I can't get up-stairs to tell you."

A council of war decided on bursting open the door; therefore, we three masculines ran against it with all our united force, and it yielded without a struggle. Lizzie stood on the bureau. She had been waked by some unaccountable noise, and in trying to open her door found herself a prisoner. Not daring to scream, she had patiently and persistently applied herself to knocking on the wall over her head. Effie took her up-stairs and we commenced a vigorous and thorough search for the enemy. We went into all the pantries and felt round under the shelves. We groped behind sofas and under beds. We uncovered stoves, and explored in soot and ashes. We took out registers, and probed the furnace-pipes. In short, we examined every possible and impossible place, and lastly struck a light.

Every thing was just as it had been left the night before. The windows and doors were fastened, and the shutters closed as usual.

"Who could have locked that girl into her room?" asked Jerry, just before we disbanded.

"Oh, I can tell you," said Effie, leaning over the balustrade. "There is no lock on her door, nothing but a small bolt inside. She must have got frightened, and, in her excitement, pushed it the wrong way, and imagined the rest."

We laughed a little among ourselves.

The next day I invested in a stock of hardware, had the house made as secure as possible against intrusions from without, returned my pistol to Effie for safe-keeping, and myself to my old habits. The burglars have not visited us since.

M. J. LAMB.

FOREIGN ENGLISH.

HOOD ridicules an offensive class of English tourists, who, having "done" the Rhine and made the tour of Germany, "bore and Germanize us like so many flutes—who have been at Cologne, and at Koeln, and at Colon; at Cob-Longs and Coblenz; at Swang Gwar and at Saint Go-er; at Bonn, at Bone, and at Bong." But this sarcasm—chiefly resting upon a matter of pronunciation after all—is unjust. The luckless traveller who has seen and heard his own vernacular and inharmonious English tongue clipped and tortured upon the rack of the German, is altogether excusable if he fail to master the *Ich*, and the diphthongal *æ*, and the guttural *g* of the Teuton dialects. To mispronounce German proper names is a sin venial in the eyes of the fair-minded critic—especially if the sinner be an English-speaking person—for is it not a legitimate act of reprisal for a barbarous travesty like the following formal notice, conspicuously displayed, in large type, in the chambers of one of the principal hotels in Wiesbaden, directly above the bell-pull of the "annunciator?"

"Wanting one of the domestics, one must put the finger upon that white button. Leaving *once finger long* there it is *merked* by a stroke (—), less long by a point."

It was a considerate act of the Wiesbaden innkeeper to enlighten his guests concerning the proper use of the signals of the house, even

in such pigeon-English as this. The meaning of the notification was clear. The definition was precise. One finger only was to be placed "upon that white button;" the diameter of the button being one-quarter of an inch, it would have been difficult to apply more than one finger at one time. The continued pressure of one's (or "once") finger produced a telegraphic signal in the form of a horizontal line at the other extremity of the wire. Observe how neatly a knowledge of this fact is conveyed: "It is merked by a stroke." Nothing could be clearer, except that perhaps there is some degree of confusion in the use of the little word "it." Does "it" refer to the stroke, to the finger, or to the button? However, as the machine was musical and rapid in its operation, the clipped style of the explanatory card did not materially signify.

A larger variety of funny renderings of English is to be found in a little volume entitled "The Legends of the Rhine, from Basle to Rotterdam," than in any other current work of its size. This book was published in Mayence last year, in the form of an 18mo of something over three hundred pages, and, in its English dress, was intended for the use of Rhenish tourists—English or American—who desired to know the traditions that people the rugged crags and mouldering castles of the lovely Rhine. The author of this unique production is Herr Kiefer; the translator, one Garnham. Both these gentlemen have performed their work admirably—the author, in crystallizing the old legends of the Mouse Tower, the Seven Sisters, the Foot on the Wall, the Treasure-Seeker, the Brothers, and the other weirdnesses of that region; and the translator, in his peculiar and ambitious flights toward the mastery of a foreign tongue.

The legendary tales contained in the volume are preceded by an English version of Stolterfoth's poem, "Rhine-Life," presented in this singular guise:

"On the Rhine blooms fine life!
From the Destruction's Dust,
The Ancestors' spirits strife,
Which long were the Graves' rust;
And Songs there resound
With harmonious stream,
In the spirit again found,
And again must I dream.

Soon speak Ore, Stone, and Wine,
Of the strange past Times,
Sometimes talk the folk on Rhine
Of the fabulous old Rhymes.
We inherited many traditions,
And ever believe anew,
Who ventures useless additions:
Or asks if they are really true?"

The legend of "The Devil's Ladder," at the Castle of Lorch, is the story of a beautiful maiden, Gerlinde, kidnapped by a gnome, and rescued, through the timely aid of good fairies, by a valiant knight, to whom, as a matter of course, she is subsequently married. This legend, the narration of which occupies eleven printed pages, gives our translator a magnificent opportunity. The picturesque incidents of the story carry him away; plain prose fails to give adequate expression to the emotions inspired by the romantic tale; and, therefore, he often "drops into poetry," like Dickens's queer little old man.

The story runs to this effect: Gilgen, an old knight, sitting silent and absorbed in his Castle of Lorch, "the ruins of which one sees not far from Assmannshausen," reviews the stirring scenes of his life, and laments the "unsuccess" of his hazardous enterprises. A professor of the black art has just left him, promising a future revelation of the place wherein to find a hidden treasure. The weather is rough. The wind howls around the towers and bastions of the castle. The weather-vane creaks, and the clouds hurry past. All Nature "seems to be in revolution." At the height of this disturbance of the elements a messenger breaks in upon the reverie of the knight to announce the arrival of "a strange little man," who has imperiously demanded a night's lodging in the castle. The meditative knight, rousing himself with an effort, goes forth to receive his visitor. The sprite whom he encounters is pictured in choice and ringing metre:

"A dwarf scarcely six span tall,
In scarlet-colored garment,
Flowing over his shoulders as a pall,
The gray-locked hair seemed to torment.

"A small yellow cap, in tassels rich,
First narrow, then wide, as a pear,

Ascended almost like a crown, *which*
The deeply-fared brow seemed to bear.

"He twirled a small staff in the air,
And unintelligibly talked—
Appearing a *Being of precipice rare*,
As if from deep ravine he walked."

This dwarfish being, "of precipice rare," gives sudden and rare offence to the knight, for he is an "inimical gnome," against whose machinations Gilgen has been warned. Refreshment and shelter are refused; hard words are passed; and then doors and windows are fast shut and barred; and forth into the darkness and the tempest speeds the fiend. Then the catastrophe.

On the following day, returning from the hunt, Knight Gilgen misses his daughter, the fair Gerlinde. In his absence, three dwarfs, in red mantles, suddenly appearing in the castle, have seized the maiden and led her captive to an inaccessible mountain-fastness on the cone of Kedrich. There the furious father, giving hot chase, discovers her; but afar off—he, helpless to release her; she, unable to go to him. The fiend, grinning in triumphant hate, sends down the defiant shout: "This is the reward for your hospitality!" The good knight, beside himself with grief and rage, seeks to hew a way *up* the face of the granite rock, but the hard stone resists all his efforts, and in despair he turns for aid to the hermit from whom he had lately parted. The aid of magic power again invoked, an incantation ceremony is performed, the magician chanting such weird lines as these:

"The on Kedrick living gnomes
A knight's child have stolen;

Oh, help with your whole might,
You master of the midnight!
Thee a pair of owls bring I you,
And a goat as sacrifice true!"

A brave "black knight, and horse as black," are brought to the rescue by the skill of the wise man, and the good Knight Ruthelm immediately proceeds to qualify himself to become Knight Gilgen's son-in-law. By the aid of the friendly magician another company of elves appears, and "the chiefest and tallest" of them announces that they are about to "build the ladder" with which to scale the cliff. "Directly the dwarfs hastened into the wood; then began *carpentering*, hammering, sawing, and cutting." In a twinkling a gigantic ladder leans against the steep wall of the rock; up mounts the adventurous knight, wearing upon his finger a talismanic ring, the gift of the magician, by the turning of which he is to repel the assaults of the foul fiends. A fierce battle ensues, and the maiden is rescued. This happy ending is described by the translator in the following fashion:

"Soon the adventurer saw a crystal palace, before which stood two red gnomes, evidently should have stood as sentinels, but fortunately had fallen asleep. *Without much reflection*, he cut off their heads, then forced his way into the castle, and here he met the ravisher of Gerlinde. Immediately they seized their swords, and began a violent struggle." (Here follows the account of the victory.) "Gerlinde reposed in an agreeable morning slumber, and the knight thought never to have seen a more charming creature. The knight awoke the beauty with a kiss, and, in begging her not to be frightened, he told her he was come to free her and to conduct her to her father's arms. The dear child *believed to dream*, as she heard such words from an unknown knight; however, she willingly resigned herself to the guidance of the knight."

This legend is a favorite with the Rhine-folk. The yellow-haired children hear it told by mother, nurse, and grand-dame; and it cannot be denied that translator Garnham has given his whole mind to the presentation of it in the very best English at his command. Those who read his story in company, on a certain lazy day last summer while floating down the Rhine, were certainly his debtors, for the sorrows and the joys of the fair Gerlinde lent a new interest to the decaying ruins which crowned the height of Lorch.

But neither the Herr Kiefer nor his translator exhausts his resources with a single tradition. There is another legend in the same volume, called "The Archer," which abounds in pigeon-English. Its hero ventures all "to procure certitude," and springs to the relief of "this-poor-against-all-laws of chivalry-imprisoned and blinded man"—his father. In another narrative, an old count sees, with affliction, a "changement" in his son; and a lover sings to his mistress:

"Thy Garment color wave-dove,
By thy hand the sign of love,

Thy eyes sweet enchantment,
Ray'ing to me, oh! enhancement!"

Travellers in Germany find numerous specimens of Germanized-English in the bills received at hotels, in little pamphlets distributed as advertisements of wares in market, in the corners of the public prints, and in official notices setting forth the regulations for the government of places of resort; but the most comical things of this kind are the guide-books. The "Guide to Hombourg," for example, informs the stranger that the Administration of the Kursaal engages the services of a musical band, whose performances "enhance greatly the *sejour* of visitors;" and likewise imparts the information that traces of Roman occupation still exist in the neighborhood of that charming (but wicked) watering-place. "Nearly 2,000 years ago," the record runs, "numerous Roman armies well armed and disciplined penetrated into Germany, and particularly took possession of this country."

The French rendering of English is often very comical; and the famous "Guide to Rouen" is perfect of its kind. In the Rue d'Autin, in Paris, is a fashionable tailor, whose business-card informs the public that, in his establishment, English is "spoken;" and strollers on the Boulevards, in the days when Paris was Paris, unbeleaguered and happy, were often thrown into fits of laughter by the absurd efforts of shopkeepers to master the intricacies, or to overcome the formidable difficulties, of the English tongue.

Yet the Frenchman has his own laugh—and a hearty one we can believe it is—at the broken French which limps from between the lips of the pompous Englishman and the unabashed American. And the German, too, enjoys his private titter when he hears the patched phrases and curious introversions of the unskilled foreigner. We, in our turn, laugh at both. We can all afford to laugh and be merry-together—remembering what Carlyle says of the right of every man's mouth to "unpucker itself into a free door-way."

AUGUSTUS MAVERICK.

ASKING.

I BENT me o'er her fluttering hand;
I said: "The world is wide;
Around our steps, a spectral band,
The doubtful shadows glide;
Joined hands are strong when foes combine
And clouds drive fast o'erhead."
She raised her grave, pure eyes to mine,
But not a word she said.

"The path is rough for tender feet;
The outside winds are chill;
For tired eyelids rest is sweet—
Why doubt and linger still?
We'll stand serene till shadows flee
And life's last storm be dead."
No answering look came back to me,
And not a word she said.

"Ah me! I thought you loved me well—
Our human eyes are blind;
He only reads life's parable,
Who never looks behind.
Alone, and reft of love's sweet grace,
My onward path I tread."
Again the mute eyes sought my face,
But not a word she said.

"Hear, then, my last, my parting prayer—
I love you! Will you come,
My joys, my griefs, my hopes to share,
Till each quick pulse be dumb—
Secure, serene, my own heart's queen,
Though storms beat dark o'erhead?"
The pure eyes drooped; but now, I ween,
'Twas but one word she said.

BARTON GERT.



THE OLD MILL.

"THE Old Mill" is from a painting by M. Grandsire, a French landscape-painter of reputation. It formed one of the leading attractions in the Paris Exhibition of last May. There is, perhaps, something conventional in the subject, for old mills have always possessed a charm for painters, and have been multiplied on canvas to a great extent. But this is no wonder. Few objects in Nature possess more strikingly picturesque features. Even in the most prosaic landscape an old, quaint, weather-beaten, tree-embowered mill, with its hum of wheels and fall of waters, possesses a marked attraction, and will delight sensibilities much less keen than those of painters. Many of us are prone, in uttering Rogers's "Wish,"

"Mine be a cot beside the hill,"

to require, as a completion of the ideal picture, that there should be

"A willow brook that turns a mill."

The picturesque features of M. Grandsire's painting are certainly fine. There is a management of light that gives a striking contrast between the brilliancy of the sky and the afternoon shadows gathering solemnly about the old building. The landscape is unlike our American forest-groups. It is true, no doubt, in local color, but it presents characteristics that are essentially foreign.

BARBARIAN ARITHMETIC.

"Clown. Let me see; every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn—What comes the wool to?"

"I cannot do't without counters."—WINTER'S TALE, Act IV., Scene II.

ACCORDING to the school-laws of this city, all resident children, of four years of age and upward, are entitled to the privileges of the public schools. The course of instruction prescribed for the first five months includes objective training in counting by ones up to a hundred, and by twos and threes to sixty.

Not a very difficult task, you say, to learn to tell off a hundred objects in five months; but are you aware that a very large portion of the human race have been as many thousand years learning that same lesson, and haven't mastered it yet?

To us, who began to count almost in our cradles, there seems nothing very formidable in the ten digits; yet they transcend the mental reach of more than one savage tribe.

"I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child," the hero of Locksley Hall exclaims, when he returns to his senses, after his mad project to "burst the links of habit" for a life of tropic freedom; and in no respect does the adult savage show himself lower than the child of civilization more plainly, than in his inability to use abstract numbers. There is "no more striking proof of the low mental condition of many *savage* races," says Sir John Lubbock, "than the undoubted fact that they are unable to count their own fingers, even of one hand."

An old writer remarks that those who watch the progress of children can easily see that their scales of reckoning are successively one and more—one, two, and more—one, two, three, and more—and so on. Exactly the same progression is observable among nations, though no people has yet been found at the first and lowest stage. The Bushmen of South Africa, according to Lichtenstein, were at the second stage. They could count two, but no further. The same is said of the Wood Indians of Brazil. The Cape Yorkers, of Australia, had but two numerals—*naes* and *netat*—though they counted somewhat further by repeating these, as *naes-netat*, three; *naes-naes*, four; *naes-naes-netat*, five. Their mental development had, it seems, outrun their language. Galton found the Damaras, of tropical South Africa, using no numeral beyond three. When they wished to express four, they took to their fingers, which they found by no means easy to manage. They puzzled very much after five, because there was no spare hand to grasp and secure the fingers required for units. The description which Mr. Galton gives of the difficulties these people experienced in carrying on trade, is quite amusing. Thus, suppose two sticks of tobacco to be the rate of exchange for one sheep: it would sorely puzzle a Damara to take two sheep and give him four sticks. "I have done so," says Mr. Galton, "and seen a man put two of the sticks apart, and take a sight over them at one of the sheep he was about to sell. Having satisfied himself that one was honestly paid for, and finding to his surprise that exactly two sticks remained in hand to settle for the other sheep, he would be afflicted with doubts; the transaction seemed to come out too 'pat' to be correct, and he would refer back to the first couple of sticks, and then his mind got hazy and confused, and wandered from one sheep to the other, and he broke off the transaction until two sticks were put into his hand and one sheep driven away, and then the other two sticks given him and the second sheep driven away."

That the Damara's conception of number was very dubious, is shown by another illustration wherein number is complicated by quantity; indeed, when his mind is bent on number, the Damara appears to have been quite incapable of thinking of quantity. The price of a heifer was ten sticks of tobacco. In making the purchase, Mr. Galton would place a stick on each finger of the seller's outspread hands. "He gathers up the tobacco, the size of the mass pleases him, and the bargain is struck. You want to buy a second heifer; the same process is gone through, but half sticks instead of whole sticks are put upon his fingers; the man is equally satisfied at the time, but occasionally finds it out, and complains the next day." Mr. Galton, it seems, was somewhat unlike Truthful James of the ballad, who was

"not up to small deceit
And other sinful games;"

and he might be suspected of practising on his too-confiding readers,

if other observers did not sustain his testimony. In the following episode, which is not at all complimentary to the "man and brother," the traveller may possibly be exercising the traveller's privilege; the reader can take the story for what it is worth:

"Once, while I watched a Damara floundering hopelessly in a calculation on one side of me, I observed Dinah, my spaniel, equally embarrassed on the other. She was overlooking half a dozen of her new-born puppies, which had been removed two or three times from her, and her anxiety was excessive, as she tried to find out if they were all present, or if any were still missing. She kept puzzling and running her eyes over them, backward and forward, but could not satisfy herself. She evidently had a vague notion of counting, but the figure was too large for her brain. Taking the two as they stood, dog and Damara," observes Mr. Galton, "the comparison reflected no great honor on the man."

In using his fingers for "counters," the Damara follows the natural instinct of all mankind. What could possibly be more "handy" for the purpose? The possession of proper words for numerals does not always do away with finger-counting, as our school-children demonstrate every day. Among the Hottentots, Lichtenstein found a tribe who, though their language contained words for the smaller numbers, rarely employed any thing but the finger-sign. Many of them did not even know the numbering words. "Beyond ten," he says, "even the most learned could not reckon, nor could I make out by what signs they ever designated these higher numbers."

The Coroado Indians counted by finger-joints—three being their limit of definite numbering. It seems almost incredible that they should not have had the wit to count also the joints of the second finger, and so get six; but it appears that they did not. Many of the aboriginal Australians could not count beyond four. Their term for five, like our word *many*, implied any large number, that is, in their case, any number beyond four. Dobrizhoffer found the Guarani Indians in the same mental condition. They could manage numbers up to four with tolerable facility; but when questioned in regard to a number exceeding four, they replied, *ndipapahabi*, "innumerable." The same worthy missionary spent eighteen years among the Abipones, of Paraguay. This tribe had but three proper numerals, or numbering words with no other signification. They did not stop counting, however, with the number three. To express four, they said *geyeuk nate*, the "fingers" of an emu; five had two names—*neenhalek*, a beautiful skin spotted with five colors, and *hanambegem*, "the fingers of one hand." Ten was "the fingers of both hands." This method being rather cumbersome, they usually resorted, for dispatch, to the exhibition of their fingers, or their fingers and toes, as the case might require, it being much more expeditious, for example, to show "the fingers of both hands and both feet," than to speak the equivalent—*lanám rihgem cat gracherhakaanamichirihgem*. For a number larger than they could count, they had recourse to a handful of sand or grass, as do *savage* tribes the world over. When the "noble red man" tells the white man that the pale-faces are more numerous than the leaves of the forest, or the sands on the sea-shore, sentimental people give him credit for a rich vein of poetry, or a surprising appreciation of the number and power of the whites; yet he would use the same expression for any number beyond the limited range of his numerals—to a ship-load of half-starved adventurers, as soon as to a great nation.

The Abipones had but one ordinal: the first, *era namachit*. They had also a word for *last*, and words for *once* and *twice*, and there their arithmetic ended. The poverty of their language, in this respect, was the source of much affliction to the good missionary, for it afforded him no terms for numbering the Ten Commandments! As numbers were very essential in the services of the Church, he tried to teach his docile flock to count in Spanish. They learned the words quickly enough up to a thousand; but they were so uncertain in their application of them, that it was all labor lost.

The nations along the Lower Murray, of Australia, like the Cape Yorkers, had but two numerals; these they repeated, until they made up five, which they called *ryup murnangin*, "one hand." Ten was two hands. "Hand" is likewise a common name for five, in many of the Malay dialects. This secondary use of the word for hand is also common to the Yalofs and Foulahs of Africa. It appears also on the opposite side of the globe, in Labrador, where *tallek* stands for both *hand* and *five*. The last-mentioned African tribes say "hand and one," for six; "hand and two," for seven, and so on, up to ten, which

is "two hands." Fifteen is "three hands." The Ahts follow the same plan as far as eight, and then they change the order. Instead of saying, for eight, "hand and three," like the Yalofs and Foulahs, they say "two hands less two." Their word for one, as Sproat tells us, in his "Scenes and Studies in Savage Life," occurs in those for six and nine, while that for two appears in seven and eight. This peculiar etymology plainly arises from their method of counting, which is with both hands raised, with palms upward, and fingers extended. For one, they double down the little finger; for two, the next finger; and so on. Five is a full hand. Six closes the little finger of the second hand; seven, the second finger; eight, the third. Now, the most noticeable feature of the hand is, that two fingers (finger and thumb) remain extended. Eight is two full hands less two, and that fact is expressed in their name for the number. Nine, in like manner, is two full hands less one; so their word for nine comprehends the word for one. Thus, they express in words what the Romans did in their notation. As regards the use of the fingers for counters, the Aht method is manifestly superior to that of the Damaras, since each hand holds its own "digits," and there is no difficulty in passing from the first hand to the second. The Zulus begin to count with the thumb, instead of the little finger. For six, they say *talitisaupa*, literally "take the thumb;" that is, having used the fingers of one hand, take the thumb of the next. Among the Zamuca and Maysca Indians, Humboldt found a system of numeration in which five was not simply *hand*, but "hand finished." Six was "one on the other hand." Ten was "two hands finished," or, more briefly, *foot*. Eleven was "foot-one;" twelve, "foot-two," and so on to twenty, which was "feet finished," or, briefly, *man*. The Carib word for ten meant literally "the fingers of both hands;" that for twenty signified "fingers and toes." In Labrador, likewise, the term for twenty implies hands and feet together. In the Chibeha language, twenty was represented by "foot-ten," or sometimes a shorter word, derived from *gue*, a house. Forty was two-twenties, or two houses; sixty, three-twenties; eighty, four-twenties (like the French *quatre-vingt*). One hundred was five-twenties. The ancient Mexicans developed a very complete numerical system with twenty as a multiple, as we use *ten*.

The Indians of Guiana follow the same plan, though not so extensively. Mr. Brett, for some time missionary among these tribes, gives a very interesting account of their efforts in arithmetic. For the first four numbers they have simple numerals, in Arawak: *abar*, *biana*, *kabuin*, *bibici*. Five is *abar* (one) *da' kabo* (my hand). Six is *abar-tinen*; seven, *biam-tinen*. For eight and nine, they use the remaining numerals with the unexplained word *tinen*. Ten is *biam-dakabo*, "my two hands." From ten to twenty, they use their toes, *kuti*, with the repetitive word *bana*, or *banano*. Thus, eleven is *abar-kuti-bana*. Eighteen is *kabuin-tinen-kuti-banano*. Twenty is *abar-loko*, "one man." Above twenty, they reckon by scores, or "men." Forty-five, for example, is laboriously expressed by *biam-loko-abor-dakabor tajeago*, "two men and one hand upon it." The other tribes of Guiana follow the same method of numeration. During his labors among these tribes, Mr. Brett found the children reasonably bright, and apt to learn in all the elementary branches of education except arithmetic. Of this they could not comprehend the simplest rudiments. The cumbersome method of reckoning by hands and feet and complete men, which they had learned with their mother-tongue, was, to his mind, an insuperable barrier to their mastery of the decimal system. Perhaps the incapacity of savages for computation may have made their task still harder.

By the time a nation has developed any considerable degree of civilization, its numerals are usually so worn down by use that their primary meaning can no longer be detected; or, having been imported from some more advanced country, their reference to the original counters is buried in the etymologies of some other tongue. The Latin *digit* still remains to show the use to which the early Romans put their fingers. The Greek *penle*, to which our *five* is traced, is evidently related to the Persian *pencha*, a hand; both words are doubtless derived from the same primitive. If our word *many* (Anglo-Saxon *maneg*, Gothic *manags*), some form of which appears in so many Indo-Germanic tongues, has any relation to the Latin *manus*, it carries us still farther back to the time when our Aryan ancestors—like the aborigines of Australia, Africa, and South America—could count no farther than the fingers of one hand.

JAMES RICHARDSON.

THE SANDY-HOOK LIGHT-SHIP.

TWENTY-SIX miles from this delightful city of New York, seven from a dreary, dangerous spit of sand, and fourteen good fathoms from the bottom of the ocean, there floats and heaves a blessing to mariners, an object of sentiment to travellers, a thankful sight to hordes of sea-sickened immigrants, namely, the ugly-shaped, salmon-colored, uneasy, but steadfast light-ship.

Few works of man get more of man's unreasonable nonsense in the shape of thanks and gratitudes than this tethered guide and finger-post, and few deserve them more. As gratitude goes, this ill-conditioned craft probably gets the cream of the article. It is difficult to conceive of deeper thanksgivings than are poured from the inmost souls of the weekly five thousands of storm-racked, landless, and stifled wretches, who see in it the very first belonging to their new homes. Its pink sides and uncouth plungings, together with its unintelligible signs, painted in white letters, become enshrined as household words, and the day when first they cast their weary eyes upon it is henceforth an era of the happiest sort.

It is not the most disagreeable sight in the world to see some hundreds of pale and swarthy faces, belonging to strangely-attired personages of all ages, suddenly turn in response to a hearty shout and gape at the light-ship, as they come up with it; nor is the long-drawn shout of welcome, with which they greet it as they perch and hang upon the rigging of their own inward-flying vessel, at all amiss to any lucky listener. There is a cheery, earnest ring about the sound, given as it is by all pipes and keys, Italian and Swedish, young and old, feeble and vigorous, man and woman, girl and boy, and impressed with a great flourish of dingy caps and whitish aprons; and it seems impossible that it all shall fly and vanish with the first day's struggle for bread and butter. But for the present they keep it up till they are hoarse, and fade away leaping and swinging their arms in ecstasy at having now actually seen and passed the first proof that America is real and substantial after all.

The light-ship is answerable for a great deal of bewailing at the hands of outgoing ducks and darlings, whose love of country flares up like a powder-blast on realizing that this dear hulk is the last sight they behold of their native land. They never knew before how near Sandy Hook lay to their tender hearts. They are charged to their finger-tips with poetical sentiment, and hurry to avail themselves of this first opportunity to let off some rhyming sparks, which start their diaries off in appropriate style, and all are devoutly thankful to this bobbing and ungraceful craft for giving them the chance.

The calm and grateful shepherds of comfortable city flocks, with substantial forget-us-nots in their trousers-pockets, being duly crammed with the habits and manners of the ancients, and fondly dreaming themselves impervious to all but Greek and Roman emotions, privately allow, in after-days, that they felt some trifling homespun regrets as the light-ship was caught in the eddies which tailed out from behind their steamships.

Gay-hearted commercial travellers, long since dead to the soft sorrows of parting, and who have made all the sly arrangements for creature-comforts for the voyage, by feeing the proper servants and getting the requisite liquors and seats and mattresses, and who have done all the neat tricks for bodily luxury which they alone know so well, look stonily on all sobs and tears, but nevertheless cannot repress a sharp pang at their severance from the delights of Broadway, which their present sight of the light-ship implies.

There is another class, a small one perhaps, but still a choice one, who gaze upon its dwindling shape with unmixed affection and gratitude. Since they saw it last, which date is also the time when they saw it first, they have spun well. They have twisted comfort and wealth from vast millions of threads, and are now returning to their dingy Dutch cities, or to the villa-covered Italian hills, or fossil and grimy English towns, there to sit down in ease, redolent of the republic, and therefore powerful aids to the political yeast now in the process of turning reigning dynasties bottom up. To such the light-ship is a painful point of departure. They feel they are closing a wide and hospitable door upon themselves as they pass by it, and they recall their struggles, which took place within it, as not unpleasant memories of a generous and fruitful land.

The light-ship itself seems to be always in motion, though, in one sense, it is always stationary. It has a happy knack of going many

more directions in a minute than any other known craft, Newfoundland fishermen included. There are to be found men whose internal organs appear to be fitted with gambrels, and, whatever is the motion of the vessel they happen to be on, they contrive to keep the balance and equanimity of a compass or a fore-castle-lamp.

If any one is in doubt regarding his own gambrels, the light-ship will assist him with a speed and exactness which will surprise him; for there are few human structures which can go so high or so low, or so far to the right or the left, or so much upon its back, or so little upon its proper surface, or so much upon its beam-ends, or its stern, or its bows, or can fly through the air more rapidly, or can strike the water with more force, or can shiver and plunge and rear and fall back again with greater celerity, than this particular craft.

On the calmest day that ever was, it seems as if forty thousand devils, each with a long bar and a leverage, were amusing themselves by tossing the boat about, and there was never a man who retained enough of his senses to describe her actions on a day of storm. In a thousandth part of an idea of an instant she can transform herself from a flying fish, or a balloon, to a deep-sea monster with no soul for air, or can threaten more capsize in more separate directions at once, than a man's brain is competent to realize.

In shape she is equally independent. She is modelled upon nothing, and bears a strong suggestion of every thing. She is like a Dutch shallop, without a poop, like a bread-tray, like a butter-boat, like a cook's mince-chopper, like a *chapeau bras*, such as La Perouse used to wear amid the cannibals, like a Turkish crescent, like a toadstool viewed sectionally. Still, nothing else but she, in her strong, powerful, well-braced frame, could fight the fearful battles which are thrust upon her almost daily.

Her burden is not far from two hundred tons. Her color, pink, has been mentioned before. It pervades every thing, her chains, boats, and all appurtenances. Upon her sides in huge letters is the legend in white, "Sandy Hook," denoting that it is at this particular spot that the tired perambulator of the seas may turn in, if he chooses, and enjoy the delights of the metropolis, a great deal in the manner in which a stroller on Broadway is directed into Bond or any other street by the sign on the lamp-post.

She is held in her position by mushroom anchors, and an arrangement of heavy frigate-chains, technically called a "a bridle." It would be hard to find a position more exposed than that in which she lies, yet she has broken from her moorings but twice. The first occasion was thirteen years ago, when, in the height of a dreadful storm, and in the dead of a black winter's night, she was forced inward upon the Hook, cased in ice, and wholly at the mercy of the tempest.

She brought up, however, just short of destruction, and no worse result ensued than the commonplace and very ordinary agony of a dozen men, frozen and maimed almost to uselessness, one of whom, Mr. James White, is now the first officer of the vessel, a worthy post, and most worthily held. In the second case the crew succeeded in getting her to sea, whence she returned when the storm subsided, and resumed her position.

Her deck presents very nearly the spectacle of that of any scrupulously-kept schooner, barring, perhaps, the singular tint of all the articles which encumber it. This seems a little incongruous in the case of a couple of twelve-pounders, whose warlike noises, however, are confined to salutes, the sorriest of which were fired upon the mournful advent of the Cambria, a few months ago. The deck is surrounded by a high bulwark, and is flush. Hints of the presence of danger stand about in the shapes of fire-pails and life-preservers, all of which bear the same inscription as the vessel to which they belong.

The distinguishing feature of the ship is, of course, the lights which it displays at night. For the accommodation of these, two short, sturdy masts are placed, strictly perpendicular, in the ordinary positions. Beside each of these, or, rather, aft of each, is another, but a slighter mast, designed for the use of the sails, should they, by any misfortune to the moorings of the ship, become necessary for the navigation of the vessel.

All four of these spars, and especially those which sustain the lanterns, are braced and secured in the strongest manner, as they have to endure no common shocks of the winds and waves. Forward of the foremast is a huge brazen bell, cast in Troy, whose time of use is in the thick fogs which sweep down and cover all things like clouds of snow.

Beside a stanchion farther back, is a board pierced with holes in horizontal lines, and supplied with pegs, and lettered in such a way as

to give information, at the end of each day, as to the number of vessels of different classes which have passed in or out of the harbor, and whose passage has been marked by the moving of the pegs by the watch on deck—a sort of nautical cribbage-board.

Below are very clean and warm quarters for the convenience of ten men, together with lockers containing cans of lard, oil, and the necessary stores of the ship, which are supplied at long intervals from government vessels attached to the light-house department.

The cabin, for the use of the captain and his mates, is very comfortably fitted and well ordered. Its very cushions contain welcome in their looks, and such welcome is often felt by pilots who come down with their charges, and who, being missed by the station-boats, whose duty it is to take them off, are compelled to sleep the night under the wing of the genial and musical captain who here is lord.

He is in command of a singular craft. To laymen it is first noticeable for its label and its color, and then questions are asked about the bulbous appearances upon the tops of the masts. To begin with: they are not bulbous at all, although they look so. They are two huge, flat, iron gratings of circular forms, dividing each other at right angles through their respective diameters, and which are fixtures at each mast-head. They have no other use than the very important one of distinguishing this vessel from all others during the hours of daylight. Seen at a distance, they resemble cages, uncomfortably used, in good old times, in just such bleak and stormy places, to expose the bodies of pirates to the mercies of sea-gulls until their warning and rattling bones clattered musically to the virtuous ear. Then, again, they look like the basket-hilts of swords, of which the stout masts are the trusty blades, which by some mishap have encountered this tough object and stuck in it, much like the result of the encounter of the cheese and the sword in the Yankee tradition of the days of Goffe and Whalley. By night these signs and signals are supplanted by the lanterns. Of these there are two, one for each mast, which are similar in construction and manner of display, and therefore the description of one will be all that is required.

Each lantern holds eight lights, which are arranged in a circle, and surround the mast. The cage is of copper and iron, has the requisite number of chimneys at the top, and is constructed in such a way that it is hoisted and lowered by a double winch upon the deck. Its diameter is in the neighborhood of five feet and a half, and its shape is octagonal, with glazings of heavy glass, twenty-five inches in height. The lamps are of French patent, and are, in every respect, fully equal to the demands made upon them. The oil is contained in brazen reservoirs, with which the burner is closely and ingeniously connected, and which, when ready for use, is slipped into a steel case swung upon gambrels. The lamps are brought from below, in cold weather, at the latest possible moment, and, being inserted in their proper places, are lighted from a little torch of copper, something of the shape of a toy flat-iron. The glass chimneys are then supplied, over and back of which are hung the reflectors, also swinging upon the gambrels. These last are brightly burnished, and are of the circumference of a large soup-plate, and have the shape of Mercury's helmet, barring the wings. The setting and lighting of each lamp being completed, the glass front is closed upon it, and the lantern is swung upon the mast until another comes to hand.

All the operation of preparing the lanterns for the night is carried on in small hutches with movable roofs, which are built at the foot of the respective masts, and into which the lanterns are lowered bodily.

Their elevation above the level of the sea is hardly more than forty feet, and yet their powerful radiance is observable for a surprising distance. Much trouble is incurred by the liability of the oil to congealation, and, although mixed with kerosene, it becomes unfit for use at 23° Fahrenheit. A method of supplying extra heat to the lanterns by charcoal-furnaces has been adopted, but still the fault is the occasion of much inconvenience.

The hours of sunset and sunrise limit the duties of these beneficent lights, while at the times of ten o'clock P. M., and two o'clock A. M., the lamps are replenished, and the lanterns go on duty again, to the creaking and clanking music of the iron cranks and chains which elevate them to their places.

Day in and day out the duties of the vessel are religiously done by the self-made prisoners, her crew, and few pleasures or changes creep aboard. Watches are kept with the precision of navy discipline, and talk is rare. Newspapers flit aboard at intervals of several days. Visitors are as scarce as goblins, and no new prospect ever turns up.

The sailors are eight in number, and are quite as likely to represent eight different nationalities as any less number, and perhaps more so. Their conversation is mostly syllabic, and poor and impoverished syllables at that. There is one man, a Swede, who has an accordion, on which he plays a negro melody, a psalm, a ballad, and a *pot-pourri*; but his companions hate them, and he sits with his back to them, dismally and mechanically stretching the instrument, and then squeezing it with the manner of a convict condemned to work a musical cat's-cradle for the rest of his life.

It is well for them that the vessel is accustomed to pitch them about. It reminds one of the misery of Dr. Pangloss, in his *pas deux* with his rascally relative, to see these sullen, spiritless, powerful fellows muffled up in reefing-jackets, sou'westers, tippets, and oil-cloth yellow helmets, and, with less vivacity of soul than the mummies of Pharaoh, forced to dance a Roger-de-Coverley on the resounding deck overhead, with all the skips, leaps, short runs, hops, and fancy touches of that most remarkable exercise.

Their lives are of the dullest, and those of their officers are but a whit more cheerful. The cabin of the ship is the sewing-circle of the nautical out-lying region. The village-store of the salty community is in the light-ship. Fat and unwieldy pilots grope aboard and unload their gossip and the tales and titbits of nautical scandal and criticism. The social complications and involvements of the neighborhoods of the Hook, and the Spits, and the Lights; the professional collisions of the vested and understood rights of the men of the brine; the distresses, the grievances, the disputes, the pullings and haulings of salts, captains, owners, and underwriters, are here gravely aired in jolly fellowship, and all with the politest respect for the feelings of everybody concerned.

Nobody ever heard a true pilot malign any one else; none can say, with his hand on his heart, that he learned from any man of the deep the smallest accusation against one of the cloth. If you want your hand well shaken, go to a pilot; if you are hungry, go to a pilot; if you want a character, go to a pilot; if there is any backsliding on the part of any sailor which you want proved, go to a pilot, and you will be surprised how misrepresented the unfortunate man has been. The first business of a pilot is to keep deep-water, and the second is to stand by every other pilot through thick and thin.

The sight of the light-ship by passers-by, its isolation, its restlessness, is always sure to provoke questions and comment. It is always picturesque, and clad in ice, in mid-winter, it is a startling thing to come upon. Its great hawse-holes, close down to water-mark, look like the villanous eyes of a cuttle-fish gazing downward at coming prey.

At night its huge lights, uneasy, swaying violently here and there, demand explanation as to what strange things they can be, and it is a disappointment not to find them supernatural. They glare about for miles, sometimes straight out to the horizon, sometimes at the sky overhead, and then, in an instant, at the waters by the very side of the ship. They yawn upon the clouds, and then cast a golden glow over the horrid surface of the torn and boiling waters.

Waves pitch upon the poor craft and bury it deep, but the lights stand out bravely. Foam and furious sheets of spray leap up like ghosts, swoop about the vessel, and vanish toward the Jersey shore upon the blasts of the east wind, but she holds her own. At times she is so held in the rush of the mountains of water, that she is motionless in all ways but in a throbbing quiver from her bow to her stern. In great gales she is wholly alone. Not an inhabited keel to be seen. Not a distant hill-top, not a ray of sun, not a breath of air, without its burden of bitter froth; not a second, without its gloomy, ponderous thunder, and not an inch of space above without its glare of lightning. No man sleeps, no man dares move. She is like an insect on the verge of Niagara, like a man single-handed in the disruption of a mountain, like an infant stemming a mob of furious giants, but still she clings and clings for days and nights; she goes through a purgatory of water, tempest, howling, darkness, tumult, and finally emerges, as she has done many times before, with the lanterns lit, but every thing else in ruin.

She is open to the worst of storms, and bears the sweep of the whole Atlantic, and was built, and placed where she is, to do it. A little weak admiration for her stumpy, homely personality, on account of strength and pluck is very common, however, and, if such unreasonable sentiments are ever to be allowed in any case, perhaps this is about as excusable as any.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

THE MEDITERRANEAN ECLIPSE, 1870.

FROM "NATURE."

CLOUD in Sicily, cloud in Spain, cloud in Africa. Such at first sight might seem to be the only result of all the observations made on the eclipsed sun of 1870; such the reception given by Nature to those who wooed her as she had never been wooed before, who approached her full of the rarest gifts which Science has placed at man's disposal.

But, after all, has the oracle been silent? I think not. Dare we, however, say that the great problem of the Corona, that one among the many still outstanding difficulties which the eclipse was invoked to settle, is settled? This, perhaps, would be saying too much, but still, I think, a step in advance has been made. The oracle has spoken darkly, perhaps, but it *has* spoken.

This being premised, what is the result of the very few observations, comparatively speaking, which have been made? Before I attempt to give any idea of my answer to this question, it is only fair to myself to state that my only sources of information, up to the present time, have been conversations with some of the American members of the Sicilian expedition, a brief telegram from the members of the English party at Agosta, the Rev. S. J. Perry's communication to the *Daily News*, and an inspection of some drawings made by the officers of her majesty's ships off Aci Reale. At Catania we saw a portion of the corona for one and a half seconds through a cloud, and that was all; and the day after the eclipse, before the more fortunate members of my party returned, it became my duty to proceed to Malta in her majesty's ship Lord Warden, to attend the court-martial on the officers and crew of the beautiful but unfortunate *Psyche*, in which we had been wrecked, and the weather in the Mediterranean has been so bad that it was impossible to leave Malta in time to rejoin the expedition before they left for England. Of detailed information, therefore, I have none.

In the first place, then, I submit that the fact that the corona is a compound phenomena comes out in an unmistakable way. We have first of all a ring some 5' or 6' high round the moon, which almost all observers have seen alike; and then we have light beyond which some observers have seen of one shape and some of another, now stellate with many rays, now stellate with few, now absolutely at rest, now revolving rapidly.

This I think to be the key-note of all the observations with which I have become acquainted. I need scarcely say that it is exactly what had been predicted.

First among the fortunate ones who observed the corona with the telescope was Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor (Michigan), who took up his station at Carlentini, and appears to have been the best favored among the Sicilian observers. From his account I gather that there was an almost perfect *shell* around the sun about 5' high, and that outside this shell were less definite rays. What he was particularly struck with was this, that, as seen in the telescope, the rayed portion was most developed over the prominences, and, as I gathered from him in one case, the rayed portion was absent, as if a veil had been removed; so that he, at all events, is strongly impressed with the idea that the shell represented a true solar appendage, and that the rayed structure was due to our own atmosphere.

Next comes Mr. Brett, who, although he was not so fortunate, still was enabled to see and place on record some most interesting features, including the whole outline of the corona and even some of the protuberances. He also, as I am informed, saw the rayed portion of the corona most developed above the protuberances, the outline of the interior portion being visible, though not so strongly marked as in the case of Professor Watson's drawing, in consequence of less favorable atmospheric conditions. I am thankful to say that the weather at Syracuse enabled Mr. Brothers to obtain some admirable photographs, which I have not yet seen. These are among the most important results of the expedition.

Next I must mention Professor Peirce, the head of one of the American parties, who observed two miles north of Catania, at a private casino of the Marchese Sangiuliano. I believe that he also saw the shell, but of this I am not absolutely certain; but he distinctly observed that the outer corona over the prominences was rosy red, although he did not see the prominences himself. A more beautiful proof of the terrestrial nature of this portion of the corona it would be difficult to imagine: for, of course, at the sun, the hydrogen, which thus tinged it, is incapable of coloring any thing, as its own light is absorbed by the transcendent brilliancy of the photosphere; while nothing would be more natural than to suppose that the light, which, in its own atmosphere, should strongly tinge any thing radially illuminated, should be that of the prominences.

But the strongest proof of the variability of the outer portion and of the constancy of the inner portion is afforded by the observations made on board the small fleet attempting to save the *Psyche* off Aci Reale, where the eclipse was observed in unclouded splendor. Here were the iron-clads Lord Warden, Caledonia, and Royal Oak, and the tugs Weasel and Hearty, besides the Italian gunboat Plebiscito, all

within a stone's-throw of each other. In all the drawings, and many have been received, we have a ring 5' or thereabouts, while the outer portion is as variable as may be. On the same deck, that namely of the flag-ship Lord Warden, two drawings were made, one by Captain Brandreth, and the other by Dr. Macdonald, F. R. S., in which the variation is so strong that one would feel inclined to acquit the atmosphere of any participation in the matter, and to relegate the whole outer corona to subjectivity alone, did not Mr. Brothers's admirable photograph show both phenomena, as I am told they do. Dr. Macdonald saw eight rays arranged with perfect symmetry; Captain Brandreth saw only two elliptical hoops crossing each other at right angles.

Captain Cochran, of the Caledonia, besides the ring, saw a complicated stellate figure, the rays of nearly equal length; while Mr. Dexter, at sea between Catania and Syracuse, saw, besides the ring, *only one ray* of inordinate length.

So much for the drawings. I think that if the records of former eclipses be now examined, especially Mr. Carrington's drawing of the eclipse of 1851, and compared with the others taken at the same time, additional evidence will be gathered in favor of the compound nature of the corona, which, on the evidence now before me, I consider the great teaching of the present eclipse. Our experience in Sicily seems to be similar to that of the Spanish observers, for Mr. Perry writes that "some observed two curved rays," while the rapid degradation of light occurred at one-fifth of a solar diameter, but, so far as I know, no one in Sicily was favored with a view of the dark intervals which were observed in Spain.

There is a strange and most interesting discordance between some of the spectroscopic observations made in Sicily and Spain. At Agosta, where the totality was well visible for ten seconds, Mr. Burton detected a green line near E, with a tangential slit (distance from moon not stated). This line, which was also seen by the Italian observers, is doubtless the one recorded last year by the American astronomers, but in Spain Mr. Perry states that bright lines at C near D, δ (or E) and F were observed 8' away from the sun. At Syracuse Professor Harkness, whose telescope was moved into the various positions by Captain Tupman, R. M. A., found the green line in all parts of the corona, so far as about 10' from the sun, and at one point thought he detected two green lines, less refrangible than it; but at several places he saw a complete hydrogen spectrum (including C), which he attributed to prominences, until he was informed by Captain Tupman that there was no prominence near the slit—more proofs of the terrestrial nature of this portion of the corona, I think, taken in connection with the fact that *the dark moon gave identically the same spectrum*. It would appear that there was so much atmospheric reflection in Spain, and here and there at Syracuse, that the true coronal spectrum with its line near E, the existence of which we must now accept as established beyond all question, was partially masked by the prominence spectrum with its usual well-known lines. There is one passage in Mr. Perry's interesting letter in which, if there be a misprint, as I suspect there is, an observation of great importance is recorded. It runs: "Mr. Abbay, observing at Xeres with a spectroscope of two prisms of 45° belonging to Professor Young, saw the bright lines C, D, F, and afterward F and a line rather more bright than F on the less refrangible side of B, C not noticed then." Now, if δ (not B) was intended here, we have sub-incandescent hydrogen mixed with the green-line-giving substance, which may probably be a new element with a vapor density less than hydrogen.

So that roughly we might regard the chromosphere to be built up of the following layers, which are in the orders of vapor density in the case of known elements:

X' (New element)	Green coronal line.
Hydrogen	{ Sub-incandescent . . . F.
	{ Incandescent . . . C, F, near G, h.
X (new element)	Near D.
Magnesium	{ δ and lines in blue.
	{ and violet.
Sodium	D.
Barium.	Several lines.
Iron, etc.	{ Several lines, including E.

The foregoing table excludes naturally the substance or substances which give bright lines in the solar spectrum, which are at times visible in the spectrum of the chromosphere. I have ventured to suggest that the substance which gives the line in the green is a new element, because invariably I have found that in solar storms the chromospheric layers are thrown up in the order of vapor density, and because all the heavier vapors are at or below the level of the photosphere itself.

With regard to the question of polarization, the parties in Sicily obtained evidence that the corona was radially polarized, though Professors Harkness and Eastman obtained a result which they explain differently. Mr. Ranyard, at Villamonda, and Mr. Peirce, Jr., north of Catania, obtained identical results in favor of strong polarization. Hence the solar corona, accepting these observations, not only radiates, but reflects solar light to us. A careful consideration of this fact, taken in connection with the possible addition of a, so to speak, terrestrial corona to its light, may enable us to account for some of the observations, both polariscopic and spectroscopic, which do not at first

appear to harmonize with those to which I have referred, notably those which give a pure continuous spectrum to the corona, and which state that its light is only slightly polarized.

From what has preceded, then, we seem justified in suggesting as working hypotheses the following, which, however, more accurate information may alter, and which I offer as suggestions only, *bien entendu*.

1. The Solar Chromosphere extends some 5' or 6' from the sun (Watson and others), its last layers consisting of cool hydrogen (Mr. Abbay), and possibly a new element with a green line in its spectrum (Young, Burton, and others); which line, if it be identical with the auroral line, as stated by Gould, may possibly be present in the higher regions of our own atmosphere.

2. Outside this stratum the rays, etc., are for the most part due partly to our own atmosphere, partly to our eyes, for their shape varies; they are seen by some at rest, by others in motion, and their spectrum is the same as that of the dark moon (Maclear).

3. The white light of the chromosphere above the prominences, as seen in an eclipse, is due to its strong reflection of solar light, as shown by the polariscopic observations (Ranyard, Peirce, Jr., Ladd).

4. The rosy tinge of the corona proper, that is, of the region more than 5' or 6' from the sun, is due to our atmosphere containing light which comes from both the higher and lower strata of the chromosphere (Peirce, Sen., Maclear, Abbay).

J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

UNDER THE MAPLES.

I.

UNDER the maples sat Jenny and I,
Ever so many years ago,
Watching the streamlet murmuring by,
And gurgling a love-song in its flow;
And fleecy clouds, in a phantom troop;
Scudded across the bright-blue sky,
While our hearts were weaving, in many a loop,
A mesh for the lives of Jenny and I.

II.

It seemed not strange that her tiny hand
Should nestle so trustingly fond in mine,
And her auburn ringlets' gold-brown strand
My clumsy fingers like silk should twine;
And right it seemed that her bright young head
Should find a pillow upon my breast,
As the clouds, in gold and purple and red,
Sank royally down in the far-off west.

III.

For I that old, old story had told—
The story of anxious hopes and fears—
While over her ringlets' dark-brown gold
Was falling a shower of pearly tears—
Tears that hung on her eyelids' fringe
Like dew on the fresh-born buds of May—
And her blushes deepened their roseate tinge,
As I tenderly kissed those tears away.

IV.

Her heart was mine, though her lips refused
To utter that longed-for syllable, "Yes;"
But musing she sighed, and sighing she mused.
What meant her sighs and her musing—guess?
But then we pledged by the streamlet's flow,
As the stars peeped out from the twilight sky,
Ever so many years ago,
Under the maples, Jenny and I.

V.

There are frosty streaks in the auburn hair
That I twined round my fingers years ago,
And the brow of my wife may be less fair
Than it seemed in that sunset's ruddy glow;
But I know, when I clasp her to my breast,
There's a wilder thrill than in days gone by,
When the clouds sank royally down in the west,
As under the maples sat Jenny and I.

SALLIE A. BROCK.

TABLE-TALK.

BEFORE this number of the JOURNAL reaches its readers, the firm of D. APPLETON & Co., by whom it is published, and whose name it bears, will have removed from Nos. 90, 92, and 94, Grand Street, to Nos. 549 and 551 on the west side of Broadway, between Prince and Spring Streets. We believe this is the eighth removal made by this eminent publishing-house since it was founded, nearly half a century ago, by Mr. Daniel Appleton, father of four of the gentlemen who now compose the firm, and grandfather of the fifth and youngest member. The founder of the house, a man of remarkable sagacity and energy, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1795, and died in this city, March 27, 1849. He commenced business at an early age in his native town as a general store-keeper, removed for a while to Boston, and finally settled in New York. His first place of business in this city was in Exchange Place, in the rear of the present Custom-house, which was then the Post-office. Here in due time his eldest son, Mr. William H. Appleton, who is now the head of the firm, became, while yet a lad, his father's assistant, and subsequently his partner. A little book called "Daily Crumbs" was the first publication of the house, the mere titles of whose books now fill a volume, and whose presses now send forth annually several million volumes. The first removal of the firm was from Exchange Place to the building then known as Clinton Hall, in Beekman Street. The second removal was from Beekman Street to No. 200 Broadway, on the west side between Fulton and John Streets. This location was considered in those days to be rather too far up-town for retail-trade, though now the chief centres of that trade are two miles farther up. Here the firm had a store twenty-two feet wide by fifty feet in depth, which was then considered large. Here many of the publications which have contributed so much to the success of the house first saw the light. Prominent among these was Ure's "Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines," which had great and deserved popularity. Editions of the Prayer-book of various sizes, of Byron and of Moore, and of "Tales for the People," in twenty-five volumes, were also remarkably successful. A third removal of the firm, which, however, was hardly more than an episode, was made at this time across Broadway to the corner of Dey Street, where the house remained several months while they were rebuilding and enlarging the store at 200 Broadway. When that was reconstructed, they moved back again, which may be considered the fourth removal. Six or seven years later they bought and removed to the Society-Library Building, on the east side of Broadway, between Leonard Street and Catharine Lane, which was then one of the prominent edifices of the city. It was subsequently destroyed by fire, and on the site now stands the costly and magnificent marble building of the New-York Life-Insurance Company, one of the finest structures in the country. Here they commenced the publication of their greatest work, "The New American Cyclopædia." Before the building

was burned, D. Appleton & Co. made a sixth removal to the fine marble edifice on the west side of Broadway, Nos. 443 and 445, where they remained eight years, and where the publication of the Cyclopædia was completed, in sixteen large volumes, and "The Annual Cyclopædia" begun. In 1868 they made a seventh removal to Nos. 90, 92, and 94, Grand Street, at the northeast corner of Greene, where they erected and occupied a building one hundred feet in length, seventy-five feet wide, and five stories high. Here the JOURNAL was commenced, in April, 1869. Even this huge edifice proving inadequate for their ever-increasing business, they have made an eighth, and, we trust, a last removal, to Nos. 549 and 551 Broadway, one of the most conspicuous and eligible sites on the great thoroughfare of the city. The building they occupy is two hundred feet in length by fifty in width, and is six stories high, besides basement and sub-basement. Each floor covers a space of nearly a quarter of an acre in area. In this store upward of one hundred persons are constantly employed, though the printing and binding of the firm are done altogether in another vast establishment in Brooklyn, covering an acre and a quarter of ground, and where about five hundred persons are employed.

— It is surprising that, while we in New York are vexing ourselves so ceaselessly about our crowded city, and the need of new and swift methods of transit, by which we may reach the outlying spaces around us, there should be at our very hand the means of nearly doubling our present population without increasing the area of the city, and yet without inconveniently packing the inhabitants. We can all of us absolutely live in a district of pure air lying within immediate reach of our business, and to attain which neither car-drivers nor conductors need vex or trouble us. Why should we not populate the pure, sweet air of the sky-stories above us? All along Broadway, for instance, business requires but three or four stories; if the buildings have more lofts than these, they are either vacant or employed for storage. Now there is no reason why the buildings in Broadway should not be constructed upon a plan that would give two or three upper floors for residences. The utmost elegance, the completest privacy, and entire accessibility, can be secured for apartments thus arranged. The buildings, of course, should be entirely fire-proof. The rooms should be provided with every modern convenience for housekeeping, and steam-elevators should afford the means of rapid and unlaborious access. "One of the most charming homes I visited while in London," remarked a gentleman to us once, "consisted of numerous rooms directly under the roof of a large six-story building. Here a wealthy family were residing, surrounded with every elegance. They had their billiard-room, their charming dining-room and parlors, their wine-room, and they were lifted above the confusion, the bad air, the nuisances and disturbances of the street. The only drawback was the necessity of climbing up the six long stairways." One has only to reflect a little to see how charming residences thus situated could be made. The buildings

ought to be fully eight stories high, and the highest story would be the most desirable. But any story above the fifth would reach an altitude where it would be rare in the warmest weather not to experience pleasant breezes, and where the air would come refreshing and delicious either direct from the sea or from the Hudson hills. Gardens could be planted on the roofs of these buildings, affording, in cool twilights and on summer evenings, delightful promenades. This method of building would permit certain of the rooms to be lighted from above by skylights—and light received in this way has a peculiar charm. It comes soft and even, with no confusing cross-lights, and is very soothing in effect. Pictures are better, and all objects more agreeable to the eye, under such a light. In these high sky-homes there would be a sense of delicious serenity—a sweetness, repose, and beauty—that only those who have visited people living in this way can fully understand. The unobstructed heavens seem to come down to you. The air is exhilarating, and the whole aspect of the apartments singularly agreeable. There are innumerable people fond of metropolitan life, who now are of necessity banished into dreary neighborhoods of cabbage-gardens and potato-plots, who would delight in the opportunity of living in wholesome air and under agreeable conditions, where they could also enjoy libraries, picture-galleries, lectures, the opera, concerts, the theatre, the clubs, and all the animation and stir of a gay metropolis. To some tastes suburban residences have no charm. Women especially are apt to be oppressed by the dulness and monotony of country-life. They like the bustle of a city, the exhilarating contact of crowds. Of families whom pressure has driven into our outlying villages, a large number would, it is certain, prefer life in the heart of the city if it could be enjoyed there under suitable conditions. The experiment we suggest should be tried, but a movement of the kind must be inaugurated properly if it is going to be a success. Half-way attempts will not do. Simply ordinary residences over stores is not what we mean; these exist abundantly in some of the avenues, and serve their purpose very well. Nor do we mean costly hotels, such as those just completed in Fifth Avenue, in which suites of rooms cost more than whole houses elsewhere. If some of our capitalists would secure an entire square on some good street, and put up an eight-story, fire-proof building, the four lower stories reserved for trade, and the upper ones constructed for families, having all modern arts and conveniences, the family-entrances on the side-streets, or entirely separated from the business-entrances, we should then have a good illustration of how the splendid sky-spaces that now remain unutilized might be made delightful homes.

— Iron, when used in architecture in imitation of stone, is an abomination. No dexterity in painting it can give it the texture or quality of stone, and the imitation is always offensively apparent. But iron used as iron, in accordance with rules and after methods derived from its special nature, is quite another thing. We have, in Broadway, many iron fronts constructed after stone

models, and painted to look like marble, but we have only one that distinctly obeys the law of its own material. This is a new building, of which it might be charged that we should say little, inasmuch as we occupy it; but, as its construction and decoration are the ideas of the architect's, and not ours, we may be pardoned for extolling it. The front consists of slender iron columns, which are painted in a neutral tint and picked out with gold. The effect is light, spacious, and graceful. There is no need in an iron building of the massiveness of a stone building; and as the massiveness which in marble or granite gives so much dignity to a structure, in iron presents nothing more than so much greater surface of paint, it should never be imitated. The qualities that iron permits are grace and lightness, and it should always be used to secure these ends. When Mr. Paxton modelled the Crystal Palace it would have been absurd, indeed, if he had kept in view the stone idea of a building; he succeeded in producing a graceful structure by perceiving the special qualities of iron and glass. Iron admits of elaborate decoration, of tints and colors, which in stone would be atrocious. The ornamental front of the building we have mentioned possibly startles somewhat the prejudices of those who assume that brick and stone give the law to architecture. But these critics forget our own Crystal Palace, with its many-tinted columns, which was so much admired. Iron has only recently come much into use in architecture, and it is not surprising that at first it should have been employed simply as a substitute for stone; but its adaptability for another kind of building begins to be seen. Uniting strength with lightness, it is possible to use only slender columns in the strongest of buildings, and thus greatly increase the illuminating space. Half the business warehouses in New York are imperfectly lighted, whereas, if constructed after the method we have described, this defect would have been avoided. This great practical advantage ought to be sufficient to largely introduce the new plan; and hence we have no doubt that Broadway is destined to undergo another great change in its architecture. Ere many years it will be as resplendent as a fairy palace, lined with light aerial structures, gay with color and glittering with glass—a street of crystal palaces.

— The statement of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, that the American people cherish an undying hatred toward England, finds occasional corroboration in the actions of our leading politicians. Nor do we here refer to congressional resolutions in favor of Fenianism, nor to the national anger at Alabama depredations: we go back to a generation just passing away. No man better appreciated England and her institutions than Daniel Webster, and yet he was unwilling to be known as one who would publicly praise her. When Mr. Clay was nominated for the presidency for the last time, a mass-meeting was arranged in Boston, on the Beacon-Street side of the Common. An open-air stand was erected for the speakers, and Mr. Webster was asked to preside, and to open the meeting with a speech. It was a pleasant, sunny day, and all Massachusetts was there to do honor

to the occasion and the nominee. As far as the voice could reach from the stand, nothing could be seen but a dense mass of expectant hearers. If we recollect aright, England had just taken one of our fishing-vessels in her waters, and the Democracy were loudly declaring that, if they succeeded in the coming canvass, neither England nor any foreign power should dare to touch an American citizen. As Mr. Webster slowly arose to address the vast audience, a man in the crowd attempted to catch his eye or ear, throwing up his hands, and exclaiming: "Mr. Webster! Mr. Webster!" Cries broke out all around: "Stop your noise!" "Shut your mouth!" etc. But Mr. Webster quietly turned toward the intruding voice with: "Well, sir, what is it?" "I want to know, Mr. Webster, if England or Canada take one of our citizens and put him in their jails, will Mr. Clay, if elected, take him out again, if he has to go to war for it?" "Certainly he will, my friend; I pledge you that." "Then," said the interrupter, "he gets my vote anyhow." Cries here again broke out: "Good for you!" But just then a voice exclaimed: "The English are all slaves!" Mr. Webster's face wore an expression of the deepest scorn, as, shaking his finger in the direction whence the voice came, he exclaimed: "The English all slaves! My friend, where did your fathers come from?" And then, looking slowly around, he impressively continued: "All our best civil rights—the trial by jury, the franchise, the free press, the law of libel, the common law—all, all came to us from England." Then, as if recollecting himself, he turned to the reporters just behind him, and said, *sotto voce*: "Don't put that in the papers to-morrow, gentlemen." He thus unconsciously bore witness to the unpopularity of being known to be a supporter of England. But the reporters disobeyed him: the papers of the next day contained his remarks in full.

Art Notes.

Ruskin on Landscape.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN has delivered, at Oxford, the first of three lectures on "Landscape."

Landscape, he pronounced, is the thoughtful and passionate expression of those physical phenomena which relate to human life, and displays such human methods of dealing with them as are either exemplary, or deserving of sympathy, or provocative of emotion.

Its main interest is never to be found in the mere water, or land, or sky, however beautiful they may be. It is a great mistake to suppose that a great painter ever inserts figures merely for the sake of variety. All the interest of a landscape must bear some relation to figures past, present, or future, or to some form of human action. There is no more sublimity in mountains *in themselves* than in level plains: their interest attaches to them as places which man can climb, or where he can be dashed to pieces. A cloud is *itself* quite unworthy of being painted: its value in landscape is derived from its being a means of nourishment or chastisement to men, or the dwelling of imaginary beings. Turner painted sky, not as a thing beautiful in itself, but as

telling sometimes of an impending storm, sometimes of coming sunshine after stormy weather, and the wind and storm and sunshine were to him only of importance as affecting the welfare of men. To gather together splendid physical phenomena for the sake of the momentary sensation on the spectator is not the object of true landscape. There is a well-known American painter who seems to make this his aim. He may be a skilful imitator of Nature; but he is not, in the true sense, a landscape-painter. One of Turner's best landscapes represents Ecclestone in Yorkshire: its subject is a mere bank of grass, with some trees and ruins upon it, and some water in the foreground. Of such a scene in America, or a country without a history, no mortal could ever have made a landscape. There is nothing of essential landscape scenery in it, in the sense in which it is commonly understood. It derives all its interest from its relation to human life. There is just a strip of wild copse-wood; there are the ruins of a great abbey, fading out of sight as out of time: these take you back into past centuries. On the other hand, there are out-houses turned into a house, and the mistress of it standing at the door; there is a water-mill at work, and cattle by the side of the mill-stream: these tell of modern life in a quiet, peaceful form. We also see the white smoke rising from the chimneys (which shows that it is not in a coal-country), and a boy cutting fagots for the hearth, and clothes laid out to dry, and other clean white clothes hung over clean white stones: all this tells a tale of simplicity and purity and cleanliness, though in the midst of ruin and sadness. It is essential to landscape-painting that all should be compassionately and tenderly done, with deep feeling and sentiment. Without strong passion and sensitiveness men can never paint well. Particularly in landscape the material influence of physical phenomena is so strong that, to rise above it, a great deal of sentiment is necessary. Much more strength and heart is necessary to paint landscape well than it is to paint the human form; none but the strongest men—Titian, Velasquez, Turner, etc.—can attain to it. In landscape-painting, as in all art, the first thing is to be quiet, calm, and modest. It is essential that the painter should like the landscape he is going to draw better than his own sketch of it. His thought must be, *not*, "What a good picture it would make!" but, "If only I could get some straw of such a scene to carry away!" His one idea must be, *not*, "How can I make a pretty picture of this scene?" but, "How can I give a person who has not seen this place a good idea of it?" To place the spectator, as it were, in the original scene, is the aim of all true art.

The trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have purchased the portrait of Charles Dickens by Ary Scheffer. It was painted in 1855, when he was forty-three, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856. The countenance is vigorous, with deep-brown hair, a happy medium between the showy youth with exuberant locks, as painted by Maclise, and the rugged countenance, with grizzly beard, of his latest period. The face is seen in three-quarters, looking over his left shoulder. The hands are joined on the opposite side.

The ex-president of the Academy of Chili, who is now in London, claims to be the "swiftest painter of the age," and challenges any English artist to a painting contest for five thousand dollars a side, the performance to take place in public and the spectators to decide the wager by ballot, the stakes to be

awarded to the artist who shows the most rapidity and excellence.

An important artistic discovery has just been made at Reichenbach, in Silesia. A portrait of Luther has been found, buried under a heap of rubbish in the passage leading from the Lutheran church. The canvas is in a perfect state of preservation, and has been recognized by a burgomaster, a well-informed amateur, as the work of Louis Cranach.

Miscellany.

Bavarian Laws.

IN Bavaria the laws provide that any person who sells food or drink, knowing them to be adulterated with substances injurious to health, is liable to imprisonment for two months, and may in addition be fined one thousand florins (eighty-three pounds six shillings and eight pence). Likewise, any person who adulterates food and drink with substances injurious to health, knowing that they are to be offered for sale, is liable to an imprisonment of two years, to which may be added a fine not exceeding four hundred florins. But, if the adulterated substances are not injurious, the punishment is simple arrest or a fine of one hundred and fifty florins. Tradesmen or wholesale dealers in whose premises materials for adulteration or adulterated food itself are found are liable to the punishments detailed above.

Some stringent municipal regulations prevail respecting the sale of bread, beer, and milk, at Munich. Every kind of bread exposed for sale by bakers or eating-house keepers is liable to inspection by specially-appointed persons, and all bakers and dealers are obliged to allow the inspectors free access to their shops and business premises generally. The inspection commences at six o'clock A. M. in the summer and at seven A. M. in the winter. Both quality and weight are examined. All bread which is burned, under-baked, which has not the proper admixture of salt, which is not made of the right kind of flour, or which appears to be in any way unwholesome, is liable to be seized, as well as all loaves not of the proper declared weight, i. e., in which the deficiency amounts to more than half an ounce to an ounce in the pound (according to the weight of the loaf), although an allowance of double this deficiency is made for bread more than twenty-four hours old. Any infraction of these regulations is punished by a fine not exceeding twenty-five florins (two pounds one shilling and eight pence).

Retailers of beer are not allowed to charge a higher price than that which is fixed for the time being by the official beer-tariff. If from any special causes they have permission to sell at a lower price than at that of the tariff, the official document granting this permission must be exposed in a prominent place on the premises. In those localities where special or fancy descriptions of beer—such as "Bock" or "Salvator," to which the tariff does not extend—are sold, a table of prices must also be hung up. All beer must be duly served in stamped measures or jugs, and the use of beer-fountains is prohibited. Beer which has been left by the guests in their glasses must not be returned to cask or be again served to customers. Beer intended for sale, together with the measures in which it is served, is under the supervision of the municipal inspectors. As in the case of bread, a fine of twenty-five florins punishes infractions of these regulations.

Milk is not allowed to be hawked about, and can only be sold by cow-keepers or dealers at their shops or in the markets. This is not intended, however, to prevent its being sent to customers' houses from the dairies. Only wholesome, clean, and unadulterated milk is allowed to be sold, and it must be kept by dealers in wooden, earthenware, or well-tinned iron vessels. The measures used for selling it must be duly stamped. All milk is subject to inspection, together with the premises in which it is kept, and to facilitate this all milk-dealers are bound to give notice of their intention to commence business. Each name is entered under a special number in the municipal register, and the number and name of the dealer must appear over his shop-door. The selling of adulterated milk is punishable by confiscation of the milk and a fine not exceeding one hundred and fifty florins, which punishment is increased in cases of adulteration with material injurious to health by imprisonment for a term up to two years. In aggravated cases the fine may be extended to five hundred florins. Other infractions of these regulations are punishable by a fine of twenty-five florins, to which may be added three days' imprisonment.

The Decay of Empires.

The majestic shades of old Assyria, Babylonia, and Persia, move like phantoms across the dim spaces of ancient history. That they flourished for a while, and then lapsed into obscurity, we know from many records; but the causes of their fall remain undisclosed. They had, probably, no principle of cohesion beyond the temporary success of some great military family; and, when that came to an end, as in the cases of Sardanapalus in Assyria, and Belshazzar in Babylonia, the whole empire dissolved into chaos. Those two mighty agglomerations of varied nationalities split up into fragments when their respective capitals were destroyed, and their military strength overmatched. The ruins of their palaces and temples have been unearthed in our own days; but we still know little, and shall probably never know much, of the general social condition which existed beneath the magnificence of royalty, and the splendor of aristocratical and priestly castes. Doubtless there was a background of poverty and discontent behind the glittering pageantry; for Dives always has his Lazarus at the gate. But wretchedness possesses few means of perpetuating the memory of its sufferings, and the relics of the past show little but the pride and pomp of Eastern courts, and nothing of the accompanying misery which may have contributed to their fall.

The decay of the Roman Empire is within the broad light of history. It proceeded not so much from bad laws—for the laws were better than those of any other ancient state—or from tyranny (for, when once a nation had submitted to the imperial eagles, the Roman rule was fair and impartial), as from the sheer impossibility of permanently holding together such a vast accumulation of distinct countries, and so many widely-different races. Rome trained and nourished a number of nationalities, some of which, in time, surpassed her in strength—at least, on their own ground. As the future nations of Northern and Western Europe grew from youth to maturity, Rome herself was passing from maturity to decrepitude. The governing classes became effete with long prosperity, with the traditions of dominion, and the routine of power. Indulgences in sensual pleasures sapped the forces of the state, and a soldiery, devoid of the principle of citizenship, became the masters of those whom they affected to serve. Yet for how long a period did the

Roman Empire last; and what a grand, and, in many respects, beneficent fact it is in the history of the world! That City of the Seven Hills spread the civilization of Greece over half the globe. We are her debtors, and build upon the solid concrete which she spread so many centuries back. When she failed, it was not by any sudden collapse, but by the slow decay of age; accelerated, it may be, by those vices which were inherited from her days of haughty strength and youth. The decline of Rome was like the twilight of a midsummer day—long, luminous, regretful, passing into darkness by soft degrees and infinite modifications of decay, and not seldom kindling into fresh flushes of vanishing glory before the coming of the night. And that the dark ages were not utterly dark, was owing in the main to the light reflected in many places from the sunken empire.

The Eye of an Eagle.

The eyes of all birds have a peculiarity of structure, which enables them to see near and distant objects equally well, and this wonderful power is carried to the greatest perfection in the bird of prey. When we recollect that an eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that enormous elevation will perceive its unsuspecting prey, and pounce on it with unerring certainty; and when we see the same bird scrutinizing with almost microscopic nicety an object close at hand, we shall at once perceive that he possesses a power of accommodating his sight to distance in a manner to which our eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable.

If we take a printed page, we shall find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness; but if we move the page to a distance of forty inches, or bring it within a distance of five inches, we shall find it impossible to read it at all. A scientific man would, therefore, call ten inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus except by the aid of spectacles. But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases; he has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness. Of course the eagle knows nothing of the wonderful contrivance which God has supplied for his accommodation; he employs it instinctively, and because he cannot help it. The ball of his eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, called sclerotic bones; they form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When he looks at a distant object, this little circle of bones expands, and the ball of the eye, being relieved from the pressure becomes flatter; and when he looks at a very near object, the little bones press together, and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form. The effect is very familiar to everybody; a person with very round eyes is near-sighted, and only sees clearly an object that is close to him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance; the eagle, by the mere will, can make his eyes round or flat, and see with equal clearness at any distance.

Charles Lamb.

Of Charles Lamb personally, of his dress, his style, his conversation, we know more than we know of any of his contemporaries. His slight, spare figure, his spindle legs—Tom Hood said they were immaterial—his head, which Leigh Hunt said was worthy of Aristotle, his pile of forehead, his curved nose, his hazel eye, sparkling with wit, and his half-playful, half-melancholy smile, have been noted

in a dozen sketches; and, with the help of these, nothing is easier than to picture to ourselves the author of the "Essays of Elia," in his black dress, the proper costume, as he thought, of an author, with his shuffling gait—"a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel"—hurrying along Cheapside and Fleet Street from the India House to the Temple, between four and five in the afternoon, looking in at the office of Barry Cornwall or of Talfourd to stutter out an invitation to supper, to play a rubber of whist, to smoke a pipe, and to hear Coleridge talk metaphysics over a glass of grog, or Wordsworth recite his poetry under the inspiration of a glass of water. And those pleasant social gatherings of his in his Temple chambers, how vividly they reproduce themselves as we glance through the pages of Elia! His low-roofed rooms, in Inner-Temple Lane, with their smoke-begrimed ceilings, their prints of Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, and Hogarth, in black frames, his old high-backed chairs, and his long, plain bookcases filled with moth-eaten folios of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, all tossed together, are as well known to us as the furniture, books, and pictures of our own rooms; and the imagination, without an effort, repeoples these rooms with the old familiar forms: Coleridge, with his splendid head, his large gray eyes, and his musical voice, looking, as Lamb said, like an archangel a little damaged; the tall gaunt form of Wordsworth, with a green shade over his eyes; Godwin, the author of the most sensational works of his day, with his thin voice and finical manners, but with a head that Phidias might have chiselled; Tom Barnes, the editor of the *Times*; Hazlitt, with his critical, contentious tongue and his slouching gait; Leigh Hunt, with his flowing locks and his benevolent smile; the gaunt form of George Dyer; Charles Kemble, with his majestic air, Talfourd, The Crabb, Liston, Burney—the Burney whom Lamb has immortalized by his *mot*—"If dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have, Michael!"—and Mary Lamb, with her old-fashioned dress and her capacious cap, the very soul of good-nature, looking with a half-humorous, half-reproachful expression at her brother as he lays down his cards to mix his second tumbler.

Weight of Women.

In romance, even of this modern day, we read constantly of heroes magnanimously rushing off with fainting maidens from blazing houses, or more feloniously "carting" them on their shoulders for purposes of revengeful abduction. Let any one out of training, or under six feet high, and with proportionate strength, attempt to run away with a fairly well-composed girl of eighteen or twenty, and give us his opinion of the prowess of these vaunted knights. A woman weighing one hundred and forty pounds' weight of kicking womanhood is not to be carried at all. Even a slight girl will weigh a hundred pounds, and Rudolph or Horatio will stagger under her lovely but cumbersome figure, if he break out of a *staccato* walk. There are plenty of buxom girls who weigh up to a hundred and seventy pounds, and it is not given to every man to "hurry off" with such a baggage. When the victimized Squallina faints on the stage, the robust baritone takes care that the *évanouissement* shall be accomplished as close to the wing as possible. He knows what La Squallina weighs by the sad experience of rehearsals. Let any of our readers carry his sister (he will probably prefer his cousin) up three flights of stairs, without stopping, and forward to us his sentiments on the occasion. Women weigh a

good many pounds nowadays, and their airiness of fabrication is a fallacy.

The Portrait of Poe.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Slowly I raised the purple folds concealing
That face, magnetic as the morning's beam;
While slumbering memory thrilled at its revealing,

Like Memnon waking from his marble dream.

Again I saw the brow's translucent pallor,
The dark hair floating o'er it like a plume;
The sweet imperious mouth, whose haughty valor

Defied all portents of impending doom.

Eyes planet calm, with something in their vision

That seemed not of earth's mortal mixture born;

Strange mythic faiths and fantasies Elysian,
And far, sweet dreams of "fairly lands forlorn."

Unfathomable eyes that held the sorrow
Of vanished ages in their shadowy deeps,
Lit by that prescience of a heavenly morrow
Which in high hearts the immortal spirit keeps.

Of has that pale poetic presence haunted
My lonely musings at the twilight hour,
Transforming the dull earth-life it enchanted,
With marvel, and with mystery, and with power.

Of have I heard the sullen sea-wind moaning
Its dirge-like requiems on the lonely shore,
Or listened to the autumn woods intoning
The wild sweet legend of the lost Lenore.

Of in some ashen evening in October,
Have stood entranced beside a mouldering tomb

Hard by that visionary Lake of Auber,
Where sleeps the shrouded form of Uhlume.

Of in still, starlit nights have heard the chiming
Of far-off mellow bells on the keen air,
And felt their molten-golden music timing
To the heart's pulses answering unaware.

Sweet, mournful eyes, long closed upon earth's sorrow,

Sleep restfully after life's fevered dream!
Sleep, wayward heart! till on some cool, bright morrow,

Thy soul, refreshed, shall bathe in morning's beam.

Though cloud and sorrow rest upon thy story,
And rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,
Time, as a birthright, shall restore thy glory,
And Heaven rekindle all the stars that fall.

Cod-Liver Oil.

The quantity of refined cod-liver oil manufactured in Newfoundland is enormous, and is every year increasing. Last year the customs returns gave the quantity of refined cod-liver oil exported at three hundred and thirty-three tons, the value there being twenty-one thousand six hundred and forty-five pounds, or at the rate of sixty-five pounds per ton. In Europe it is retailed at four or five times that price, besides being largely adulterated. The following is the process by which the best oil is produced: The livers are first thoroughly washed, and when quite fresh, before any putrefaction has set in, they are placed in a large tin boiler, to which a moderate degree of heat is applied by putting it in a vessel of hot

water. So soon as the oil is extracted by this gentle degree of heat it is dipped out and filtered, first through thin flannel, and then twice through bags of moleskin. From the last filtration it comes out quite pure, nearly inodorous, and of a crystalline transparency. It is now put in casks holding sixty gallons each, and sent to the exporting-merchant's stores. The process is very simple, but requires great attention to cleanliness in regard to the vessels, bags, etc., used in the manufacture.

It is also very important that just the right degree of heat should be applied—no more, no less—in order to insure a thoroughly good oil. The rancidity and other disagreeable properties of some oil are caused either by allowing the livers to remain too long before being "cooked," or by want of attention to cleanliness. When the oil has been extracted by the process described, it retains its iodine and all other medicinal properties. All pretences about subjecting it to purifying processes, to remove its fishy taste, are merely the "tricks of trade," or of dishonest quacks. These selfish dealers frequently purchase the common cod-liver oil, which has been made cheaply by the putrefying process, and is only fit for machinery or manufacturers, and, having filtered it through animal charcoal, they sell it for the genuine article. Hence a vast amount of worthless cod-liver oil is placed in the market; for, while the charcoal filter deprives it of all bad smell, the putrefying process has already deprived it of its iodine, on which its medicinal virtue is dependent.

A Monkey-Story.

A monkey, which was permitted to run free, had frequently seen the men-servants in the great country-kitchen take down a powder-horn, that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire to make the maids scream, which they always did on such occasions. Pug waited his opportunity, and when all was still he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder-horn, perched himself gingerly on one of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the warm ashes of an almost extinct wood-fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half-way up the chimney. Before he was blown up he was a snug, trim, well-conditioned monkey; he came down carbonated. The weight with which he pitched upon the hot ashes in the midst of the general flare-up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing ten days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house, looking scared and devilish; but, like some other great personage, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall. If ever Pug forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his life like a shot, screaming and chattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

An Elephant on a Strike.

It is lucky there are no trades' unions among elephants, for an elephant "on strike" is as destructive as a Sheffield unionist. An elephant employed by the Government of India in hauling teak-logs, for the forest department, in the Anamallay Forest, lately brought about a suspension of operations for above a fortnight. He began by knocking down his keeper, but luckily did not kill him. He then made for the huts of the keepers, whose wives and families were driven into the jungle. He displayed his skill in pulling down the huts, smashed up the carts and implements, and destroyed a quantity of provisions stored up for

his brother-elephants. After keeping the settlement in alarm for some fifteen days, he was shot in one of the legs, and then caught and chained.

Varieties.

ONE of the most stylish of recent bridal-costumes in New York was of white satin, the side-breadths cut rather short, and the back-breadth forming a very long square train. This was without trimming, the front-breadth being trimmed with heavy wide flounces of old lace beaded with beautiful artificial flowers made of mother-of-pearl; a small pointed overskirt was worn, also edged with a full of costly lace; the whole waist was completely covered with drooping folds of the same beautiful material. The veil was of old point-lace, fastened with a wreath of orange-blossoms, and the jewelry pearls.

A prize of ten dollars was recently offered to any member of the Georgia Teachers' Institute who would write and spell correctly the words in the following sentence: "It is an agreeable sight to witness the unparalleled embarrassment of a harnessed pedlar attempting to gauge the symmetry of a peeled onion, which a sibyl has stabbed with a poniard regardless of the innuendoes of the lilies of the cornelian hue." Thirty-eight teachers competed for the prize, but not one was successful.

Last summer a Boston establishment tanned fifty anaconda-skins for boot-leather. The boots are valued at fifty dollars a pair. The largest of these skins was forty feet in length. The tanning processes were similar to those observed in the manufacture of alligator-leather, the product being a very beautiful and highly-finished quality of leather, glossy, mottled, pliable, and, from the appearance of the grain, exceedingly durable.

A resident of Taunton, Massachusetts, has obtained his ice for summer use, for several winters past, in the following manner: Procuring about fifty empty flour-barrels, at a cost of twenty cents each, he gradually pours in water until each contains a solid mass of ice. The barrels are then put away in his cellar and entirely covered with sawdust. As ice is required, a barrel is tapped.

The West Wisconsin Railway, which runs on an air-line from St. Paul to Milwaukee and Chicago, is one hundred and fifty-four miles in length, and owns a million acres of first-rate farming-land granted by Congress, and estimated to be worth ten million dollars, which is more than the whole of its bonded debt. It is no wonder that the bonds of that railroad are in demand!

The following words actually formed the peroration to the counsel's plea for his client in an assault-and-battery case at Athens, Alabama: "Let the humble ass crop the thistle of the valley! Let the sagacious goat browse upon the mountain's brow; but, gentlemen of the jury, I say John Gundlo is not guilty!"

Professor Davidson, of the Coast Survey, says that Mount Rainier, a peak of the Cascade Range, in Washington Territory, is definitely ascertained to have an elevation of fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-four feet. California is now trying to discover a peak within its borders higher than this, and thinks it has it in Mount Whitney.

The mortality in the ranks of the English peerage, during 1870, has been considerably less than in the course of the previous year, when the deaths of thirty-two lords, spiritual and temporal, were recorded. Last year, one bishop and eighteen temporal peers died.

London is well provided for amusements, supporting thirty-eight theatres and twenty-six music-halls, besides the opera, Cremorne Garden, and one or more circuses. Over seventeen hundred performers gain their living from the music-halls alone.

Forty thousand books—some of them very valuable ones—have been sent from the Royal Library at Königsberg to replenish the Stras-

bourg Library. They are mostly works of which the Königsberg Library retains duplicates.

The present style of men's hats is an exact representation of the fashion of 1840. The present scrambled style of ladies' head-dress is of older origin, being, according to a contemporary, the identical fashion which prevailed before the invention of combs.

A gentleman who was shut up in Paris during the late siege says that he ate rat at a restaurant, served up in a *salmis* with gravy and toast, and found it excellent. He says: "I have no objection to repeat the experiment to-morrow. The flesh was white and delicate, like young rabbit, but with more flavor."

A scoffer, who has been contending that he could not learn from the most careful reading of the papers what good the scientific party of Mount Washington is doing, was dumfounded when he learned that they had discovered "a snow-flake of a heretofore undescribed form."

The following speech is attributed to a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania: "I know wimun, Mr. Speaker; I say it in no disrespect; I know um; I have had a heap to do with um; they're a useful class, and—and yet with the best of 'em you may have trouble."

A Columbus (Ohio) photographer presented a revolver at the head of a gentleman who was sitting for his photograph, with the cheering remark: "My reputation as an artist is at stake. If you don't look smiling, I'll blow your brains out." He smiled.

A Chicago music-store recently sold a piano, and the buyer soon after wrote to the dealers that he and his wife couldn't find the place to wind it up, and they wanted to be told at once how to make the thing go.

Phoebe Riley, wife of the author of "Riley's Narrative," an account of captivity among the Arabs—a book which stood in high favor sixty years or more ago—died in Ohio lately, aged ninety-four years.

It is mentioned in English papers as a coincidence that eleven members of the House of Commons died in 1869, and the same number in 1870. All who died last year belonged to the Liberal party.

The *Engineering Magazine* says: "We are on the brink of a new era in railways—the era of the narrow-gauge railway—an era of renewed activity, when every village, almost farmstead, may have its railway."

"Do you like codfish-balls, Mr. Wiggins?" "I really don't know, miss, I can't recollect ever attending one," replied Mr. W., hesitatingly.

A Massachusetts railway in 1834 gave notice that "passengers are not sent for by the company, but seats are provided for all who apply at the ticket-office."

The English spiritualists claim as fellow-believers Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Disraeli, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and other noted literary men.

"Darling, it's bedtime. All the little chickens have gone to bed." "Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen."

Mrs. Partington is collecting autocrats, and will be grateful for any specimens of the handwriting of extinguished characters.

The combined capital of the Rothschilds' banking-houses in London, Paris, Frankfurt, and Vienna, is five hundred million dollars.

There are five female clerks in the Kansas Legislature.

Grammatical—Is Arabella the plural of Isabella?

A young woman's conundrum—Who is our favorite Roman hero? Marius.

What is that which ties two persons but only touches one? A wedding-ring.

The Queen of Denmark spends annually only one hundred dollars for new dresses.

Henry Ward Beecher says it will never do "to preach cream and practise skim-milk."

The Museum.

THE large tract of land which forms the delta of the Orinoco, in South America, possesses some very remarkable characteristics. It is always wet, but during several months in the year it is completely inundated, the river rising to an astonishing height, and covering with water a tract nearly half as large as England. This seems to be as unpropitious a spot as could be adopted for human habitations, and yet the Waraus (or Guarános, as Humboldt spells the word) have established themselves there, and prefer it to any other locality, probably because their strange mode of life enables them to pass an existence of freedom.

Varying much in the height to which it rises, in some places exceeding fifty feet, the Orinoco has the quality of rising year after year to the same height in the same place, so that when a mark is made to designate the height to which the water rose in one year, the same mark will answer year after year with scarcely the slightest deviation. It is evident that in such a spot, where the soil is in the dry season nothing but mud, and in the wet season is forty or fifty feet under water, only a very peculiar vegetation can live. This is the *Itá* (pronounced Eetáh) palm, belonging to the genus *Mauritia*, a plant which, like the mangrove of Africa, requires plenty of heat and moisture to enable it to develop itself fully. The native name for this tree is *Murichi*. When full grown, it resembles a tall, cylindrical pillar, with a fan of ten or twelve vast leaves spreading from its extreme top. Each leaf is some ten feet in width, and is supported upon a huge stem about twelve feet in length, looking more like a branch than a leaf-stem. Indeed, a complete leaf is a heavy load for a man. At regular intervals the whole fan of leaves falls off, and is replaced by another, the tree adding to its height at every change of leaf, until the stem is nearly a hundred feet high, and fifteen in circumference. Myriads upon myriads of these marvellous trees rise amid the waters of the Orinoco delta, sometimes clustered into solid masses of vegetation, sometimes scattered, and sometimes drawn up in devious avenues, according to the windings of the muddy channels that even in the dry seasons traverse the country. Whether grouped or scattered, the *itá* flourishes in this delta to such an extent that only the experienced canoe-men of the place can navigate their barks among the tall stems, the narrow and winding channels which form the natural paths being completely obliterated by the waste of water. Any stranger who tried to thread this aquatic forest without the aid of a native guide would soon lose himself among the armies of *itá*-palm, and perish miserably of hunger. Yet this very tree supplies to the Waraus of the Orinoco not only all the necessities, but the luxuries of life, and were the whole tribe to be cut off from the main-land, they could support themselves without the least difficulty, the *itá*-palm supplying house, food, drink, clothing, and furniture.

The Warau requires for a house nothing but a floor and a roof, which he proceeds to construct in the following manner: Selecting four *itá*-trees that grow near each other in the form of a square, and cutting away any of the intervening trees, he makes use of these four as the corner-posts of his house. He knows by marks left on the trunks the precise height to which the water will rise, and some three feet or so above this mark he builds his floor, cutting deep notches in the trunk. In these notches are laid beams made from the stems of the felled *itá*-palms, and lashed tightly in their places by ropes made of *itá*-fibre. On these beams

are laid a number of cross-pieces, some times made from the split trunks, but usually being nothing more than the gigantic leaf-stems which have been already mentioned, and which are when dry very light, very tough, and very elastic. These cross-pieces are tied firmly together, and constitute the essential part of the floor. On them is placed a layer of palm-leaves, and upon the leaves is a thick coating of mud, which soon dries under the tropical sun, and forms a smooth, hard, and firm flooring, which will bear a fire without risk of damage to the wooden structure below. Ten or twelve feet above the floor the Warau constructs a roof of palm-leaves, the corners of which are supported by the same trees which uphold the house, and then the chief labors of the native architect are over.

So much for the house furnished by the itá-palm. Food is supplied by it in various forms. First, there is the fruit, which, when ripe, is as large as an ordinary apple, many hundreds of which are developed on the single branch produced by this tree. Next, there are the trunk of the tree and its contents. If it be split longitudinally at the time when the flower-branch is just about to burst from the enveloping spathe,

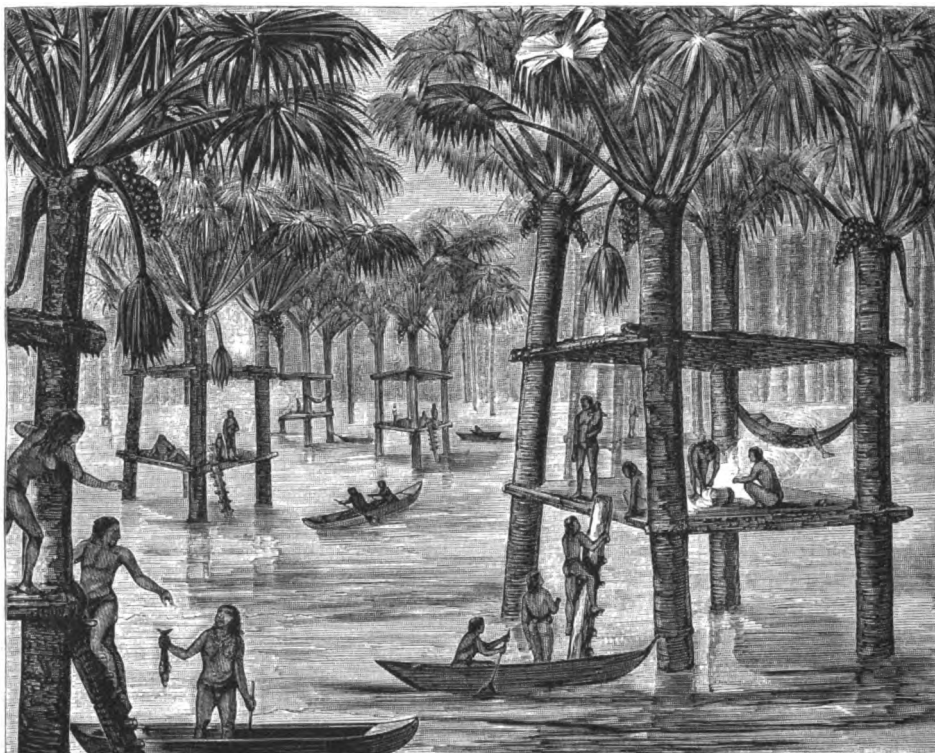
a large quantity of soft, pith-like substance is found within it. This is treated like the cassava, and furnishes a sort of bread called yuruma.

Drink is also obtained from the itá-palm. From the trunk is drawn a sap, which, like that of the maguey or great American aloe, can be fermented, and then it becomes intoxicating in quality. Another kind of drink is procured from the fruit of the itá, which is bruised, thrown into water, and allowed to ferment for a while. When fermentation has proceeded to a sufficient extent, the liquor is strained through a sieve made of itá-fibre, and is thus ready for consumption.

The small amount of clothing required by

the Warau is also obtained from the itá, the membrane of the young leaf being stripped off and woven into a simple fabric. From the same tree the Warau obtains all his furniture. Bows, arrows, and spears, are made from its leaf-stems, the canoe in which he goes fishing is made from a hollow itá-trunk, and the lines and nets are both furnished from the same tree, as is also the string of which his hammock is made. That the one single tree should be able to supply all the wants of an entire population is the more extraordinary, because in former days the Warau had no iron tools, and it is not easy to find a tree that will at the same time furnish all the necessities of his life, and be of such a character that it can be worked by the rude stone

implements which the Warau had to use before he obtained iron from the white men. It may readily be imagined that the Warau who inhabit this strange region are lower in the scale of civilization than those who live on dry land, and, to use the words of Humboldt, "in the lowest grades of man's development we find the existence of an entire race dependent upon almost a single tree, like certain insects which are confined to particular portions of a flower."



Lake-dwellings on the Orinoco.

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LIFE INSURANCE.

No more significant index to the vast strides which the nation has made in commercial prosperity and in the practice of economics can be found than in the enormous development of life assurance as a principle, and the rapid growth of the companies which first put it in operation. The assets of the largest English companies are small in comparison with several of our own which were scarcely in existence a quarter of a century ago. The oldest of our companies, we believe, scarcely dates back to 1840. Yet now the leading American societies rank among the greatest in the world; the insured are counted by hundreds of thousands, and more capital is employed in these institutions than in any other commercial interest, except banking and the working of the vast system of railways that reticulates the surface of the country. When one reflects that Life Insurance is, without doubt, the most benevolent in its results of any purely mercantile principle ever devised by man; that it means the prevention of pauperism, the lessening of the vast sum of the ills that spring from poverty, and the stimulation of a desire which becomes a powerful moral agent when reduced to practice; the contemplation of this prodigious growth must afford great satisfaction. Of course, much of the good to be derived from Life Assurance Societies depends upon the safety of their management, and though there are periodical alarms both here and in England, and occasional betrayals of trust by speculative corporations, we believe that our best companies are managed with sound and judicious ability. About ten years ago "The Ten Year Non-forfeitable Policy" was introduced by the New York Life Insurance Company, and has since proved so popular that it has been adopted by all the leading American companies. The same company was the first to abandon the clause rendering forfeit the policies of suicides, and is still the only one in whose policies that specification is omitted. The New York Life was organized in 1845, and has become one of the most popular of the New York companies. Some of the ablest and most solid of our business men are identified with it, and its management is in a marked degree judicious and conservative, and at the same time vigorous. Few other companies have met with an equal measure of popular favor, and we believe in the perfect security of the vast interests entrusted to the control of the present managers. The Company is a purely mutual one, and returns annually to the policy-holders the whole profits of the business.

RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[“RALPH THE HEIR,” SUPPLEMENT NO. XVIII.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF MARCH 4.]

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE WAY WHICH SHOWS THAT THEY MEAN IT.

IF this kind of thing were to go on, life wouldn't be worth having. That was the feeling of Ralph, the squire of Newton, as he returned on that Saturday from London to the Moonbeam; and so far Mr. Neeft had been successful in carrying out his threat. Neeft had sworn that he would make the young man's life a burden to him, and the burden was already becoming unbearable. Mr. Carey had promised to do something. He would, at any rate, see the infatuated breeches-maker of Conduit Street. In the mean time he had suggested one remedy of which Ralph had thought before.

“If you were married to some one else, he'd give it up,” Mr. Carey had suggested.

That, no doubt, was true.

Ralph completed his sojourn at the Moonbeam, leaving that place at the end of the first week in April, took a run down to his own place, and then settled himself up to London for the season. His brother Gregory had at this time returned to the parsonage at Newton; but there was an understanding that he was to come up to London and be his brother's guest for the first fortnight in May. Ralph the heir had taken larger rooms, and had a spare chamber. When Ralph had given this invitation, he had expressed his determination of devoting his spring in town to an assiduous courtship of Mary Bonner. At the moment in which he made that assertion down at Newton, the nuisance of the Neeft affair was less intolerable to him than it had since become. He had spoken cheerily of his future prospects, declaring himself to be violently in love with Mary, though he declared at the same time that he had no idea of breaking his heart for any young woman. That last assertion was probably true.

As for living in the great house at the Priory all alone, that he had declared to be impossible. Of course, he would be at home for the hunting next winter; but he doubted whether he should be there much before that time, unless a certain coming event should make it necessary for him to go down and look after things. He thought it probable that he should take a run abroad in July; perhaps go to Norway for the fishing, in June. He was already making arrangements with two other men for a move in August. He might be at home for partridge-shooting about

the middle of September, but he shouldn't “go into residence” at Newton before that. Thus he had spoken of it in describing his plans to his brother, putting great stress on his intention to devote the spring months to the lovely Mary. Gregory had seen nothing wrong in all this. Ralph was now a rich man, and was entitled to amuse himself. Gregory would have wished that his brother would at once make himself happy among his own tenants and dependants, but that, no doubt, would come soon. Ralph did spend two nights at Newton after the scene with Neeft in the Moonbeam-yard—just that he might see his nags safe in their new quarters—and then went up to London. He was hardly yet strong in heart, because such a trouble as that which vexed him in regard to Polly, does almost make a man's life a burden. Ralph was gifted with much aptitude for throwing his troubles behind, but he hardly was yet able to rid himself of this special trouble. That horrid tradesman was telling his story to everybody. Sir Thomas Underwood knew the story; and so, he thought, did Mary Bonner. Mary Bonner, in truth, did not know it; but she had thrown in Ralph's teeth, as an accusation against him, that he owed himself and his affections to another girl; and Ralph, utterly forgetful of Clarissa and that now long-distant scene on the lawn, had believed, and still did believe, that Mary had referred to Polly Neeft. On the 10th of April he established himself at his new rooms in Spring Gardens, and was careful in seeing that there was a comfortable little bedroom for his brother Greg. His uncle had now been dead just six months, but he felt as though he had been the owner of the Newton estate for years. If Mr. Carey could only settle for him that trouble with Mr. Neeft, how happy his life would be to him! He was very much in love with Mary Bonner, but his trouble with Mr. Neeft was of almost more importance to him than his love for Mary Bonner.

In the mean time the girls were living, as usual, at Popham Villa, and Sir Thomas was living, as usual, in Southampton Buildings. He and his colleague had been unseated, but it had already been decided by the House of Commons that no new writ should be at once issued, and that there should be a commission appointed to make extended inquiry at Percycross in reference to the contemplated disfranchisement of the borough. There could be no possible connection between this inquiry

and the expediency of Sir Thomas living at home; but, after some fashion, he reconciled further delay to his conscience by the fact that the Percycross election was not even yet quite settled. No doubt, it would be necessary that he should again go to Percycross during the sitting of the commission.

The reader will remember the interview between Gregory Newton and Clarissa, in which poor Clary had declared with so much emphasis her certainty that his brother's suit to Mary must be fruitless. This she had said, with artless energy, in no degree on her own behalf. She was hopeless now in that direction, and had at last taught herself to feel that the man was unworthy. The lesson had reached her, though she herself was ignorant not only of the manner of the teaching, but of the very fact that she had been taught. She had pleaded, more than once, that men did such things, and were yet held in favor and forgiven, let their iniquities have been what they might. She had hoped to move others by the doctrine; but gradually it had ceased to be operative, even on herself. She could not tell how it was that her passion faded and died away. It can hardly be said that it died away; but it became to herself grievous and a cause of soreness, instead of a joy and a triumph. She no longer said, even to herself, that he was to be excused. He had come there, and had made a mere plaything of her—willfully. There was no earnestness in him, no manliness, and hardly common honesty. A conviction that it was so had crept into her poor, wounded heart, in spite of those repeated assertions which she had made to Patience as to the persistency of her own affection. First dismay and then wrath had come upon her when the man, who ought to be her lover, came to the very house in which she was living, and there offered his hand to another girl, almost in her very presence. Had the sin been committed elsewhere, and with any rival other than her own cousin, she might have still clung to that doctrine of forgiveness, because the sinner was a man, and because it is the way of the world to forgive men. But the insult had been too close for pardon; and now her wrath was slowly changing itself to contempt. Had Mary accepted the man's offer, this phase of feeling would not have occurred. Clarissa would have hated the woman, but still might have loved the man. But Mary had treated him as a creature absolutely beneath her notice, had evidently despised him, and Mary's

scorn communicated itself to *Clarissa*. The fact that *Ralph* was now *Newton of Newton*, absolutely in harbor after so many dangers of shipwreck, assisted her in this. "I would have been true to him, though he hadn't had a penny," she said to herself; "I would never have given him up though all the world had been against him." Debts, difficulties, an inheritance squandered, idle habits, even profligacy, should not have torn him from her heart, had he possessed the one virtue of meaning what he said when he told her that he loved her. She remembered the noble triumph she had felt when she declared to *Mary* that that other *Ralph*, who was to have been *Mary's* lover, was welcome to the fine property. Her sole ambition had been to be loved by this man; but the man had been incapable of loving her. She herself was pretty, and soft, bright on occasions, and graceful. She knew so much of herself; and she knew, also, that *Mary* was far prettier than herself, and more clever. This young man, to whom she had devoted herself, possessed no power of love for an individual—no capability of so joining himself to another human being as to feel that, in spite of any superiority visible to the outside world, that one should be esteemed by him superior to all others—because of his love. The young man had liked prettiness and softness and grace and feminine nicenesses; and seeing one who was prettier and more graceful—all which poor *Clary* allowed, though she was not so sure about the softness and niceness—had changed his aim without an effort! Ah, how different was poor *Gregory*!

She thought much of *Gregory*, reminding herself that, as was her sorrow in regard to her own crushed hopes, so were his. His hopes, too, had been crushed, because she had been so obdurate to him. But she had never been false. She had never whispered a word of love to *Gregory*. It might be that his heart was as sore, but he had not been injured as she had been injured. She despised the owner of *Newton Priory*. She would scorn him should he come again to her and throw himself at her feet. But *Gregory* could not despise her. She had, indeed, preferred the bad to the good. There had been lack of judgment. But there had been on her side no lack of truth. Yes—she had been wrong in her choice. Her judgment had been bad. And yet how glorious he had looked as he lay upon the lawn, hot from his rowing, all unbraced, brown and bold and joyous as a young god, as he bade her go and fetch him drink to slake his thirst! How proud, then, she had been to be ordered by him, as though their mutual intimacies and confidences and loves were sufficient, when they too were alone together, to justify a reversal of those social rules by which the man is ordered to wait upon the woman! There is nothing in the first flush of acknowledged love that is sweeter to the woman than this. All the men around her are her servants; but in regard to this man she may have the inexpressibly greater pleasure of serving him herself. *Clarissa* had now thought much of

these things, and had endeavored to define to herself what had been those gifts belonging to *Ralph* which had won from her her heart. He was not, in truth, handsomer than his brother *Gregory*, was certainly less clever, was selfish in small things from habit, whereas *Gregory* had no thought for his own comfort. It had all come from this—that a black coat and a grave manner of life and serious pursuits had been less alluring to her idleness and pleasure. It had suited her that her young god should be joyous, unbraced, brown, bold, and thirsty. She did not know *Pope's* famous line, but it all lay in that. She was innocent, pure, unknowing in the ways of vice, simple in her tastes, conscientious in her duties, and yet she was a rake at heart—till at last sorrow and disappointment taught her that it is not enough that a man should lie loose upon the grass with graceful negligence and call for soda-water with a pleasant voice. *Gregory* wore black clothes, was sombre, and was a parson—but, oh, what a thing it is that a man should be true at heart!

She said nothing of her changing feelings to *Mary*, or even to *Patience*. The household at this time was not very gay or joyous. *Sir Thomas*, after infinite vexation, had lost the seat of which they had all been proud. *Mary Bonner's* condition was not felt to be deplorable, as was that of poor *Clary*, and she certainly did not carry herself as a lovelorn maiden. Of *Mary Bonner* it may be said that no disappointment of that kind would affect her outward manner; nor would she in any strait of love be willing to make a confidence or to discuss her feelings. Whatever care of that kind might be present to her would be lightened, if not made altogether as nothing, by her conviction that such loads should be carried in silence, and without any visible sign to the world that the muscles are overtaxed. But it was known that the banished *Ralph* had, in the moment of his expected prosperity, declared his purpose of giving all that he had to give to this beauty, and it was believed that she would have accepted the gift. It had, therefore, come to pass that the name of neither *Ralph* could be mentioned at the cottage, and that life among these maidens was sober, sedate, and melancholy. At last there came a note from *Sir Thomas* to *Patience*. "I shall be home to dinner to-morrow. I found the enclosed from *R. N.* this morning. I suppose he must come. Affectionately, *T. U.*" The enclosed note was as follows: "Dear *Sir Thomas*, I called this morning, but old *Stemm* was as hard as granite. If you do not object I will run down to the villa to-morrow. If you are at home I will stay and dine. Yours ever, *Ralph Newton.*"

The mind of *Sir Thomas* when he received this had been affected exactly as his words described. He had supposed that *Ralph* must come. He had learned to hold his late ward in low esteem. The man was now beyond all likelihood of want, and sailing with propitious winds; but *Sir Thomas*, had he been able to consult his own inclinations,

would have had no more to do with him. And yet the young squire had not done any thing which, as *Sir Thomas* thought, would justify him in closing his doors against one to whom he had been bound in a manner peculiarly intimate. However, if his niece should choose at last to accept *Ralph*, the match would be very brilliant; and the uncle thought that it was not his duty to interfere between her and so great an advantage. *Sir Thomas*, in truth, did not as yet understand *Mary Bonner*—knew very little of her character; but he did know that it was incumbent on him to give her some opportunity of taking her beauty to market. He wrote a line to *Ralph*, saying that he himself would dine at home on the day indicated.

"Impossible!" said *Clary*, when she was first told.

"You may be sure he's coming," said *Patience*.

"Then I shall go and spend the day with *Mrs. Brownlow*. I cannot stand it."

"My dear, he'll know why you are away."

"Let him know," said *Clarissa*. And she did as she said she would. When *Sir Thomas* came home at about four o'clock on the Thursday which *Ralph* had fixed—Thursday, the 14th of April—he found that *Clarissa* had flown. The fly was to be sent for her at ten, and it was calculated that, by the time she returned, *Ralph* would certainly have taken his leave. *Sir Thomas* expressed neither anger nor satisfaction at this arrangement.—"Oh; she has gone to *Mrs. Brownlow's*, has she? Very well. I don't suppose it will make much difference to *Ralph*."

"None in the least," said *Patience*, severely. "Nothing of that kind will make any difference to him." But at that time *Ralph* had been above an hour in the house.

We will now return to *Ralph* and his adventures. He had come up to London with the express object of pressing his suit upon *Mary Bonner*; but during his first day or two in London had busied himself rather with the affairs of his other love. He had been with *Mr. Carey*, and *Mr. Carey* had been with *Mr. Neeft*. "He is the maddest old man that I ever saw," said *Mr. Carey*. "When I suggested to him that you were willing to make any reasonable arrangement—meaning a thousand pounds, or something of that kind—I couldn't get him to understand me at all."

"I don't think he wants money," said *Ralph*.

"Let him come down and eat a bit of dinner at the cottage," said he, "and we'll make it all square." Then I offered him a thousand pounds down."

"What did he say?"

"Called to a fellow he had there with a knife in his hand, cutting leather, to turn me out of the shop. And the man would have done it, too, if I hadn't gone."

This was not promising, but on the following morning *Ralph* received a letter which put him into better heart. The letter was from *Polly* herself, and was written as follows:

"ALEXANDRA COTTAGE, HENDON,
"April 10, 186—.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"Father has been going on with all that nonsense of his, and I think it most straightforward to write a letter to you at once, so that things may be understood and finished. Father has no right to be angry with you, any way not about me. He says somebody has come and offered him money. I wish they hadn't, but perhaps you didn't send them. There's no good in father talking about you and me. Of course it was a great honor, and all that, but I'm not at all sure that anybody should try to get above themselves, not in the way of marrying. And the heart is every thing. So I've told father. If ever I bestow mine, I think it will be to somebody in a way of business—just like father. So I thought I would just write to say that there couldn't be any thing between you and me, were it ever so; only that I was very much honored by your coming down to Margate. I write this to you, because a very particular friend advises me, and I don't mind telling you at once—it is Mr. Moggs. And I shall show it to father. That is, I have written it twice, and shall keep the other. It's a pity father should go on so, but he means it for the best. And as to any thing in the way of money—oh, Mr. Newton, he's a deal too proud for that.

"Yours truly,

"MARYANNE NEEFIT."

As to which letter the little baggage was not altogether true in one respect. She did not keep a copy of the whole letter, but left out of that which she showed to her father the very material passage in which she referred to the advice of her particular friend, Mr. Moggs. Ralph, when he received this letter, felt really grateful to Polly, and wrote to her a pretty note, in which he acknowledged her kindness, and expressed his hope that she might always be as happy as she deserved to be. Then it was that he made up his mind to go down at once to Popham Villa, thinking that the Neefit nuisance was sufficiently abated to enable him to devote his time to a more pleasurable pursuit.

He reached the villa between three and four, and learned from the gardener's wife at the lodge that Sir Thomas had not as yet returned. He did not learn that Clarissa was away, and was not aware of that fact till they all sat down to dinner at seven o'clock. Much had been done and much endured before that time came. He sauntered slowly up the road, and looked about the grounds, hoping to find the young ladies there, as he had so often done during his summer visits; but there was no one to be seen, and he was obliged to knock at the door. He was shown into the drawing-room, and in a few minutes Patience came to him. There had been no arrangement between her and Mary as to the manner in which he should be received. Mary on a previous occasion had given him an answer, and really did believe that that would be sufficient. He was, according to her thinking, a light, inconstant man, who

would hardly give himself the labor necessary for perseverance in any suit. Patience at once began to ask him after his brother and the doings at the Priory. He had been so intimate at the house, and so dear to them all, that, in spite of the disapprobation with which he was now regarded by them, it was impossible that there should not be some outer kindness. "Ah," said he, "I do so look forward to the time when you will all be down there. I have been so often welcome at your house, that it will be my greatest pleasure to make you welcome there."

"We go so little from home," said Patience.

"But I am sure you will come to me. I know you would like to see Greg's parsonage and Greg's church."

"I should indeed."

"It is the prettiest church, I think, in England, and the park is very nice. The whole house wants a deal of doing to, but I shall set about it some day. I don't know a pleasanter neighborhood anywhere." It would have been so natural that Patience should tell him that he wanted a mistress for such a home; but she could not say the words. She could not find the proper words, and soon left him, muttering something as to directions for her father's room.

He had been alone for twenty minutes when Mary came into the room. She knew that Patience was not there, and had retreated up-stairs. But there seemed to be a cowardice in such retreating, which displeased herself. She, at any rate, had no cause to be afraid of Mr. Newton. So she collected her thoughts, and arranged her gait, and went down, and addressed him with assumed indifference—as though there had never been any thing between them beyond simple acquaintance. "Uncle Thomas will be here soon, I suppose," she said.

"I hope he will give me half an hour first," Ralph answered. There was an ease and grace always present in his intercourse with women, and a power of saying that which he desired to say—which perhaps arose from the slightness of his purposes, and the want of reality in his character.

"We see so little of him that we hardly know his hours," said Mary. "Uncle Thomas is a sad truant from home."

"He always was, and I declare I think that Patience and Clary have been the better for it. They have learned things of which they would have known nothing had he been with them every morning and evening. I don't know any girls who are so sweet as they are. You know they have been like sisters to me."

"So I have been told."

"And when you came, it would have been like another sister coming; only—"

"Only what?" said Mary, assuming purposely a savage look.

"That something else intervened."

"Of course it must be very different—and it should be different. You have only known me a few months."

"I have known you enough to wish to

know you more closely than anybody else for the rest of my life."

"Mr. Newton, I thought you had understood me before."

"So I did." This he said with an assumed tone of lachrymose complaint. "I did understand you—thoroughly. I understood that I was rebuked, and rejected, and disdained. But a man, if he is in earnest, does not give over on that account. Indeed, there are things which he can't give over. You may tell a man that he shouldn't drink, or shouldn't gamble; but telling will do no good. When he has once begun, he'll go on with it."

"What does that mean?"

"That love is as strong a passion, at any rate, as drinking or gambling. You did tell me, and sent me away, and rebuked me, because of that tradesman's daughter."

"What tradesman's daughter?" asked Mary. "I have spoken of no tradesman's daughter. I gave you ample reason why you should not address yourself to me."

"Of course there are ample reasons," said Ralph, looking into his hat, which he had taken from the table. "The one—most ample of all, is that you do not care for me."

"I do not," said Mary, resolutely.

"Exactly—but that is a sort of reason which a man will do his best to conquer. Do not misunderstand me. I am not such a fool as to think that I can prevail in a day. I am not vain enough to think that I can prevail at all. But I can persist."

"It will not be of the slightest use; indeed, it cannot be allowed. I will not allow it. My uncle will not allow it."

"When you told me that I was untrue to another person—; I think that was your phrase."

"Very likely."

"I supposed you had heard that stupid story which had got round to my uncle—about a Mr. Neefit's daughter."

"I had heard no stupid story."

"What, then, did you mean?"

Mary paused a moment, thinking whether it might still be possible that a good turn might be done for her cousin. That Clarissa had loved this man with her whole heart she had herself owned to Mary. That the man had professed his love for Clary, Clary had also let her know. And Clary's love had endured even after the blow it had received from Ralph's offer to her cousin. All this that cousin knew; but she did not know how that love had now turned to simple soreness. "I have heard nothing of the man's daughter," said Mary.

"Well, then?"

"But I do know that before I came here at all you had striven to gain the affections of my cousin."

"Clarissa!"

"Yes; Clarissa. Is it not so?" Then she paused, and Ralph remembered the scene on the lawn. In very truth it had never been forgotten. There had always been present with him, when he thought of Mary Bonner, a sort of remembrance of the hour in which he had played the fool with dear Clary. He

had kissed her. Well; yes; and with some girls kisses mean so much—as Polly Neeft had said to her true lover. But then with others they mean just nothing. “If you want to find a wife in this house, you had better ask her. It is certainly useless that you should ask me.”

“Do you mean quite useless?” asked Ralph, beginning to be somewhat abashed.

“Absolutely useless. Did I not tell you something else—something that I would not have hinted to you, had it not been that I desired to prevent the possibility of a renewal of any thing so vain? But you think nothing of that! All that can be changed with you at a moment, if other things suit.”

“That is meant to be severe, Miss Bonner, and I have not deserved it from you. What has brought me to you but that I admire you above all others?”

“You shouldn’t admire me above others. Is a man to change as he likes because he sees a girl whose hair pleases him for the moment better than does hers to whom he has sworn to be true?” Ralph did not forget at this moment to whisper to himself, for his own consolation, that he had never sworn to be true to Clarissa. And, indeed, he did feel that, though there had been a kiss, the scene on the lawn was being used unfairly to his prejudice. “I am afraid you are very fickle, Mr. Newton, and that your love is not worth much.”

“I hope we may both live till you learn that you have wronged me.”

“I hope so. If my opinion be worth any thing with you, go back to her from whom you have allowed yourself to stray in your folly. To me you must not address yourself again. If you do, it will be an insult.” Then she rose up, queenly in her beauty, and slowly left the room.

There must be an end of that. Such was Ralph’s feeling as she left the room, in spite of those protestations of constancy and persistence which he had made to himself. “A fellow has to go on with it, and he refused half a dozen times by one of those proud ones,” he had said; “but when they do knuckle under, they go in harness better than the others.” It was thus that he had thought of Mary Bonner, but he did not so think of her now. No indeed. There was an end of that. “There is a sort of way of doing it, which shows that they mean it.” Such was his inward speech; and he did believe that Miss Bonner meant it. “By Jove, yes; if words and looks ever can mean any thing.” But how about Clarissa? If it was so, as Mary Bonner had told him, would it be the proper kind of thing for him to go back to Clarissa? His heart, too—for he had a heart—was very soft. He had always been fond of Clarissa, and would not, for worlds, that she should be unhappy. How pretty she was, and how soft, and how loving! And how proudly happy she would be to be driven about the Newton grounds by him as their mistress! Then he remembered what Gregory had said to him, and how he had encouraged Gregory to persevere. If any thing of that kind were to happen, Gregory must put up with it. It was clear that Clarissa couldn’t marry Gregory if she were in love with him. But how would he look Sir Thomas in the face? As he thought of this he laughed. Sir Thomas, however, would be glad enough to give his daughter, not to the heir, but to the owner of Newton. Who could be that fellow whom Mary Bonner preferred to him—with all Newton to back his suit? Perhaps Mary Bonner did not know the meaning of being the mistress of Newton Priory.

After a while the servant came to show

him to his chamber. Sir Thomas had come and had gone at once to his room. So he went up-stairs and dressed, expecting to see Clarissa when they all assembled before dinner. When he went down, Sir Thomas was there, and Mary, and Patience—but not Clarissa. He had summoned back his courage, and spoke jauntily to Sir Thomas. Then he turned to Patience and asked after her sister. “Clarissa is spending the day with Mrs. Brownlow,” said Patience, “and will not be home till quite late.”

“Oh, how unfortunate!” exclaimed Ralph. Taking all his difficulties into consideration, we must admit that he did not do it badly.

After dinner Sir Thomas sat longer over his wine than is at present usual, believing, perhaps, that the young ladies would not want to see much more of Ralph on the present occasion. The conversation was almost entirely devoted to the affairs of the late election, as to which Ralph was much interested and very indignant. “They cannot do you any harm, sir, by the investigation,” he said.

“No; I don’t think they can hurt me.”

“And you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have been the means of exposing corruption, and of helping to turn such a man as Griffenbottom out of the House. Upon my word, I think it has been worth while.”

“I am not sure that I would do it again, at the same cost, and with the same object,” said Sir Thomas.

Ralph did have a cup of tea given to him in the drawing-room, and then left the villa before Clarissa’s fly had returned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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“BY THE WINTER SEA.”



THE long gray reach of the wind-swept beach ;
The morning sunlight's quivering gold ;
The swooping sea-bird's piercing screech,
And skies all dull and cold.

No sail o'er ocean's leaden waste ;
The waves' unceasing monotone ;

A stranded wreck with ice encased,
Dreary and stark and lone.

And there are hearts that watch and wait
For those who toil upon the shore :
Their welcome footstep at the gate
Is heard—ah, nevermore !

And hardy cheeks, unblanched by fear,
Grow sad when gentle thoughts of home
Awake the soft and glistening tear
That will unbidden come.

Stout hearts! a lesson brave ye teach
Beside your scanty, cheerless fire,
While thundering waves upon the beach
Sweep down in wintry ire.

Oh, still upon the icy gale
That voice of grief is borne to me,
And whispers in my ear a tale
Of wrecks far out at sea!

GEORGE COOPER.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER III.—PAULINE MORTON.

IF Mr. Warwick had announced the entire destruction of Tallahoma and all its inhabitants by an earthquake, there scarcely could have ensued a more astonished pause than followed the utterance of that name. For the full space of a minute, an entire silence reigned around the table—a silence which Mrs. Marks was, of course, the first to break.

"You have seen Pauline Morton, John?"

"Yes," answered he, laconically.

"Is she in town?"

"She was in town, or else I could not have seen her."

"But, bless my soul!" cried Mr. Marks, "where did she come from, Warwick?—when did you see her?"

"Of course she came from Europe. I saw her as she passed through Tallahoma, this afternoon, late."

"Well, tell us all about it," cried his sister, a little impatient at these brief replies. "What is the use of doling out news like this? Tell us how she looked, and what she said, and where she is going, and what she means by coming back here?"

"Did you happen to see a travelling-carriage pass here about dusk, laden with trunks, dogs, and monkeys?"

At this question there rose a shout from the children—the eager little pitchers, whose eyes and ears were open to all that was going on.

"We did! Uncle John, we did! And a pretty lady, and a little boy in it, too."

"Yes," said Uncle John, quietly. "That was Pauline Morton, on her way to Morton House."

"To Morton House?" repeated Mr. Marks. "Then Shields, at least, must have known that she was coming."

Again Mr. Warwick shook his head. "No. Shields was in my office this morning about that business of a trespass on the land; and I will answer for it that he had as little idea of seeing the owner of the land as you or I might have had. Besides, she told me that she had not announced her coming to any one."

"And yet you say she went to Morton House?"

"Straight to Morton House.—Heaven help poor Shields's brain this night!"

"Surely you must have mistaken," urged Mr. Marks. "Surely she went to Annesdale—her own first cousin's, you know."

Mr. Warwick shrugged his shoulders. "I should think you would remember how little love there was between her and her first cousin, of old."

"I remember," cried Mrs. Marks, "and I am sure that Pauline Morton would never go uninvited to Mrs. Annesley's house. But oh, John, she could not have gone to Morton House to stay to-night!—why, think of those beds that nobody has slept in for twenty years!"

"Twenty years or not, she meant to do it; and I don't think there's a doubt but that she has done it. Twenty years! Can it be really twenty years since she went away, Bessie?"

"Twenty years this past summer," said Mrs. Marks, decidedly. "I remember the very day. Did her brother come back, John?—and surely her husband is with her?"

"Her brother, she tells me, is dead. She did not mention her husband; but I judge that she is a widow."

"And she came alone?"

"With the exception of a child and a servant, quite alone."

"Her brother dead!" repeated Mr. Marks, whose somewhat slow ears this last item had just reached. "There must be some mistake about that, John—you must have misunderstood her, or his death has happened very lately. It is not more than a few weeks since Shields showed me a letter he had just received from him."

"I only know that she is in deep mourning," Mr. Warwick answered; "and that, when I glanced at her dress, she said—or, if she didn't say, she intimated—that it was for her brother she was wearing it."

"It is very strange," said Mr. Marks, reflectively. "He must have dropped off like his Uncle Paul; for all the rest of the Mortons that ever I heard of were very long-lived people. She did not mention his complaint, did she?"

"No. She said very little—in fact, I saw her for a few minutes only."

"But her looks, John!" cried Mrs. Marks, with a woman's curiosity on this important subject. "Is she as handsome as ever?"

"How do most women look, Bessie, when a gap of twenty years separates them from youth?"

"Why, rather the worse for wear," answered Mrs. Marks, with a glance toward her own face, as reflected in the burnished coffee-pot. "But I cannot imagine Pauline Morton any less beautiful than when I saw her last."

"You had better not see her again, then."

"Has she changed so dreadfully?"

"She is the wreck—the ghost, as I told the children—of her former self."

"Dear, dear! to think of it! But she *has* been married, has she not?"

"Certainly. I told you she had a child with her."

"And whom did she marry? You know there were all sorts of reports at the time—people said she had married a count, or some such person."

"Which was as true as reports generally are. Pauline Morton has come back as Mrs. Gordon."

"Mrs. *what*?"

"Gordon. Did you ever hear the name before—in connection with her, I mean?"

"Never!" cried Mrs. Marks, with a decision which rather surprised the governess, sitting by in profound ignorance of the subject under discussion. "I heard that she had married some nobleman, and that she lived in Europe in grand style; and—and—for her to come back like this, to a place she always hated! Oh, John, I don't believe it!"

"That's just as you please," Mr. Warwick answered, rising and walking to the fire. "I assure you, I have the name on her own authority; and, as for those ridiculous stories of counts and the like, of course no sensible person ever credited them. I remember hearing that she had married an officer in the English army; and, no doubt, this is, or was, the man.—Miss Tresham, did you see the carriage this afternoon?"

"Yes; and the lady also," Katharine answered. "I had only a glimpse of her face, but it struck me very much. Does she belong to the Morton House where the children and I go to walk almost every evening?"

"Morton House belongs to her," Mr. Marks answered, dryly. "I am afraid, if she has come back for good, your walks are at an end, Miss Kate."

"Oh!" cried the children, in chorus. "Can't we go to Morton House any more, and make Ponto chase rabbits in the garden? Oh, papa, why not?"

"Don't you hear why not?" asked Mrs. Marks, a little sharply—"don't you hear that the person who owns Morton House has come back to live in it? Now hush—or I will call Letty and send you straight to bed!—John, dear, you haven't told us yet where you met—Mrs. Gordon."

"Haven't I?" said Mr. Warwick, a little wearily—he was evidently

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

tired of the subject that was still so absorbing to his sister. "Well, it is not much to tell, Bessie. I left my office at dusk, this evening, and was on my way to the post-office to get the mail, when the carriage of which I spoke came down the street. I glanced at it a little curiously, wondering where it was going at that time of day, when a face, that I should have recognized among a thousand, looked out, and made a sign to the driver to stop. Before I knew what I was about, I was shaking hands with Pauline Morton."

He paused, with a half smile at the expression of eager interest on his sister's face; but, notwithstanding the smile, more than one of his hearers noticed that it cost him an effort to resume.

"The first thing I remember was her saying, 'How changed you are!' And I looked at her, and answered, 'I am sure I cannot be more changed than you are.'"

"Why, John!" cried Mrs. Marks, reproachfully.

"You think that was rather plain speaking? I thought so myself when it was too late to recall the words. But she did not seem offended by my candor. She only smiled a little, and said, 'Yes, I am very much changed—you will believe that when I tell you that I have come back to Morton to live.' I don't know what I said—something about my surprise, probably; for I was surprised, as you may well imagine—but she repeated the statement, and then, noticing that I looked at her black dress, she added: 'My poor brother!—you see I am all alone in the world.' 'Excepting,' said I, glancing at the child opposite. 'Yes,' she answered, quietly, 'excepting him.' Then she told him to shake hands with one of his mother's old friends; and the boy, who is a splendid-looking little fellow, held out his hand at once, and spoke to me—no hanging of the head, and putting the finger in the mouth, Dick. After a few more words, his mother said they must go on, as she wished to reach Morton House before night. So she held out her hand, saying she would be glad to see me; and you will be shocked to hear, Bessie, that, in responding to the invitation, I called her Miss Morton."

"Good gracious!"

"It was very thoughtless, and, of course, I began a hasty apology, being more annoyed at my awkward mistake from perceiving the effect which it produced upon her. First she flushed, and then she turned so pale that for a minute I thought she was going to faint. But she only gasped for breath a little, and cut short my apology by saying: 'There is nothing to excuse. I am very foolish; but it has been a long time since I heard that name, and it brought back so many recollections—just here. I am Mrs. Gordon now.' Then she drove off. And now that you have heard all that I know myself, Bessie, I hope you have no objection to my going out on the piazza to smoke a cigar."

Mrs. Marks would willingly have detained him for the purpose of further questioning; but she had an instinct that it would be useless. So she only watched him as he left the room, and then turned to her husband.

"You laughed at me several years ago, Richard, when I said that I did not believe John would ever forget Pauline Morton. Pray what do you say now?"

"Why, exactly what I said then," answered Mr. Marks, looking up from the paper which he thought he should never be left to read in peace. "I say that Warwick is much too sensible a man to be hankering after a woman he was in love with more than twenty years ago; and that—"

"Oh, my dear, hush a moment!—Miss Tresham, will you touch the bell for Letty?—Now, children, say good-night to your father, and go to bed; it is after eight o'clock."

The children were evidently well drilled. They were dying to hear what was next to be said; but they went through the good-night ceremony, and fled off obediently, when a tall negro-woman, in a bright red-and-yellow turban, appeared at the door. It is true, there was a riot in the nursery that night; but no sound of it reached the precincts from which the young insurgents had been banished, for Letty was quite equal to the emergency herself, without invoking aid from the higher powers.

Meanwhile Mr. Marks obstinately declined to canvass any further either the arrival of Pauline Morton or the state of Mr. Warwick's affections—at least until he had finished that article from which he had several times been so ruthlessly torn.

"Those subjects will keep for some night when I haven't got any papers, Bessie," he said, to his wife's infinite indignation—an indig-

nation which she forthwith manifested by taking herself and her sewing over to Miss Tresham's side.

"You never heard much about the Mortons, did you, my dear?" she asked, after admiring the pretty braiding that Katharine was putting on an apron for Nelly.

"I never heard anything," the young governess answered, "excepting that they owned Morton House and lived abroad."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Marks, with something of a sigh; "people don't talk much about things that happened twenty years ago. But oh, my dear, if you could only have seen Morton House when the Mortons lived there, and when Pauline was in her prime! Such troops of servants as they had! such splendid horses! such furniture and such grounds! Why, you can see for yourself, even now, how magnificent the grounds were!"

"They must have been very beautiful when they were kept up," said Katharine, "and they are certainly very extensive."

"I should think so, indeed! Why, there used to be fifteen acres in gardens alone! I remember, when I was a girl, going to a camp-meeting once, where one of the preachers said that the best idea of heaven he could give was that it would be even more beautiful than the grounds of Morton House."

"Why did its owners leave it?"

"Ah, you may well ask! But it was all Pauline's fault. She was so beautiful and so proud that she scorned everybody and every thing here. She was never satisfied unless the house was full of strange company from the cities, and at last she told her parents that she would rather die than live in the backwoods. So her parents, who would have tried to get the stars for her if she had wanted them, left their beautiful home and went to Europe—never to come back, as it turned out."

"Did none of them ever come back?" asked Katharine, becoming rather interested.

"None of them ever came back—until to-day. There was a young brother—only one—who grew up in Europe; and I have heard that he laughed at the idea of returning to America to live. He must have spent money at a dreadful rate after his father's death; for Mr. Shields told John that the crops were always mortgaged before they went into market, and we heard, not long ago, that the house itself was to be sold. If that had been the case, I expect Mr. Annesley would have bought it."

"Why? Is he—"

"A relation? Oh, yes. His mother was a Morton, and as handsome and proud as all the rest of them. She was poor, though, for her father squandered every cent he had. But her uncle always treated her exactly as his own daughter, and people say he settled a very good sum on her when she married. She and Pauline were raised together like sisters; but they never liked each other. I don't know which was in fault; but they made no secret of the matter. For my part, I rather took Pauline's side, though most people were on Elinor's; but Pauline was very generous, with all her pride, and I don't think she ever made her cousin feel her dependence. They even say that Mr. Annesley was Pauline's admirer, and only went over to Elinor after he was rejected. Then there's—O John, how you startled me!"

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Warwick, who had come in upon them unawares; "but I have been waiting some time for a chance to speak, and, as you seemed determined not to give me one, I was obliged to take it.—Miss Tresham, I wonder if you will excuse me when I tell you that I have just found a letter of yours in my pocket, which was left there through the joint carelessness of Katy and myself, and might have been lost?"

The girl looked up at him wonderingly.

"A letter for me, Mr. Warwick? You must be mistaken."

"How often am I to hear that to-night?" he asked, smiling. "I think, if you will look at this address, you will acknowledge that, with all my stupidity, I have hardly made a mistake."

He laid a letter down on the table before Katharine, who either would not or could not hold out her hand to receive it—a letter written on thin foreign paper, stamped with a foreign post-mark, and bearing her own name in clear, legible address.

Not so clear and legible, however, but that it swam before her eyes as she bent over it; and John Warwick was startled by the pallor of the face that raised itself, and by the anguish-stricken tone of the voice that cried out, as if unconsciously:

"Oh, if you had but lost it! if you had but lost it!"

CHAPTER IV.—WHAT MRS. ANNESLEY DID.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the excitement prevailing in Tallahoma—Tallahoma, which was very stagnant just at that time, for want of something to talk about, and which was blessed beyond its most sanguine expectations in the arrival of Mrs. Gordon. The news of that arrival spread rapidly through the village; and, while Mr. Warwick was telling his story at the Marks's tea-table, it would be hard to say how many other tea-tables were entertained by different renditions of the same facts. True, there was a very general and unsatisfactory haziness concerning the why and wherefore that had brought back the wanderer's steps, concerning her intentions, or even her appearance. But, then, these things promised an abundant harvest of gossip for the future; and all-absorbing for to-night was the simple fact that Pauline Morton had returned.

But on the morrow, after there was time for reflection, after the news had spread through the county, after the first shock of surprise was over, and people looked each other gravely in the face, they began to ask, How had she returned?

The answer was not long in coming. She had gone away in the flush of her youth and beauty, guarded by her parents, and with all the pomp of style and attendance which wealth could secure. She returned alone and unattended, with no husband to guard, no brother to protect, no friend to vouch for her—no word of warning, no single order of preparation! She came to her childhood's home and her childhood's friends with no pleasant stir and bustle of happy arrival, but silently and unexpectedly, more like an outcast seeking shelter than a daughter claiming her rightful heritage. Other people besides Mrs. Marks remembered when the Mortons had gone away, and, contrasting that departure with this return, almost involuntarily shook their heads. The first impulse of the world is always to distrust mystery. "Something is wrong," they said; and many of them said it the more readily because Pauline Morton had been one of those shining marks which envy loves, and because in her proud youth she had rather provoked than conciliated such a feeling.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether any state of society has ever existed since "Adam delved and Eve span," when those who were subordinate in the scale of worldly advantage have not felt a sort of carping dislike, and at times a bitter enmity, toward the few whom chance or fortune has elevated above them. We can imagine how the rabble of Athens spoke of Pericles and Alcibiades; we can conceive that hatred which from first to last the Roman plebeians bore their patrician masters; we can guess how bitterly the serfs and retainers, the scorned burghers, and oppressed Jews, spoke in bated whispers of the great feudal lords; we can read how often and how fiercely the great unknown have lashed themselves into fury against some class, some order, or some individual that birth, merit, or circumstance, rendered illustrious; and we can well believe that the same envy which we see manifested in a dozen petty instances every day, the same envy which was tired of hearing Aristides called the Just—has been the great moving spring of many of earth's revolutions, and is equally the moving spring of half the ill-nature and more than half the ill-speaking of the world. To make a small application of a wide truism, it was certainly the moving spring of most of the ebullitions of spiteful spleen in which for many years Lagrange had permitted itself to indulge regarding the Mortons. People more generous, more frank, or more hospitable, than these Mortons, it would be hard to find; but they were of good blood, and very proud of their descent; they were immensely wealthy, and spent their wealth liberally. These two facts were amply sufficient to excite that alloy of popular dislike which otherwise their many good qualities—qualities that even envy could not deny—might have disarmed. Not that they were unpopular in the general sense of the term; not that men denied their genial uprightness of character, or failed to respect them as only the honorable are respected. But they were too prosperous! The world and the things of the world went well with them; Fortune favored them in all their undertakings, while those who were less lucky could only look on and wonder why and how it was. They kept great state, and, although some of the best blood of the country was to be found in Lagrange, still there was no family that quite ranked with the Mortons, to whose wealth and enterprise Lagrange was indebted for much of its prosperity. The oldest and by far the most stately residence of the county was the house which had been built by the representative man of the line—one Hugh Morton of

three generations back. The village of Tallahoma had begun its existence merely as the post-office of this house; and the same house had been for many years the centre of such a lavish and refined hospitality that its reputation spread far and wide throughout the entire State.

Considering their social importance, then, it was no wonder that all Lagrange was thrown into a commotion when it was announced that Mr. and Mrs. Morton were going to Europe, ostensibly for their son's education, but really to gratify their daughter's whim—the daughter who was accustomed to say that life in America was worse than death, who panted for the rush and fever of the Old World as ambitious men pant for fame, and to whom it was solely due that her indulgent parents went abroad, leaving their noble home to pass into decay while they dwelt in Parisian hotels and Neapolitan villas. She had the more easily compassed her point because there was no one of sufficient moral force to resist her. Some men—most men, in fact—would have been utterly lost in the *dilettante* existence thus forced upon them; but her father was just the exceptional man who enjoyed it. If he had been born among the lower classes in Spain or Italy, he would have spent his life on a door-step basking in the sun; and, as it was, he spent it in morally doing the same thing. He was frank and generous to a fault; but he was intensely indolent, pleasure-loving when the pursuit of pleasure did not involve too much trouble, and fond of ease and luxury to an almost womanly degree. Mrs. Morton, for her part, was bound up in her daughter's wishes and her daughter's triumphs, with a great sympathy for both, and a great liking herself for the things that were so attractive to Pauline. The only son was a mere child. So, with none to put an obstacle in her path, Pauline's impetuous will carried the day. The desire of her heart was granted her, as the desires of our hearts are rarely granted to us here on earth; and, when she took her life in her own hands and went her way, it was as some gallant ship sails away from a familiar harbor to cruise in unknown seas, where happiness and fortune may be attainable, but where shipwreck and disaster are much more likely to be encountered.

For some time after the departure of the voluntary exiles, fragmentary news came back of their wanderings; of their cordial recognition by the English relatives they had partly gone to seek; of Pauline's fresh triumphs; and of their glittering life in foreign cities. But all this was very vaguely told, and soon ceased altogether—fifty years ago the country-districts of America were farther removed from such scenes than is the interior of China to-day. Soon all tidings of the Mortons ceased, and before long the Mortons themselves might have been forgotten, had not the house which bore their name and seemed gloomily mourning them, stood as a perpetual reminder of their existence. Only at long intervals certain items of intelligence still gratified the gossips of Lagrange. First came the tidings of Mr. Morton's death; then news of Pauline's marriage to some one, who was variously represented of every imaginable nationality and rank; and, lastly, the announcement of her mother's death. Then silence fell, silence complete and unbroken, although the county leader of fashion, handsome Mrs. Annesley, was first cousin to the surviving brother and sister, had been reared in their father's house, and married from it. But everybody knew that Pauline had never liked her cousin, and that it was a happy day for both when Edgar Annesley (who was killed in a duel a few years later) took his bride from the door of Morton House.

Remembering all these things, a thrill of intense interest and surprise ran through the county when Lagrange heard of Pauline Morton's return. There was not a family of good rank within its borders that did not own some connection of blood or ancient friendship with Morton; and not a family, therefore, which was not personally interested in this unexpected arrival. Still even these people paused and looked at each other full of doubt. If Pauline Morton had come back among them with the state which, to their imagination, was always associated with the name; if she had thrown open the old hospitable doors, and lighted up once more the old hospitable rooms; if she had bidden her friends around her, and asked their welcome with the matchless grace they still remembered—they would have been the last people in the world to question whence she came, or why she chose to shroud her past life in mystery. But the singularity of her course awakened in them the first chill of suspicion. Why come back in this way to her own house? Why write no letters? Why give no warning to the friends who had a right to know of her inten-

tion? Why ask no aid from their support, she coming back so strangely alone to claim her old position? Why offer no explanation of her marriage and widowhood? Why think that her old acquaintances would take for granted the twenty years passed away from them—the twenty years in which she might have climbed any height, or plunged into any depth, unknown to them? Truly it was no wonder that the elders among them shook their heads; and truly it did not look as if Pauline Morton had come back to win any very warm welcome from her kinsfolk and friends.

Yet among the former class was one person at least to whom no neutral position was possible, one person on whom the burden of positive action was incumbent, and from whom every obligation of gratitude that the world counts binding commanded a speedy and cordial welcome to the returned wanderer. This person was Mrs. Annesley; and yet her worst enemy—if, indeed, the handsome, charming lady owned any enemies—could not have contrived for her a more disagreeable surprise than the news of her cousin's arrival proved. When she heard the particulars of this arrival, she turned very pale; and then—went to bed with one of those bad nervous attacks which always stood her in such good stead when an unpleasant exertion was demanded, or an unpleasant duty was to be performed. She deplored this necessity very pathetically; and assured the friends who came to see her that she was especially sorry because she could not go at once to meet and welcome "dear Pauline." But these friends were by no means obtuse; they understood the matter perfectly, and told each other when they went out that it was evident Mrs. Annesley felt very awkwardly about meeting her cousin, and that they did not wonder at it.

"It is unfortunate that I should be ill just at this time," Mrs. Annesley said to her daughter, Mrs. French—a pretty, fashionable-looking girl two or three years younger than her brother Morton, and lately married—on the evening of the day when these visits had been paid. "I certainly ought to see Pauline at once, and it is quite impossible for me to do so. Yet people will be sure to think it very strange."

"Mrs. Raynor told me to-day that everybody is waiting to see what you mean to do," Mrs. French answered. "If I were you, mamma, I would let them wait. A woman who comes back like this does not deserve any consideration."

"I am not thinking of her," said Mrs. Annesley, truthfully enough.

It was a little before dark, and the mother and daughter were quite alone in the chamber of the former. With the outside world it was still daylight, but here the shades of twilight had already gathered, deepening in all the nooks and corners of the room, and only dissipated by the ruddy glow which a bright wood-fire cast over the polished furniture and the softly-tinted walls. On one side of the hearth sat Mrs. Annesley in a deep arm-chair. Her cashmere dressing-gown, her dainty lace cap, and her velvet slippers, were all perfect; for she had made a tasteful invalid toilet in expectation of those compassionate visitors who had just departed. Opposite, and if possible in a still more luxurious attitude, Mrs. French was sitting—the firelight flickering over her silk dress, and glancing back from her gold *châtelaine*. She had been busy with some netting; but the rose-colored web had dropped in her lap, her hands were loosely folded over it, and her eyes were roving absently from the fire to her mother, and from her mother to the heavily-draped windows that commanded a view of the lawn before the house, and the belt of dark shrubbery beyond. Finally, she said, languidly:

"It is a good thing that Morton is away."

"It is a most fortunate thing," answered Mrs. Annesley, with energy. "Morton is so Quixotic in his ideas that there really is no counting on him, and he is so unfortunately straightforward that he cannot understand the delicate management which some things require. I am sure he would give me trouble if he were here—so I agree with you, Adela—it is a good thing that Mr. French wrote for him just now."

"It will be at least a fortnight before he can get back," said Adela, who had been making some calculation of time and distance while her mother spoke. "Perhaps it may be longer, if Frank decides to come with him, as I hope he will. Then I shall keep him here until I am ready to go back to Mobile."

"It is very provoking that you should need to go back," said Mrs. Annesley, pettishly. "I shall never be satisfied until you are settled

in Lagrange. If I could only carry out my plans! If you could only live here—"

"Frank would never consent to it, mamma," interrupted Adela, placidly. "He says, very truly, that Morton will be marrying some day, and, of course, bringing his wife here; and, then, the arrangement would never do."

"Of course, there could be no question of it under those circumstances—that is, if Morton decided to make this place his home," said Mrs. Annesley. "But that was not my plan, Adela, as you very well know."

"I know you thought of Morton House for him, and Annesdale for us. That would certainly be very nice. But I suppose we must give up all hope of it now."

"That remains to be seen," answered Mrs. Annesley, quickly. "It is almost beyond patience," she went on, "that this woman should come back now to defeat all my plans. Every thing was so well arranged. Alfred Morton was perfectly willing to sell the house, and Morton could well afford to give even the exorbitant price he asked. It is true that for the same amount he could have bought the finest plantation in the State; but then no other place could be to him like that—his great-grandfather's house. Nobody knows how my heart has always been set on this. Ever since Morton was a child, I have counted on seeing him owner of Morton House. It seemed to me it would even make amends for all I once endured in that house, to know that my son was master there. And now this kind cousin, who always hated me, has come back—simply to disappoint my wishes."

"It would be very nice," said Adela, whose mind was still bent on the arrangement, as it affected her own comfort. "Frank and I could settle here, and I need not trouble myself any more about his disagreeable relations in Mobile. Morton could marry Irene Vernon, and live in that tumble-down old barn that you have such a fancy for; and you could have your rooms at both places, and visit between us, just as you liked. It is a pity that one of your cousins took it into his head to die, and the other one to come back just now."

"Gordon!" said Mrs. Annesley, slowly; "Gordon! I am confident that I once heard the name of the man Pauline Morton married; and, if I could recall it now, it might be worth remembering. I am almost sure—as sure as I can be of any thing which did not dwell positively on my mind—that it was *not* Gordon."

"Goodness, mamma! Has she come back under a false name?"

"I am not certain, of course; but my own impression is that she has. Don't mention it, though, Adela. People are talking enough about her already, and we need not circulate a fact which undoubtedly looks very badly."

"You may be sure, mamma, that nobody ever acts as she is acting without some reason for it."

"There is no doubt of that," answered Mrs. Annesley, with a sudden flash of something like triumph in her eyes. "But it does not surprise me in the least—nothing that I could hear of her would surprise me. Her pride and insolence were so great that they paved a fall for themselves. Times have changed, Adela; you don't know how strangely it makes me feel to realize that twenty-five years ago Pauline Morton was the queen of Lagrange, and to-day it is doubtful whether there is a single person of good position in the county who will move an inch to welcome her."

"It all depends on you," said Adela, in her languid way. "Mrs. Raynor told me that. She says that everybody is in doubt what to do, and they mean to wait and see how you will act."

"There, again, times have changed," said Mrs. Annesley, gazing into the fire. "Twenty-five years ago I was the dependent cousin whom Pauline Morton barely tolerated; and to-day it seems that here, in her own home, the question of her social recognition depends on me."

"It depends on you how people will receive her," said the matter-of-fact Adela. "If I were you, mamma, I would let her see this, and then—you might perhaps make your own terms, and get Morton House after all."

Mrs. Annesley gave her daughter a glance, and laughed a little.

"You are tolerably quick-witted, Adela, and would make a pretty good diplomatist. Certainly, I don't owe Pauline much, in the way of a good turn; and certainly, also, the advantages of the situation are on my side now. If Morton is not the owner of Morton House yet, you may be sure that it will not be my fault. By-the-by, did Mrs.

Raynor tell you any thing of those reports we heard about Pauline several years ago?"

"Nothing at all, mamma, for she did not seem to know any thing. She said there had been reports, but that they were very vague, and she had never been able to make much out of them. She said, also, that you would not speak of them; but she was sure you knew more about the matter than anybody else."

"She is mistaken," said Mrs. Annesley; "I know nothing about it. How or with whom the reports originated, I cannot tell; and, simply because I did not choose to contradict them, people took it for granted that I believed them and was well acquainted with all the particulars."

"I expect you looked as if you believed them. That is a way you have, mamma."

"I certainly could not look as if I did *not* believe them, when they were so entirely in keeping with Pauline Morton's character," answered Mrs. Annesley, a little coldly. "She was always imprudent and reckless to the last degree. If she has learned wisdom, it has been since she left Lagrange.—Will you ring the bell there, Adela? I must order some chocolate for my supper; coffee keeps me awake, and is bad for my nerves."

The bell was rung; the chocolate was ordered; the servant who received the order delivered a message to Mrs. French about some household matter which demanded her presence down-stairs; and, with the regretful sigh of an indolent person, the lady tore herself from her comfortable lounging-place, and departed. The door had scarcely closed on her, when Mrs. Annesley rose and walked to the window. The dusk had fallen by this time, and she could not do more than distinguish the outlines of the familiar objects before her—the piazzas and wings of the house, the graceful trees and well-trimmed shrubs that were scattered over the gently-sloping lawn. Every thing at Annesdale was in the most perfect taste; but every thing was undisguisedly new, and just now Mrs. Annesley's heart was longing for something which was old. Her husband had begun, and she herself had completed, the house in which she stood; yet, charming as it was in every appliance of luxury and comfort, her perverse fancy went back to the stately rooms, dark and mellow with age, where her youth had been passed. She looked steadfastly out of the window, over the trees and shrubbery which her own hand had planted, beyond the dark woods and broad fields, until she saw—in imagination—the noble oaks of Morton House, and the tall chimneys, from which, for the first time in twenty years, the smoke of household fires was curling upward. Then her brows contracted in a slight frown—a frown not sufficiently marked to darken the handsome face, or give a severe aspect to its smooth lines. "Times are changed," she said, once more, but this time only half aloud. "Will she recognize that as plainly as I do, I wonder? Will she see that, indeed, the advantage is with me now, and that it is for me to decide whether Pauline Morton—the beauty, the heiress, the belle of Lagrange, twenty-five years ago—shall not be a social outlaw in Lagrange to-day? whether, six months hence, Morton House shall not be in my Morton's hands?"

Before long, Mrs. French came back, and found her mother sitting as quietly as ever beside the hearth, in the dim, fire-lighted apartment. The two ladies spent the evening together, and, when they separated for the night, the last thing Mrs. Annesley told her daughter was that her inconvenient illness would at least serve one good purpose, in enabling her to see what other people meant to do in the case of her cousin.

Several days elapsed. Then she found that Mrs. Raynor was right, and that other people had made up their minds to the same masterly policy of inaction which she herself had been practising. So, urged partly by this fact, and partly by a growing fear of her son's return, she became suddenly convalescent, thought a drive might benefit her, and ordered the carriage.

"I won't ask you to accompany me, Adela," she said to Mrs. French. "If I should go to Morton House, the meeting would, of course, be very painful on both sides, and had better be as private as possible. Besides, I don't care to draw you into a connection that may prove a very awkward one. Frank might object to it."

"Frank is not of any importance," said Frank's wife, carelessly. "But I wouldn't think of such a thing as going—not for the world! I hate disagreeable people, and this Pauline Morton must be very disagreeable. Don't tell her I am here, mamma—I beg you, don't do that!"

"I am not sure that I shall go to Morton House," said Mrs. Annesley. "It depends on how I feel," she added, gravely, as she went down the piazza-steps and entered the carriage which was drawn up before them. "Mrs. Taylor's, John," she said to the coachman, who stood waiting his orders. And, as the carriage drove off, Adela, who was still on the piazza, saw her lean back and put her *vinaigrette* to her nostrils.

Her point of destination was not more than two or three miles from Annesdale; so she had not time to feel her nerves in any unpleasant degree before the mettled horses swept up to a red-brick house, set in the midst of a bright-green lawn, with a brilliant hedge on either side, and an ornate fence in front. Here the languid invalid was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Taylor and some half-dozen daughters, whose ages ranged from fifteen to thirty, and whose ugliness was from comparative to superlative degree. Mrs. Taylor was a widow; her daughters were all unmarried; and, since country-life is stagnant at best, and a large household composed exclusively of women must certainly bestow its energies upon some employment, the Taylors, mother and daughters, were widely famed for devoting themselves, like the Athenians of old, to "telling and hearing something new." Their house was the headquarters of all news (reliable or otherwise) which was afloat in Lagrange, and the mint where all reports were stamped for current circulation. If Mrs. Annesley had wished to put her finger on the public pulse, and feel how strong or how feeble were its beats on the Morton question, she could not have chosen a better place for the purpose.

Perhaps this had been her intention. At all events, when she left the red-brick mansion behind, and was on the high-road, she gave the order, "Morton House."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANNETTE LORN.

THE windows of my quiet little domicile in Thirty-fourth Street look out in the rear diagonally across on Seventh Avenue, and I have only to settle myself in my arm-chair by the window of my study, and contemplate at my ease a peculiar phase of character and mode of life; for tenement-houses of the better class stretch along Seventh Avenue to Thirty-fifth Street, through whose open windows I can glance and see the inner-life of the occupants.

One day, several months ago, when I first commenced my studies of social life in the Seventh Avenue, I noticed one window in particular, where, on a projecting ledge, scarlet geraniums and pink-and-white roses bloomed, and where rude boxes were covered with running flowers and trailing moss until they looked like pyramids of freshness and greenery. I was often attracted to this window, and I noticed that the curtains were always scrupulously clean, and the bit of bed which showed from the window had pillows of snowy white.

Now and then a pretty brunette appeared at the window, sometimes looking bright and *riant*, and anon with a shade of deep sadness on the piquant face, with its full red lips and *nez retroussé*.

One day, too, I heard a clear young voice, as it floated on the still evening air, singing an old French *chanson*. My thoughts flew back instantly to the French *pension*, where I was once one of those prisoners politely known as parlor-boarders, and where one of the governesses used to sing the same air. She had learned it in her own sunny Provence, in the days when René, her dark-eyed lover, had given her the string of beads, "of pure gold, *mademoiselle*," to hang on the shrine of her patron, Saint Agnes. Vain propitiation! René died behind the Paris barricades, in the fatal days of the *coup d'état*, and the loved one was a little wizened old maid, with one green spot in her heart—his memory, kept fresh and watered by her tears.

I had seen her sit in the still twilight, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, singing the song which brought back her youth and love again. It had affected me much, and now, when I heard the pretty brunette singing it at the window, I listened eagerly, while the young voice trilled and thrilled like a bird's. It did not sound sadly when she sung it. It seemed as if the voice of hope breathed through the fresh red lips. Ere the song died away it was taken up, and a deep, manly bass added itself to the air.

There was no great cultivation in either, but both the voices pos-

sessed the charm of youth and freshness. I could not see the man, but I concluded, on a venture, that he was the lover of the pretty brunette. I got up a vague interest in her, and it is so seldom I am interested in any thing between heaven and earth, that it was quite a boon to me.

I don't see how a woman can exist without women friendships; but, beyond a few "called and chosen," I don't take violently to my own sex. When I do take a fancy of this sort, however, I have it "awful bad."

The little brunette interested me, and, as long as she did so, what mattered it whether she were patrician or plebeian, princess or pariah? I can't imagine any situation in life where it could possibly pay to be bored, and these "high people" do occasionally bore one fearfully.

I wondered what made the face in the window, so bright naturally, wear sometimes such a shade of sadness, and I wished that I could waft some charm through the air to drive that shade away.

Of what avail are clairvoyance, and magnetism, and spiritualism, if they cannot give us power to lift the shadows from one human heart?

One day, through my little blue-velvet opera-glass, I saw the girl busily engaged over a table with some white fabric, and, looking still closer, I found she was fluting.

How fortunate! She flutes, and I want some fluting done.

That afternoon, when I went out to get a paper of pins, or to buy a new neck-ribbon, or some one or other of the glorious ends and aims with which we women employ our minds, while our brothers, with no more intellect than ourselves, are making and losing millions, and deciding the fate of nations—when I went out on one of these tremendous errands, I stepped round to the Seventh Avenue, and, passing by the array of party-colored garments, breeches, coats, hats, petticoats, dangling in wild confusion before the everlasting old clothes-shop, I went to the side-door, and asked a clean, sharp-faced woman who was mopping up the staircase, who "did fluting" in the house.

"The laud's sake, how should I know? I'm only here a few days, and am clean tuckered out a' ready, trying to keep the stars clean, after a passel of dirty Jews and Irish."

Without pausing to ask her how she left her "folks" in New England, where she evidently drew her natal breath, I ran up to the third floor, and, on a door, in the narrow, half-lighted passage, I saw the sign:

"ANNETTE LORN,
"Seamstress and Fine-Laundress."

I knocked at the door. A French child, with auburn hair and a face clean, though homely, presented herself.

"I wish to see the person who flutes."

"Que voulez-vous, madame? Je ne parle pas Anglais."

I repeated my wishes in French, and the little girl went into an inner room after her sister, while another child, a youngster of three, came and stared at me with his great blue eyes.

I glanced around the room. There was a rag carpet on the floor, and a half-dozen cane-bottomed chairs ranged around. An old-fashioned sideboard held a few old pieces of china, some silver spoons, and a silver cup; and, in addition to these, there were some books, and a decent picture or two, little relics that seemed to tell the saddest of all histories, that of a family who had seen better days. There was an inexpressible neatness and cleanliness about every thing, and a pleasant perfume from the flowers in the window filled the room.

Presently the pretty brunette appeared with a bowl of broth in her hand. She bowed again and again, and smiled, her manner having that graceful, suave politeness which is a charm peculiar to the French of all classes.

"Pardon, madame, I have been giving my sick mother her broth. So sorry to keep madame waiting a moment."

"I don't mind waiting a little while. I want some fluting done, and also some plain sewing. Can you come to-morrow for the sewing?"

"Yes, madame."

"I prefer that you should do it at my house."

"As madame pleases. My mother is better this week, and I can leave her through the day to Blanche."

"Very well, then. Come to-morrow."

The young girl came the next day. Her day lengthened into a week, and then into two. Her grace and *naïveté*, her perfect propriety of deportment, and manner far above her station, interested me more and more, and made me pity her also, for it is a misfortune to be forced into any sphere of life, high or low, where we do not of right belong.

I sometimes noticed the same intense sadness on her face that I

had before observed. Her manner at such times was *distracte*, and her fingers trembled nervously over her sewing. One day she came in looking pale as marble, and oh! with such a melancholy look in the tender brown eyes.

As she fitted a robe over my shoulders, I felt the touch of her fingers like ice upon me. I turned, impulsively, and took the cold hand in my own.

"Annette, you are in trouble. I know you are. Will you tell me what it all means? I will help you, if I can. Don't be afraid to trust me. I promise that I will be your friend."

"Oh, madame!" and with that she sunk on a sofa, and broke into sobs.

"What is it, Annette? Come, there is no sorrow without a remedy, though the one that suffers cannot always perceive it."

"We are so poor, madame, so poor!" she sobbed out, despairingly; "and my mother is an invalid, and she and the children must live by my work. My father has been dead three years, and it has been my care to support them since then."

"Good Heaven, Annette! and have you none to assist you?"

"None, madame; but, somehow, we have got along. We French can live on so little. A cup of coffee, a little soup, an onion or two, a bit of fruit. The saints be praised, we have never yet suffered from cold or hunger, except one Sunday—shall I ever forget it? My mother had been too sick all the week for me to do any thing but nurse her, and work was scarce, anyway. It was a cold, dark, dreary Sunday, and the rain kept pattering down, but it did not fall faster than our tears. But after a while Gabriel came, like a good angel, and it was all right then. My mother don't like Gabriel, but she was glad to see him that time, for he brought us fire, and food, and warmth."

"And Gabriel, is he the young man who sings 'La Reine d'Amour' with you?"

She blushed, but answered, with simple frankness, "He is the man I love, madame." And, saying this, she took from the pocket of her neat little muslin apron a photograph, and handed it to me.

I looked at it. It was the face of a man of the people, with no very fine lines, or great expression of intellect in it, but round and good-humored, and with a certain energy in it, too. Judging from that glance, he was the very sort of man to succeed in a country like this.

"This is your lover, Annette?"

"Yes, madame, and that is my worse trouble of all," she replied, breaking into fresh tears.

"Why so? Have you quarrelled?"

"Ye—yes—we—we have."

"Is it only this? Why, lovers quarrel every day and are reunited. He will come back. You can recall him."

"Oh! No, madame, I cannot. My mother—"

"Your mother—what?"

"She will not let me marry Gabriel. She says he is a good-for-nothing. Besides, there is another, who is a mechanic, who has plenty of work, and who says he will keep me like a lady, and take care of my mother, and perhaps I ought to marry him—sometimes I think so—but I do love Gabriel so."

"What does Gabriel do for a living?"

She hesitated, but finally answered:

"He was on the police-force, but—but—indeed, madame, I am ashamed to tell you, and yet it is a comfort, too. The fact is, my mother made me slight Gabriel, and he grew very jealous of—the other one, and it drove him wild, you see."

"He has been dismissed, then."

"Alas! yes—"

"For what particular offence?"

"Oh, madame, he—he—was found intoxicated on his beat, and they broke him at once."

"Annette, I know it is painful to you to answer; but I am asking these questions for a good purpose to you. Is he habitually dissipated?"

"Oh! No, madame. He says he would never drink, only for the way I treat him."

I could not help smiling. I wonder if there ever was a man who did not lay his own imprudence and excesses at some woman's door?

However, it was no smiling matter.

Between her struggles for life, against wind and tide, the care of her invalid mother and her separation from the man she loved, Annette's cup was full.

"I will go and see your mother, Annette—see if there is any thing I can do for her, any little necessities that I can provide; and as for Gabriel, if he is of any account, he can support himself and you too. Brighter days will come. Cheer up, and be of good courage."

The next day, in pursuance of my design of helping Annette in her trouble, I went over and assailed her mother. I found her a thin, dark, little Frenchwoman, with keen black eyes, and a hard look about her face. On her head was a neat, French cap, and every thing about the clean, deftly-arranged room showed the marks of Annette's tasteful fingers. In one corner of the room was a shrine covered with spotless white, and surmounted by a plaster statue of the Virgin, before which burned two wax candles, and bloomed a few fresh flowers from the boxes in the window. Here the young girl told her beads, and sent up her guileless orisons to Heaven.

Under cover of a bottle of old sherry and a pound or two of butter-crackers, united to the tenderest expression of regard for her health, I made my approaches to the old woman, listening sympathetically to her long account of one of those cases of woman's suffering which seemed to baffle the skill and knowledge of those men who call themselves physicians. She repeated to me how Annette, during three years, had been her sole support.

When I alluded to the heavy burdens thrown on Annette's young life, the mother shed no tears; she had grown hard in the world's hardest school—poverty, and I saw that Annette's youth, energy, and talent, were regarded, by the mother who bore her, simply as so much stock in trade, to be turned to the best advantage.

"She could marry, madame, and throw off these burdens that you speak of. There is one fine young man, good, industrious, that will marry Annette and take care of me. But the girl is perverse. I cannot manage her. She thinks of nothing but that good-for-nothing Gabriel Bernard."

"Is Gabriel, then, so good for nothing?"

"What else is he, madame? Is he not out of a place these six months? What got him off the police but his own bad conduct? Let her do what she will, she shall not marry him!"

"But if she loves him?" I ventured.

"Oh! love, madame, love is a girl-and-boy's dream. I never loved my poor Pierre Lorn" ("Candid," thought I), "but we got along well enough, and he made me a comfortable living while he lasted. That was better than love and starvation in a garret."

"The world's logic," I thought, disconsolately, as I rose and bade adieu to the implacable parent. I visited her afterward, but found it in vain to try to soften her. I told Annette to send Gabriel to me, that I might judge for myself what material he was made of. One day he presented himself. He was better-looking than his portrait, and there was a certain air of self-respect and a courtesy of manner in him, that I liked. He was well dressed, too, and I saw but little essential difference between him and men far above him in rank. Nowhere but in America could you have found such a gentlemanlike, self-possessed young man in his station. I was glad, because I should have felt too sorry to have seen the young girl whose beauty, misfortunes, and lovely character, interested me so much, ally herself to one much her inferior.

It was evident Gabriel was not a bad fellow at heart. He was one of those natures without great moral courage or heroic force, but generous, impulsive, and open-handed—the very sort to go to the bad when driven thither by any outward pressure. He confessed his devotion for Annette, and declared it "was the trouble he'd had about the girl that drove him to dissipation."

I promised him that, if he would pledge himself to me to do his duty like a man and a Christian, I would see some friends of political influence, and endeavor to have him reinstated.

He gave me his pledged word, and had scarcely departed, when, in that singular *à propos* way that things sometimes occur, Judge H—, a lawyer who was transacting some business for me, was announced.

Knowing his great influence, and thinking of the young lovers, I welcomed him with such *empressment*, that the old gentleman was quite astonished.

"I have no very good news for you," he said, hesitatingly. "I find the Ninth-Avenue Railroad business is all in a muddle, and the suit for thirty thousand against the P— Bank has gone dead against you."

For a moment I sat silent under his news. I thought of my lost husband; of his hard labor and toil far into the night; of the cases

won for this bank under the greatest difficulties, the ablest opposition; I thought of the insufficient fees, the long waiting, and now I was to be robbed of that which I knew was in justice my due.

At last I answered, bitterly: "I might have known it would be so, as justice is administered in New York. With a woman and a widow on one side, weak and desolate, and an association of rich men on the other, it was easy to foresee the decision."

The judge sighed in sympathy.

I listened silently while he talked over the weary details of my business affairs. I am one of those persons who have received one so great a blow that all others seem light by comparison.

When he was through, I roused myself from my depression, and made an effort to interest him in the fortunes of my poor little *protégée*. Yet I thought of her, as I did it, with a vague envy. She was lovely, loving, and beloved. Fate had never thrown into her path all that woman's heart or ambition yearns most wildly to win, only to tear all from her grasp in the hour of sweetest fruition.

The judge was very good-natured, and promised to do all I desired, if possible.

When I told the lovers that I had spoken of Gabriel to Judge H—, and when Gabriel himself had had a favorable interview with that gentleman, they were elate with hope. The very next day I received a letter from the judge, notifying me of the appointment of my *protégée* to a post on the Central-Park police-force, and the next time I saw Annette she stood, crowned with orange-flowers, in the sweet religious gloom of a Catholic chapel, while the low, tender chant of a nuptial hymn arose on the air as the good priest finished his benediction.

The mother, who had finally given in, when she found Gabriel could bring grist to the mill—the mother, to whose illness, importunities, and exactions, the young girl had devoted three years of her bright youth, died suddenly of diphtheria, about a fortnight after her daughter's marriage—strangled to death.

The young couple are keeping house in a flat, in a house overlooking the park, and if you could only know how pleasant it is there; if you could only see how snowy the lace curtains, how faultlessly neat the cottage furniture with its pretty white covers, how inviting the tea-table, with its two little china cups and its bits of plated ware, as bright as hands can make them, and if you could see, more than all, Annette waiting for Gabriel, and making tender little signals to him from the window, when he is near enough for her to see him, in the beautiful walks of the park—Annette, in her French cap and tasty chintz frock and snowy collar—if you could see it, you would think it quite an idyl of love for this great crowded city, which stifles out of life so much that is tender and true. She has not forgotten to care for her little brother and sister. Blanche is to be educated at a public school for a governess, while that boisterous, shouting, mirthful, blue-eyed imp of three years is to (when he is old enough) aspire to the dignity of those boys of whom an old lady spoke at Stewart's, one afternoon, "Why, dear me! how many boys by the name of Cash! What a fine family of sons that Mr. Cash must have, to be sure!"

A WEEK AT BATAVIA.

BY THE MARQUIS DE BEAUVOIR.

Batavia, 10th November.—The last inhabitants of Australia of whom we took leave were cannibals, with black skins and carrying poisoned arrows: the first to receive us on the soil of Java are Dutch custom-house officers, pale and fair, dressed in brilliant uniforms, and bearing huge bunches of keys. They softened for us the transition from savage to civilized life by the ruthless opening of our boxes and entire upsetting of their contents. Under the great shed of the custom-house, some four hundred chocolate-colored porters, with bare chests, scarlet sashes, and green turbans, fight for our luggage, and carry it off at a run. My anxious glance follows a certain hat-box, with a cluster of sixteen coolies clinging wildly to it, yelling with all their might, and finally becoming lost in the crowd.

We get, two and two, into some charming little open carriages, which seem to abound here, it being essential to the dignity of a European never to go on foot. Each is drawn by Liliputian ponies, like Newfoundland dogs, brought from the island of Timor, with close-cropped manes, and knowing little heads, and who go a tremendous pace. The eccentric-looking coachmen who goad them on with voice

and whip are Malays, wearing red-and-yellow striped hats, like enormous bell-glasses, which shade them entirely. In this manner we pass at a gallop through the old town of Batavia, built on the unhealthy mud of the sea-shore. Here there are only the dwellings of the natives, and a good many counting-houses, whose old-fashioned gable-ends recall the Dutch buildings of the last century, and contrast curiously with the luxuriant verdure of tropical vegetation. In these lanes plenty of Chinamen are to be seen with their conceited strut, rich dandies of the Celestial Empire, with heads well shaved, and tails so tightly plaited that they always make one long pull to them. A Malay shades them from the sun with an immense sky-blue umbrella. For more than three-quarters of an hour our drive continues, and we pass by the most novel sights. We skirt canals, where groups of thirty or forty Malay women are bathing, and are suddenly startled in their gambols by a *piroque*, heavily laden with fruit, moving silently along by the aid of its languid paddles. Here comes a troop of native cavalry, trotting "*à l'anglaise*," their swords, as tall as their horses, trail upon the ground; their long spears touch the plumes of the cocoa-nut trees: these Malays, with their gingerbread complexions and hanging lips, are dressed up as European soldiers, and their bare feet decorated with magnificent spurs intended for jack-boots. There, numbers of itinerant merchants, adorned with "*langoutis*"* of the most vivid colors, traverse the streets at the peculiar trotting pace common to Indians, gesticulating, apostrophizing the passers-by, and laughing loudly. It is the most bewildering, the most picturesque, the liveliest crowd I ever saw. It would take me hours to describe its thousand colors, the inconceivable specimens of humanity that compose it, its noisy pantomimic animation. But soon we cross a bridge and enter the new town. Oh, what a garden of fairy-land, what a verdant paradise this is! Literally speaking, there are no streets in Batavia; there are only splendid avenues shaded by the most beautiful and luxuriant trees, which form immense long bowers, such as in Europe are only seen in a scene at the opera. The fiery rays of a pitiless sun can only at intervals penetrate this shade, but they deck all that forms it with marvellous hues: the many plumes of the cocoa-nut tree; the slender branches of the tulip-tree, which are all flower, and scarlet flower; bananas, with their green leaves as large as a man; cotton-trees, covered with snow-white tufts; the travellers' palm, great fans of the most exquisite grace, from which a stream of a milky fluid springs, if you pierce the trunk; finally, immense banyan-trees, from which hundreds of creepers fall straight down, and, taking root almost as soon as they touch the ground, climb again to the summit of the tree, twining round it in knotted garlands, only to fall again! One of these trees alone forms a forest surrounded by a curtain, a net-work of interlaced foliage and flowers, through which children in a state of nature, putting on one side the hundreds of creepers waving in the wind, can look at the boats and the swimmers passing along the canal.

The greater part of these bowers of the tropical Babylon are, in fact, only the foot-paths to the "*arroyos*," the great water-ways, which the Dutch would certainly have formed by hundreds, in recollection of their mother country, if the Malays had not already made them in thousands. Thus the instincts of the white race from the north and the yellow race of the equator coincided. The greatest navigators and the greatest pirates in the world cut up their soil into innumerable islets, and the canals in this town are the veins by which circulates their whole commercial life. Another many-colored bower, therefore, to our left, shades the arroyo on whose opposite shore we are driving. I cannot take my eyes from the innumerable vessels that traverse it; the laughing groups paddling in the water, the tufts of water-lilies blooming there. To the right—through clumps of coffee-trees, nutmeg-trees, vanilla-trees, and tamarinds—we catch glimpses of lawns in fairy-like gardens; and, in the distance, the white palaces and green verandas of the European nabobs. I had seen nothing but these avenues and villas, and fancied myself in some delightful suburb of the city, when we found ourselves at the hotel, "*der Nederlanden*," which, it appears, is in the centre of Batavia; so that this blossoming wood is the town itself! I am in such ecstasies with it, I can hardly believe my eyes. By the beard of all the monkeys with long tails or short that I have yet seen, I swear that it is impossible to describe to you my amazement and admiration! Our new dwelling is situated in the midst of a garden, and sheltered by large trees. The principal building, which is of marble,

is supported by an airy colonnade, into which it opens on all sides; on the side of the street and the canal is a circular veranda, where officers, grown thin from the heat, are lounging in cane rocking-chairs. On the opposite side a great oval-shaped kiosk, open to all the winds, but protected by a light roof from the sun, serves as a dining-room. Some sixty Malay servants are swarming like ants to lay the table there. Nothing can be prettier than their long robes, made of red cotton or silk, their blue turbans, and yellow sashes, set off by the whiteness of the balconies and the pavement. Two long wings, of one story only, with verandas and colonnades, enclose the gardens commanded by the kiosk. Here are our rooms, and on entering them we feel a real sensation of freshness, a delicious temperature compared to that outside; there, in fact, the thermometer is at 114°, and here it is kind enough to go down to 102°. It is five o'clock in the afternoon; good Heavens! what will it be to-morrow at noon?

If the flowering trees of this terrestrial paradise are the most characteristic beauties of the town, the marble basins for bathing are certainly the greatest charm of a Javanese hotel. In less than ten minutes after alighting at the "*Nederlanden*," I had got to the end of the colonnade, descended a few steps, and was enjoying in the whiteness of basins the voluptuous delights of an abundant shower manufactured by a Malay, who pumped the water by a regular movement up to the ceiling, whence it fell again to inundate me. I should have remained in my bath to all eternity if the patience of these placid Malays had not exhausted mine. Two attendants, in fact, had insisted upon following me, and, crouching down some four yards off, were waiting till I was pleased to condescend to require their soft towels; and, besides the man who pumped, a fourth man in a red robe offered me a basket full of mangoes, red mangosteens, whose inside is like pink snow, and the perfumed little-known bananas.

In the evening we dined in the kiosk; round us a many-colored noisy crowd danced under the big trees, from which hung Venetian lanterns. From time to time, among the red vests and green robes, a wealthy Dutchman passes languidly along in loose white garments, preceded by the light of an immensely long cigar. We are waited upon by the whole troop of Orientals of whom I spoke just now. I have a Malay to supply me with iced-water, which he pours out at arm's-length; there are two to change my plate; three to bring round the dishes; one carves; another is awaiting the moment for coffee. I believe if I wished for a dozen dishes, and particularly if I could call for them in the native dialect, I should give employment to the twelve men in red who stand behind my chair! What a charming effect all this variety of colors has on this beautiful evening, with a bright light shining upon them! And when, lazily stretched under the veranda, enjoying the balmy evening breeze, I call "*Sapada, cassi api!*" immediately one of these Arabian Nights figures, whom one is tempted to call slaves, advances from the column, at the foot of which he has been silently crouching like a statue of Buddha, and brings me, to light my cigar, a long match of which he has the constant care. It is made of sandal-wood saw-dust glued together, and burns night and day with the most delicious perfume. I feel as if I were turning into a pacha!

As regards the dinner itself, as a North-man I must make some reservation: eight-and-forty different kinds of capsciums, a mountain of rice covering a microscopic atom of chicken (the antitype of the fragment of the Australian *Dinornis*), which, with a Cayenne-pepper sauce, constitutes the celebrated curry; an absence of all meat that can be cut with an ordinary knife; an abundance of bamboo salads and chutnee—there is a local flavor about this much appreciated by amateurs, but which, in palates and digestions unaccustomed to Javanese cooking, raises fiery torments, which are only increased by drinking.

11th November.—As I lay down last night on a bed already possessing the peculiarity of being made with mats instead of sheets, I was greatly surprised to find, besides the innumerable gnats imprisoned behind the mosquito-net, a companion quite as remarkable. This was a long roll made of grass matting, about two yards long, and the thickness of an ordinary bolster, which awaited me, laid lengthwise on the bed. It was obligingly explained to me that no inhabitant of Java will sleep without this vegetable production, which must be kept between the legs to cool the body. I was very much amused with this specimen of manners and customs; but, if it soothes

* A narrow sash tied round the loins.

the creoles with a refreshing slumber, it rouses Europeans uncontrollably to a bolstering match. Besides, the swarms of buzzing mosquitoes, with their impertinent stings, exasperated us by whistling their Javanese airs in our ears; but as the capscums, the grass bolsters, and the mosquitoes, are necessary features of the locality, I intend in a few days to make friends with them all.

Very different from Paris customs, fashionable life begins here at half-past four in the morning. As soon as the first mists of a tropical dawn appear, old and young begin to be heard moving over the tiled floors, in slippers, and, wrapped in floating cotton garments, hasten to the pools to enjoy the ice-cold waves. As I left them, I met a real odalisk, with jet-black eyes, and of the most foreign appearance; she glided between the columns, throwing back masses of black hair which fell to the ground, and classically draped, like Stratonice, in rose-colored cashmere. She seemed to us really an apparition, with her sudden changing glances, the wild swiftness of her movements, her air as of a lioness surprised, and that Indian fire in her veins which always gives so fascinating a charm. We were told that she was the daughter of a Dutch officer and of a native of Borneo.

The half-caste beauties bloom wonderfully under the sun of Java, while the unhappy Europeans, enfeebled and worn out by the heat, look pale and ghastly, and inspire one with the most profound pity. Such was my first impression, while taking my walk between four and six in the morning, the especially fashionable hour. But what particularly struck me was a military post: twenty Malays were on guard, armed with pikes and pitchforks more than nine feet long. It was explained to us that in this country there are a good many natives suffering from mental disease; over-excited by opium, they wander over the island armed with a sword, and run through the body the first man they fall in with, in honor of the Koran. This is called running a muck. As soon as one of these men appears, the guard gives chase, encloses him between three pitchforks, and the corporal, whose rank may be easily recognized from the fact of his wearing shoes, has the honor of running through with a javelin the terrible madman. First insight into the internal government.

A morning at Batavia consists of a walk, five or six baths running, and an appetizing breakfast. In the afternoon every one sleeps.

Toward six o'clock in the evening a little stir begins to be felt: hundreds of open carriages drive about. The European population, lounging bare-headed, wends its way to the Waterloo plain, where a military band is playing. We follow the stream, still delighted by the enchanting avenues and brilliant dresses. This "Longchamps" partakes completely of the character of the colony; the garrison, nine thousand men strong, is its principal ornament; more than three hundred carriages stand in the shade of the great trees; the national airs, very well played, echo loudly; and officers gallop about among the myriads of Javanese in holiday dress, glittering in the most brilliant Eastern finery. Imagine a tall, fine-looking man, in a blue tunic, loose white trousers, high boots, large spurs, and big sword; suppose that he will kindly open his legs to admit between them a superbly caparisoned pony, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and you have a truthful picture of the Javanese representatives of the armed force of all the Netherlands. The small size of the horse detracts in no wise from the greatest military virtues, and Heaven knows that the fame of this army is beyond all praise; but when a troop of Liliputian horses, mounted by worthy companions of Gulliver, charge the enemy, it is impossible to help laughing with all one's heart.

We dined this evening with our friend M. Van Delden, the president of the Chamber of Commerce. Our agreeable companion in the stifling cabin of the "Hero" had resumed his princely existence in his palace, amid the peaceful charms of his delightful family circle. Luxurious pools, gardens of Armida, a veranda dining-room amid the luxuriant foliage of blooming thickets, swarms of Indian servants in their most splendid national dress, nothing is wanting of all that can be imagined as the regal reward of industry, probity, and talent. How is it possible, after the well-earned delights of such a paradise, to return to a muddy, foggy street in Holland, and live there without twenty horses or fourscore servants? Holland is but a name to be passionately loved by these patriotic hearts; from time to time they return to see it, and to reinvigorate themselves on their native soil; but space, wealth, sunshine, authority, are wanting there to the happy in-

habitants of Java, whom monopoly has here made pachas and kings, and who feel little inclined to become subjects, rate-payers, and tenants on lease again, at home!

12th November.—We follow the fashion and take an airing, at five o'clock in the morning, on M. Van Delden's skittish ponies. Still the same bowers, the same marvels of verdure and bloom, of perfume and foliage; still the same number of villas scattered about in gardens, the same movement on a hundred different canals, the same brilliant colors in this human ant-hill, which moves busily about screaming noisily like a flight of cockatoos. At nine o'clock we have already reached our fifth bath. This torrid temperature of one hundred and four degrees in the shade would really, I believe, burst any thermometer that was put into the sun. I braved it nevertheless with a pyramidal white cotton helmet on my head, which made me look like a whitewashed fireman. I was much puzzled with the narrow winding lanes of the old town, where the inhabitants pack themselves into their bamboo huts as we should pile up sacks of wheat in a corn-market. The Malay shops are filled with calico goods and sticky eatables; the Chinese shops are of a superior kind. Here, for example, is the stall of a Chinese watchmaker. The proprietor's plaited tail is the sole garment which appears on his immensely fat body. He holds a magnifying glass in his left eye by a contraction of the eye brow, which contorts his features into a horrible grimace, and this semi-nude jeweller is audaciously handling a Breguet watch, and seems very proud of being able to take the Paris workmanship so cleverly to pieces. His neighbor sell monkeys, his opposite neighbor innumerable preparations of capscums in innumerable saucers piled one upon another. Everywhere a putrid and disgusting smell reigns. The sea-breeze brings great whiffs of it, exhaled from the mangrove-trees and poisonous shrubs which cover the shore. The advancing tide swells their knotted, twisted, porous roots; in a few hours they increase some inches in diameter; then the ebb leaves them exposed on the unhealthy mud; the sun pours down, evaporates and dries them up; a line of yellowish clouds, of pestilential mist, forms itself, and remains for a moment suspended, waiting to be carried off by the wind, and then, woe to the coast where the caprice of the atmosphere may direct it!

It is these deadly miasms, which have given to the old town of Batavia that general reputation for unhealthiness, which made you fear for us when we left home. And, in fact, it is impossible to count the numbers who have fallen victims there since the occupation of the place. I was speaking of this subject with an agreeable acquaintance. "Oh!" said he, "before the period when we retreated from the shores to found the new town, people died like flies in old Batavia; it was actual poisoning for every human being; but now, what does it signify? no one lives there but Chinese or Malays!" This saying, any thing but philanthropic, recalled to my mind a certain correspondence in the last Mexican War. Having enumerated the disasters from yellow fever on the coast, and given an account of the movement of the troops into the interior, the letter said: "But families may feel reassured now, there are none but sailors on the coast!" The families of the French sailors must have been about as much comforted as those of the natives are here. Notwithstanding the pure air of the new town, we have just had a terrible example of the consequence of imprudence. One of our neighbors at table, who had eaten too freely of the juicy pine-apples at dessert yesterday evening, looked a little pale at the mid-day breakfast—at three o'clock, he was dead! It is the only thing which is done quickly in these tropical latitudes!

Hardly is the hour of our *siesta* over before we sit down to write under our veranda. Immediately we are besieged by some fifty Chinese or Malays, wanting to sell us neck-ties or handkerchiefs, French photographs and military sketches. I drive them away, they return; I threaten them, they spread out a hundred new things, this one crying up his trousers, another his eau-de-Cologne, a third his monkeys. Determined to wait the end of my letter, they are at this moment crouching down in the full sun ten paces from us, evidently hoping that I shall be in a more conciliatory disposition presently. In the evening we were roused by a fire. A hundred and eighty houses—reed huts—in the old town were blazing like a lot of lucifer matches. What quantities of vermin must have been roasted!

13th November.—We might have expected this! The captain of the "Hero," our neighbor in this corridor, turned pale yesterday

evening, and passed the night prostrate on the ground very sick, and groaning. We ourselves have paid the necessary tribute of new arrivals, and our interiors are in a pitiable state. If we can preserve our cheerfulness, we are safe from that phantom of cholera—and Javanese cholera—which takes fright if it does not inspire it.

Here, too, is something to restore us—the pure air of the mountains inland. A charming letter from the governor-general for the time being informs us that, “political considerations not permitting him to offer to a prince in exile the honors due to a French prince, he yet begs to be allowed to treat him as the grandson of a king.” He sends us a circular passport, a most rare and valuable favor, for the whole island, and even for the so-called imperial territories, where under Dutch protection the Sultans of Sourakarta and Djokjakarta reign; notice is given to all the residents and native princes in the island, and the government post-horses are put at the prince’s service gratuitously. This is a piece of good fortune which delights us and fills us with the most lively gratitude.

Change being recommended for those who feel the enervating effect of this fiery climate, we have not refused the kind invitation of the resident of Batavia, M. Hoozeveen. At six o’clock in the evening his state-carriage came to fetch us. Four outrunners, all dressed in white, carry long white horses’ tails with which they flick away the flies from our team; they make good use of their legs, each running by the side of his pony and effectually chasing the flies. We gallop and they run, such is the custom here. In half an hour we arrive at the palace. A regiment of servants are on the steps, turbans, sashes, arms; all the splendid figures of Oriental scenery stand out brilliantly on the marble. The resident receives the prince most cordially; then come the general in command, the colonels of artillery, the civil engineers, and finally the sultan and sultana of one of the principalities of Borneo. The husband is a stunted little old man, wrinkled and rheumatic, furiously chewing a paste made of lime and betel-nut, which blackens the teeth and makes the gums bleed, and which, stuck between the teeth and the lower lip, swells the latter, by nature hanging, and so increases a hideous and deformed swelling.

But the sultana is charming. She is a little person, young, and with bright eyes, and returns the greeting of the young Europeans with perfect grace. Her dress consists of a mantle of blue-and-yellow silk. A red-and-white scarf, passed across her shoulder, covers her bosom, and is kept in its place by a brooch of twelve intertwined crescents made of diamonds of the island. It is the prettiest jewel I ever saw. A red turban, with a diamond ornament at the side, frames the smiling expressive bronze head.

As for us, while sauntering among the white arcades, among strange groups of soldiers, servants, incense-burners, and cigar-lighters, we had the pleasure of arranging a crocodile-hunt with the good-natured resident.

14th November.—Beyond the repeated *siestas*, which are the great secret of happiness when one is so near the line; beyond the lounging and bathing, and the delicious cups of coffee, every thing is a labor under this sun! All the same, I have closed my mail-bag for Europe and paid the postage on it; no mere form of politeness, I assure you. Seven-and-twenty shillings for postage have I paid this morning.

I had almost forgotten our visit to the museum, of which the resident did the honors to the prince. Besides the fly-flapping outrunners, M. Hoozeveen is accompanied by the gilt-umbrella-bearing outrunner, and two cigar-lighters, who trot behind us brandishing the sandal-wood match, that vestal fire always kept up for the official “manillas.” The museum is magnificent, and so curious as to be quite unintelligible to the traveller who is not well versed in Sanscrit, Javanese, Sunda, Bali, and Hindoo divinities, with their big stomachs, slits of eyes, and humped backs, double faces, and half a dozen arms and legs kicking about; silver chickens with five legs; ancient lamps and tom-toms, with which we produced the most astonishing noises—and I know not what besides. It is a perfect nightmare.

MY BUSINESS FRIENDS.—MR. BULBARE.

AT a short distance from my country-home Mr. Bulbare has a villa. He is a broker, and his dealings are in gold and stocks. The plot of ground, containing five or six acres, was bought “on

speculation” by Mr. Bulbare, several years ago, and the first instalment of the purchase-money paid on the spot. He has since told me that the plot had been “hypothecated” forty times before he decided to build the highly-ornamental villa he now inhabits, and I shall give the story in his own words first, and then offer a translation into ordinary English. It required much patience and laborious research to get the narrative into the vernacular, and I accomplished it by persevering effort, during the daily railway journey to the city, last spring.

“You see, Jones”—this was the technical story—“I had hypothecated that plot till I was sick of it. Mrs. Bulbare looked at it, and said, if I built a decent house on it, she would live in it. So I went to work. I went long an even hundred at sixty-one. I shall never forget the figgers. The metal went up and down, but I just let it set. I put the figger at ninety-four and waited eleven months. Sold out at ninety-four and three-eighths, bagged thirty clean, paid off all encumbrances on the plot, and built the viller. There she stands, and not a scratch against it! It belongs to Mrs. Bulbare.”

The translation is superfluous to gentlemen who are familiar with gold-room lingo; to me it has been like the first studies in a new language, enabling me to gather the meaning from occult discourses on the same topic. “Going long an even hundred at sixty-one,” meant purchasing a hundred thousand dollars in gold, at a premium of sixty-one per centum. So “bagging thirty clean,” meant securing a profit of thirty thousand dollars in the operation. My curiosity was excited by Mr. Bulbare’s discourse, and I eagerly accepted his invitation to spend an hour at the Gold Exchange, and witness the operations of his board.

At the time appointed I went down to his office, and, after some formalities, I was admitted to the room where the “operators” were at work. I have been present at large political gatherings—I attended a camp-meeting once—I have heard the roar of a tornado in a tropical forest; but the noise in the gold-room exceeded all my former experience. It was the combined growl of a hundred bears, mingled with the furious howlings of a hundred bulls. It was one prolonged shout, and, for half an hour, I vainly strove to catch a separate sentence that would indicate what the madmen were after. It seemed that everybody wished to buy fabulous sums, which everybody was ready to sell. I do not believe that there is as much coined gold in the world as was bid for and offered while I sat in that bedlam. One lanky gentleman, with a distressed countenance, attracted my attention particularly. He was so terribly in earnest, and so terribly greedy. “I’ll give an eighth for any part of a million!” he shouted. “I’ll give an eighth for fifty! I’ll give an eighth for a hundred!” There is a fountain in the centre of the room, protected by a circular iron-railing, probably eight or ten feet in diameter, and over this rail, and through the beautiful spray of the fountain, these eager men were tossing their bids and offers. Each man frantically challenged all the rest to sell or buy enough gold to pay all the public debts of all nationalities three or four times over, and nothing prevented the instant completion of the contract, but one-eighth of one per centum. The lank man was on the verge of insanity in his anxiety to buy a million at “an eighth.” A fat German near him stolidly reiterated his desire to sell the same amount at “a quarter.” I counted once, and he offered that million at “a quarter” sixty-nine times without a pause. The lank man with rueful visage was far more rapid in his utterances, and I suppose he “bid” for the same million six hundred and ninety times, in the same number of seconds.

I knew a young villain of a school-boy some years ago, who had a horror of “declamation,” which came round regularly every Friday. Once he had to “speak a piece.” I think it was “My voice is still for war-gods! Can a Roman senate long debate!” I spent an evening at his father’s house, and the old gentleman, being vain of the whelp’s powers, insisted upon the delivery of the speech, for the entertainment of his guests. The boy stood up like a statue and repeated the horrid speech without moving a muscle, and then observed: “Ladies and gentlemen, I can’t possibly remember all the words and all the gestures at the same time; I will now give the appropriate gestures, and you can put them in to suit yourselves!” Whereupon he threw and twisted his body into forty inimitable and indescribable contortions, which nearly fractured all my bones from mere sympathy. When I saw the gold-men throwing their “unwholesome corpses” into strange attitudes around that railing, I concluded that my young friend had been exorcised, and his legion had migrated to the gold-room. If the various operators could be suddenly frozen in the midst of their

violent gesticulations, their photographs would make capital illustrations for Dante's "Inferno." I was still watching the struggle, and endeavoring to translate the uproar, when Bulbare plucked me by the sleeve.

"Come, old hoss!" he said, "I've just made a turn. Sold twenty at a quarter, and bought it in at a naith. Twenty-five dollars clean. Let's go to lunch!"

He took me to Delmonico's, where, at a wink from Bulbare, we were ushered into a private room. There was a blazing fire of cannon coal in the grate, and the room looked luxurious. Bulbare rapidly gave his orders as we drew off our overcoats.

"Green turtle for one, filly for one, with champignons, and a Roderer. Give us some French bread, John, pan fransay, you know."

He fairly divided the soup, and afterward the "filly," which proved to be a tenderloin-steak, of remarkable succulence. He did *not* divide the wine, but gave me one glass at my own request, while he "got outside" of the remainder. It was while we were sipping the last of it, that he gave me the curious explanations that follow. I had led the way to the revelation by a system of direct questions, induced by my recent gold-room experience. It is probable that the Roderer lubricated the root of Bulbare's tongue, as he was far more communicative toward the end of the feast than he was at the beginning.

"You want to know how ush fellers make any money? Easy! a naith or ten is twelve dollars, free of stamps. Just as easy to turn fifty as ten."

"But suppose the turn is the wrong way? If you make an eighth, some other broker must lose the same sum."

"Exactly! Well, if I lose on a turn, I have to make two more turns; one to get even, and the other to make expenses."

"Suppose you are mistaken every time," I persisted, "and all the turns are against you?"

Bulbare reflected a few minutes. He was apparently trying to estimate the depth of my stupidity. There was gravity in his countenance, his intonations were deliberate, his words carefully selected. The Roderer glistened and twinkled in his eyeballs, but he steadily advanced to a moral eminence as our discourse proceeded:

"You see, Jonesh," he said, condescendingly, "it is difficult for you to understand this here business, unless you was 'quainted with the market. Most of them fellers that was bullin to-day, was operatin' for one man. S'pose we say it was Peeper? Well, Peeper is certainly in the bear clique. He wants to run the market up a point, and then put out a lot short."

"Pray, how do you know?"

"In the first place, Peeper hasn't been in the gold-room to-day. That's a sure sign that somethin's up. Nextly, the fellers that was the craziest to op'rate, seemed to go in for his attorney all the time. But Peeper's man was operatin' in fives and tens, and the other fellers in hundreds. That looked s'picious. Nextly, every time the market moved a naith, all them fellers pretended they wanted to unload, but they didn't. Why I bought my twenty to-day from Peeper's own attorney, which I had sold to one of them bullin fellers half an hour earlier."

I was hopelessly muddled by this time. There was so much clairvoyance about the business, that it elevated my interlocutor to the clouds, leaving me groping in the dark.

"You don't understand?" resumed Mr. Bulbare, noticing my puzzled look. "Don't you see that Peeper will have to pay me that twenty-fives, s'posin I am right in my s'picious? Very well! Now if I had *lost* on that turn, it's quite likely that them fellers would have divided, and Peeper would never have heard of that turn."

This was encouraging. I began to see how it was possible to make a little money without any great risk. The morality looked rather shady, however, and my friend appeared to see that some such thought was in my mind.

"You s'ce, Jonesh," continued my friend, with slightly-thickened utterance, "there's fellers there that don't have any reg'lar bishness, that is, they don't have a reg'lar lot of cushtomers. Now I have about a dozen spee'latters, you know. Some of 'em are bullin and some bearin. They give me loose kind of orders to watch the market, and op'rate whenever I think it is safe. So I am buying and selling every day. When the board closes, I jist add up my book, and divide results among 'em. I git a naith commission, and my book is open to inspection. Noth'n' could be fairer. Everybody *can't* win every time."

"It seems to me that *you* win every time, Bulbare. You are always sure of your commission."

"Not always," answered Bulbare, as he struggled into his overcoat, "fellers is bustin' on me every now and then. When that happens I lose commissions and balances both. It's a very precarious bishness for brokers. S'pose I make a noperation for *you*?"

I declined this kind offer politely, but decidedly. Bulbare's method of "balancing his books" looks alarming, and I cannot decide whether his clients are better off when they are "long" or when they are "short." There are quieter localities up-town, where a gentleman can dispose of his superfluous cash, "five, ten, or twenty" at a time, in the same number of minutes, and I believe there are no commissions over the green-table. Besides, one can calculate with more certainty upon the turn of a painted pasteboard than he can upon the wiles of Mr. Bulbare.

A. JONES.

THE TORMENTS OF TYPOGRAPHY.

A CAUSE recently tried in the Supreme Court of New Hampshire brought to a legal test the popular proverb that "printers can read any thing," and forcibly illustrated the cruelty of authors who inflict their staircase wit upon the long-suffering compositor.

An eminent lawyer, who had been on the bench, prepared a digest of the New-Hampshire Reports, for the printing of which he made a contract with a firm acknowledged to be the best typographers in the State, who agreed to do the work for so much a printed page. It was distinctly specified that the copy must be very good, as the abundance of proper names, technical terms, abbreviations, figures, etc., would make it impossible for the compositor to produce fair proof unless the copy were distinct and legible in every separate word. It was even stipulated that the manuscript must *not* be in the author's hand, as these printers had had experience with it, and knew it to be unusually bad. It was also told him, in a letter which was produced in evidence on the trial, that any alterations he should make, after the type was set, would be very costly. The copy presented for the first sixteen pages was in a clerk's hand, and was pronounced satisfactory, and the work of composition was begun. After that, the copy furnished was partly in the author's own hand, partly in the clerk's, partly printed and partly written, pasted together in irregular shapes, interlined, and edge-written. The printers made complaint to the author, but kept their compositors at work on whatever copy was furnished. It was in evidence that the compositors had spent much time in consultations as to the probable signification of illegible passages, and had even, in a few cases, been obliged to leave the office and seek out a lawyer to read their copy to them. When the proofs were returned, they had been freely marked at variance with the copy. New matter was added in many places, old matter marked out, and all sorts of emendations required. An account was kept of the time spent in correcting these proofs, and a charge was made for it at the usual rate, fifty cents an hour. A charge was also made for the time spent in deciphering illegible copy. These charges, which amounted to several hundred dollars, the author refused to pay. Hence the suit. He refused also to pay full rates for the pages that had but little matter on them, or to pay any thing for the blank page backing the title-page. A large mass of the copy was brought in as evidence, and submitted to the inspection of judge and jury. The plaintiffs offered to bring in a page of the matter in type, with the marked proof, and have a compositor go through the process of correcting it before the jury, that they might understand the actual labor often involved in the insertion of a single new word after the type is set. But the court ruled it out, as unnecessary. The main reliance of the plaintiffs was upon usage and equity. The plea of the defence was that, if the copy offered was not such as the contract specified, the remedy of the plaintiffs was in refusing to accept it; that, by accepting it and working from it, they admitted its fairness. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiffs, allowing the propriety of all the charges in the bill, but reducing the amounts charged for deciphering copy and correcting author's proofs.

The torments of typography are more numerous, and more exquisitely and persistently torturing, than any one not intimately acquainted with a printing-office can imagine. Seldom is a piece of manuscript seen, unless prepared by a working-editor, which is absolutely fit to be put into a compositor's hands, with instructions to follow copy

What is unexceptionable as a letter, as a sermon, or as a lawyer's brief, may be unfit for the compositor, until the editor or proof-reader has defaced it with numerous pencil-marks. And this is true throughout the whole range of productions offered for print, from those of chance writers in the provincial press, up to those of our best-known authors. Of the latter, the most perfect I have ever seen is Bayard Taylor's. But Mr. Taylor was a practical printer in early life.

The best copy is not always made by those who would be considered the best penmen. Our writing-schools and commercial colleges do a deal of mischief in this respect. The main object of manuscript is to be read. If it cannot be read, it is worthless; if liable to be misread, it is worse than worthless, though its flourishes be as fine and faultless as a bank-note engraver could produce. It is true that the professors of penmanship aim at a degree of perfection which shall combine elegance and legibility. But the majority of their pupils never attain that point. They generally stop short at a stage where their manuscript, if held at arm's-length, looks very graceful, even, and handsome; but when you bring it nearer the eye, and attempt to read it, you find that half a dozen different letters of the alphabet are represented by precisely the same sort of kink in the undulating lines that cross the page. It matters little how ungraceful or clumsy one's chirography may be; if he uniformly makes a distinct character for each letter of the alphabet, it can soon be read with ease. But there is a good deal of writing, called elegant, in which such words as "moreover" and "carnivorous"—words with no long letters in them—are represented by a mark like the outline of a row of saw-teeth. You can only guess them from the context, and can only guess the context from its long letters. When it treats of ordinary topics, such manuscript can be used, though it is always an annoyance. But when proper names and technical terms are written in this way, it becomes exasperating beyond all endurance. A somewhat noted man of science used to contribute periodically to the local paper, generally discussing the meteorological phenomena—ordinary and extraordinary—of the month. He used a very blunt pen, and most of his words resembled what the ladies call "tape-trimming." In attempting to dot an *i*, he generally hit the wrong head, and all the *t*'s bore their crosses vicariously. As compositors generally are not practical electricians, do not give their days and nights to the study of astronomy, and know comparatively little of geology or other ologies, the unsanctified mind will readily conceive that a plentiful amount of profanity preceded the clicking of every line of type. But the good old man, as he serenely glanced over his contribution in the morning paper, little dreamed with what agonies it had been born into the world of print.

Compositors have their own characteristic blunders—both those peculiar to the guild, and those peculiar to the individual. A proof-reader, after a while, comes to know them, and to anticipate certain errors. One of the most general is a tendency to exaggerate figures. Write one million in numerals, and the compositor is pretty sure to make it ten million. For some compositors, copy can be too plain. Receiving a piece that is clear as print, they at once become so confident of reading it with ease and correctness, that they make frequent misreadings. They do best with manuscript that requires a little study. Some never can get over a passage in which the same word occurs in two consecutive lines, without skipping all between the word and its repetition; some have so keen a sense of literal justice, that they always give "preceding a double *e*, because "proceeding" has one; and some look contemptuously upon the distinction between the possessive singular and the possessive plural as an unworthy quibble or collegians.

But, of all typographical torments endured by the daily press, none are comparable with those inflicted by the telegraph. Nothing need be said of the vast mass of trash sent over the wires every twenty-four hours, not half of which would be read—if, indeed, it would be printed—were it not for the magical words "By telegraph." The agents of the various press associations must answer for this. The telegraph would be blameless if it would only deliver faithfully and accurately at one end whatever is put upon it at the other. The *Journal of the Telegraph* prints the following message, which, it says, was recently sent over the line, and gravely discusses the question whether the operator was justified in sending it *verbatim*:

"Hiert A Bay Hors ffitin hans by Short Main and Tail Blind in Lef Eye letter C. S. on left sholder Hiert to a man by the naim of Stevens on monday to be Returnt on Tuesday no Returnt yet. ceep a Luk out for Hym and dhespatch to Greencastle and Shampersbug to sum cood man and I will pay you for it."

If the operator sent that message exactly as it is written, it was perfectly intelligible, though nearly every word is misspelled. But, when plain English travels by the lightning-team, it often arrives at its destination looking as if the lightning had struck it on the way. If the poor gamin's message was delivered just as he wrote it, the telegraph served him better than it is wont to serve the President of the United States. I read a recent message of the President in one of the most respectable and widely circulated of the Boston dailies. Its typographical appearance showed that the proof had been read with unusual care. Yet I discovered thirty-two errors that affected the sense, and perhaps might have found more with an authentic copy before me.

The cause of this trouble is twofold. First, there is a difficulty inseparable from the sound-system. The receiving operator can never tell what is coming; he must generally begin a sentence with little idea as to what is to be its close. Hence a very slight misconception or variation of sound may lead him astray, and cause him to change the whole import of the sentence in hand. Second, operators are mostly men of too limited education. They go into the offices as message-boys when very young, learn to operate, and gradually work up to responsible positions without ever receiving any more schooling. This fact betrays itself continually in the press reports as they come from the telegraph-office. Geographical and historical names and allusions are almost invariably wrong, and an argumentative paragraph is sure to be muddled by having its periods put in the wrong places. Some telegraphic errors are so pertinacious as to suggest a sort of galvanic stereotype. The Prince of Asturias, when he travels over the wires, always goes, *incognito*, as the "Prince of Austria." If Congress takes a vote by tellers, the press is informed that it was taken by "letters." And, whenever the wires are up, the boundary between Colombia and Columbia is sure to be down. You can no more induce a telegraph operator to forego his indulgence in these and kindred blunders, than you can coax, cajole, train, frighten, drive, or hire, a provincial compositor to spell tranquillity with a double *l*.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

SABOTS.

SOME years ago, while travelling through Northern France, and stopping overnight at the *auberge* of a small market-town in the Department of Côtes-du-Nord, I was awakened early in the morning from a sound sleep, after a whole day's tiresome travelling through straight and dusty *chaussées* of poplar—nothing but poplar—by a sound on the sidewalk below my window, unlike any thing that I had ever heard before. It was "clap-tap-tap," at regular intervals and in quick succession—"clap-tap-clap-rap-e-trap-rap," etc., etc., sometimes right beneath the window; then a little farther off, coming or going; and then, again, it seemed to come from the middle of the street. In vain did I speculate—lying in the bed, half awake—what all this noise, so early in the morning, could possibly be. But soon, being fully awake, and going to the window, I at once observed the cause of the uncouth noise that had so rudely broken off my morning's nap. There, below, was a long file of sturdy-looking and stout peasant-women, all with huge baskets on their heads, tramping and clattering up the street in the direction of the market-place outside the old church that I had passed the evening before. One after another, sometimes two or more going abreast, they passed rapidly by, every time they put down the foot being accompanied by a loud "clap-tap" on the hard pavement. Some men, with coarse, sun-burned features, long hair, and broad-brimmed hats, there were among them, but not many; they were mostly women and half-grown girls, the latter, however, dressed exactly like their elders, and carrying baskets equally large and well filled with fruits, potatoes, and vegetables of all kinds. Never before had I supposed that women could make such a distracting noise, and I stood lost in wonder over what on earth they could have on their feet that could make such a clatter. This I was not long in discovering; for their short skirts revealed at every step a piece of blue or red stocking, ending in a huge wooden shoe, turned up at the nose and almost as broad as long, which would, I estimated, weigh in the neighborhood of four or five pounds a piece. No wonder those wooden hammers could make a noise almost sufficient to wake the dead in the little church-yard they passed by on the hard flagging, and banish sleep from the eyes of any unfortunate and weary traveller that chanced to be within a mile of their performance.

These *sabots*, as they are called, however, awoke my interest. "I wonder who makes them, how much they cost, and how long they will last?" I thought; for, though I had travelled extensively through the Departments of Côtes-du-Nord, Loire-Inférieure, and Finistère, and frequently seen this kind of shoe worn in the country-places and exhibited for sale at the markets or country-fairs, I had never yet come across any one that seemed to be engaged in their manufacture. The peasants did not make their own *sabots*, but bought them ready made at the numerous booths and stalls where they on market-days were exhibited for sale, tied together with bands made of straw, as huge "ropes of pearls" on a yellow ribbon. Where did they come from? Who was engaged in their manufacture? I asked everybody I came across for this information. But all that I could gather from what seemed to be the best-informed sources was that nearly all *sabots* were imported from *du Nord* by large wholesale dealers in Rennes, Nantes, and Vannes. With that information I had to be contented, for I did not desire to go to these cities—one of which I had already visited, and the others were out of my way and programme—merely to satisfy my curiosity upon that point by "interviewing" the wholesale dealers in this commodity.

A little more than a year after, accident brought me to the kingdom of Denmark, and, after having transacted some business at Copenhagen, I went to the province of Jutland, forming the peninsula that juts out between the Baltic, the Little Belt, and the Cattegat on one side, and the North Sea on the other. In the centre of this country, I suddenly and unexpectedly came upon the makers of the *sabots* that I had seen worn in France, and there I found myself in the very heart of headquarters for the manufacture and production of this certainly very useful, if not ornamental, article.

For there, on both sides of the little river Gudenaa, dwell a people, honest, industrious, and exceedingly hospitable, as I found by practical experience, whose main pursuit and source of income is the making of wooden *sabots*, that are from there distributed over nearly all those parts of the world where this peculiar kind of "shoe" is worn. I shall never forget the hospitable habits, the cordial manners toward an entire stranger, and the quiet peace and happiness, that reigned among those people. The district that they occupy is formed by the centre of the ridge or rib that traverses Jutland from south to north, where it ends in the Skagen. To the east, the Gudenaa flows quietly, almost without a ripple, toward the beautiful inland lakes of Juel-Sø and Moss-Sø; to the northeast rises the Himmelbjerget, the highest point in Denmark; to the north and south, rich fields of golden rye and barley, interspersed with pinkish-green patches of clover and white streaks of buckwheat, greet the eye; and toward the west the vista loses itself in the distance, where the clear blue sky seems to melt together with the undulating, dark-brown expanse of heather. Fata morgana are here of daily occurrence; looking steadily toward the west on a hot summer's day, you can see the air tremble and flicker, and presently some strange vision will appear before your eyes. Sometimes it is houses and churches, with domes and steeples; sometimes it looks like enormous mountains, with picturesque vales and grottos, and ragged, weather-beaten peaks and points; and sometimes, again, you could almost swear that you see a ship going full sail through the air, but, curiously enough, upside down. At other times I have seen the whole heather-grown expanse look, at a little distance, as one vast sea; but, if you tried to wade into it, the water would apparently recede, and you could never approach one step nearer to this fairy-lake.

Amid all this scenic poetry and beauty are the *sabots* manufactured. There are no great factories, no black smoke, no machinery, and no gangs of "hands," to be seen there; each "manufacturer" dwells in his own little cottage, clean and tidy inside, though it looks but humble with its walls of dried clay and roof of the dark-blooming heather. No "hands" are ever employed, save those of the maker himself and his family. The shoes are carved out of square wooden blocks of green maple or beech wood, which are first roughly formed with a hatchet into a shape having a remote resemblance to the human foot, and afterward finished off with a rasp and file, and some times sand-paper. When finished, these shoes are left to soak for about a week in one of the innumerable bog-holes filled with water that abound in the vicinity, which treatment improves their toughness and quality, and darkens the color. After that they are dried in the open air, and finally tied together in pairs, which are again strung and bundled together in dozens, or sometimes tens or

twenties. When the manufacturer has finished a sufficient number of pairs, he sends them to the neighboring ports of Aarhus, Aalborg, or Horsens, where they are shipped in small sloops—the whole cargo of which often consists of nothing but *sabots*—to Copenhagen, or sometimes direct to Lübeck or Hamburg, *via* Kiel. Here commercial travellers from Brétagne and Northern France buy them for the supply of their markets; and often these travellers or dealers go themselves to the direct source, and purchase from or contract for a quantity with the makers themselves. With but few exceptions, every wooden shoe worn in Brétagne, every *sabot* in France, is made many hundred miles to the north, on the banks of the quiet little river Gudenaa in Denmark; and few articles for human use have their origin amid less care and trouble, and among more contentment and happiness, than have the clumsy and uncouth, though lasting and weather-proof, *sabots*.

LOUIS BAGGER.

EAST HAMPTON AND ITS OLD CHURCH.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

THERE is no part of Long Island, and but few sections of our country, which have so much historic and romantic interest as the eastern end of that island, the beautiful Peconic Bay, and the wild, surf-beaten peninsula of Montauk. Here were very early settlements, and here the last remnants of the great tribe of Montauks still maintain a fading existence. Here are stormy ocean shores in all their grandeur, and here too are placid bays and tranquil nooks, where the most solitude-loving yachtsman might anchor without fear of annoyance. Go on shore, and we find a people almost primitive in their ideas, descendants of bold, hardy pioneers, who, more than two hundred years ago, here planted their feet and proclaimed their right to worship God as their consciences dictated. But little have they changed since then. Most especially is this true of the southern side of Peconic Bay, the seat of the ancient Hampton villages, the abode of men who not only easily trace back their lineage for centuries, but live in houses whose timber left its parent earth one hundred and fifty years ago.

This region, like all the rest of Long Island, is exceedingly interesting to the geologist. It is a strange mass of drift, and presents also the singular anomaly of good fertile soil at both ends, while in the middle is a mass of almost worthless sand-hills. The traveller on the Long Island Railroad will be struck with this fact. One of the historians of the island theorizes that it was once joined at both ends to the main-land, or perhaps only at one, and that the mass of middle sands were thrown or washed up. However, whether it be to see the soil, to rest from the weary cares of business, to enjoy ocean-air and ocean-bathing in perfection, or to dwell amid scenes and things that carry one back far beyond the "time that tried men's souls," eastern Long Island is well worth a visit.

Of all the original places in that old-style land, and of all the places that date back into the seventeenth century, none so now retain the customs and relics of the past in their perfectness as East Hampton. Here, within one hundred miles of New-York City, is a place as dissimilar as if the great city were not; and within the quiet limits of this village, but for the telegraph-wires, one might easily imagine himself in a good old Puritan village of the last century.

Two hundred and twenty-one years ago, in October, the earliest recorded date, a band of hardy Puritans landed on the shores of Peconic Bay, and, passing southward to near the ocean, founded the present town of East Hampton. Nine years previous a similar band had founded South Hampton. Some came from Massachusetts, but the greater number direct from Kent, England. They named the town Maidstone, from the place most of them dwelt in in England, and why the name was changed, only a few years after, does not appear on any record. They paid for the land thirty-eight pounds four shillings and eight pence, and the Indians were also to have the "fynns and tails of all the whales as shall be cast upp; allsoe if the Indyans, hunting of any deare, they should chase them into the water, and the English should kill them, the English shall have the body, and the Sachem the skin." The deed is signed by Richard Woodhull, Thomas Stanton, Robert Bond, Job Sayre, for the colonists, and Poggatacut, Wyandaneh, Momoweta, and Nowedonah, for the Indians; Chectanoo acted as interpreter.

There were thirty-three of the original settlers, but some changes soon occurred. They laid out a long, straight street, about three hundred feet wide, and built their houses on each side of it. Each house had a lot adjoining of from eight to twelve acres. The mill and church were located at the south end of the street; the latter in the grounds laid out as a graveyard. These people could not live without a preacher and a church, even if they were of that clan who founded

"A church without a bishop,
A state without a king."

So the first house built was used for church-meetings, and the owner was paid a shilling and six pence for each sabbath it was so used. As soon as possible they built a house for church purposes solely. It was finished in 1652, was twenty by twenty-six feet in size, with a thatch roof. This building was enlarged in 1673, and again in 1693. In 1717 it was rebuilt, nearer the middle of the town. A great many of the timbers of the old church were used in the new, and doubtless many of the beams were hewn out of the native trees over two hundred and twenty years ago. That vane, which one hundred and fifty years ago told the villagers of a favorable wind or an eastern storm, still tells the same tale with unerring faithfulness. But there is no end to human cupidity; and even in ancient East Hampton, with all the associations by genealogy and tradition with the far-distant past, this venerable relic of men and days long gone by has been sold under the hammer, and is to be torn down to gratify petty avarice and greed.

Previous to the remodelling in 1822, the old church presented the curious spectacle of a double gallery. The pews were box-like affairs, with high, straight backs, the seats made of two-inch plank. As it stands to-day, the frame is all of hewn white-oak, floor of pitch-pine, and the outside covered with juniper shingles. The seats are narrow and low, with backs about three feet high. The belfry once stood out from the end of the church, and the entrances, once on the church side, are now on the east side of the belfry, with a vestibule. The belfry-roof floor is covered with lead one eighth of an inch thick, and heavy oak-timbers form the framework of the tower. The view from the top is very fine; the eye sweeps far out oceanward, and counts the white sails and dingy smoke-stacks as they pass; while east, west, and north, perfectly-cultivated fields, richly clad in green, greet the eye; the long, wide street stretches out east and west, with its magnificent growth of elms, westward, lost in its various branches to other towns, amid woods, or traced as a thread-like line near the beach, between the green pastures and the yellow sands which hold the waves in check. Eastward it stretches its line far down to lonely and romantic Montauk, said by some to be the finest sea-drive in America. At either end of this street we see the rival windmills, wherein the grain of the town is ground. One is disabled from the late northeast storm, while the sails of the other are rattling gayly in the stiff breeze, and the hoarse creaking that comes floating to our ears tells that the miller is gay and busy inside, with plenty of grist to grind. Queer things those old-style windmills; they belong to another age, as every thing else about this odd old town. "Mr. Miller," said we, "why don't you paint your mill, your shingles will last longer?" for in the innocence of our hearts we thought they looked rather new, but showed signs of failing. "Well, sir, the mill's been this way for over seventy years, and I guess it will last me." Coming slowly over the weary road from Bridgehampton, we questioned our worthy driver about these windmills. "There come along here last summer another just such chap as you, and he hadn't never seen a windmill, and he didn't know nothing about them, and he asked the all-firedest lot of questions; himby I just told him that after a long, calm spell, and there came a blow, the whole neighborhood turned out, and you might see them a running with their sacks on their shoulders to get their grist in first. They're not so mighty onsartin down here, stranger, for it does blow like forty devils sometimes."

The first minister who presided over this flock, thus strayed from the English fold, was Rev. Thomas James. He had settled in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1632, and came to East Hampton early in 1651. He ministered to them until 1696; then, a Mr. Jones supplied the pulpit for three years, when Rev. Nathaniel Huntting was pastor until 1753. His old age compelled him to retire, and, after some dissensions, the church united upon Rev. Samuel Buell, who officiated until 1798, and was succeeded by Rev. Lyman Beecher, who was pastor for nine years.

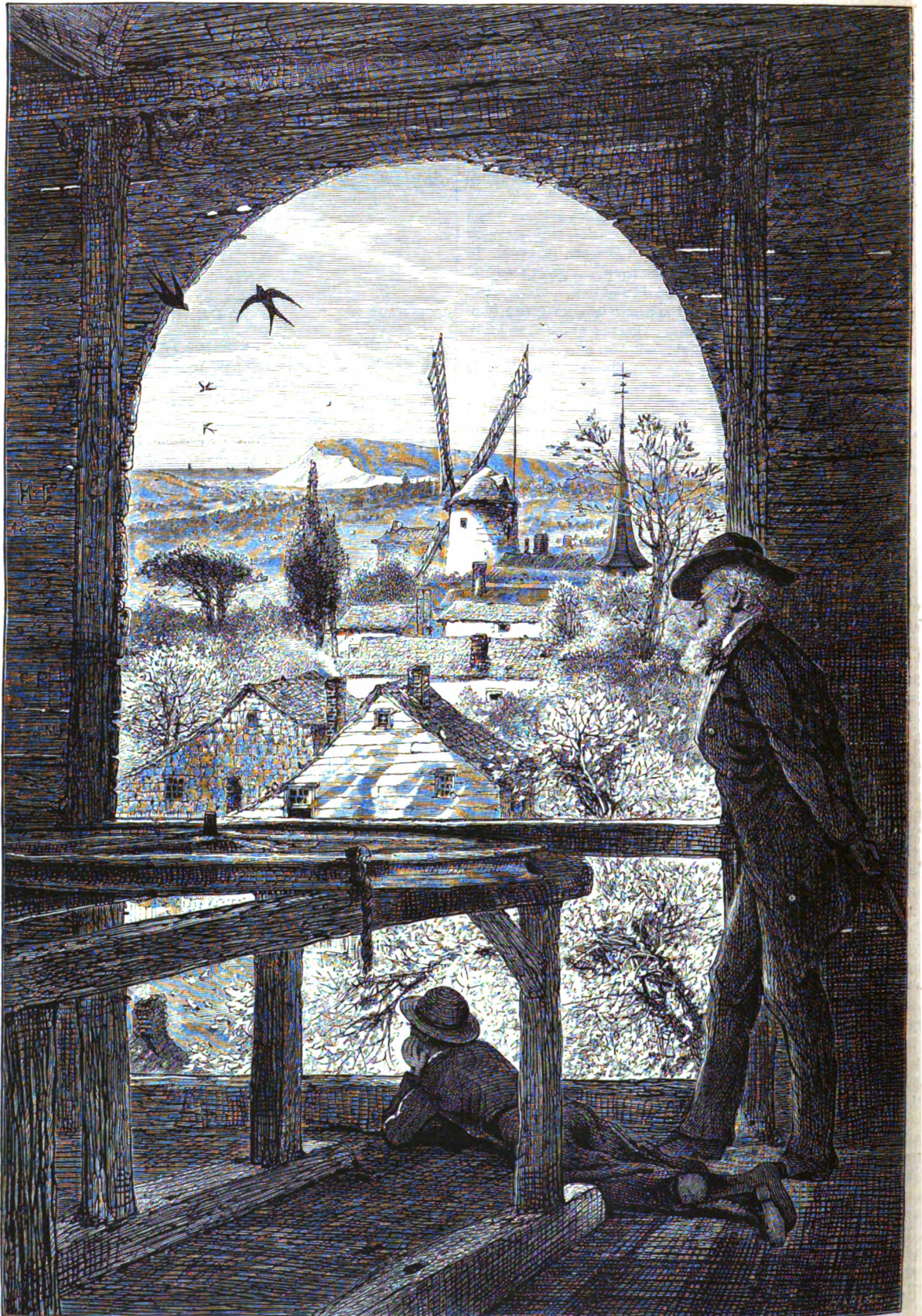
Mr. James was an upright, straightforward man, a strict Puritan. He requested that when he died he might be buried at a certain spot, with his head to the east, so that when he rose on the great Day he would rise facing his congregation. At that time, the church stood rather southeast of his grave, and all who had died were west of him; one hundred and seventy years, however, have placed many who knew him not east of his last resting-place. The inscription on his tombstone says:

MR.
THOMAS
JAMES DYED
THE 16TH DAY OF
JUNE IN THE
YEARE 1696. HE
WAS MINISTAR
OF THE GOSPEL
AND PASTVRE
OF THE CHURCH
OF CHRIST.

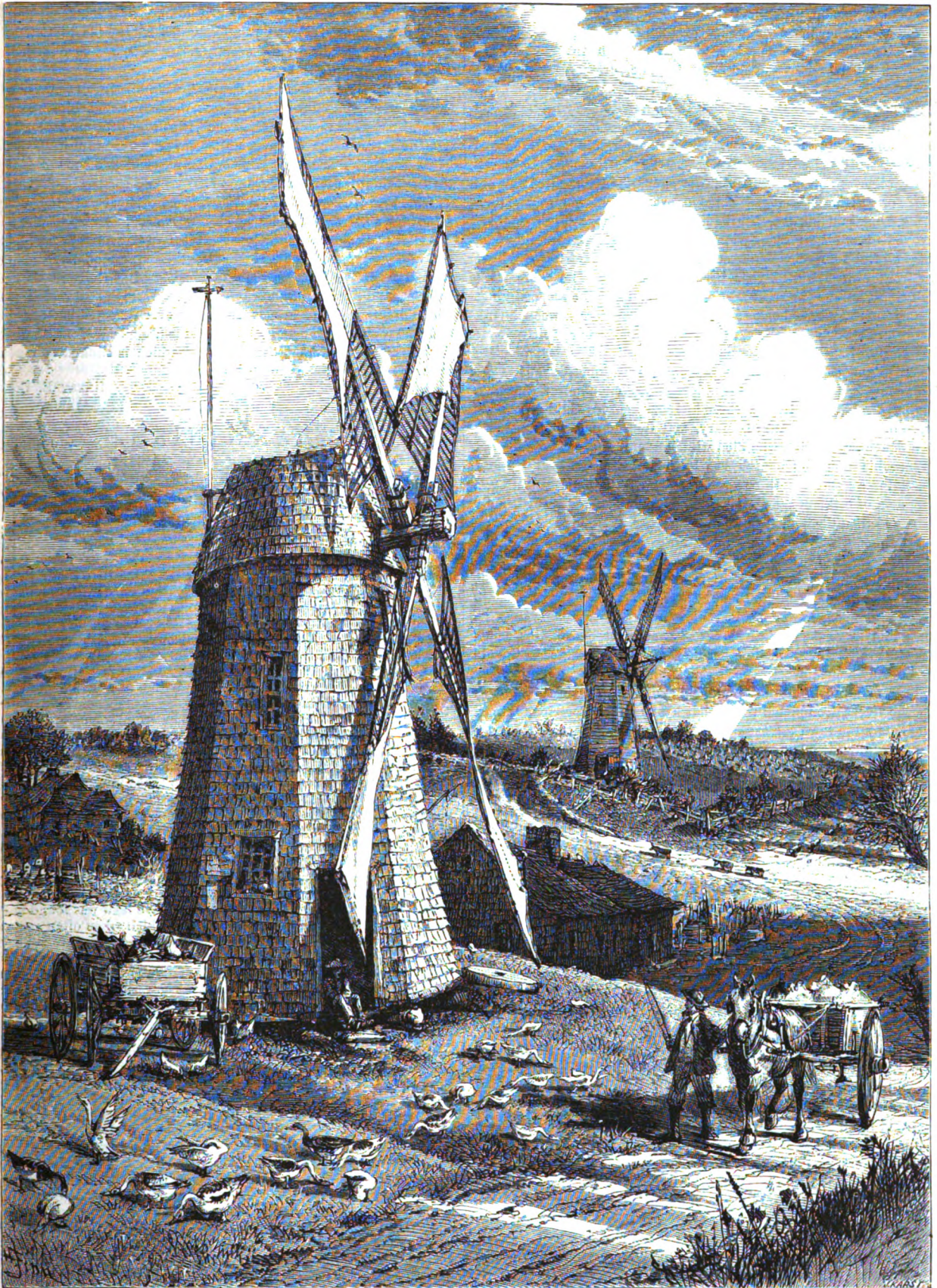
His salary was fifty pounds per year, afterward raised to sixty pounds; besides this he was exempt from land-tax, had one-fourth of the whales which came ashore, and on Monday morning his corn was to be ground before any one else's was touched. On the whale-question he was sensitive. A fine one came ashore on Napeague Beach, and the English rulers at New York claimed it as theirs. The following Sunday he preached a sermon from the text "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark," for which he was arrested and imprisoned in New York about six months. He gave the authorities a rasping for taking his part of the whale. It is a singular fact, in this connection, that so many whales were, in those days, found thereabouts. One chronicler speaks of seeing thirteen in one day. And on the town records is, "Ordered that Goodman Mulford shall call out ye town by succession to look for whale." As late, too, as the time of Dr. Beecher, he tells us that a man, with a white jacket, was constantly stationed on a pole, near the ocean, to look for whales; when one was seen he waved his jacket and gave a loud, shrill cry, called a weft. Immediately the town was all excitement. Methinks it would take a great whale to excite them now, for a more quiet place, a more perfect relic of things one hundred years ago, and a people ditto, does not exist. Had Rip Van Winkle gone to sleep there he might awake and see no great change, yet there are few more pleasant places for the tired dweller in the city to find the needed quiet.

Rev. Nathaniel Huntting was the next pastor, and a descendant of the same name lives in the same house where the venerable minister lived and died. Rev. Dr. Buell, who followed him, was an original character, a man of great energy and an iron will. He stood by his people throughout all the trials of the Revolution. His cultivated intellect, and bold, fearless ways made him admired and respected by the British officers. Lord Erskine on one occasion had ordered the townspeople to be at South Hampton on Sunday morning with their teams. Erskine met the doctor on the street and told him of it. He replied: "I am myself commander-in-chief on that day, and have annulled the order." On another occasion, being introduced to Lord Percy, who was much ruffled because they were detained from a hunt to wait the doctor's arrival, he asked him, "What of his majesty's forces do you command?" Percy replied, "A legion of devils just from hell!" "Then," said the doctor, with a low bow, "I suppose I have the honor to address Beelzebub, the prince of devils."

The fourth minister was Rev. Lyman Beecher, whose name is known through himself and his children throughout the civilized world. Dr. Beecher found the town on his arrival there, about as it had been for the previous one hundred years. The broad street was there, but his efforts inspired the planting of the noble elms which now grace it. He, too, showed the people, by actual experiment, that they could grow apples on their soil—it had not previously been tried, because it was assumed that the salt air injured them. He, too, had the first carpet ever used in the town. It was an original one. He bought a bale of cotton; Mrs. Beecher spun it and had it wove. Then she got some paints from New York and painted handsome patterns on it. Soon after it was put down on the floor, Deacon Talmudge came to see them; he paused at the door with a look of admiration and wonder. "Walk in, deacon, walk in." "Wy I can't 'thout steppin' on it;" and, after a little pause, "D'ye think ye can have all that, and heaven too?"



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—EAST HAMPTON, L. I.—VIEW FROM THE CHURCH BELFRY.



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

These were the ideas of people seventy years ago, and they run in the same vein now. The summer visitors, regarded at first with distrust and suspicion, are tolerated now, because they create a home demand and higher price for products of the farm and dairy; yet Bill Gardiner, who dared to fix up a modern-style home to entertain the visitors, is looked on by the old *régime* as a desecrator, and his house a sacrilege.

Among the choir in the little chapel, we noted a very pretty young lady, with a sweet voice. Of the kind deacon, who was showing us around, and who is a lineal descendant of the aforesaid Rev. Nathaniel Hunting, we inquired her name. "That's Nettie —." We expressed surprise that so pretty a flower should blush unnoted and unknown, or at least unchanged in name, even in slow old East Hampton. "Ah," said he, "Nettie had a narrow escape last summer." "She did—how?" we eagerly inquired. "You see she is an orphan, and we all feel a guardianship over her. Well, there came a chap down here from New York to visit her, who'd seen her up there. We didn't think he was the right sort of thing, and then he stopped up to Bill Gardiner's, where he had to pay twelve dollars a week board. He was an extravagant fellow, and not the man for our Nettie, so we let him know it. It was a narrow escape, sir."

The salary paid Mr. Beecher was only four hundred dollars per year, not really as much as was paid Mr. James one hundred and twenty-five years before. He left there in 1809. Of his children, Catherine, William Henry, Edward, Mary, and George, were born there; also a daughter, Harriet, who died while an infant.

Since his time the church has had many different pastors, none staying for a great length of time. One, Rev. Samuel Hunting, a young man of brilliant talent, occupied the pulpit of his ancestor only a year, and then died, aged twenty-seven years.

But though, with changing ministers, some new ideas may have crept into the congregation, and caused the erection of a new church building, the town itself has hardly felt a spasm of change since 1800. The traveller leaves behind him the age of progress, the nineteenth century of wonders, when he leaves the railroad; every onward step carries him more deeply into things of the past, relics of days which good old grandfather talked of beside the glowing oak-fire in the old New-England home; every house reminds him of a style of architecture which we found pictured in the odd old geography that we rummaged from the queer, iron-bound trunk that held mother's precious things. As he enters the town the same broad street, through which the voice of the crier rang two hundred years ago, stretches out before his eyes. A pretty little lake, and the solemn old graveyard, give beauty and solemnity to the scene. For a mile before him stretches out this wide street, and on either side are ranged the houses of the townspeople, with their farms in the rear—the same farms, the same names owning them, and, in most instances, the same houses, which existed one hundred and fifty years ago.

East Hampton must be seen to be appreciated. One may go to New England and look at a village said to be two hundred years old, but there all is modernized; the busy clatter of the loom or hum of other machinery destroys romantic musings or old-time ideas. All there is materialistic, practical, of the present; here all is of the past, and the mind requires no effort to people this great street with the queer costume and ascetic manners of our ancestors of Plymouth Rock; to imagine them with slow and measured tread wending their way to and into the old church. Every thing around—the grand old elms, a few great oaks, the square, box-like houses, with their shingled sides all unpainted—all enforce forgetfulness of the rushing present, and bring up soothing visions of the calm old days of the past, visions of days sweet with childhood's recollections. Here, too, may be enjoyed in all purity unrivalled sea-air and sea-bathing, without the silly fashions of Long Branch or Cape May, or the stiff grandeur of Newport. Here are quiet and rest for the weary, a table spread with plenty, and a home without fashion.

The wide street is simply a great lawn, richly green with a thick mat of grass, common to all, and through it runs several tracks for vehicles. A horrid innovation has lately been enforced by legislative enactment, compelling the narrowing of the road-track to four feet eight and a half inches—New-York gauge. But few farm-vehicles were less than six feet—the only place in America I am informed where they are so wide. Another innovation in the shape of a railroad has been proposed; they do not want it. We spoke of it to one. He said: "They say it will increase the value of our lands. Well, if

it does, that's only more taxes. We don't wish to sell them, then why have them worth more than now?" One of their laws of two hundred and twenty years ago was: "That no townsman should sell his land to any one unless that purchaser was acceptable to the town." The same feeling, to some extent, exists now, and new settlers are not desired by the great majority.

Just a half mile from the straight, wide street runs parallel to it the ocean-beach. Down to it is a carriage-road and a foot-way, the latter, by the old records, called the Mill Road, because near where it left the street stood the first mill—which, we are informed, was run by ox-power. The beach is said to be a fine one for bathing, and the opportunities for blue-fishing unsurpassed.

To Dr. Hedges, a lineal descendant of one of the original settlers, we are indebted for much information, as also to Mr. David Hunting. Long may they live to perpetuate the noble names they bear, and may good, genial old-style East Hampton never know a change from the past to modern ideas! Illustrious in the noble names she bears in her town records, and which still remain within her limits, those she has sent forth have ever reflected back honor on their birthplace and paternal home—the Talmadges, the Conklings, the Gardiners, and that name around which is linked so much of sadness and joy—John Howard Payne.

HENRY E. COLTON.

DARWINISM.

THE great interest excited by Mr. Darwin's latest work, "The Descent of Man," induces us to copy, from the *New-York Tribune*, the following clear and concise summary of its argument, and of Darwinism generally, written by Mr. George Ripley:

"Not a little curiosity has been awakened with regard to the contents of the present work, the purpose of which is to apply the principles of Natural Selection to the explanation of the origin or descent of the human race. The main questions to which it is devoted relate to the gradual evolution of man, like every other species, from a certain preëxisting form, and to the manner of his development. The conclusion at which the author arrives, after a long process of investigation, is that man is the co-descendant with other species of some ancient and lower form, which became extinct at a period anterior to any records of human experience.

"The evidence of the descent of man from some lower form is sought by the author, in the first place, from the correspondence between his physical structure and that of the lower animals. Man is constructed on the same general type with other mammals. The bones in his skeleton can be compared to those in a monkey, bat, and seal. So it is with his muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, and internal viscera. The brain follows the same law. Man is liable to receive certain diseases from the lower animals, like hydrophobia, variola, the glanders, and others, which he also communicates to them in return. This fact proves the close similarity of their tissues and blood, both in minute structure and composition. Monkeys are liable to many of the same non-contagious diseases that we are. One species that was carefully observed for a long time in its native land was found subject to catarrh, with the usual symptoms, and which when often recurrent led to consumption. They suffered also from apoplexy, inflammation of the bowels, and cataract in the eye. Medicines produced the same effect on them as on us. Many kinds of monkeys have a strong taste for tea, coffee, and spirituous liquors. They will also, as Mr. Darwin has himself seen, smoke tobacco with pleasure. The natives of North-eastern Africa catch the wild baboons by exposing vessels with strong beer, by which they are made drunk. These facts prove how similar are the nerves of taste in monkeys and man, and how similarly their whole nervous system is affected. It is, in short, scarcely possible to exaggerate the correspondence in general structure, in the minute structure of the tissues, in chemical composition, and in constitution, between man and the higher mammals, especially the anthropomorphic apes.

"A fact of curious interest, on which Mr. Darwin dwells at considerable length, is the presence in the higher animals of certain organs in a rudimentary condition, such as the mammae of male quadrupeds, or the incisor-teeth of ruminants which never cut through the gums. Rudiments of various muscles have been observed in many parts of the human body. Not a few muscles, which are regularly present in some of the lower animals, can occasionally be detected in man in a greatly-reduced condition. The power which many animals, especially horses, possess of moving or twitching their skin, is due to a muscle, of which the remnants in an efficient state are found in various parts of our bodies; for instance, on the forehead by which the eyebrows are raised. Some persons have the power of contracting the superficial muscles on their scalps, and these muscles are in a partially rudimentary condition. M. de Candolle communicated to the author a

singular instance of the inheritance of this power, as well as of its unusual development. 'He knows a family in which one member, the present head of a family, could, when a youth, pitch several heavy books from his head by the movement of the scalp alone; and he won wagers by performing this feat. His father, uncle, grandfather, and all his three children, possess the same power to the same unusual degree. This family became divided eight generations ago into two branches; so that the head of the above-mentioned branch is cousin in the seventh degree to the head of the other branch. This distant cousin resides in another part of France, and, on being asked whether he possessed the same faculty, immediately exhibited his powers. This case offers a good illustration how persistently an absolutely useless faculty may be transmitted.' The extrinsic muscles which serve to move the whole external ear, and the intrinsic muscles which move the different parts, are in a rudimentary condition in man, and are also variable in development. Mr. Darwin has seen one man who could draw his ears forward, and another who could draw them backward. He remarks that, from what he was told by one of those persons, it is probable that most of us, by often touching our ears, and thus directing our attention toward them, could, after repeated trials, recover some power of movement. There is a little peculiarity in the external ear, pointed out by a celebrated sculptor, which is common to man and to monkeys. This consists in a small blunt point, projecting from the inwardly-folded margin, and visible when the head is viewed from directly in front or behind. These points are variable in size and position, standing either a little higher or lower, sometimes occurring on one ear, and not on the other. Mr. Darwin concludes that the occasional reappearance of this feature in man is a vestige of formerly-pointed ears, a dim sense of which was doubtless the origin of the legend which Hawthorne has turned to such admirable account in his weird creation of the 'Marble Faun.'

"Mr. Darwin mentions, as a noteworthy circumstance, that the posterior molar or wisdom teeth appear to be tending toward the rudimentary state in the more civilized races of man. These teeth are rather smaller than the other molars, as is the case with the corresponding teeth in the chimpanzee and the orang. They have only two separate fangs, and do not cut through the gums, till about the seventeenth year. They are much more liable to decay, and are earlier lost than the other teeth. In the Milanian races, on the other hand, wisdom teeth are usually furnished with three separate fangs, and are generally sound. They also differ from the other molars in size less than in the Caucasian races. The difference between the races is accounted for by the fact that the posterior dental portion of the jaw is shortened in those that are civilized, and this shortening may be attributed to the habit of feeding on soft, cooked food, and thus making less use of the jaw. In illustration of this point, Mr. Darwin was informed by a distinguished American traveller that it is becoming quite a common practice in the United States to remove some of the molar teeth of children, as the jaw does not grow large enough for the perfect development of the normal number.

"The bearing of the argument from the existence of rudimentary organs in the human system is easy to be understood. The homological construction of the whole frame in members of the same class is intelligible, if we admit their descent from a common progenitor, together with their subsequent adaptation to diversified conditions. On any other view it is impossible to account for the similarity of pattern between the hand of a man and monkey, or for the foot of the horse, the flipper of the seal, or the wing of the bat. It does not help the matter to say that they have all been formed on the same ideal plan. Nor can any explanation but that of a common progenitor account for the wonderful fact that the embryo of a man, a dog, a seal, or a bat, can at first hardly be distinguished from each other. The presence of rudimentary organs only becomes intelligible when we suppose that a former progenitor possessed the parts in question in a perfect state, and that under changed habits of life they were greatly reduced. We are thus enabled to see how man, and all other vertebrate animals, have been constructed on the same general model, why they pass through the same early stages of development, and why they retain certain rudiments in common. Hence, argues Mr. Darwin, we are bound to admit their community of descent. To take any other view is to admit that our own structure, and that of all the animals around us, is a mere illusion to lead the judgment astray.

"The questions suggested by a comparison between the mental faculties of man and the lower animals, present more serious difficulties on the theory of Natural Selection than those involved in their physical differences and resemblances. Even Mr. Wallace, one of the ablest supporters of the doctrine, who was led to its adoption by his own independent personal researches as a naturalist, hesitates to apply it to the explanation of the phenomena of mind, at least to the extent to which it is carried by Mr. Darwin. But the latter makes no exception to the sufficiency of the principle. His reasonings concerning its application to the mental powers are marked by singular ingenuity, and doubtless form the most significant portions of the present volume, although there are few thinkers but will pause before admitting their validity. He takes the position that there is no fundamental difference between man and the higher mammals in their mental faculties. As man possesses the same senses with the lower animals, his fundamental intuitions must be the same. He has also some in-

stincts in common with them, as that of self-preservation, sexual love, the love of the mother for her new-born child, and so forth. But man has perhaps fewer instincts than those possessed by the animals which come next to him in the series. The lower animals, like man, evidently feel pleasure and pain, happiness and misery. There is no happier sight than that of young animals, such as puppies, kittens, lambs, and the like, when playing together, like our own children. The lower animals are excited by the same emotions as ourselves. Terror, for example, acts in the same manner on them as on us, causing the muscles to tremble, the heart to palpitate, the sphincters to be relaxed, and the hair to stand on end. Suspicion, the offspring of fear, is eminently characteristic of most wild animals. Every one knows how liable animals are to furious rage, and how plainly they show it. The love of a dog for his master is notorious. Animals not only love, but have the desire to be loved. They feel emulation, and love approbation or praise. A dog carrying a basket for his master exhibits a high degree of pride. The dog also feels shame, as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty when begging too often for food. Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at; and they sometimes invent imaginary offences. A baboon in the Zoological Gardens always got into a rage when his keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him; and his rage was so violent on one occasion, which Mr. Darwin witnessed himself, that he bit his own leg till the blood flowed. Animals enjoy excitement and suffer from *ennui*, as may be seen with dogs and monkeys. They feel wonder and curiosity. 'Brehm gives a curious account of the instinctive dread which his monkeys exhibited toward snakes; but their curiosity was so great that they could not desist from occasionally satiating their horror in a most human fashion, by lifting up the lid of the box in which the snakes were kept. I was so much surprised at his account, that I took a stuffed and coiled-up snake into the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens, and the excitement thus caused was one of the most curious spectacles which I ever beheld. Three species of *Cercopithecus* were the most alarmed; they dashed about their cages and uttered sharp signal-cries of danger, which were understood by the other monkeys. A few young monkeys and one old Anubis baboon, alone took no notice of the snake. I then placed the stuffed specimen on the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time all the monkeys collected round it in a large circle, and, staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous; so that when a wooden ball, with which they were familiar as a plaything, was accidentally moved in the straw, under which it was partly hidden, they all instantly started away. These monkeys behaved very differently when a dead fish, a mouse, and some other new objects, were placed in their cages; for, though at first frightened, they soon approached, handled, and examined them. I then placed a live snake in a paper bag, with the mouth loosely closed, in one of the larger compartments. One of the monkeys immediately approached, cautiously opened the bag a little, peeped in, and instantly dashed away. Then I witnessed what Brehm has described, for monkey after monkey, with head raised high and turned on one side, could not resist taking momentary peeps into the upright bag, at the dreadful object lying quiet at the bottom. It would almost appear as if monkeys had some notion of zoological affinities, for those kept by Brehm exhibited a strange, though mistaken, instinctive dread of innocent lizards and frogs. An orang, also, has been known to be much alarmed at first sight of a turtle.'

"Many animals have the power of imitation; all have the faculty of attention. They have excellent memories for persons and places. Nor are they destitute of imagination, or of the reasoning faculty to a certain extent. 'Many facts have been recorded in various works showing that animals possess some degree of reason. I will here give only two or three instances, authenticated by Rengger, and relating to American monkeys, which stand low in their order. He states that when he first gave eggs to his monkeys, they smashed them and thus lost much of their contents; afterward they gently hit one end against some hard body, and picked off the bits of shell with their fingers. After cutting themselves only once with any sharp tool, they would not touch it again, or would handle it with the greatest care. Lumps of sugar were often given them wrapped up in paper; and Rengger sometimes put a live wasp in the paper, so that in hastily unfolding it they got stung; after this had once happened, they always first held the packet to their ears to detect any movement within. Any one who is not convinced by such facts as these, and by what he may observe with his own dogs, that animals can reason, would not be convinced by any thing that I could add.'

"It has been alleged that man alone is capable of progressive improvement. But every one who has had any experience in setting traps knows that young animals can be caught much more easily than old ones. With respect to old animals, it is impossible to catch many in the same place, and in the same kind of trap, or to destroy them by the same kind of poison. They learn caution by seeing their brethren caught or poisoned. Our domestic dogs are descended from wolves and jackals, and, though they may not have gained in cunning, they have advanced in certain moral qualities, as in affection, trustworthiness, temper, and probably in general intelligence. The common rat has conquered several other species throughout Europe, in parts of North America, New Zealand, and China. The victory over a much larger

kind may be ascribed to the superior cunning of the common rat; and this quality is probably due to the habitual exercise of all its faculties in avoiding extirpation by man, as well as to his having successively destroyed nearly all the less cunning or weak-minded rats.

"It has often been said that no animal uses a tool. But the chimpanzee in a state of nature cracks a native fruit, somewhat like a walnut, with a stone. An American monkey has been taught to break open hard palm-nuts, and afterward, of its own accord, it used stones to open other kinds of nuts, as well as boxes. It thus also removed the soft rind of fruit that had a disagreeable flavor. Another monkey was taught to open the lid of a large box with a stick, and afterward it used the stick as a lever to move heavy bodies. In these cases, stones and sticks were employed as implements; but they are likewise used as weapons. In Abyssinia, when the baboons of one species descend in troops from the mountains to plunder the fields, they sometimes encounter troops of another species, and then a fight ensues. The first party rolls down great stones, which the others try to avoid, and then both species rush furiously against each other with a terrible uproar. A monkey in the Zoological Gardens, which had weak teeth, used to break open nuts with a stone. The same animal, after using the stone, would hide it in the straw, and would not let any other monkey touch it. Here we have the idea of property, but this idea is common to every dog with a bone, and to most or all birds with their nests.

"We have selected a few of the popular illustrations which are brought by Mr. Darwin to explain the affinities between man and the inferior animals, which, in his view, compel us to refer the origin of both to a common, but long since extinct, progenitor. They afford an example of the scope and method of his reasonings, but present only an imperfect idea of the variety and richness of his suggestions. Many of the topics of primary importance in the discussion, and which he unfolds at length, cannot even be alluded to in our limited space, and we must refer our readers for their explanation to the volume itself. A word or two as to the development of the 'rude forefathers' of our race must close this imperfect notice. In the primeval state of society, the individuals who were the most sagacious, who invented and used the best weapons or traps, and who were best able to defend themselves, would rear the greatest number of offspring. The tribes with the largest number of men thus endowed, would increase in number and supplant other tribes. As soon as the progenitors of man became social (which probably occurred at a very early period) the mental faculties would receive an important aid in the principle of imitation, together with reason and experience. The habitual practice of each new art must, in some slight degree, strengthen the intellect. In order that primeval men, or 'the ape-like progenitors of man,' should have become social, they must have acquired the same instinctive feelings which impel other animals to live in a body. They would have felt some degree of love for their comrades; they would have warned each other of their danger; and have given mutual aid in attack or defence. This implies a certain amount of sympathy, fidelity, and courage. A tribe possessing such qualities in a high degree, would be victorious over other tribes, but in course of time would, in its turn, be overcome by some other and still more highly-endowed tribe. Thus the social and moral qualities, which now form the chief distinction of the race, would tend slowly to advance and be diffused throughout the world.

"Whatever judgment may be pronounced as to the tendency of Mr. Darwin's views of the origin of man to humble the natural pride of ancestry, we ought not to lose sight of the fact that no philosophical writer of the present day sets forth a more exalted conception of the actual faculties and endowments of the race as developed under the highest forms of moral and religious culture in the progress of civilization. He almost goes out of his way to do justice to the ideas and beliefs which have been regarded by the wisest thinkers in every age as the crowning glory of humanity. In this respect, his system presents a favorable contrast to the shallow, sensualistic, French philosophy of the eighteenth century, which resolves the most refined sentiments of our nature into fleshly illusions. 'The question,' says Mr. Darwin, 'whether there exists a Creator and Ruler of the Universe has been answered in the affirmative by the highest intellects that have ever lived. I fully subscribe to the judgment of those writers who maintain that of all the differences between man and the lower animals, the moral sense or conscience is by far the most important. This sense, as Mackintosh remarks, 'has a rightful supremacy over every other principle of human action;' it is summed up in that short but imperious word *ought*, so full of high significance. It is the most noble of all the attributes of man, leading him, without a moment's hesitation, to risk his life for that of a fellow-creature; or after due deliberation, impelled simply by the deep feeling of right or duty, to sacrifice it in some great cause.'"

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

THOUGH his works are generally well known and admired, the life of Frederic Chopin appears to many almost mythical and without form. His days were indeed short, but by no means void of

interest and usefulness. Though great in the sphere in which he labored, the world seems not to have awarded him that praise and honor deserved by his abilities. His mind and powers were not inferior to those of Mozart, notwithstanding that the latter sheds a more brilliant light. Unlike the masters in general, he confined all his practice to the piano-forte alone; and the skill with which he handled that instrument has won for him the honor of being the greatest pianist on record.

Born in 1810, at a small village near Warsaw, the early days of his youth occasioned no little anxiety to his parents; for his constitution was frail and sickly, and the breath of life seemed barely sufficient to maintain his existence. It was doubtless his calm and patient endurance of suffering which gave rise to his affability and gentleness in after-life, and rendered him an object of universal love and admiration.

At the early age of nine years he began the study of music, seeking, as it were, in its hallowed charms, a solace for his cares and afflictions. One year later he won the esteem of Madame Catalini, the world-renowned *cantatrice*, who presented him with a watch, bearing the following inscription: "Madame Catalini to Frederic Chopin, aged ten years."

Soon after he was placed under the care of Ziwna, the earnest disciple of Sebastian Bach, and, by the favorable influence of the Prince Radziwill, he was enabled to pursue an extended course of study in accordance with the most classic models.

In early youth Chopin formed an attachment for a young lady who lived in the same village. She was his first love, kind, true, and affectionate, and possessing no small degree of beauty. They had played together when children, and had looked forward into the future with the brightest dreams of happiness. But, during one of the tempests which have so often afflicted the political life of Poland, Chopin was obliged to leave his native land—an exile. It was a separation, not only from parents, kinsmen, and friends, but alas! from her who had cheered his youth, and who might have prolonged his years. She, heart-broken and sad, found an early grave; he, a stranger among strangers, lived a few years, and died lamenting her.

Chopin was introduced into the most noted society of the day, and won tokens of respect from the highest classes. He was accomplished in other arts than music. His knowledge of the classics was great, and his proficiency in *belles-lettres* was only equalled by the eagerness with which he sought that branch of literature. In music he was an expert, and was already pronounced a *maestro*. He was also a poet, not unworthy of his poetic nation, among whose bards are some that rank among the first in the world.

In his choice of musical productions, the Italian school of art was always held by him in the greatest distaste. With the exception of a few melodies, the works of Schubert were displeasing. Those in which there existed the least sharpness in the *contours*, he would not listen to. He once remarked of Schubert, that "the sublime is desecrated when followed by the trivial or commonplace."

Among the piano-composers, Hummel was his most admired, but Mozart his *beau idéal*. Chopin left Warsaw at the breaking out of the revolution of the 29th of November, 1830. After visiting many of the German cities, he finally settled in Vienna. Here he gave concerts, but they met with little appreciation. Then he determined to go to London, *via* Paris. It is said that, "upon his passport drawn up for England, he had caused to be inserted, 'passing through Paris.' These words sealed his fate. Long years afterward, when he seemed not only acclimated but naturalized in France, he would smilingly say, 'I am passing through Paris!'"

In Paris he gave many concerts, and met with success. About this time Madame George Sand shone as a flaming torch in Parisian society. Her accomplishments were such as are rarely met with. She had already written and published her "Indiana," "Valentine," and her "Lélia," that most delightful prose-poem of French literature. Hearing of Chopin's abilities, she naturally longed for an acquaintance with him.

Strange to say, the musician feared Madame Sand more than any other woman in France, because she possessed a spirit so bold and daring, and a will so sternly inflexible.

At last, however, they met, and an intimacy arose, lasting until death separated the two.

In 1837 Chopin was attacked by a severe illness, and his physician advised him to seek rest in the sunny south. Madame Sand,

with the usual kindness of her sex, offered to accompany him. The island of Majorca was selected. It is hard to tell whether it was the gentle sea-breezes, and the mild, delightful climate of their retreat, or the tender, fostering care of his companion, which restored him to health, and enabled him once again to revisit Paris. Surely the love of the woman did not fail in its beneficent influence.

Toward the year 1840, and thereafter, the health of Chopin again began to fail. Notwithstanding this, he kept busily at work, and each year brought many compositions to Paris from his quiet abode at Nohaut.

From 1846 onward he could not use his limbs, and his affliction grew so fearful that his life was daily despaired of. M. Gutman, his favorite and pupil, was with him constantly. The close of 1847 found him much better. Hopes were revived, and longer days on earth were dreamed of.

During the Revolution of 1848 he was confined to his bed, but apparently took an interest in passing events.

In August he felt so relieved that he made a journey to England, where he was received with great distinction. There he gave two public and many private concerts. He was presented to the queen by the Duchess of Sutherland. He went to Edinburgh, and was there the subject of extended praise and admiration.

Returning to Paris, he patiently awaited the final summons. The festivity and excitement to which he had been recently subjected proved too much for him. That constitution which time had for years been undermining was soon to sink, and already the work of dissolution had begun.

On the morning of the 17th of October, 1849, the artist, in a low and scarcely-audible tone, whispered, "Who is near me?" Learning that it was his friend M. Gutman, Chopin bent his head to kiss the hand of his much-esteemed pupil; and, while performing this last token of affection, he died, as he had lived—in love.

Mozart's celebrated *requiem* was performed at the funeral, which took place, with much display, at the Madeline Church, on the 30th of October, 1849.

Of the works of Chopin, mention need scarcely be made. In all his compositions there is boldness, but no harshness; every strain is rich, but clear and distinct. The formation shows an artistic hand, and the coloring and luxurious ornament betray a master unrivalled in his skill and ingenuity.

They are written in the highest style of brilliancy and art, but never is the truly sublime injured by the introduction of the trivial or the commonplace.

His *nocturnes*, *ballades*, *impromptus*, and *scherzos*, stand unsurpassed in their refined harmony and delicacy of embellishment. All are marked by a startling originality.

His *Polonaises* have not received that amount of study which they deserve, owing to the extreme difficulty of rendering them accurately, but they are, nevertheless, the products of his greatest power and inspiration. Their tone is martial, and brings before our minds the fiery ardor and courage of his countrymen. Though natural in their effects, they never fail to remind one of the almost superhuman spirit which gave them birth.

It is only within a very few years that the works of Chopin have met with any degree of reception in this country. At first they appeared in the concert-room under the hand of the *virtuoso*, then were performed by orchestras, and now, happily enough, they take places in our choicest *répertoires*.

They are not merely the productions of an expert, but of a master; therefore they demand a great deal of study and perseverance before their excellences are revealed. They are, on the whole, a sort of *odd beauties*, and oddity, by the general rule, cannot be understood and appreciated without close study and examination beforehand.

The American conservatories of music have done more to regenerate and purify the study of the masters in this country, than all the private instructors put together. They are noble institutions, and should be looked upon by the citizens, in common with the public schools, as the refiners of taste, discipline, and morality, and a God-sent blessing upon our youth. Instead of having to ask the parents for information as to Haydn, Beethoven, or Chopin, our sons and daughters have themselves become the instructors in the household. And it will be a glorious day when this happiness shall have become universal.

GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.

OUTGROWN.

NAY, you wrong her, my friend, she's not fickle; her love she has simply outgrown;
One can read the whole matter, translating her heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly? There is much that my heart would say,
And you know we were children together, have quarrelled and "made up" in play.

And so for the sake of old friendship, I venture to tell you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

Five summers ago when you wooed her, you stood on the self-same plane,
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom of her life's early May,
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does not love you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either. They ever go up or go down;
And hers has been steadily soaring—but how has it been with your own?

She has struggled, and yearned, and aspired—grown purer and wiser each year;
The stars are not farther above you, in yon luminous atmosphere!

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses, down yonder five summers ago,
Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer, but their vision is clearer as well;
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and His angels have talked;
The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you? Have you aimed at the highest? Have you, too, aspired and prayed?
Have you looked upon evil unsullied? have you conquered it undis-
mayed?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the months and the years have rolled on?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth cannot harm you. W'en to-day in her presence you stood,
Was the hand that you gave her as white and clear as that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard. Look back on the years that have fled;
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of her girlhood is dead!

She cannot look down to her lover; her love, like her soul, aspires;
He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle its holy fires.

Now, farewell! For the sake of old friendship I have ventured to tell you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

TABLE-TALK.

IN every art the attention is apt to be diverted from the essential principle to the difficulties of the method. Amateurs and connoisseurs are especially prone to over-estimate technical triumphs, and to lose sight sometimes of the real purpose of an art in admiration for dexterity. Music, for instance, is designed to produce various impressions upon the imagination by means of certain concords of sounds. The methods by which these results may be secured are the study of the musician, and the difficulties of accomplishing his end are known to be great. But the connoisseur, who first begins by delighting in the product of the musician's skill, is apt gradually to transfer his admiration from the music to the method, and so, in the end, is often far more enamoured of manual dexterity and ingenious devices, than of the concords which this skill is merely the vehicle for producing. There is no doubt that the essential quality of an art is thus often lost sight of altogether. People who extol a performer because he has executed a difficult piece of music on the piano with one hand, or by any other dexterous process, have a right to their admiration; but their critical perceptions are greatly confused, if they do not perceive that it is not the music but the legerdemain of the thing they are applauding. There are more amateurs in music than in any other art—more who have some sort of understanding of the great physical difficulties that pertain to it, and hence we find generally not merely a better appreciation of the skill or dexterity that can overcome them, but a greater disposition than we find in regard to other arts to exalt the importance of these difficulties. "Have you seen," cry out certain critics, "Signor Teutorini play 'Yankee Doodle' with his elbow? It is wonderful! Go and see it by all means." Now, this sort of thing is really as absurd as if one should say: "Have you read Peter Smith's new novel? A wonderful work! Every line of it was written with the pen held between his toes! Oh, it is splendid!" Or, in art, if we should hear that "Jack Palette's new picture is marvellous! Painted every bit of it while he was standing on his head! A wonderful picture!" Of course, legitimate dexterity—that is, that skill which enhances effects—is entitled to our admiration, but not that sort of skill which is simply a device for extorting surprise or wonder. Novelties in art have their place among the vulgar curiosities of a show; they are no higher than the tricks of the necromancer or the dexterity of acrobats. It is not surprising that artists should sometimes over-estimate the manual or other difficulties of their art, in view of the long and patient study required to overcome them; but this disposition often leads to a substitution of mechanism for expression, of tricks and ingenuities for feeling, and, plucking from art its life and soul, gives to it mere pedantry and form.

— If the news from England be true, our trousers are doomed to speedy extermination. With the opening of spring, it is authoritatively stated, the new style of nether habiliments, known as knickerbockers are

to come into general vogue all through her majesty's dominions. This, of course, is only a forerunner of our own fate, for the beaux of Fifth Avenue will not be long in accepting the dictum of the swells of Regent Street. Some will hail this new radical change in our dress with delight; others, of course, with alarm and apprehension. The thin-legged men, however, need not despair; for art is very potent in correcting the mistakes, or in supplementing the omissions, of Nature. Calves can be made warranted to fit the straightest and most undeveloped limbs, and to give them every grace and shapeliness. The difficulty, at first, will be in obtaining a supply sufficient for the demand. Calf-makers, however, would probably rapidly spring up in all quarters, and ere long the new traders would become as abundant as dentists or cobblers. Trousers have certainly held their own exceedingly well, especially in view of the fact, or tradition, that they were invented by a famous beau as a means of concealing a defect in his leg. The inventor did not know what a blessing he was conferring upon thin-legged unfortunates. Trousers have, in their long history, undergone not a few changes. Half a dozen years ago they hung around the limbs in vast plenitude of cloth; a dozen years ago they clung to the limbs almost as tightly as the old-fashioned breeches; twenty years ago they were worn stretched down to, fitted over, and strapped to the boot, in a manner that rendered sitting or walking far from comfortable. The comparatively recent invention of the spring-bottom—a method of cutting, simply, we believe—enables the trousers to fall gracefully over the boot without the aid of the strap, lacking which the leg of the trousers had previously reached the boot in a clumsy and inelegant manner. If trousers are really to go out, some one of our learned tailors should give us a history of their invention and vicissitudes. We are inclined to think, however, that the knickerbockers will have a long struggle of it. Trousers are thoroughly well grounded in the estimation of a large majority. They are respectable, and, at the same time, democratic—bringing handsome legs down to the level of poor legs, and setting up every man on his pins in perfect equality with his neighbor. They have an ugly way, it is true, of bagging at the knees, which the knickerbockers would not; but conservatism sticks to its old pains as well as to its old delights. They are prone to be troublesome to those walkers who interfere, and often gather up not a little mud and moisture at rainy seasons; but these are all evils that we bear rather than fly to; others we know not of. Our beaux may hesitate a little in adopting the knickerbockers, may want the courage to boldly step out into Fifth Avenue dressed in the novelty; but the coming summer-vacation will afford young gentlemen first-rate opportunities to experiment with them a little. They would look very well on the croquet-ground, on a mountain-ramble, in the pleasure-boat; and, once thus familiarized, the transition to our town-promenades would be comparatively easy.

— We believe that the spirit of heroism is more abundant and more frequently exhibited than is commonly accorded. The en-

gineer who heroically remained at his post, at the recent New Hamburg disaster on the Hudson River Railway, has been extolled far and wide with too much depreciation of average human nature in these emergencies. "A few times in every one's memory," says one writer, "some act of magnificent self-abnegation comes out to redeem the untold meanness and grossness that make one ready to prove utterly faithless." Do not these acts occur many times in every one's memory? They are not always accompanied with those circumstances that conspicuously fix the attention of the world, and yet there is rarely a great disaster that has not at least one incident of heroism to fire the enthusiasm of mankind. If one were to follow up carefully the records of all the shipwrecks on our coast, is it not certain that he would have material for a Book of Heroes? How often captains, like the heroic engineer, remain steadfastly at their post, and go down to death and darkness with their ships! How often do we hear of heroic efforts to rescue shipwrecked men! Wherever there is danger we may be sure to discover that spirit of self-abnegation that makes heroes. It exhibits itself in every battle, in every march, in every storm-tossed vessel, in thousands of places where the eye of the chronicler cannot reach. Nor is the heroism of the world displayed only in cases of danger. Many men live long lives without ever encountering the necessity or having the occasion to show their mettle in this way, and yet who daily enact their heroisms. Heroism is in fortitude as well as in courage; it is moral as often as it is physical. There are men who, like the engineer at New Hamburg, remain steadfast at their posts through many dangers, and many trials; who, impelled by strict regard for duty, sacrifice health and all the sweetness of life in honorable fealty to others. There are fathers and husbands whose prolonged years are but one record of self-suppression. There are wives and mothers whose lives are made up of self-devotion. Obligation and duty are the woof and web of ordinary experience, and there are but few of us who are below or can claim to be above the burdens they impose. The admiration which heroism inspires could not exist if the world were filled with "untold meanness and grossness." We are all prone, whenever heroism is enacted under picturesque or dramatic conditions, to exalt it too much above the daily self-sacrifice of other men; but the heart of human nature in its sympathy for these acts of self-abnegation proves that it is not so bad as the cynics paint it.

— Whatever men may think of the captive of Wilhelmshöhe, a certain tender interest cannot but linger around her who added to his splendor and who now shares his misfortunes. It is said of the empress, by those who knew her personally, that she was particularly attentive to all the minor politenesses of life, and never failed in courtesy to those about her. One day two young Americans were sauntering along a narrow street in Paris, which, as was often the case, had no sidewalks to protect pedestrians from passing vehicles. As the young men approached a corner, there suddenly wheeled around, into the street where they were, a man on horseback,

going at a goodly pace. One of the young men was for going on after the horseman had passed, but the other, more versed in the ways of Paris, from longer residence, drew him by the arm under the shelter of the wall, close to the corner, exclaiming: "Wait! That is an imperial outrider; probably the empress is coming; I know the livery." He had hardly time to speak these words, before there was a rattle of hoofs and wheels, and around the corner swept a magnificent carriage with all the insignia of imperial rank; there was no time to admire the horses, or the liveries, or do any thing else but gaze into the carriage, for there sat, calm as a summer morning, and beautiful as spring, the empress herself, with some other lady at her side. The young men instinctively raised their hats and bowed. Perhaps the empress saw that they were strangers—not "to the manor born"—or it may have been only her accustomed manner of returning salutes; at all events, she smiled most pleasantly, and bowed in the most gracious manner to the young men. Then the brilliant *cortège* swept on, leaving with the strangers the memory of a lovely vision to be carried to their distant homes, and often thought of in these disastrous days of France and the empress.

Literary Notes.

THE London *Saturday Review* regrets that Mr. St. George Mivart's "Genesis of Species" had not appeared before the "Descent of Man," inasmuch as it would have put it within Mr. Darwin's power to have included in his work a suitable survey of Mr. Mivart's position. "In no work in the English language," says the *Review*, "has this great controversy been treated at once with the same bread and vigorous grasp of facts, and the same liberal and candid temper. The range and depth of Mr. Mivart's learning are as conspicuous as that unvarying courteousness of tone which we have been by no means used to meet with in most phases of the same strife. His strategy is not carried on, indeed, as is often the case, along the whole breadth of the line. It forms no part of his position to decry as false or baseless, still less to ridicule, as has been so often the case with more forward or less thoughtful critics, the whole conception of Natural Selection. From the 'more or less crude conceptions' which have been put forth by most of the opponents of Messrs. Darwin and Wallace he is eager to dissociate himself. What he rather expects and aspires to forward as the ultimate solution of the problem is the development of some *tertium quid*, 'the resultant of forces coming from different quarters, and not coinciding in direction with any one of them.' Far from denying to Natural Selection the place of a true cause in the evolution of organic differences, he would yet see in it but one out of many concurrent principles of differentiation. Its beautiful simplicity, its applicability to the details of geographical distribution, to rudimentary structure, to homology, to mimicry, and other branches of physiological investigation, are fully recognized by him. The antagonism supposed by many to exist between it and theology is declared by him to be neither necessary nor universal. What Mr. Mivart insists upon is that the theory of Natural Selection, however supplemented and aided by that of Pangenesis, though true, is not the whole truth; that it can be shown

to be quite insufficient to explain a number of important phenomena connected with the Origin of Species, and that it must, in consequence, itself be capable of being merged in some higher law, aided and supplemented by some more recondite agency."

Some German periodicals have gained very largely in circulation since the breaking out of the present war. The *Cologne Gazette*, which, on the 1st of June, 1870, had only fourteen thousand subscribers, has now forty thousand. The *Gartenlaube* obtained, from the 15th of June to the 15th of October, 1870, thirty thousand subscribers. The same increase is claimed for *Weber's Leipzig Illustrated News*. Hackländer's *Stuttgart Illustrated News* (*Ueber Land und Meer*) even claims to circulate now one hundred thousand copies more than it did at the beginning of the war.

Among new periodicals in Europe is a Dutch fortnightly review, under the title of "Our Century," and a new weekly periodical in Constantinople printed in modern Greek, and designed chiefly for female readers, with a view to promote their intellectual development. This, from Constantinople, is a significant sign of the times.

The second volume of Darwin's "Descent of Man" will appear during the present month. The interest evinced in this remarkable work is very great. Probably no scientific discussion has extended so widely among general readers as that raised by Mr. Darwin.

The war has given rise in Germany to the appearance of an endless number of books, pamphlets, periodicals, maps, etc. In the three cities of Leipzig, Berlin, and Stuttgart, nearly twenty-five hundred publications of the aforesaid description had appeared during the last six months of the year 1870.

Alexandre Dumas, Jr., denies, in the Italian papers, that his father left as large a number of novels and plays in manuscript as was reported after the death of the great romancer. He says that his father left only two unfinished novels and the outlines of a few plays.

Volumes three and four of Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower," have been published in London; these issues bringing to a close the history of the celebrated Tower, "with its eight hundred years of historic life, its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame."

Mame & Co., the great Tours publishing-house, one of the most extensive book-concerns in Europe, suspended operations in October last, most of its workmen being enrolled in the army.

Hermann Grimm, the author of "Unconquerable Powers" and of the "Life of Michael Angelo," which was translated into seven languages, is a soldier in the Prussian Army, and was severely wounded in front of Amiens.

The average circulation of the daily papers which appeared in Paris during the siege, from the 1st of October, 1870, to the 1st of January, 1871, was less than fifty thousand copies.

The London School Board has virtually pledged itself to the admission of the principle of compulsory education, but has not yet entered upon a discussion of the details.

Robert Browning has contributed to the fund for the relief of distress in France, one hundred pounds, being the proceeds of a new poem.

The copyright of Eugene Sue's novels in

France is said to be worth very little or nothing, the demand for his books having entirely ceased.

Spielhagen, the German novelist, recently declined an offer to become managing editor of that excellent Vienna paper, the *Neue Freie Presse*.

A work on "The Newspaper Press, its Origin, Progress, and Present State," by Mr. James Grant, is announced in London.

M. Leroy-Dut, one of the founders of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, died in December last, in Paris, in a garret, in a destitute condition.

It is reported that the Emperor Napoleon III. is actively engaged in writing his autobiography.

Jules Janin, the eminent French *feuilletoniste*, lives now at Brussels.

The title of Berthold Auerbach's next novel will be "A Son of the Black Forest."

Foreign Items.

AN expensive morning-visit was paid the other day to a wealthy Hebrew banker in the city of Vienna. The Princess Pauline de Metternich, who now lives at the capital of Austria, devotes her whole time and energy to collecting funds for the relief of the suffering French. Early one morning she sent one of her footmen with the list of contributions to M. O—, a wealthy banker, who at the time was yet in bed. The list is presented to the nabob on a silver tray. He looks at it and hands it back, yawning and saying: "Oh, if the princess herself had come, I should have subscribed five thousand florins." Early on the following morning the banker was awakened again, and a closely-veiled lady was ushered into his presence. She remove her veil, and the astonished banker saw that his fair visitress was no other than the Princess de Metternich. "You told my servant yesterday," she said to him, "you would subscribe five thousand florins if I would call on you myself. Here I am, and here is the list." There was no help for it. The banker had to subscribe the sum, and the princess left rejoicing.

The Continental papers are quarrelling over the question where Marshal Bazaine was born. According to the St. Petersburg *Gerichtsbote*, Bazaine is a Russian by birth, and probably a native of St. Petersburg. It is said that, in February, 1811, there was left at the door of M. Bazaine, a French officer of engineers who lived in St. Petersburg, a baby, which was adopted by M. Bazaine and his wife, who had no children. A German journalist, on the other hand, pretends to be able to prove that Marshal Bazaine was born in Hanover. His father, says the journalist, was military intendant in the city of Hanover, where he fell in love with a young lady. In spite of the opposition of her relatives, he married her, and a year afterward she bore him a son, the present Marshal Bazaine.

Victor Hugo was sixty-nine years old on the 26th of February. In former years he always celebrated the day with great *clat*, and a number of friends from a distance were always present at the banquet which the poet gave in the evening. This year, probably for the first time, the day, no doubt, passed off without a celebration.

The French Government has conferred the cross of the Legion of Honor upon M. San-

deau, the former law-partner of Napoleon's minister Billault, and whom the imperial government caused to be incarcerated for years in a lunatic asylum because he refused to surrender certain letters highly damaging to Billault's character.

Ex-King George V. of Hanover is said to be hopelessly insane. The poor man, it is reported, believes that he is not at his villa in Hietzing, near Vienna, but at the palace of his ancestors in Hanover. He often refuses to take food for days, and can be but rarely prevailed upon to take exercise in the open air.

When Alexandre Dumas died he owed his publishers, Michel Levy Frères, in Paris, upward of one hundred thousand francs. The publishers have informed the children of the novelist that they would not make any claim on the property left by their father.

King Victor Emmanuel is in feeble health. His physicians have recently earnestly urged him not to go any more so frequently on protracted hunting-excursions in the mountains, the hardships and privations of which his constitution is no longer able to bear.

The Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia has declared her readiness to devote two-thirds of her whole income during the years 1871 and 1872 to the relief of the widows and orphans of German soldiers killed during the war with France.

Shortly after the conclusion of peace, Victor Hugo and his two sons, Rochefort and Blanqui, will begin, in Paris, the publication of a large eight-page daily paper, with an evening edition of half that size. Its title will be *La République*.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, who intended to purchase a chateau in the environs of Munich, has been politely informed that the Bavarian Government would prefer to have her take up her abode in some other country.

The Marquis de Galiffet, one of the favorites of the ex-Empress Eugénie, lives at present at Monaco, where he is reported to have lost his whole fortune at the public gaming-table.

The circulation of the *Indépendance Belge* increased so rapidly during the war that its stockholders received, on the 1st of January, a dividend of forty-two per cent.

Emile Ollivier, the ex-Premier of France, lives now in Switzerland, on the Lake of Geneva, and is engaged in writing a book on his career as a minister of Napoleon III.

While the German troops occupied Versailles, Edouard Laboulaye had to give board and lodging to from ten to fifteen Prussian soldiers.

The wealthiest landed proprietor in Alsace is a Jew named Lazarus Billigheimer. He is not yet sixty years old, and is worth four or five million francs.

The three Free Cities, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck, have contributed to the German War Relief Fund a larger sum than was received from the United States.

The Queen of Prussia is said to be anxious that, after the conclusion of peace, her imperial and royal husband should abdicate in favor of "Our Fritz."

Jules Favre, the French minister, has steadily refused to receive any compensation from the public treasury ever since he became a member of the cabinet.

The superstitious people of Berlin feel a little uneasy at the reported reappearance of the famous "White Lady" at the royal palace.

St. Petersburg has five daily papers, with an aggregate circulation of sixty thousand copies.

Auguste Villemot, the famous *chroniqueur* of the Paris *Temps*, committed suicide in that city during the latter part of the siege.

Bismarck's second son, who was so severely wounded in the early part of the war, will remain a cripple for life.

The Emperor Napoleon III. is growing very near-sighted. He is no longer able to read or write without using very strong spectacles.

Fifteen new daily papers have made their appearance at Rome since the Eternal City was united with the kingdom of Italy.

The French Credit Mobilier is utterly insolvent, and the Pereire Brothers are reported to be bankrupt.

The widow of Prince Félix Salm-Salm intends to return to the United States.

Miscellany.

The Chinese in San Francisco.

BY REV. A. F. PEABODY, D. D.

THE Chinese form from a seventh to a fifth part of the entire population of San Francisco, and are seen in considerable numbers in all parts of California. They mingle with no other race; they learn or profess to know enough and only enough of the English tongue to transact their necessary business with their employers; and in San Francisco they live almost wholly in their own crowded quarters, which constitute in all respects a city by itself.

In the street they are the cleanest and neatest of people. Every man and boy has his *queue* of hair, as long as himself, nicely wrapped in silk braid, and generally rolled round the head. Their principal garment is a dark-blue, close-fitting frock. Their shoes are of silk or cloth, with felt soles.

Their houses are dirty beyond description. Scores and even hundreds of them are sometimes huddled together in the same building, with blankets for their only beds, and almost their only furniture. In these houses their simple cooking is performed in the long halls into which their apartments open, over furnaces, with no legitimate outlet for the coal-smoke, which leaves its black and greasy deposit half an inch thick on the ceiling and walls. I went into several of their fashionable restaurants, and found them hardly less filthy than their lodgings, yet with a marvellous variety of complicated and indescribable delicacies, which a year's income of the establishment might have tempted me to touch, but certainly not to taste.

Their provision shops contain little except pork, and that seldom in a form in which it would be recognized by an unpractised eye. Every part of the swine, even the coagulated blood, is utilized; and the modes in which the various portions of the beast are chopped, minced, wrapped in intestines, dried almost to petrification, commingled with nauseous seasonings, pique the curiosity as much as they offend the nostrils of the American observer.

Their theatres offer an amazing spectacle. Their performances commence early in the forenoon, and last till midnight. Their plays

are said to be historical, and they are often continued for several days. The scenery is simple, cheap, and gaudy, and is never changed. The costumes are splendid, with a vast amount of gilding and of costly materials, but inexpressibly grotesque, and many of the actors wear hideous masks. The orchestra consists of a *tontom* (which sounds as if a huge brass kettle were lustily beaten by iron drumsticks), and several of the shrillest of wind instruments. The noise they make may be music to a Chinese ear, but it consists wholly of the harshest discords, and each performer seems to be playing on his own account, and to be intent on making all the noise he can. This noise is uninterrupted, and the actors, who are all men (men playing the female parts in costume), shout their parts above the din in a falsetto recitative, monotonous till toward the close of a speech, but uniformly winding up with a long-drawn, many-quavered whine or howl. The performance is for the most part literally acting. A crowned king or queen is commonly on the stage, and almost always comes to grief. Parties of armed men meet on the stage, hold sham fights, kick each other over, and force the sovereign into the *mélée*. Then a rebel subject plants both his feet in the monarch's stomach, knocks him down, and himself falls backward in the very act. Thus the fight goes on, and gathers fury as its ranks are thinned, till at length the whole stage is covered with prostrate forms, which lie for a little while in the semblance of death, then pick themselves up, and scud off behind the scenes. The actors live in the theatre, though they might seem to have no living-room. I went into the principal theatre one morning, before the actors, who had been performing until a late hour, had risen; and I found them lying in one of the passage-ways in several tiers of holes, so nearly of the size of the human body that they could only have wormed themselves in feet first.

The Chinese exercise, with marvellous skill, all the mechanical arts and trades, and have as large a variety of shops as the Americans, with wonderfully rich assortments of goods, including works in wood-carving, ivory, and filigree, and can nowhere be surpassed in delicacy and beauty.

Their temples or joss-houses, are small upper rooms, with hideously-grinning idols, overlaid with tinsel, and covered with tawdry ornaments, on an elevated platform at the extremity of the apartment. Before these idols a dim lamp is always burning, and a table is spread for votive offerings, which are generally cups of tea or fruits.

These people are by no means unintelligent. It is said that there are none of them who cannot read, write, and cast accounts; and there are among them some men of high education, polished manners, large business, and friendly yet never intimate relations with their brother-merchants.

There is a mission-house, with a school and a chapel; but the missionary, an intelligent man and an indefatigable worker (by-the-way, my guide and mentor among the theatres and gambling-houses, in which he seemed very much at home, on the principle of becoming all things to all men), told me that he had gained a firm hold on very few; that he found it almost impossible to keep a small congregation together through a very short service, though many came in to listen for a little while; and that the slightest disturbance in the street, even the passing of a hand-organ, would empty instantly his chapel.

A Fight with a Bear.

"I was out with another man, prospectin' for gold in the woods. Somehow, we got apart

from each other. As I went along, I heard a quick step after me, and looked round, thinking it might be my mate coming up. It was a grizzly, running right at me, with his tongue out, and a kind of wicked look in his eye that I don't forget. I drew my six-shooter, and fired, by a sort of instinct, hardly knowing what I was about. We found out, afterward, that I had hit him; but he didn't seem much to care at the time. On he came, quickly as ever, and I took to my heels through the woods. As I ran, I could hear the brute panting behind me, nearer and nearer. I thought I was fairly 'gone up;' but the love of life made me run on, and it might have taken him some time to catch me, only I tripped over a log and fell flat on my face. In a second the bear had me fast by the leg. It was well I was on my face; or he'd just have scratched me open with his paw; for that's the way they like to begin. I declare to you, as he shook me and gnawed me, I remember swearing at the brute, just as if he was a man and understood. The pistol was still in my hand, and I put another bullet into him. He went on chawing at my leg. So I put a third bullet into him. He just chawed on. Then I remember thinking—though the thinking didn't take long, you may be sure—where I should have my last shot, before I fairly caved in. I chose a spot behind the ear, and gave him a fourth barrel. The brute fell over, stone dead; and I was able to get up. Presently, up came my friend, calling out—'Was that you firing?'—'Yes,' I said, 'that was me firing.'—'What at?'—'Why a grizzly nas had me down, and I've shot him.' My friend, seeing my leg bleeding, wanted to carry me off at once to the wagon; but I told him I wouldn't stir till I had that brute's skin; and—would you believe it?—we just sat down, took our knives out, and skinned the bear, before ever we moved from the spot.

English Adulterations.

We Londoners are poisoned in the water which we drink, poisoned in the gas with which we light our houses, we are poisoned in our bread, poisoned in our milk and butter, poisoned in our beer, poisoned in the remedies for which, when these horrible compounds have produced their consequences, we in our simplicity apply to our druggists, while the druggists are in turn cheated by the swindling rogues that supply their medicines. We have escaped, some of us, out of the hands of our grocers, for in despair we have set up establishments of our own. The grocers, we perceive, threaten us with actions for conspiring to defraud them of their honest gains. There was a time when drunkenness was as rare in England as it is now in France or Spain. Eighty millions a year are now spent among us upon wine, and spirits, and malt liquor, five-sixths of it perhaps by the working-men upon stuff called beer and gin. The artisan or the journeyman, exhausted by the gas-poisoned air with which his lungs are loaded, and shrinking, when his day's work is over, from the stifling chamber which is all that society can afford as lodging for him and his family, turns aside as he goes home to the pot-house or the gin-palace. His watered beer is raised to double strength again by nux-vomica and cocculus indicus, and salted to make his thirst insatiable. His gin is yet some viler mixture—a minimum of pure spirit seasoned with white vitriol and oil of cinnamon and cayenne. Drunk, and with empty pockets, he staggers home at last to his wife, who must feed and clothe herself and him and his miserable family with the few shillings which she can rescue out of his weekly wages. She, too, often enough, grows desperate, and takes to drinking also. The

result is, that half the children born in England die before they are five years old. The death-rate over the whole country is double the death-rate in Canada. And a minister of state rises in his place in Parliament and declares, amid general cheering, that the condition of the working-classes is supremely satisfactory, and that he holds convincing proof of it in the increasing returns from the excise!

Jim Bludso.

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—they engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike.
A keersless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row;
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And, if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
And her day come at last:
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle, she *wouldn't* be passed;
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed with rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was running and cursing, but Jim yelled
out,
Over all the infernal roar:
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore!"

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
boat,

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

The Emperor of Germany.

The history of this venerable old title affords, no doubt, strong and singular evidence of the durability of ancient impressions of superstitious loyalty. A philosopher may think as he pleases of a title, but the owner of it possesses a power in the world which even the philosopher cannot afford to ignore. The Roman military name of emperor passed to the

sovereigns of the Roman world; its honor was divided, A. D. 395, between the Emperors of the East and West; died out in the West in 475; was renewed by Charlemagne in 800. But then, and for centuries after, it implied some sort of imaginary divine right of government over Western Christendom in general—a Christian caliphate, so to speak. And for seven centuries no German emperor was so styled until he had been crowned in, or at least visited, Rome. The successors of Charlemagne and Otho, says Gibbon, "were content with the humble names of Kings of Germany and Italy till they had passed the Alps and the Apennines to seek their imperial crown on the banks of the Tiber." Maximilian I., Mr. Carlyle's favorite "White King," was the first to break through this venerable usage in 1493, styling himself "Roman Emperor elect," and thereby to dissolve the imaginary connection between temporal and spiritual. Charles V., his son, reverted to the old practice; but with him it ended. Ever since his time even the antiquarian connection between Germany and Rome has ceased. And it is remarkable, as bearing on present contingencies, that, although by old recognized usage certain special characteristics are required in the personage who aspires to the dignity, he must be a Frank or a German by descent, of noble birth, eighteen years of age, a layman, and, according to the Golden Bull, a "righteous, good, and disinterested man;" there is no prescription to which confession he should belong. Ever since the Peace of Westphalia the electors might lawfully have chosen a Protestant; but the ceremonies to be observed at the coronation evidently imply that the recipient of the honor belongs to the Church of Rome. There is certainly something of an anachronism and an anomaly to enthusiastic minds of antiquarian tastes in the idea of a Protestant Emperor of Germany; though why more so than in that of Protestant abbots and abbesses, canons and canonesses, all of whom have existed in Goethe's "many-colored" old empire, it would be difficult to say.

A New Anecdote of the Revolution.

When Washington determined to cross the Delaware and surprise the Hessians at Trenton, his plans were discovered in some way by a Tory family living on the Pennsylvania side. A young man of this family was dispatched across the river to warn the Hessian commander, Colonel Rahl. He reached Trenton in safety, and, going to Colonel Rahl's headquarters, asked for an interview. This was refused by the sentry at the door, who said that the colonel could not be disturbed, that he was particularly engaged. After several ineffectual efforts to obtain an audience, the young man went away, leaving a note, with the request that it should be given to Rahl immediately. This note contained the information that Washington would cross the river that very night. It was carried to the colonel, who was engrossed by a game of chess. Hearing that it had been left by a young man, and apprehending no danger, he put it into his pocket, and went on with the game. Before morning light he was roused by the fierce attack of the Americans, who drove in his pickets, and came suddenly upon the main body of the bewildered Hessians, who fled in all directions. Colonel Rahl mounted his horse, gallantly but vainly endeavored to rally his disordered troops, and, as he rode back toward Trenton, after going some distance into the country, he was mortally wounded by a musket-ball. He fell from his horse, was carried into a house (still pointed out), and died. In his pocket, after death, was found *unopened* the very note

the young man had left for him the night before. So the story runs.

The New King of Spain.

A letter from Madrid, of January 7th, says: "The young king is winning the hearts of all by his simplicity, generosity, and good-nature. On Monday he took possession of his palace. On Tuesday he sent away all the cannon in front of it, and all the guards inside except fifty. The dinner-carte of twenty-four dishes he has cut down to four, and he has shut up half the apartments in the palace destined for the use of the royal family. He refuses to be driven with more than two horses, or with more accompaniment than an outrider in front and a lackey behind, with but one or two of his adjutants inside with him. Fearfully cold as it has been, he insists on an open carriage. He rises early. The first morning he called for his breakfast at seven. It was not ready. The mayordomo told him they had not expected his majesty would breakfast till eleven or twelve. Off goes the king, with one adjutant, to the Hôtel de Paris, and breakfasts there! He orders the palace-gates to be locked and the lights put out at midnight. He himself, so far, has retired to rest soon after ten. These un-royal habits, or, I may better say, un-Spanish habits (for here the natives breakfast at eleven, and go to bed when the cock crows), are creating great astonishment. He has had one or two receptions of officials, at which he has abolished the hand-kissing of royalty for the hand-shaking of democracy. He yesterday gave one thousand pounds to the poor of Madrid, and another thousand pounds to the needy among the citizen militia. He is soon to hold a review of the troops, and insists on reviewing the militia also. He walks about the streets, goes visiting and shopping without any escort, and accompanied by only one or two adjutants. . . . Learning that the public school-masters are many months behindhand in their pay, he has told Minister Moret he will touch none of *his* pay till their claims are satisfied."

Cruikshank and Dickens.

An American in England, who had laid a wager that Cruikshank had illustrated six of Dickens's works, wrote to the artist, and received the following answer:

303 HAMPESTEAD ROAD, N. W. (LONDON),
November 12, 1870.

DEAR SIR: You have lost your wager, for I did not illustrate the works of the late Mr. Charles Dickens to the extent that most people suppose; but I am not surprised at the fact of their being misled, for the other artists employed upon his works imitated my style as closely as possible, and hence the public supposed—as Dickens wrote under the name of "Boz"—that I designed and etched under the name of "Phiz," but who was a very clever artist of the name of Hablot K. Browne. I was, however, the first artist to illustrate any of Mr. Dickens's writings, and the earliest of these was the first volume of "Sketches by Boz" (January, 1836), and the next was the second volume under this title, the greater part of which was written from my hints and suggestions. Some time after this, Mr. Bentley started his *Miscellany*, appointing Mr. Dickens as editor, and myself as illustrator; and the first plate in that work is a design of mine, which Mr. Dickens wrote up to. There was also a woodcut of a beadle, etc. Then followed (1839) "Oliver Twist," which was entirely my own idea and suggestion, and all the characters are mine. And this will account for the fact of "Oliver Twist" being very different from

any of his other writings. When Mr. McCrone, the publisher, died (he having published the "Sketches by Boz"), a volume was brought out for the benefit of his widow. Mr. Dickens wrote some part of this, which I illustrated—and these are all the designs and etchings that I did to illustrate the works of that author. I am preparing to publish an explanation of the reason why I did not illustrate the whole of Mr. Dickens's writings, and this explanation will not at all redound to his credit. With respect to the American editions of Mr. Dickens's works, there may be copies of some of my designs therein, but none by the hand of, dear sir, yours truly,

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Ruloff.

That a high development of the intellect is compatible with unspeakable corruption of heart, is well exemplified in the case of Edward H. Ruloff, the murderer. It is often assumed that, if men devote themselves to science and the higher departments of literature, it is sufficient evidence that they are actuated by sound moral principles, and incapable of great crimes. Ruloff understands this, and points triumphantly to the fact that no small portion of his life has been spent in scientific pursuits. At his recent trial he referred to his work on the origin of language, and asked if it was probable that a man engaged in such pursuits could be a burglar and a murderer. An artist of no mean skill, the master of six or seven languages, an author, versed in legal lore, he would pass in any ordinary society as an intelligent, highly-educated man. And yet the evidence appears conclusive that his life has been filled with the darkest deeds; that he has associated with robbers and cut-throats, plotting crimes for them to execute; that, after living with his wife for two years, he murdered her and her infant daughter, and sunk their bodies in the waters of Cayuga Lake; and that he recently murdered a clerk who was guarding his employer's property—that he is, in short, another Eugene Aram. It had been the firm conviction of many persons for years that he was supremely wicked; but his education and accomplishments shielded him. With all the evidences of his guilt before us, it is difficult to believe that a man who has devoted so many years to intellectual studies, and is so absorbed in them that while confronting death he pursues them, and weeps only at the thought that he may have to leave unfinished a literary work on which he is engaged, has been guilty of the crimes charged against him.

Cigars and Beards.

It took a long time to establish free trade in tobacco and hair among the habits of English society. A cigar and a beard, a few years back, were considered indications of skeptical views and socialistic tendencies. Few men were to be seen smoking in public; and one only in London had the courage to defy the multitude by wearing a beard. He was then member for a manufacturing constituency. He did not live to see the change which occurred a few years later. The beard, which had subjected him to so much abuse, cropped out in the army, the navy, and the civil population. It was suddenly discovered to be convenient and ornamental; and the faculty pronounced it to be a natural respirator.

The baker wore it to exclude the flour from his lungs; the railway-guard to keep off the biting wind; the dandy to acquire manly beauty; and the gentleman with a mouth like the orifice of a carpet-bag, garnished with a double row of piano-forte keys, resorted to a beard to hide the sharps and flats from the public eye.

The bar made a move; but it was repressed by the stern attitude of the judges. False hair on the head might be necessary, but real hair on the chin was too bad.

The churchmen were bolder and more successful. They remembered that, though Joseph shaved, tradition has led to the belief that other Scriptural characters did not. Thus encouraged, they dared to brave the frowns of the bishops; and long beards now wag from many a British pulpit.

There was a fall in the value of razors; and an American gentleman of that day, stroking a long fringe that covered his throat, was heard to remark that "shaving is labor without wages, and that the material you cut off is of no value in the market."

How to get the Men to Church.

"My dear parson, I am delighted with your sentiments," said the professor, confidentially, as they walked together into the smoking-room. "They have given me so much pleasure that, in return, I must communicate to you an important secret. It's a scheme I have long entertained for setting the Church of England on its legs again."

"Sir!" ejaculated the divine, indignantly. "It can stand perfectly well without your help, I do assure you. The religious census returns—"

"My good sir," interrupted the professor, "that counts the ladies. There is no doubt whatever that a great number of females do attend the services of the Church; but, unhappily, if you glance round you, even from your own pulpit, you see many more bonnets than bare heads. Come, confess it. The men don't come as they should do."

"Well, then—for argument's sake—they don't."

"Just so. Now, I've a plan to make them."

"Some new-fangled absurdity of yours, professor, I'm afraid."

"Not at all, my dear sir. I propose to revive an old and revered custom, which is spoken of by Sir Walter Scott as being in use in some of the out-of-the-way kirks in Scotland—those, I suppose, 'above the pass.' If you will only adopt it, I promise you would get nine male hearers where you now get one. It's nothing wrong, as you think; it's something we are just about to do ourselves." Here the professor dropped his voice to a stage-whisper—"Let 'em smoke!"

Condition of England.

When the last shot had been fired at Waterloo, Great Britain was indisputably the first power in the world. From that day to this we have run a career, almost without a check, of what has been called unexampled prosperity. Yet at the end of these fifty-five years English officers tell us that they can scarcely show their faces at the *table d'hôte* in Germany without danger of affront. English opinion is without weight. English power is ridiculed. Our influence in the councils of Europe is a thing of the past. We are told, half officially, that it is time for us to withdraw altogether from the concerns of the Continent; while on the other side of the Atlantic Mr. Emerson calmly intimates to an approving audience that the time is not far off when the Union must throw its protecting shield over us in our forlorn decrepitude. We are still able to make ourselves hated; we cannot save ourselves from being despised; and, however we may resent the attitude which the world is assuming toward us, we are painfully aware that we owe our exemption from immediate danger to our geographical position alone, and that, if our fleet were

accidentally disabled, and a well-appointed army of a hundred thousand men were thrown upon our shores, we could offer no effective resistance.—*J. A. Froude.*

Mr. Robert Buchanan's new poem, "Napoleon Fallen," closes with a chorus, or epode, giving a lyrical description of the millennium. It is interesting to observe that he is sound on the woman-question; although rather perplexing to be told in one stanza that there are to be marts, and in the other that there shall be neither buying nor selling in the New Jerusalem:

"In the fair city then,
Shall walk white-robed men,
Washed in the river of peace that watereth it;
Woman with man shall meet
Freely in mart and street,
At the great council-board woman with man shall sit.

"Hunger and thirst and sin
Shall never pass therein;
Fed with pure dews of love, children shall grow;
Naught shall be bought and sold,
Naught shall be given for gold,
All shall be bright as day, all shall be white as snow."

Varieties.

THE most beautiful girl in the United States lives near Lincoln, Ill. Her hair is of that particular hue that a field of ripe wheat throws toward the setting sun. Her eyes send forth a light so effulgent and magnetic, that strangers become spellbound under its influence, and stand rudely gazing. Her cheeks bear a bloom like the sunny side of an early peach. A pearl would seem almost black beside her teeth. Her form is so graceful that men worship her before seeing her face. Her hands suggest the idea of waxen fingers tipped with vermillion. Her smile seems actually to illuminate her presence; and when she laughs, the listener fancies he hears sweet music in the distance.

An Iclander, referring to the fact that the singing of swans has long been asserted by naturalists to be a vulgar error, writes to *Nature* to say that these birds actually do sing, and that he has heard them. In a shallow frith on the west coast of Iceland, near which he lived for nine years, hundreds of swans gather during the summer months, and he asserts that in the morning their singing is so loud that it can be heard miles away, and the mountains on both sides ring with the echo of it; and it does not at all resemble the cackling of geese, or the quacking of ducks.

A romantic story comes from the African diamond-fields. A sweet-looking Koranna girl went to a young Englishman's claim and began hunting for diamonds. He was too gullible to drive away a girl, and, when she picked up a gem, he promptly offered his hand in marriage, and vows he will introduce his wife to his gentle English family as an African princess.

The curious fact that a needle or other steel wire inserted in a living body will immediately become oxidized, while, if the body be dead, no oxidation will take place, was recently brought to light by Dr. Laborde, of Paris. This is a simple test as to whether death has taken place, and will be available in cases of trance or catalepsy.

A Moravian missionary, after forty years' work in Greenland, reports: "In all Greenland there is but one station in the neighborhood of which there are heathen. With this exception, all the Greenlanders now profess Christianity." What shall we do with the popular missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains?"

The completest pun in the records of literature is produced in the following words, which were inscribed on a tea-chest: "*Tu doces*," which is the second person singular, present tense of the Latin verb *docere*, I teach; and when literally translated, becomes "Thou tea-chest."

When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him. "Is there not," said he, "a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? Come, tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him."

They are exhibiting a panorama of New-York City in the South which gives a view of more than ten thousand horses and carriages and upward of one hundred thousand of its people, seven and a half miles of shipping and steamers, processions, military companies, bands of music, etc.

Out West they tell a story about a dog which was greatly interested in music. He attended a singing-school, and was subsequently found in the back-yard with a music-book in front of him, beating time with his tail on a tin-pan, and howling "Old Hundred." A fact for Darwin.

A striking illustration of the saying, "The pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript," was that of a young lady, who, having gone out to India, and, writing home to her friends, concluded with the following words: "P. S. You will see by my signature that I am married."

The only chapter in the Bible (the last chapter of Proverbs) written by a woman (the mother of King Lemuel) contains a plea for woman's wages: "Give her the fruit of her hand, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

A wonderful brick-machine has been devised by a French prisoner in Magdeburg, since his confinement there. Before the war, he was a poor day-laborer; but he has sold his invention to a German firm for fifteen thousand thalers.

A Virginia paper cites as a remarkable instance of the efficacy of abstaining from medicine a lady in that State who has reached the age of ninety-six, and throughout all the long years of her life has taken but three pills, and has buried three husbands.

It is said that the reason why the Russian Government is so slow in availing itself of the advantages of the electric telegraph is that they object to one of the important preliminary arrangements, namely—the elevation of the Poles.

There is a paper printed in the Cherokee Nation in the "native dialect." An Arkansas editor says: "It is the worst specimen of pickled tongue we ever saw. It looks as though a nitro-glycerine explosion had occurred in a type-foundry."

A court, in Michigan, has decided that a physician is not warrantor or insurer of a case, and he is not to be tried for the result of his remedies. His only contract and duty is to treat the case with reasonable diligence and skill.

Military men have discovered a new remedy for intoxication. It is nothing more than raw potatoes cut up into slices, and eaten without salt. An ordinary "murphy," it is said, will cure the most obstinate case in half an hour.

It is a curious fact that most of the great musical composers have been childless. Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Corelli, Pergolesi, Rossini, Spontini, Auber, Wagner, and Schumann, are among the instances.

A Frenchman is content with one-sixth of a pound of animal food per day, an Englishman consumes not less than half a pound, and an American demands from half a pound to a pound.

George Eliot hints that the rustic practice of chewing the end of a straw may be some faint reminiscence of the time when the human animal was graminivorous.

There is a Serbian prince in the Prussian army whose name is so long, that a company of engineers have been ordered to level down the consonants and use it as a pontoon-bridge.

Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune. The meaning of this proverb appears to be this—that it is much safer to go over the seas than to get half-seas over.

A young lady wrote some verses for a country weekly about her birthday, and headed them "May 30th." It almost made her hair gray, when it appeared in print "My 30th."

A Boston lecturer says he lived next door to Hawthorne for four years, and saw him only twice in all that time. Hawthorne always was rather lucky.

Rochester calls itself the "Flour City," or the "Flower City," just as it chooses, for it is unequalled in the country both for the extent of its mills and its nurseries.

It is said that in Belgium the butchers habitually use laurel-oil on the door-posts and windows, with great success, for the purpose of keeping away flies.

A chap who was told by a clergyman to "remember Lot's wife," replied that he had trouble enough with his own, without remembering other men's wives.

Nurse: "I cannot allow butter and jam, too, on your bread, Master Alfred. It is very extravagant."

Master Alfred: "It can't be extravagant, Mary, if the same piece of bread does for both."

In Canada all women, whether maids, wives, or widows, who pay taxes in their own right, are entitled by law to vote for school-inspectors.

When Oscar Hayes, an old body-servant of ex-President Polk, died not long ago in Columbia, Tennessee, the town was draped in mourning.

About one hundred persons in New-York City profess the faith of the "Orthodox Greek" Church.

A poem in an agricultural paper, called "Song of the Farmer Boy," very appropriately commences with "Ho! brothers, ho!"

A catalogue of eighteen hundred and twenty-three works on the occult sciences has been printed at Moscow.

The Zoological Garden, in Florence, has just had the first success in Europe in breeding ostriches.

Rain is annually becoming more frequent in Egypt, in consequence of an extensive increase in the cultivation of the palm there.

The asphalt pavements in Paris, during the siege, were, it is stated, exclusively used for fuel in the chocolate-factories.

A Chicago girl says she does not get married for the reason that she does not know whose husband she might be marrying.

A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

A Richmond writer advocates charging an admission fee to church service, instead of selling pews yearly.

What Columbus did—a notion crossed him and he crossed an ocean.

If a woman were to change her sex, she would be a he-then.

A little girl wanted her father to go to the loafer's and get a loaf of bread.

The worst kind of education—to be brought up by a policeman.

Common suers—lawyers.

London has ten thousand attorneys.

The Museum.

THE Nicobar Islands lie thirty miles south of the Andaman group, in the Bay of Bengal, and consist of nine tolerably large islands. They are very fertile, and the natives are a fine, tall race, copper-colored, and very much superior to the Mincopies of the Andaman Islands. The men are peculiarly large about the breasts, at a distance resembling women; they wear their hair

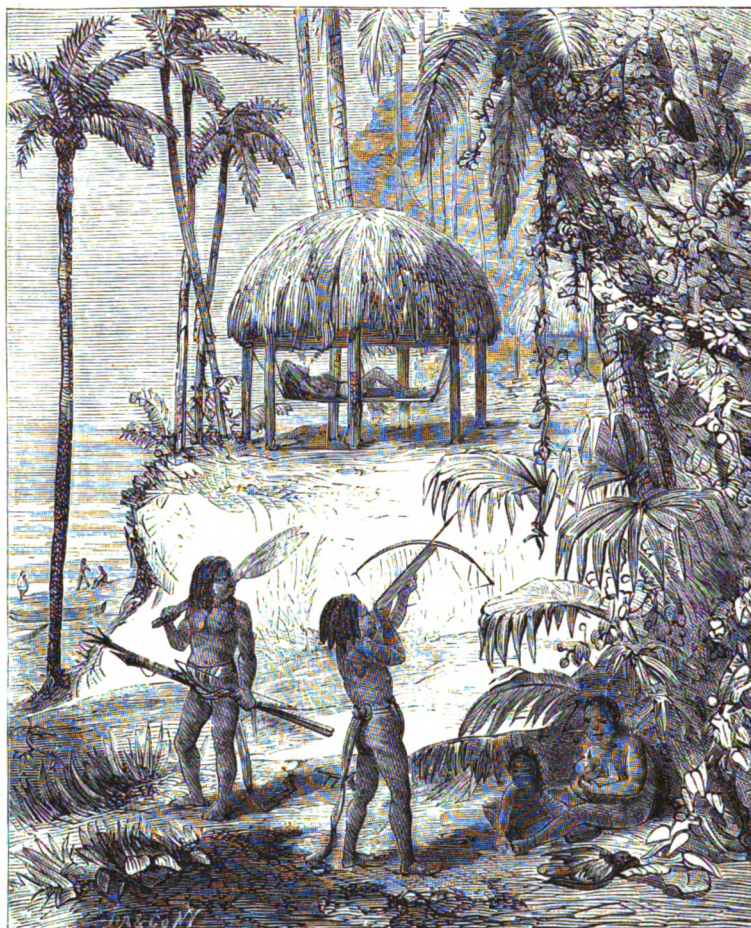
long, parted in the middle, and have no beards. They have one striking peculiarity of dress. In lieu of clothes, the men wear a strip of cloth, never more than two inches wide. This is passed round the waist, under the legs in front, and tucked through itself behind, the end being left as long as possible. They place great value on the length of this appendage, and he is the best-dressed man who wears it the longest; some of the wealthy among them wearing it dragging along the ground for several feet, like a European lady's train. The women do not wear pendants like the men, but have a plaited grass girdle. The character of the Nicobarians is very gentle; they are usually agreeable and hospitable when they suppose no harm is intended. The native weapons of the Nicobarians are very curious. As the people are not of a warlike character, their weapons are used almost exclusively for killing game. The most formidable is a tolerably large spear, headed with iron, which is used for killing hogs, and is thrown like the *assa-gai* of Southern Africa. They have also a smaller javelin for fish-killing, and a number of many-pointed hand-spears for the same purpose. The most remarkable of their weapons is a cross-bow; it is not very powerful, and only propels a small arrow. Its chief use is in killing birds. Besides these weapons, every man carries a cutlass-blade

from which the hilt has been removed, and a handle roughly made by wrapping some six inches of the butt with cocoa-nut fibre. It is intended not so much as a weapon as a tool, and with it the natives cut down trees, carve their canoes, and perform similar operations.

The architecture of the Nicobarians is sin-

gular. The native architect begins by fixing a number of posts in the ground, and erecting on them a platform of split bamboo. Over this platform he builds a roof shaped exactly like a beehive, and his house is then complete. The bamboo platform is the floor of the hut, and, being elastic as well as firm, serves also for a

bed. To this hut the native ascends by a primitive sort of ladder, and passes into the chamber through a hole cut in the floor. The huts are kept peculiarly neat and clean. The open space between the floor and the ground is far too valuable not to be utilized, as it affords a cool and airy shelter from the sunbeams. Under this floor is suspended a primitive sort of hammock, which is a board about six feet in length, slung by ropes. In, or rather on, this very uncomfortable hammock the Nicobarian likes to lounge away his time, dozing throughout the hot hours of the day, sipping palm-wine at intervals, and smoking without cessation. The canoes of the Nicobarians are hollowed out of the trunks of trees, and supported by a slight outrigger. They have a very high and ornamental prow, and are propelled by short paddles. They are very light, and, when properly manned, skim over the water at an astonishing pace. Some of them are nearly sixty feet in length, while others are barely six or seven feet long, and only intended for one person.



A Scene in the Nicobar Islands.

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PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

The publishers of APPLETONS' JOURNAL have the pleasure of announcing the completion of arrangements by which Mr. HARRY FENN will for a time give his professional services exclusively to the prosecution of the series of views entitled "PICTURESQUE AMERICA," which for a few months past has been a conspicuous and attractive feature in the JOURNAL. Mr. Fenn will this spring visit SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, TENNESSEE, and VIRGINIA, after which he will proceed to sections North and West; and, when the summer heats are over, he will visit other Southern localities. It is the design to illustrate every portion of the Union, in a manner far superior to any thing of the kind hitherto attempted, so that in time the series will present a splendid and complete gallery of American landscapes and places. Mr. Fenn, whose vivid and graphic pencil has placed him at the acknowledged head of American draughtsmen, will for the present give his professional labors solely to the pages of APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

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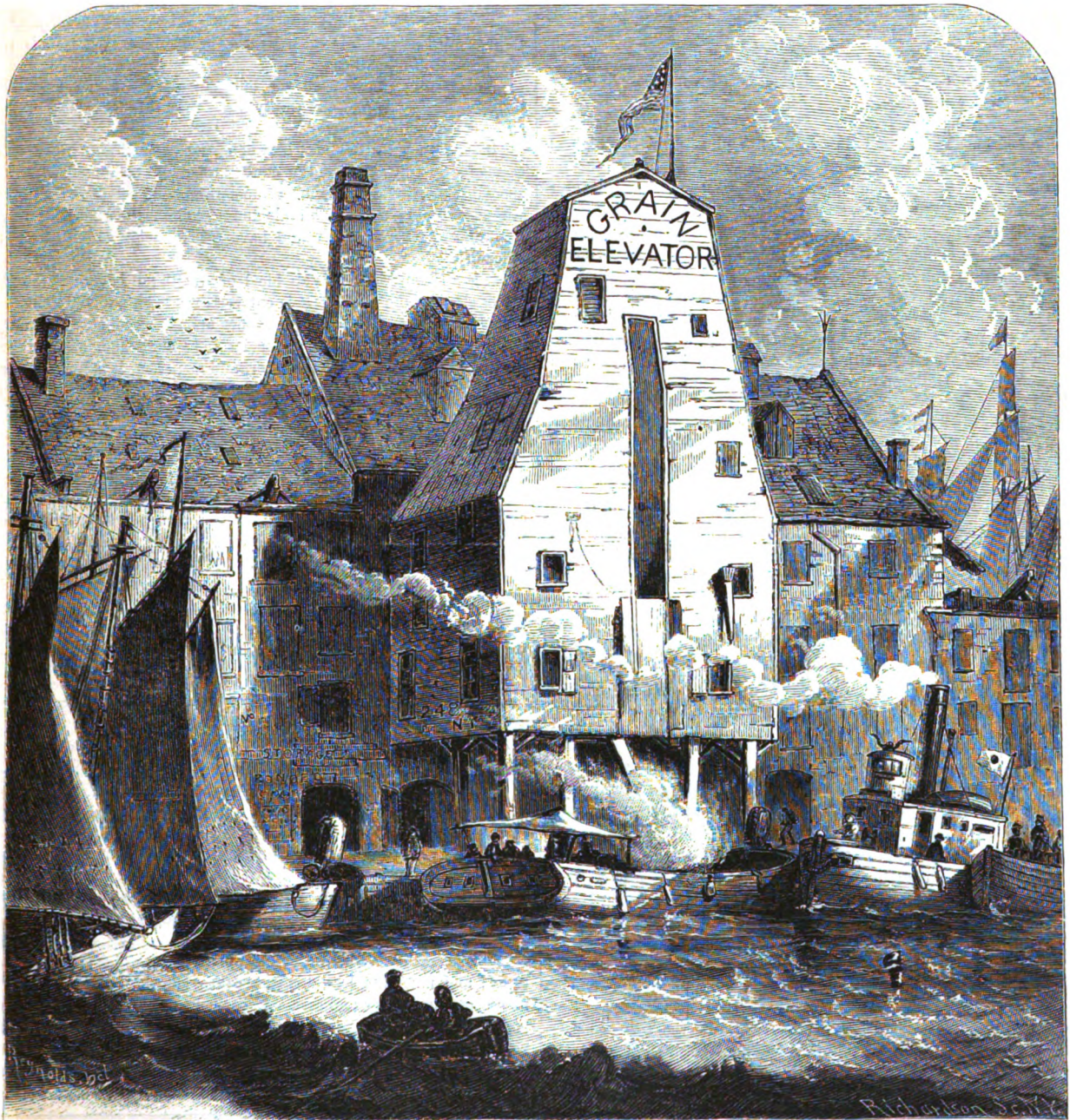
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WITH SUPPLEMENT.



A SCENE AT THE ATLANTIC DOCKS BROOKLYN.

THE ATLANTIC DOCKS.

ONE of the most interesting and useful, and, at the same time, one of the least known to the public, of the institutions about New York, is that which is known as the Atlantic Docks in Brooklyn.

Here were vast expanses of useless flats, unwholesome, sickly, unsightly, and in the way, in 1841; and here is now the greatest grain depot in the country.

Where was once a nuisance, a malarious swamp, is now the depositing end of the Erie Canal, the lap into which is poured the year's work of the Northwest.

Before, it was desolate; now, it is beautiful, for ships and cargoes can never be otherwise.

Years ago the place was mud, and was hateful to the eye; now it is a dock of forty acres, and surrounded with twenty acres of stores, built of brick and stone, and generally five stories in height.

It is a rectangle, a court-yard from the sea, and opens upon the channel by a passage two hundred feet in width.

The piers are built of crib-work, filled in with the excavated earth, and the walls of the heavy stores are laid upon it. On the inside are two other piers projecting into the dock on either side, and built in the form of tuning-forks.

All is concealed from the sailor on the river by the outer rows of stores which stand on the westward side, but, when once within, the aspect is grand and exciting.

Endeavor to see it in October. It is then that the grain carnival is at its height. The place is in a fever, in a glow, from the highest rafters of the lofts to the ground beneath your feet, which shivers with the tremor of the machinery. It will be crowded with ships loading for the Eastern world, and with canal-boats unloading, while on the outside will be heard the piercing whistles of the tug-boats, bringing flocks of ungainly hulks in their wakes, filled to their deck-beams with corn, in a hurry to be emptied.

There are eleven elevators—eleven huge, oblong, upright boxes thirty feet square, two of which resemble coffins of giants. One of them is slate-colored, and overhangs the cart-way like a useful Temple Bar. Another is green, with a slanting roof and bulging sides, and looks ancient and Dutch-like, with a breadth of Amsterdam in its general appearance.*

They hold the machinery for taking the grain from the boats below, for clearing it, and for distributing it, five hundred feet away if necessary. They rise twenty and forty feet above the storehouses, and are monsters of activity and strength.

They have chambers and stairways all through them, are pierced and hung with revolving shafts, and diabolical wheels with cogs. Immense bands of rubber and leather stretch up and down, and the floors yawn into sieves polished and worn with friction, and the atmosphere is filled with dust.

Upon the outer side of each, that is, the one fronting the water, there is a pair of wooden tubes joined at the top and bottom, and which contains a band fitted with tin gutters placed horizontally. The band passes about wheels at either end of the tubes, and the gutters project outward like scales upon an armor suit.

The band passes over revolving wheels, and they and it are boxed in tightly. The wooden tubes are movable, can be let down or pulled up, or pushed in or out.

Much of the grain which comes must be cleansed, for it is thickly sprinkled with fragments of the cobs, husks, and earth. It must come up from the water-level, seventy feet.

Boats with open hatches are seized by the tugs and thrust beneath the elevators; they contain eight thousand bushels of grain. The tubes of wood are thrust into them; a roar and quaking ensues, and in three hours they are sucked dry. Not a pint of kernels remains.

The flood of gold has mounted to the required height like a cloud of steam—it has fallen down again, and, being pure, is again thrust up into long passages which contain revolving iron serpents, which screw the corn a hundred feet on over the roofs of the stores, and then a hundred feet to the right or the left, until the tortured and smoking river finds an open shunting leading slantingly downward. Into this it rushes and falls into a vast, deep, black, heavily-timbered bin, and there it stays until called for.

All the eleven monsters may be doing this at once; not only all

* See the engraving on preceding page.

day, but all the livelong night. Hundreds of boats may be waiting their turns, more hundreds besieging the river-passage, and hundreds more still may be ploughing their hulking ways amid the steamers and ships of the harbor hurrying to disgorge.

Seventy thousand bushels in the twenty-four hours may pass from sea to land through the purgatory of sieves, and into their chambers. Multiply the rack, tumult, and dust, of this one transaction by that of a dozen more, and you have a busy day. Listen to the screaming of steam-whistles; the churning of waters under the spiteful kicks of the tow-boats; the metallic grind of machinery; the hollow, reverberating pour, pour, pour, of the volumes of grain from all heights: witness the clouds of dust which burst from every port-hole, crack, and crevice, and settle heavily down; the black smoke from craters of chimneys; the maelstrom of ships whirling round and round; the casting off and gathering in of hawsers; the violent laboring of red-faced men: feel the shiver of the ground; the ceaseless jar of precipitated tons of grain—and you will have gained the idea of a great struggle, a battle, a fight rather with a nightmare than with an enemy in the open field.

The place is stuffed with plenty besides grain. Every thing that may be hoarded against a market finds a secretion here.

The locality has long periods of somnolence. It gets filled, and it goes to sleep, like a boa-constrictor or a drunken man. It is rich, plethoric, overlaid, heavy.

Hulks from India, from the South, from the China Seas, float lazily up to its wharves, and empty themselves into its capacious lofts, and then go off for more.

It represents the abstract idea of commerce and merchandise. It seems to be a fit place for the education of old-fashioned, highly-respectable martinetes of the most uncompromising schools of business; stiff-necked old parties with seals and neckcloths, to whom failure was ruin, and who began and would have others begin with making the office-fires.

It is a singularity; it is an ideal of wealth; it is among the first of its class in the world. It is enterprising, keenly alive to the manner in which it may improve; it refines upon the economy of handling the property which comes under its influence; and, as a laborer, broker, merchant, keeper, collector, and disperser, it is immaculate.

Its property is fabulous. It is a head, a spring, a spirit, in the doings of the world. It is an exhilarating work to walk in the midst of its treasures, to breathe the strange odors, and see the unusual products in limitless stores. Five million bushels of grain have floated upon its forty acres of water at one time. There have been one hundred and thirty square-rigged ships within its walls, and other craft without number, also at one time. At such moments it resembles a wooden park with forests of trees arising from it, denuded of verdure, but covered with the work of enormous spiders.

It is a place truly worth seeing. Neither Liverpool nor London has its equal, for vessels float in and out at all tides, and gates are needless. Still, scarcely any one in New York knows any thing about it, though there is no sight in the city, or in its neighborhood, more impressive or more characteristic.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER V.—AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

HALF an hour later, Mrs. Annesley's footman was unfastening a large, rusty iron-gate, and holding it open while the flashing carriage rolled majestically through. Then he let the wings fall together with a loud clang, and Mrs. Annesley felt that she was within the domain of Morton House.

It was rather a dreary-looking place into which she had entered; and none the less dreary because showing evident signs of much by-gone beauty and care—dreary with a forsaken air of neglect under the soft November sky, and with the mellow glory of the November sunshine streaming upon it. In all Indian-summer weather, there is a pathos of intangible sadness—even on the bright road, and under its glorious golden woods this was sensibly to be felt; but here

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

it deepened into something almost approaching pain, something which even a nature as wholly prosaic as Mrs. Annesley's could not but feel. "One might believe it was a graveyard," she thought to herself, as her eye swept over the broad, park-like extent around her. A sudden break in the closely-planted trees of the avenue spread a fair picture before her eyes—a picture fair in its decay. True, the noble lawn was thickly strewn with the fallen and mouldering leaves of many autumns, and the once magnificent shrubbery, which on the south side stretched away into far-reaching gardens, was now little more than an overgrown wilderness. But there was an almost regal air of space spread over all; and even neglect could not entirely destroy the matchless landscape gardening that had once been displayed here—the artistic grouping of trees and shrubs, the forest vistas, and the enchanting vicissitudes of light and shadow so skilfully blent and arranged. The avenue was at least a mile in length, and led almost directly to a broad, green terrace, which extended around the house, and from which stone steps descended to the drive below. The house itself was now in sight—old, large, brown, and weather-beaten. Yet notwithstanding all the dreariness of falling shutters and rotting roof, there was something about it which made it not difficult to believe that it had once been the gayest and most hospitable dwelling in the county—a something which had survived all the long twenty years when no feet had crossed its threshold save those of the servants, who once every six months opened the windows and let God's sunshine stream for a brief space into the darkened chambers!—the twenty years when no household-fires had blazed on the cold hearths, when no master's voice or mistress's laughter, or children's merry tones, had sounded along its galleries, or broken the silence of its deserted rooms.

"There only need a few repairs to make it again the most beautiful place in all the county," Mrs. Annesley said to herself, as she leaned forward for a better view of the house, which she was now rapidly approaching—the house that had sheltered her childhood and youth, and from which her husband had taken her a bride. And, as she bent forward in the bright sunshine, and looked at the dark old front, with its lofty stone portico, a sudden vision seemed to rise before her—a vision of a royal-looking girl, with a face that was brilliant as an oleander blossom, with hair that seemed to have caught the sunshine on every thread, with eyes of matchless splendor, with the profile of a Greek cameo, and the bearing of a Greek goddess. She saw this lovely vision standing where Pauline Morton so often had stood, just within the shadow of the arched door-way, wearing the fresh-flowing muslin that Pauline Morton so often had worn, and turning as if to greet her with the winning smile she had seen so often on Pauline Morton's lip. It was only a moment that this picture of the past stood framed there; but so vivid was it that Mrs. Annesley almost seemed to look through the open doors behind, and see the sunshine of long ago falling on the tessellated floor of the wide, cool hall—almost seemed to see the servants passing up and down the broad staircase, the gay faces at the drawing-room windows, and all the life, the stir, the bustle, so long since fled forever. It was only for one moment; the next, the yellow sunshine slept as peacefully as before on the closed door and vacant step.

But the past had not come back in vain even to this woman's selfish heart, and, for a few minutes, she wavered in the purpose which had brought her there. For a few minutes, she remembered how long that roof had sheltered her, how constant had been the kindness, how lavish the generosity she had received there; she remembered the dead who had befriended her, and, for once, the ingratitude she was meditating rose up to reproach her. Then her son's handsome face and gallant presence seemed also to appear on that threshold where she had so long hoped to see him master; and the mother's heart steeled itself again. "It is for him," she murmured; "and I should not hesitate at any thing, however painful, to serve his interest. Besides, it will depend upon herself—that is the only light in which to look at it. It will depend upon herself; and any one else in my place would act as I must do."

As if to give emphasis to her concluding words, the carriage at that moment drew up before the terrace-steps, and the footman was on the ground lowering the steps, and ready to guard his mistress's dress from any contact with the dusty wheels. It was too late to retreat, even if Mrs. Annesley had felt inclined for any thing so recreant. But she alighted at once; ascended the steps and crossed the terrace, her ample skirts sweeping grandly over the neglected; walks entered

the portico, and, finding the door-bell gone, gave a summons with her parasol on the panel. She was forced to repeat it more than once before the door opened, creaking a sullen protest on its rusty hinges, and a gray-haired servant appeared. He looked a little doubtfully at the lady standing before him, shading his eyes with one hand, for the sunlight streamed full in his face; but she smiled at once in cordial recognition.

"Why, Harrison, is it you?" she said. "And so you are back in the old place. How are you?"

"Oh, it's Miss Elinor! I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I didn't know you at first," the old man answered, as he took the delicately-gloved hand she extended, in the momentary clasp of his horny black one. "Yes'm, I'm back. Miss Pauline said as how she would rather see the old faces about her than any new ones, Miss Elinor."

Miss Elinor! Yes, she was "Miss Elinor" yet, to these old servants of her uncle's household; and, although she often met them, and heard the name, it had never brought back the memory of her youth as it did now, when she was standing at the door of Morton House, and heard it from the lips that had repeated to her the messages of friends and admirers in the days gone by.

"And Pauline?" she said, eagerly. "I have been sick, Harrison, or I should have been to see her before this. How is she?"

Harrison shook his head.

"You'll see for yourself, Miss Elinor," he answered; "and I'm afraid you'll be shocked, ma'am. But I'm glad you've come—mebbe you'll cheer her up a little."

"Does she need cheering? Is she sick?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, not sick, but so changed like. It was an awful shock to me, ma'am. I'd never a-known Miss Pauline."

"I am changed too, Harrison. We all change in twenty years."

Harrison shook his head again. "Not like her," he said—"not like her."

Then he led the way across the hall, threw open the drawing-room door, with something of his old formality; said, "Walk in, ma'am," quite grandly, and, after Mrs. Annesley had walked in, shut the door, and left her alone with the chill and the darkness—for it was both chill and dark after the glowing softness of the outer air.

Standing where she had been left, the lady looked round and shivered, as if with a sudden ague. This was one of the suite of reception-rooms, which she well remembered—the first one looking to the front—but the curtains were looped back from the arch that divided it from the adjoining apartment; and, when her eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, she gazed straight into the room where she had been married—straight at the very table near which she had stood, and at the very pattern of the carpet which she had traced with her downcast eyes while the ceremony proceeded. Nay, not more than a few steps from her, was the sofa upon which she sat when Edgar Annesley asked her to be his wife, and told her, in his frank, honorable way, that, although he could never love her as he had once loved her cousin, yet he would be to her a true and tender husband. There was the piano on which she had so often played duets with Pauline—there was her aunt's favorite chair; and there her uncle's whist-table. Turn where she would, some memory of the past assailed her; and exclaiming impatiently, "It is worse than meeting a procession of ghosts!" she suddenly crossed the room, and threw open an end window. The sunshine streamed in as if glad of an entrance; and then she perceived the ravages of time—the mildewed walls, the moth-eaten furniture, the faded curtains. "Repairs are needed worse than I thought," she said, half aloud; and, as she said it, she fell to thinking how well these lofty rooms would look newly fitted; how admirably a rich deep green would do for the one in which she stood; and how well green became the blond beauty of Irene Vernon—the girl of all others whom she most wished to see her son's wife. She was so engrossed by these fancies, that the opening of the door did not rouse her, standing as she was with her back to it; neither did a quiet step which crossed the apartment; and it was not until a light touch fell on her arm, that she started, turned, and stood face to face with the cousin from whom she had parted twenty years before.

They stood and looked at each other—neither speaking for a moment. They had lived together in the past as intimately as sisters; but neither of them had ever entertained a sister's regard for the other. Therefore, they felt no affectionate impulse to rush into each other's arms; and, honest in the present as in the past, they did not feign it.

They did not break into any noisy greetings, or take refuge in the commonplaces of ordinary welcome; they did not even shake hands—they only stood and looked at the faces over which twenty years had passed.

A greater contrast than these two faces presented it would be hard to imagine—one so handsome and well preserved, so smooth of skin, so clear of outline, so suave and smiling of aspect, with not a silver thread in the shining black hair, or even an incipient crow's-foot around the cold black eyes; the other so worn and haggard, so deeply lined and darkened over, so bereft of all beauty save the mould of feature and the magic of glance, so stamped with the dreary stamp of suffering, so marked with the bitter signet of anguish, so utterly lost to all the bright bravery of the world, that, save for a proud nobility which still dwelt in, and redeemed it—save for the lovely pathos of the eyes, and the haughty curve of the lips—there was no depth of tragedy in which it was not possible to fancy that this woman might have played a part.

This, at least, was the first tangible idea which came to Mrs. Annesley's mind, as she saw that not even Harrison's dismal prophecy had prepared her for the extent of the change, and as she recognized how far below the surface that change had struck. *This* her cousin! *This* Pauline Morton! *This* the girl who had gone away in the spring-tide splendor of her youth and beauty! "Good God! I can believe anything of her now!" she thought, as she gazed in mute dismay on that world-worn face.

It was Mrs. Gordon who first broke the silence.

"How little changed you are, Elinor!" she said, in a rich, sweet voice; "and how it brings back the old time to see you again—here!"

"But you!" cried Mrs. Annesley, thrown for once entirely beyond the range of her usual conventionalities—"you! Pauline, for Heaven's sake, what have you been doing to yourself that you look like this?"

"Am I so very much changed, then?" asked her cousin, with a smile—oh, so different from the smile that shadowy beauty had worn who stood in the door-way and greeted Mrs. Annesley half an hour before!

"Changed!" She stopped, abruptly; but the tone that said that much had said enough.

There was a moment's silence. Then the other, taking her hand, leaned forward, and lightly kissed her cheek.

"Yours is the first kindred face I have seen," she said, gently, yet with a certain dignity. "Let me bid you welcome to Morton House."

And in the tone, the action, there was that which took the ground from beneath Mrs. Annesley's feet. She had come, meaning to patronize with all the grandiloquent patronage of her changed position; and one second seemed to place her back on the old level, to which Pauline Morton had once bent with this same stately grace, but never succeeded in making her cousin forget that she did bend. For an instant, Mrs. Annesley caught her breath; for an instant, she almost forgot that she was not again the penniless relation who was bidden welcome to a home she might share, but never inherit. Then she recovered herself, and returned her cousin's caress with more effusion than that cousin's manner seemed to warrant.

"My dear Pauline, those words are more mine than yours. Welcome, indeed—welcome to your old home and your old friends!"

"Thank you, Elinor," her cousin replied, quietly. "Pray sit down."

"Of course, I should have come to you at once, if I had not been ill—really ill. I am here to-day in defiance of the doctor."

"Indeed! I should not think you looking badly. But it was one of your old nervous attacks, I suppose?"

"Yes, one of my old nervous attacks," replied Mrs. Annesley, unblushingly. "They seem to grow worse as I grow older."

"I am sorry to hear that.—You must be tired by your drive. I will order some refreshment."

She moved away a few steps to ring a bell, and Mrs. Annesley had a good opportunity for observing how straight and rigid was the dress she wore, how hideous the cap that covered all save a little of the hair so thickly sown with gray, and how every harmless beautifier of the toilet seemed sternly banished from the costume. When she returned, the latter said, wonderingly:

"Have you turned Romanist, Pauline, and are you going to estab-

lish a nunnery, that you dress in such a style as this? You look like a nun, I assure you."

"If you had ever seen a nun, Elinor, you would not think so," the other answered, with a faint smile. "A nun's face is always sweet and serene—not world-battered and world-worn, like mine."

"Then, what do you mean by this?" and the gloved hand touched the black fabric near it.

"I only mean that I have renounced the world as much as if I had gone into a cloister."

"My dear Pauline!"

"Does that surprise you, Elinor? Ah! you have not drunk the dregs of life, as I have."

"Surprise me? Of course, it surprises me. But I don't understand."

"No, I don't suppose you do. I hope there are not many people who would fully understand.—Do you know what I have come back here for?"

"How should I?"

"True, how should you! Well, I will tell you; for I want to make my intention clear to all whom it may concern, and you are one of those whom it does concern. I have come back to bury myself."

"Pauline!"

"Is there any thing strange in that?" said Mrs. Gordon, with another faint, flitting smile. "Women have done such things before—the nuns of whom we spoke, for instance."

Mrs. Annesley did not answer. She gazed at her cousin with blank amazement, and yet more blank apprehension, which might in time have found expression, if the door had not been suddenly burst open, and a boy of eight or nine years old—a magnificent incarnation of blooming health and beauty—rushed into the room, exclaiming, "Mamma!" and did not pause until he stood by his mother's side, staring with unabashed eyes at the elegant stranger.

"Oh, what a handsome child!" cried Mrs. Annesley, surprised for once into an enthusiastic truth. "Pauline, is this your boy? How like you he is! and yet, how unlike!"

"He is not like me at all," Mrs. Gordon answered, in a hard voice. Then it softened suddenly, as she turned to the child. "Felix, go and speak to that lady; she is your cousin."

Felix did as he was told—extending a hand by no means very clean, but given with the grace of a young prince.

"I am glad to see you, my cousin," he said, quite loftily.

And, while Mrs. Annesley surreptitiously wiped her fingers on her handkerchief, she turned again to her companion:

"What charming manners he has! If he does not resemble yourself—and I can see now that he does not—I suppose he looks like his father."

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Poor child! How young to be fatherless! I presume he cannot even remember—Mr. Gordon?"

"Yes, he remembers him," said Mrs. Gordon, quietly.—"Felix, go and ask Harrison if he did not hear the bell."

"He heard it, mamma," said Felix, promptly. "He's cutting the cake; and I came to ask you if I mayn't have some wine—he won't give me any."

"Certainly not. You can have cake—not wine."

"I don't care about cake, mamma."

"There is no necessity for you to eat it, then, my dear. But we shall see if your resolution lasts when it comes—and here it is."

As she spoke, Harrison made his appearance, bearing a salver on which were set forth the orthodox cake and wine of country hospitality—the former in rich silver baskets, and the latter in slender, old-fashioned wine-glasses. While Mrs. Annesley refreshed herself with a glass of the golden sherry that had been mellowing in the cellars of Morton House for forty years, exchanging with her cousin a few matter-of-course remarks about the weather, expatiating on the beauty of the child, who was still present, and even upon the becoming costume he wore, she was revolving in her mind the altered aspect which the last few minutes had given to the hopes she had so long and so sanguinely entertained.

How easy it is to arrange mentally a supposititious scene and conversation! But when was such scene or conversation ever enacted as arranged? From the moment in which she heard of her cousin's return, Mrs. Annesley's busy fancy had been going over and over again

a rehearsal of the present interview; and each time she had acquitted herself to her own entire satisfaction. She had spoken—suavely patronizing, but uncompromising in her demands; her cousin had answered—gratefully submissive. Not a shade of doubt or distrust of her own powers had crossed her mind; she had believed herself to be absolute mistress of the situation. And, alas! the very first tone of her cousin's voice, and glance at her cousin's face—changed so inconceivably though that face was—showed her the mistake she had made, the self-delusion with which she had been pleasing herself. Memory had played her false—memory, and the vanity that had been fostered by years of unchecked prosperity. At the first glance, she recognized the fact that the Pauline with whom she had been holding her imaginary conversations was but a lay-figure, an automaton of her own creation, which had moved, breathed, trembled, yielded, as her own inclination pulled the wires upon which she had suspended it. The Pauline before her—ah! how could she have forgotten that haughty nature so strangely as to dream of gaining a moment's ascendancy over it? She felt that she was defeated even before she had struck one blow in furtherance of her "plan." This resolution of retirement from the world—why, it destroyed every vestige, even to the very foundations, of the fabric she had so remorselessly reared! The old, bitter hate and envy—the old, still more rankling sense of impotence to harm, even to move, this woman, who had always seemed so unconscious, if not contemptuous, of her enmity—rushed over her soul in a tide of almost suffocating passion. Baffled—defeated—now, as ever before! She could have gnashed her teeth in fury! Baffled—just when she thought success certain! And must she submit unresistingly? Might she not sting, wound, if she could not subdue, this proud nature? She would see.

"Felix, my dear—there is too much noise. Go to Babette, now," said Mrs. Gordon, who by began a romp with the little spaniel which had followed him into the room. "Go!"

"Yes, mamma." And he obediently departed.

Mrs. Annesley cleared her throat nervously, rose, and set down the wine-glass from which she had been sipping, and, returning to her chair, drew it a little nearer to her cousin's before she again seated herself. Then, laying her hand on the sleeve of the close black dress, she said, confidentially:

"My dear Pauline, you quite took away my breath by what you said just now. I am glad you sent the child out, so that we can talk freely. Surely, you do not mean that you intend renouncing society altogether?"

"That is what I mean."

"Impossible! impossible!" cried Mrs. Annesley, assuming an expression of grave remonstrance. "Why, what would the world say?"

"The world of Lagrange, do you mean?"

"Yes. Your own old friends, and those of your parents."

"If the subject interests them sufficiently for them to say any thing, I suppose it will be some of the good-natured things which they used to say of me in the old times. But what does it matter?"

"It matters every thing!—if you do not wish to lose your reputation."

Mrs. Gordon regarded her cousin's face for an instant in astonishment. Then her brows contracted slightly, and a haughty light came into her eyes. "My reputation!" she repeated. "And pray, Elinor, will you tell me what possible connection there is, or can be made, between my voluntary seclusion and the loss of my reputation?"

Mrs. Annesley paused a moment, partly because she was a little doubtful as to what her next words should be—partly with an affectation of reluctance to speak. She looked down at the carpet, thoughtfully—then lifted her eyes to her cousin's countenance, hoping to find there signs of alarm and perturbation. She was disappointed. Mrs. Gordon was waiting quietly for her to proceed.

"Your question places me in a very embarrassing, a very painful position, Pauline," she began, with well-acted hesitation. "But—I think you will agree with me that plain speaking is always best; particularly in a case of this kind, and between friends and relatives."

"Undoubtedly. Plain speaking is always best between people who have a right to speak plainly to each other; and friends and relatives do possess this right," answered Mrs. Gordon, with the dignified simplicity of manner which, to her cousin's elaborate mannerism of dignity, seemed, as it always had seemed, like virgin gold to pinchbeck.

Mrs. Annesley cleared her throat again, and, lifting the top of her *vinagrette*, bent her head and inhaled the salts before she replied, slowly:

"My dear Pauline, I do not know whether you are aware that, to the eyes of the world, your life is veiled in profound mystery; that, until your return, your friends were ignorant of the very name of the man you married; that, even now, the name itself is all that is known. Under these circumstances, is it much to be wondered at that some very unpleasant reports have crept into circulation?—reports which you would be shocked to hear, my dear, I assure you! And, if you take this strange step of secluding yourself from the world, I cannot answer for the consequences."

Mrs. Gordon had listened unmoved to her cousin's words, until Mrs. Annesley came to the last sentence. She smiled then—not scornfully, but with a sort of half-sad amusement.

"Human nature is the same all the world over!" she said. "In the little stagnant pool, as in the great ocean of life, impertinent curiosity and gratuitous ill-nature are the most marked features of 'society.' But, my dear Elinor, I am surprised that you should have forgotten all about my character so entirely as to imagine that the 'opinion of the world' could move me, or give me a moment's uneasiness. Don't you remember how I used to shock you with my disregard for the ideas and dicta of this narrow world around us? And do you think it likely that a cosmopolitan life of twenty years has taught me to rate its importance more highly?"

"Good Heavens, Pauline! You do not know, you do not realize what you are disregarding!—what the reports are—" began Mrs. Annesley, with a consternation which was perfectly genuine—for more and more did she realize that her anticipated power over her cousin had been a chimera of self-flattery. But Mrs. Gordon interposed, quietly:

"I have no more curiosity now than formerly about Lagrange gossip. If it amuses people to talk about me, I have no objection to their enjoying that gratification."

"But, surely, you object to setting a stain on your good name!—on the Morton honor!" cried Mrs. Annesley, driven beyond all self-control by the careless indifference with which the other spoke.

Mrs. Gordon's lip curled in a disdain so contemptuous that her cousin shrank abashed with that consciousness of utter discomfiture in all endeavor to annoy, which had been so familiar and so galling to her in the old days, while the former said, sternly:

"I have returned to my old home, soul-weary and grief-stricken—to seek the shelter of my father's roof, as people sometimes quit the world for a cloister. You tell me that the 'old friends' of my parents and myself are bandying about 'reports' concerning me; that they 'know nothing of my life,' and yet are slandering it! Well, I answer that their gossip and slander are less to me than the hum of the insects around him to the anchorite of the desert; that, for the people who disseminate or believe slanders so false, so malicious, so unprovoked—who dare to suspect my father's daughter of any act unworthy of his name and honor—I entertain a contempt too profound for it to be any thing but passive."

Mrs. Annesley was effectually silenced; but her countenance showed so plainly the dismay, mortification, and chagrin, by which she was literally overwhelmed, that Mrs. Gordon, reading the expression (though not, of course, its cause), and attributing it to a fear of being personally compromised, said gravely, but kindly:

"I know, my dear Elinor, that your ideas and mine do not agree as to the value of the world's opinion. And, if you fear that, you may yourself incur the censure of this opinion—"

"Pauline, how can you wrong me by imagining that I am thinking of myself in the matter! It was alarm for you which, ill as I felt this morning, urged me to the exertion of showing the world at once my position toward you—my estimate of the reports that are in circulation—by coming to offer you the support and advice of a kinswoman."

A smile of irrepressible amusement swept over Mrs. Gordon's face, brightening it into a stronger likeness to its former self than Mrs. Annesley could have believed it possible it would ever again wear. "And have these good people of Lagrange really proceeded so far in their amiable canvassing of my affairs, that you thought it necessary to extend a hand to save me?" she said, with almost a laugh. "I am afraid they would be disappointed, if they knew how much unnecessary trouble they have given themselves. My first order to Harrison, on my arrival, was, that no one but yourself, your children, and

one or two of my oldest and dearest friends, were to be admitted. To all others he was to say that, being in deep mourning, and in deep grief—"her lip quivered with anguish as she spoke the last words—"I must decline society. You see, therefore, that it was premature, to say the least, in the social authorities of Lagrange, to decree ostracism to one who, for reasons entirely apart from any consideration of their existence, had no intention of accepting, far less of asking, their suffrage. It was kind of you, Elinor," she added, with a perfect good faith that made Mrs. Annesley wince, "to wish to throw yourself into the breach in my defence."

"It was useless, I perceive," answered Mrs. Annesley, endeavoring to regain her usual manner, "if you persist in this strange resolution you have expressed. Nothing, which I could say or do would have any effect in righting the public sentiment, so long as you maintain the mystery which was the cause of these dreadful reports. If you would only authorize me to contradict them—to—"

"Excuse me," interposed Mrs. Gordon, quietly. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"But for *my* sake!" urged Mrs. Annesley, who remembered well that she had many a time gained concessions from Pauline's generosity, which Pauline's pride would never have made—"for *my* sake, Pauline! Think what an embarrassing position I am placed in. Pray, reconsider your resolution!"

"My dear Elinor, I cannot do that," answered her cousin. "I came here, as I told you, to seek rest. I married very unhappily, and have suffered much—have suffered so terribly that, but for the sake of my child, I think I could not have lived through all I have endured. This explanation I make to yourself—not for the benefit of the gossips who, it seems, are busying themselves with my name. Yourself, and the few old friends who, I think, have a right to that consideration from me, shall be always welcome here, if—" she smiled—"you and they are not afraid to brave public opinion by coming."

"You do me injustice by the doubt you imply," said Mrs. Annesley, quickly. "But, for that matter, you always did me injustice."

"Did I?" said her cousin, with a softer light coming into her eyes, and a softer tone into her voice. "Perhaps I did; for I was very prone to rash judgment in those wilful early days. I sometimes think that all I have endured since has only been a just punishment for the faults I cherished then. I am glad to believe I did you injustice, and to beg your pardon for it. Forgive me, Elinor—and let us be friends."

She held out her hand, and Mrs. Annesley could not decline to take it. But she hesitated a moment before doing so, and paled slightly, as she said:

"We won't talk of the past, Pauline, for I dare say the fault of our misunderstandings was as much mine as yours. Tell me about poor, dear Alfred. I was so shocked to hear of his—"

"Death," she would have said, had not the sudden ghastly change that came over her cousin's face stopped the word. It was not the acute grief which cannot bear any mention of its bereavement from careless lips, but the presence of an unutterable horror, which blanched the cheek, and gave so deep an agony to the eye, that Mrs. Annesley saw she had made a great mistake, and stammered hastily:

"Pardon me; I did not mean—"

Then Mrs. Gordon seemed to rally with an almost convulsive effort; and, after a minute, spoke hoarsely:

"It does not matter. I—I only have not learned to bear the mention of his name. Yes, he is dead. Be kind, Elinor—do not ask me any more."

Mrs. Annesley could not disregard such a request. She was silent for some time; half from astonishment, half from offended pride at her cousin's reserve. Then she gathered her wrappings round her, and rose with that motion which indicates departure.

"I am sorry I cannot stay longer," she said, "but I dare not risk over-fatiguing myself. I will come soon again, however."

"Pray do," said Mrs. Gordon, cordially. "Give my love to Morton and Adela. Are they not with you now?"

"Morton lives with me, but he is not at home just now. He has been absent for a week or two. Adela is married, and lives in Mobile," replied Mrs. Annesley, telling the truth—but not the whole truth. "Do you remember your old admirer, Colonel French? Well, one of his sons died, and Adela married the other—a very good match indeed."

"Colonel French—the wealthy widower, as you used to call him?"

How strangely such news makes me feel. To think that Adela should be married—and to one of those little boys!"

"I ought to feel old, ought I not? And yet—"

"And yet you feel young, looking at me. Is it not so?"

"I did not mean to say that, I assure you; but you do look shockingly. I hope you will seem more like yourself when I see you again. Good-by. I cannot tempt you even to Annesdale?"

"Not even to Annesdale."

They shook hands, parted—if any thing more coldly than they had met—and, ten minutes afterward, the Annesley carriage was rolling out of the Morton gates.

CHAPTER VI.—WHAT MORTON SAID.

"It is a good thing that Morton is not at home," Mrs. Annesley had again remarked to her daughter, when she finally made up her mind to action in the case of her cousin; and the event well justified that self-congratulation. A fortnight after the visit in which she had been so signally worsted, Morton returned, and, for the first time in his life, asserted his right of interference as head of the house.

"Mother," he said, when they were at breakfast on the morning after his arrival, and the servants had left the room—"Mother, is it true, as I hear, that our cousin, Pauline Morton, has returned among us?"

There was something unusually grave and formal in the tone of this inquiry, something which made Adela French look up and open her eyes; but Mrs. Annesley answered with admirable nonchalance:

"Yes, my dear boy, she has really returned. I forgot that we heard the news the very day you left. How it must have astonished you! It was quite a shock to me; but my nerves are so easily affected I can stand very little. I suppose you heard. Tallahoma, as you came through?"

"Yes, I heard it in Tallahoma," the young man answered, "and, mother, I also heard something else, which cannot be true."

"It is a very sad affair altogether, my dear Morton," said Mrs. Annesley, quietly; "but there is nothing more likely than that you heard some exaggeration of the matter. What was it?"

She asked the question with honest indifference, for, since her visit to Mrs. Gordon, she had felt, so far as herself was concerned, upon safe ground. She knew that she had always been to Morton a sort of enthroned divinity, who could do no wrong; and it was evident that he hesitated now before saying any thing which might seem even the mildest censure on her conduct. At last, however, he spoke.

"I heard in Tallahoma that our cousin"—he uttered the last two words with emphasis—"has come back to her old home, without having received any welcome from her old friends; and that even you, mother, have failed to give her one."

"I should think you would know by this time how much reliance is to be placed in Tallahoma gossip," said Mrs. Annesley. "As usual they have told you something entirely without foundation; and"—with gentle reproach—"I cannot help thinking it strange that you should credit such a thing of me."

"I did not credit it!" said the young man, eagerly. "I was only afraid that it might be so, because public opinion seems dealing so harshly with this poor woman. And you *have* been to see her, then?"

"Of course I have," answered she, promptly. "How could I possibly neglect such a duty? We were raised together as sisters, you remember."

"And has she been here? Mother, she ought to be here now."

"Morton!—what do you mean?"

"I mean," answered Morton, quickly, "that when a woman is slandered is the time, of all others, for her kindred to close around her; and that Pauline Morton's proper place now is under this roof."

"But, good Heavens! why?"

"Why?" he repeated in surprise. "Dear mother, don't you know why? Don't you know that she is doubted, suspected, slandered, if you will have a plain word; and that it is only thus we can pay the debt of gratitude we owe to those whose roof once sheltered you?"

He looked like a young paladin, with the kindling fire on his handsome face, and the shining light in his dark eyes; and even his mother's heart was touched as he lowered his voice over the last words.

"My son, you do not understand," she said, in a grave, troubled

voice—for it was never her policy to come to an issue with Morton. “you do not understand—and you should trust to me in this matter.”

“You know how much I trust to you,” he answered. “But in this matter—”

“Why do you think it necessary to take up your cousin’s cause with so much zeal?” said Mrs. Annesley, as he hesitated in his sentence.

“I thought I had already explained what really does not seem to require any explanation. Seeing any woman in a position of social difficulty, I should not feel myself a gentleman if, believing her injured, I did not make at least an effort in her defence. And when I see my own kinswoman, one to whom I am bound both by ties of blood and obligations of gratitude—mother, can you ask me why I should take up her cause with all the zeal of which I am capable?”

“One word, Morton,” said Mrs. Annesley, who had been watching him during the last speech, and knew to a nicety how far it was prudent to carry open opposition—“one word, if you please. Has it never occurred to you that Pauline Morton may not be the injured victim you seem to consider her?”

If she had sent a rifle-shot into her son’s plate, she could not have taken him more completely by surprise. He looked for one moment in mute amazement at her face, then a crimson flood shot over his brow, and was visible even beneath the black curls that rested on it.

“Mother!”

“Don’t misunderstand me,” said Mrs. Annesley, quietly. “Don’t think that I mean any thing more than I say. I only repeat my question—has it never occurred to you that Pauline Morton may not be that injured victim which you seem to consider her?”

“No,” answered he. “Is she not a Morton?”

“She is, indeed. But, in short, as I told you before, you had better trust to me in this matter.”

“And, as I told you before, that is impossible,” he replied. “Tell me what you meant by such a question.”

But, what Mrs. Annesley meant, it was very hard—indeed, impossible—for her to explain in Morton’s straightforward fashion; for her only real meaning had been to impress him with a belief that the matter was too delicate for his management. She hesitated before answering; and then said more than she had perhaps intended to say.

“I only meant, Morton, that I am sure you would not like to force me into giving countenance to a woman who may not deserve it.”

“God forbid!” said Morton, hastily. “But, mother, surely you consider what you are saying?”

“Is it likely I would not consider?” asked Mrs. Annesley, dreadfully conscious that the exigence of the occasion was forcing her into doing just the opposite. But then it was so necessary to quiet Morton by saying something.—“Is it likely I would not consider? Ah, you don’t know how I have suffered about this, or you would never reproach me for not doing more.”

“Reproach you! My dear mother, I must have expressed myself very badly if you think I meant to reproach you. Pray forgive me, if I have been hasty or disrespectful—but I feel this matter so deeply.”

“You cannot feel it more deeply than I do,” said Mrs. Annesley, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. “My poor aunt, and my dear uncle, what a blessed thing it is that they did not live to see this day! You may think me unfeeling, Morton, but Adela there could tell you that I have been really ill, and about nothing else but this affair.”

“I could as soon suspect a saint of being unfeeling,” said Morton, much concerned, but smiling a little.

“Selfish, then, when I had only your welfare at heart.”

“You could not be selfish if you tried. But I really don’t see what my welfare had to do with the matter.”

No, he did not see in the least, and, what was more, Mrs. Annesley dared not enlighten him. She knew how much he desired to own Morton House, but she also knew that Morton House would be worse than valueless to him if he once suspected that it had been won by such means as those she had not scrupled to propose to herself.

“I only mean,” she hastily corrected, “that neither you nor I can help a woman who is so utterly reckless that she will not help herself.”

“And Pauline Morton?”

“Pauline Morton refuses absolutely to accept any aid that we can give her.”

“Refuses! How? Pray be more explicit, if only in consideration of my stupidity.”

“I don’t see how I can be more explicit, Morton. She distinctly declines to give any explanation of her singular appearance among us, of the death of her brother, or of the absence of her husband—indeed, whether he is alive or dead, nobody knows. She looks as if she might have walked through a furnace of fire, or been buried alive and dug up again, or lived in garrets on crusts of bread, or—done any thing! And she will neither receive her friends nor accept any hospitality they offer.”

Morton, who had risen from the table, was now standing with one hand on the back of his chair, and he did not speak for several minutes. Then he said, slowly:

“Well, all this only proves that she has suffered, nothing more. Surely we may respect this suffering sufficiently to refrain from prying into it. Can the gossips say nothing more of her than this?”

“You can best answer that question,” said Mrs. Annesley, stiffly. “I am not likely to hear what gossips say of my own cousin. But I think it is more than ought to be said of any woman.”

“Mother, that does not sound like you,” said her son, gently. “Remember how often you have agreed with me that misfortune should never be confounded with fault. We have no right to suspect more than misfortune here.”

“Not if Pauline had come back as her position demanded she should come—with some guarantee for her past, and some regard for appearances in the present. Not if she—”

“In one word, if she had not needed your friendship. Oh, mother, that I should hear such social cant from your lips! Her old associates, then, would have been willing to extend their hands to her, if she had not needed them; as she does need them, they consider that a sufficient reason for holding aloof. What a pitiful world it is!” said the young man, with a sudden scorn flashing into his face; “and how much it is alike in every place and condition of life! Mother, one more question, and I have done. I am sure I need not beg you to answer me frankly. Do you, or do you not, believe that Pauline Morton deserves the suspicion that seems to have fallen upon her?”

Was ever diplomacy placed in a more trying position than this? Reply in the affirmative Mrs. Annesley could not, without a more daring violation of truth than even *her* conscience would allow; and, to answer in the negative, would be to undo all her previous work. Clearly, then, the only resource left was that of evasion, and this she employed with commendable quickness.

“Good Heavens, Morton! How can you ask me to decide such a question, and about my own cousin, too? You should be more considerate of my—my feelings!”

“I am asking you to be considerate of the honor of your name, mother,” said Morton, half-sternly. “Do you know what people will say if you do not face that question and answer it boldly?”

“I must consult my own conscience, and not what people will say,” answered she, with dignity.

Morton took his hand from the chair, and made a quick turn up and down the room before he spoke again. He stopped abruptly then, and fastened his eyes on her face:

“Then, mother, you, too, doubt this poor woman?”

“Doubt her?” She hesitated a moment, but saw her way to no other answer than the truth. “No, Morton, I do not.”

“In that case, you consider her unjustly suspected—do you, mother?”

There was something truth-compelling in the direct question, in the earnest eyes, and still more earnest voice. Before Mrs. Annesley knew what she was about, she had uttered a reluctant “Yes.”

But, even after this, she was not prepared for what followed. She was astonished when Morton crossed the floor, rang the bell, and said to the servant who answered it:

“The carriage.”

The door had hardly closed before Mrs. Annesley cried:

“Morton, what does this mean?”

“It means,” said Morton, “that I am going to see our cousin, and that I hope you will accompany me to urge her return with us to Annesdale.”

His mother looked at him in silent exasperation. If she had given way to her first impulse, it would certainly have been one of fierce reproach, since anger was burning hotly enough in her heart against this ungrateful return for all her exertion. But one thing which she had learned in life was the folly of passion. So she curbed herself with the steady curb which long habit had rendered easy, and answered quietly:

"I am afraid you must excuse me. Dr. Reynolds expressly forbade my leaving the house until he saw me again. Besides, Morton, since you absolutely refuse to be guided by me in this matter, I cannot think that I am called upon to expose myself to another repulse for your sake."

"Another repulse?"

"Yes, another repulse. I thought I told you that Pauline has already declined the visit which you wish me to urge on her a second time."

"Did you really urge it the first time, mother?"

"Did you ever know me lacking in hospitality? But, since you distrust me, go your own way, and find who is right."

She spoke gravely, but without any touch of pettishness; and Morton hesitated. Perhaps, after all, she was right—perhaps, after all, he was wrong. Who was so likely to be wrong as himself, thought the young man, with the humility which was his most prominent characteristic. Surely his mother was better able to judge of her cousin than he who had never seen that cousin. In trying to act up to the standard of his chivalric creed, he began to fear that he had not only been very obstinate, but also very foolish. So, after a pause, he spoke quite humbly:

"I have never done such a thing as distrust you in all my life, mother; and I am sure I have no desire to go my own way simply because it is my own way. If you think the invitation had better not be given just at present, I am perfectly willing to defer it. But that is no reason for deferring my visit. Since you cannot accompany me, I am sure Adela will."

He looked at his sister as he spoke; and Mrs. French shrugged her shoulders, as she answered carelessly:

"Indeed, I would not advise you to be too sure, Morton, for I have not an idea of doing any thing of the kind."

"Why not?"

"Simply because I don't choose to."

"Adela!" This was Mrs. Annesley who broke in with a tone half-warning, half-reproachful.

"Well, mamma," was the saucy reply, "you surely don't think I am going to let Morton tyrannize over me as he does over you? When one doesn't mind one's husband, one isn't likely to mind one's brother—do you think so? He must get him a wife, if he wants somebody to go with him whenever he takes a fancy to visit superannuated beauties."

"I did not ask you to go as a favor to myself, Adela," said her brother, a little haughtily.

"So much the better," answered she. And, at that moment, a servant opened the door and announced the carriage.

"I was wrong," said Morton, turning to her. "I do ask it as a favor to myself. Will you go?"

"Not on any account," said the young lady, with emphasis. "Nothing would induce me to go. I hate disagreeable people—besides, the Raynors and Irene Vernon will be here to dinner to-day, and I would not tire myself out for the world. If you will go, that is no reason why I should be so silly."

"Have the carriage taken back, and my horse brought out," said Mr. Annesley to the servant.

After this, there was ten minutes' rather uncomfortable silence in the room. It was broken at last by Adela, who had sauntered to the window, and, with admirable nonchalance, announced the appearance of the horse—adding the gratuitous information that he did not look quite as well groomed as usual.

"Probably not; those scamps grow careless if I am away from home a week," said her brother. He turned to leave the room, saying to his mother, "I shall not be back until dinner."

"But you must be back in time for dinner—don't forget that, Morton," she said, anxiously.

"I shall not forget it," he answered.

When the door closed on him, Mrs. Annesley drew a deep breath of relief, and looked at her daughter, who was still standing by the window. Their eyes met, and Mrs. French laughed.

"Poor Morton, how simple he is!" she said. "I wondered you had patience to fence with him so long, mamma. Do you think he means to spend the morning at Morton House?"

Mrs. Annesley shook her head. "I wish he did," she answered. "He means to spend it in Tallahoma."

"Mamma," said Mrs. French, setting her teeth sharply, "I would make an end of that business, if I were you."

"Suppose you could not, Adela?"

"As if you could not always do any thing you want to."

"Morton is terribly obstinate."

"Morton is like wax in your hands."

There was a moment's silence. Then, not very relevantly, as it seemed, Mrs. Annesley said, "When does Irene Vernon leave?"

"Not before New Year. You know she is engaged to spend Christmas here."

"Yes, I know."

They said nothing further—but, after another minute or two, Mrs. French kissed her hand, and gayly waved it to some one outside the window.

"It is only Morton," she said, as her mother came forward and looked over her shoulder. "I am wishing him good luck."

They both watched the graceful rider out of sight; and Mrs. Annesley, as she turned away from the window, said, with a low and somewhat bitter laugh, "Let him go. He will not be admitted farther than the door of Morton House."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE NEW PEOPLE."

BY ANNIE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "FALSE COLORS," "DENIS DONNE," ETC.

THEY were spoken of in this way with rather a disparaging stress on the second word of the sentence, for many months after they had taken up their abode in Southhill. The shadow of a change fell so seldom over the quiet, retired little place, that its inhabitants made the most of one when it did come—talked about it for long, and speculated about it with a fresh interest, that would have seemed supernatural to the denizens of the busy world, who are afflicted with a change every hour of the day.

Southhill was of a size too large to be called a village, and several sizes too small to be deserving of the name of a town. So the Southhillites compromised matters, and called it, lovingly among themselves, "our place."

It was not an agricultural place, nor did it share in the manufacturing interests of the district in which it was located—a little oasis of inaction in a desert of hard work. It had no strong religious views; it took but a limp interest in politics; it cared nothing at all for the sporting world, and rarely so much as heard of a play or an opera, or any thing appertaining to matters theatrical. It had a circulating library though, which drove a fine, flourishing, healthy trade in novels, and in its midst a substantial old red-brick building, called "The Institute," opened its hearty, honest-looking portals widely twice a week, for "purposes of mutual improvement and recreation."

Society in Southhill was not brilliant, as may be gathered from this brief preface; but, on the other hand, it must be understood that it was "very select." This latter fact the Southhillites carefully impressed upon one another, whenever they gathered themselves together at each other's houses. And it seemed to comfort them considerably that it should be so. Indeed, they may be said to have accepted the circumstance as recompense in full for being very dull, and as substitute for any kind of attempt to regale each other.

The houses were detached for the most part, and were occupied by a set of people who knew "all about" each other. Their worst and their best, their grandfathers, and the extent of their intimacies with every one, the exact figure of their incomes, and pattern and quality of their bed and table linen, were public property. Need it be said that society in Southhill, in addition to being very select, was very censorious?

The aristocracy of "our place," by reason of their being the occupants of the two biggest houses in it, were the Atkinsons and the Dormers. The honors were equal between them, so to say. If the first soared to the height of a carriage and pair and two men-servants,

the second had the best name and furniture, and the biggest conservatory. And if the Atkinsons could boast (as they did frequently) of having had a dignitary of the church on a remote branch of the family-tree, the Dormers could produce a living law lord, which equalized matters.

There was no male head of the house of Atkinson, at the time of which I write. The family consisted of the widow and her three daughters—virgins all, and rather foolish virgins, too, if the truth must be told. They belonged to the genus which defies the curate, and works him offerings of divers colors of needlework curiously wrought. And, for all the return the current curate had made to them, he might have taken the vows of celibacy.

The Dormers were "more happily circumstanced," as Mrs. Atkinson was wont to observe in one of her unexceptionable little set-phrases. Mr. Dormer was extant still, and his only child, a daughter of about twenty-two or three, was in the way of being an heiress in Southhill. This belief, which attached to her, together with the fact of her being prettier than any other girl in "our place," caused her to be watched with a wary eye by the rest of the confraternity, about whom were no such dangerous and snaring possibilities as probable heiress-ship and possible beauty.

The rest of the Southhillites may be put in with a few bold strokes. There were the Jenningses, two maiden sisters with soft hearts and harsh voices, who were always doing good by stealth, to the utmost of their ability. There was the vicar, Mr. Watson, and his family, and the doctor and the lawyer, and their respective wives, and a few retired old gentlemen and ladies, who all marketed, and went to church, and gave mild little tea-and-toast entertainments to each other on exactly the same pattern.

There had been no invasion of outsiders into Southhill for many a long year, when, one day a house, which had stood empty and been the talk of the place for six months, was taken by a stranger. Southhill met in unpremeditated conclave at the butcher's and grocer's in the morning, and at a light repast of muffins and coffee in Mrs. Atkinson's drawing-room in the evening, to discuss the startling fact. The new people had done unprecedented things. They had come down, looked at the Paragon (as the "topic" was called), and taken it for three years about ten minutes after that look. Further, the Miss Atkinsons had it "from the best authority, the very best," that they had not made any of the usual inquiries; were equally careless about the best shops, and the drains, and the church services, and had actually come into the midst of Southhill without a single letter of introduction.

The only fact that had been definitely ascertained relative to the new arrivals was their name. Their name, Kevern, was not bad; but then, on the other hand, it was not good enough to set all doubts at rest. The father and mother were middle-aged people, and the sons and daughters were just grown up, and were as young, handsome, and happy-looking a lot as Southhill had set eyes on for many a long day.

"As far as looks go, there is nothing to be said against them, is there, Mr. Pendrean," Miss Dormer said to the gentleman who has been casually mentioned as the current curate.

"And looks go a long way," Mr. Pendrean answered. And, somehow, his answer fell flatter on her ears than words of his were wont to fall.

"They are going to keep horses, because Robert heard that another stall was to be built in the stable," Miss Atkinson said, with the air of one who was bringing conclusive evidence to bear upon something at least, "so they must have money; but where do they get it, or how do they make it?"

"Retired from trade, perhaps," Lily Dormer suggested; "we must find out before we call."

"The dear bishop used to say one couldn't be too careful about making new acquaintances," Mrs. Atkinson put in; and then Mr. Pendrean asked "how many generations were required to purify gold made in trade."

"Oh! we don't look down on those connected with trade," Miss Atkinson explained, graciously; "but we are obliged, of course, to hold aloof from them. We shall soon detect what society these new people have moved in."

"Shall I go on an exploring expedition into their midst?" he asked, with a laugh in his eyes. And Mr. Pendrean's were very beautiful eyes, and the laugh came into them pretty often, when he was talking to his parishioners.

"If I were in your place, I should be very careful to avoid intimacy," the Miss Atkinsons chorussed; and Lily Dormer tossed her pretty head and avowed that "the Miss Keverns seemed so free and easy, that it would be hard to avoid the appearance of intimacy with them, at least."

"But as they are here, and as they may be respectable, though we know nothing of them," Mrs. Atkinson said, with the large charity that is characteristic of the species, "some of us had better call; we can draw back, if they are not desirable, you know; shall we call and report?"

This was magnanimous on the surface, but the rest of Southhill was to the full as curious about the new-comers as the Atkinsons were. It was kind of her they averred, suavely; but they one and all declined to put the onus on her of detecting what there might be to be detected, and deciding on what was to be decided upon. They would share and share alike. So, the claims of both friendship and curiosity would be appeased.

Mr. Pendrean had other claims than those of his office upon the consideration of Southhill. He was young, he was well-off, he was well-born, he was well-educated, well-bred, and well-read, and altogether an object of much care and thought in Southhill. Marriageable girls, and the mothers of marriageable girls, and, alas! for them, girls who were not marriageable also, gave a good deal of thought to him. It was looked upon as being quite in the order of things that he should take one of the daughters of the land to wife. And after a good deal of heart-burning, and of envy, hatred, and malice among themselves, they had agreed to let Lily Dormer have him without opposition. That is to say, without giving vent to the feeling in so many words, they tacitly acknowledged that hers was the best chance, and, she being a genuine Southhillite, they would not mar it.

Not that Mr. Pendrean had committed, so to say, decided acts or words of preference for her yet. After the manner of young men, he was glad to see as much as he could of the prettiest and nicest girl in the place. But he never sought her in a marked manner. If she crossed his path, he was genuinely and openly glad to see her—far too openly glad, indeed, for the girl's own hopes to be very high. Still, when joked about him, she always bore herself as one to whom he was a little more than he was to the rest of the world. And this she did subtly, after the manner of some girls, without committing herself to any definite statement. It will be believed, then, that it was more in anger than in sorrow that Southhill saw this object of so many hopes, and fears, and conjectures, wend his way on the following day to call on the new people.

Such a charming surprise awaited him. Mr. Kevern (why hadn't it struck Pendrean before?) was the novelist of that name, come down for a spell of country-life, that he might infuse some of the freshness of the same into his books. And his daughters were a brace of bewitchingly-clever and pretty girls, whose only anxiety at present was a fear that they might not be able to follow honorably in their father's footsteps.

"You see, for the name's sake, it wouldn't do to sit down and write twaddle," they were wont to observe, and the fear that they might never be able to write other than twaddle oppressed them at some odd half-minutes of their lives.

"Are there any nice girls here?" Kate Kevern asked, rather anxiously of Mr. Pendrean. "We have only seen old ladies as yet."

"The Miss Atkinsons are a host in themselves," he said; "they are going to bear down upon you to-day, I know."

"Oh! the Miss Atkinsons. Ah! they are some of the old ladies I meant; is there nothing younger in Southhill?—Papa, papa! this is a bad lookout for you; where will you find models for your young women?"

"There is Miss Dormer; have you seen her yet?" Mr. Pendrean said, and Kate Kevern, looking at him narrowly, saw that he had to set his face very resolutely to avoid a transient expression of emotion of some sort crossing it as she questioned:

"Tell me about her—is she young and pretty—do you like her?"

"She's the nicest girl in the place," he said, heartily.

"Humph!" Kate Kevern looked thoughtful. "I dare say I'm foolish to push inquiry further, but would you mind telling me—"

She stopped abruptly and blushed, and when she blushed a light fell upon Mr. Pendrean's mind. Kate Kevern was a remarkably

pretty and nice girl herself; Lily Dormer couldn't hold a candle to her!

"Will I mind telling you what? I don't think I should mind telling you any thing, Miss Kevern," he said. And then the thought that he was really going a little too fast smote him, and he hailed a remark from the youngest Miss Kevern with gratitude.

"I believe Kate was going to ask what constituted Miss Dormer the prettiest and nicest girl in Southhill; and then she remembered that asking for definitions always sounds pedantic and affected; we'll be much more frank than you are, Mr. Pendrean. We'll tell you what we think of your parishioners without giving you the trouble of asking."

"Perhaps, children, he won't care to know your opinion," their father said, with a look and a laugh that convinced the guest that there was great confidence and great peace in the camp of the Keverns.

He went away from the new people to his solitary lodgings very thoughtfully that day. For more than a year now he had been "one of them" in Southhill, so much one of them indeed, that he had come to the part not only of accepting them as they were, but of almost believing that, as they were, they were scarcely susceptible of improvement. But by the light shed by these new-comers he saw those who were indigenous to the soil more plainly and less pleasantly.

"Mr. Pendrean! Mr. Pendrean!" He had reached the door of his own house, and was about to let himself in with that prized symbol of independence and bachelorhood, a latch-key, when Lily Dormer's familiar voice struck upon his ears. He looked round, and there she was, in all her bravery of summer apparel—a gayly bedight butterfly whom it would be a shame for any poor man to take and turn into a household grub.

A pretty upright figure, slender and straight as a dart, robed in the walking-skirt and train, and jacket, and bows, and boots, and bonnet of the period. "Very well dressed for a country-girl," was his critical dictum as she put her ashen-gray gloved hand out to him—"very well dressed and well-mannered too, but lacking a something that Miss Kevern had."

"I'm going to call on the new people," she said, suffering her hand to repose in his.

"That's right," he said, encouragingly. "I have just done my duty in that respect."

"You lost no time in doing it," she said, in a slightly-piqued tone.

"And I was rewarded by finding the young ladies at home," he said, laughingly. Remember there had been no love-making except in the imagination of their friends between these two. But Lily always felt that the possibilities were great, and so was apt to regard any hindrance to them as a positive wrong.

"I've no doubt you did, and that they showed their fairest side to you," she said, waxing savage as she sought to become sarcastic. "I've been to the library, and I hear there that they are little better than pagans—judging from the books they have sent for—"

"Our excellent Miss Whiddle's Christianity must have had a severe shock. I hope she couldn't supply that undesirable class of literature."

"I do wonder at your scoffing and joking about it; but now tell me—shall I call on them?"

"Yes, go; there's a good girl."

"You wish me to show them attention?" she interrupted, with a little eager, confiding air that made him conscious that it behooves a man to be very careful in his dealings with those guileless creatures the girls of the period.

"Well, I think they are people that it will do us all good to know," he said, bluntly; and, though Lily Dormer gave him her softest looks, she could get no other sign or word of peculiar interest in her from him than this: "I think they are people that it will do us all good to know?"

It was rather a shock to Southhill when it discovered that Mr. Kevern actually wrote some of the novels which it devoured with such a voracious appetite. In common with a great mass of our fellow-creatures, the inhabitants of Southhill, though tolerant to novels in the abstract, had a huge distrust of them in the concrete, and a huge dislike to the individuals from whose brains the novels emanated.

"Such things are very well to read," Mrs. Atkinson said, in a flutter of virtue and maternal solicitude, "but, when it comes to intro-

duce one's daughters to the people who write them, I think, Mr. Dormer, we can't be too careful."

"We can't, indeed," Mr. Dormer responded.

He had the hazy notion so general among the rural, wealthy middle classes, that all professors of literature were either mad, bad, or dangerous.

"I think Mr. Pendrean is very weak to go so much to their house," Mrs. Atkinson went on, complacently. "To be sure, he is the clergyman, and a clergyman may go anywhere with impunity; but he is a young man, and we all know what young men are liable to, my dear Mr. Dormer."

"Ah!" Mr. Dormer said, wearily.

It was well known in Southhill to be the dear wish of Mr. Dormer's heart that his only child should compass the capture of the special young pillar of the church whose mission it was to seek to save souls in Southhill. Therefore, Mrs. Atkinson's speech held a double sting for him, implying, as it did, doubt of Lily's powers and of Mr. Pendrean's constancy.

Meanwhile matters were progressing very pleasantly at the Paragon. Mr. Kevern had redeemed the time of his sojourn at Southhill by sketching it and its specialties graphically and remuneratively in the pages of a popular serial. His sons had been studying under the guidance of a tutor in the neighborhood. One daughter had "found the meaning" the beauties of Nature had for her, and was working hard at drawing under the auspices of a distinguished painter, a friend of her father's. And Kate had found the meaning of her heart under the auspices of Mr. Pendrean.

The knowledge had come to her in this way. After a sojourn of several months in Southhill—during the whole of which time Mr. Pendrean was as regular a "daily occurrence in their house as were the daily papers or dinner," as they were wont to observe—words were whispered in the place that came round to Mr. Kevern's ears.

In his happy, careless, unobservant way, the father of the family was in the habit of leaving his girls very much to their own devices. They had been trained more after the manner of boys than of girls, trained to abhor lying, and deceit, and scandal, and pettiness of all sorts, and Mr. Kevern knew that he could trust them thoroughly. But, when these words reached his ears, he took one of the precautions that less reliant parents are obliged to take sometimes—namely, he threw out a warning.

"I find our friend, the good young priest, hasn't been wasting his time quite as much as I supposed," he began, just as they were sitting down to dinner one day.

"Let me give you a glass of your favorite sherry, to enable you to make your meaning clearer," Kate said, laughing.

Mr. Kevern liked to be helped to sherry by his pretty, sparkling daughter; he always fancied himself well up Parnassus on those occasions when Kate played the Hebe.

"I'll give you three guesses at my meaning," he said, sipping his wine; "who'll begin?"

"Mamma shall go first," they chorussed.

Mrs. Kevern hazarded a belief that "Mr. Pendrean had got a living."

"Wrong. Now, Kate."

"That he has Romish tendencies all the time he is letting himself be purged upon by the evangelical Miss Atkinsons," Kate said, laughing merrily.

"Farther off the mark than mamma; one of my sagacious young women would have answered that she 'had a presentiment,' or that 'her heart foreboded' something quite different." Mr. Kevern then said, carelessly: "Come, Meg, it's your turn. Show more discernment than mamma and Kate."

"He's fallen in love, I suppose," Margaret said, indifferently; "they all do it, you know, papa—in real life as well as in your books."

"Oh, wise young judge! you are right; now three guesses at the lady's name."

When the father said that, the mother's instinct caused Mrs. Kevern to glance at her eldest daughter. Kate had hoisted "red flags" in her cheeks, but there was no sign of discomposure.

"Mrs. Atkinson, perhaps," Mrs. Kevern said, laughing. "It's as reasonable to guess that it's Mrs. Atkinson as it would be to say any of the other women of this place."

"No, it's not Mrs. Atkinson," Mr. Kevern said, looking steadily

at the centre vase ; " it's Miss Dormer ; let us all drink to his happiness and prosperity."

And Kate put her lips to her glass, and toasted him in a bumper with the rest.

But, though she did this, she was stabbed, and moreover she knew that they all thought that she was stabbed. Those months of incessant intercourse with him had been very sweet to her, when unalloyed by any thought of Lily Dormer or any other feminine roots of bitterness interrupting it. He had won her, and the girl knew that she had suffered him to see that he had won her. And now, without a word of preparation from him, she was told that he had left her—left her for Lily Dormer ! How her parents and brothers and sister would despise him !

They were very considerate to her. The clever, loving father, having given his warning, did not torture her by looking to see how she bore it. He had spoken with judgment, and with mercy, too ; and Kate was grateful to him. For his part, having got the truth out, he would fain have dropped the subject, but Kate wanted to hear more.

" Who told you this, papa ? " she asked.

" Old Dormer hinted it to me, and Miss Atkinson confirmed the statement he half made."

" Will you mind telling us how he hinted it, my dear ? " Mrs. Kevern asked. (She saw what her daughter wanted.) " He's a blundering old fellow, and perhaps you have mistaken him. I'm sure I hope you have. I don't like to think Mr. Pendrean so deficient in taste."

" Let me see. How did he do it ? I could do you the dialogue beautifully on paper, but the *viva-voce* business bothers me ; he was speaking of investing money, and he said : ' When a certain affair comes off, I shall buy him a living ; ' and he nodded his obtuse old head in the direction of Pendrean's parlor-window. Then he walked out of the library, and the ugliest of the Atkinsons came grinning up to me and said : ' Didn't you know that, Mr. Kevern ? Oh, dear ! with your knowledge of character, too, and your talent for analyzing things of the sort. I am surprised ; every one expected that Mr. Pendrean and Miss Lily Dormer would have made a match of it long before this.' "

Kate had recovered her spirits by this time.

" Papa, how beautifully you can do ' Russian scandal ' all by yourself ! I have played it with a dozen in the game, and it hasn't attained such magnificent proportions as you have given to this bit of gossip."

But, though she spoke of it as a " bit of gossip " only, the thought of it made her tremble a little the next morning when the well-known, firm, quick step came crunching along the gravel outside the drawing-room window, and the well-known voice cried out :

" Miss Kevern, I've come to propose an expedition to you—a ride round by the pine-woods." For they were fond of bewitching the world with noble horsemanship, these young people, and a good deal of mischief had been done during their many " quiet rides."

" No, I can't—yes, I will—I'll go," Kate said, boldly ; and then she determined that she would know the truth.

" What will Miss Dormer think of you're riding with me ? " she asked.

" Miss Dormer ! "

He was too honest to affect more than a faint surprise at hearing her feelings concerning him questioned.

" Yes, Miss Dormer. Yesterday papa heard—"

But, before she could say it, " Miss Dormer " was announced, and came in, smiling blithely.

" He might have spared me this," Kate thought, indignantly.

Nevertheless, she greeted her visitor cordially, and puzzled Mr. Pendrean very much by asking Miss Dormer to go with them.

" Good as well as ill, woman's at best a contradiction still," he muttered to himself. " What can she want of that girl ? She must have heard that Miss Lily would have smiled if I wanted her to smile. Well, I suppose she doesn't care for me herself, and wants to stop my speaking ; " and he drew a hard breath, and wished he had never seen Kate Kevern.

It was a miserable ride—miserable for all three of them. Kate had an angry, sore feeling at her heart, and neither the bright sun nor the scent of the pine-tree woods were sweet to her.

" I have deceived myself ; I have been lightly won ; I have brushed the bloom off my heart ; and I can never, never, never be the same again," thought the girl.

With this thought in her heart, what wonder that she did not prove an agreeable companion ?

As for Mr. Pendrean, his case was even worse than hers. For months past he had been telling himself that in this girl his heart recognized its queen. In spite of all those little sayings and looks in which Southhill indulged itself, Lily Dormer had never stirred his blood to a quicker flow, or his tongue to a loving word. It was hard to have her thrust upon him by the woman he loved.

Poor Lily's case was not an enviable one either. She was not an adept in the noble art of equitation, and still, as she had always professed to be " devoted to riding," it was incumbent on her, she felt, to put a brave face on the fact of the mare she was riding being a skittish one. " Papa is no judge of horses, or he'd never have got me such a half-broken brute as this," she said pettishly, once when she had been jerked out of her balance by a peculiar *pas de fascination*, which the mare elected to dance at a donkey they were passing. And then Kate Kevern, whose heart was so nearly broken that she felt it would be of little consequence if her neck was quite, offered to " change horses."

" It boots not to delay " in the telling of my tale. Once there was a great chance, a rare chance, of the young people coming to a right understanding with one another, and that supreme moment was when Pendrean was putting Kate Kevern up on the skittish horse. He looked up in her face with the inquiring, loving look she knew so well, and for one moment she was melted by it. The next moment she resented it, and the opportunity was past !

" Oh, my love, my love ! why have I given it to this man ? " she thought.

" I'll never trust a frank face and gentle eyes and words in this world again ! " was his simultaneous reflection.

" Let us leave this, papa," the mother said, the following day—" let us leave this place, papa. Our girl isn't happy here ; " and he was too chivalrous a gentleman to question concerning that which the mother and her child would keep sacred.

So all Southhill was in arms in a few days at the abrupt way in which the Keverns took their departure.

" Probably they're in debt," Mrs. Atkinson kindly observed ; " those literary people always are shiftless."

No one suspected that it was because of those idle words spoken at the little library one morning that they left their sylvan haunt.

Their sylvan haunt ! When I paint my great picture of " Slandered Virtue," I will place her in the midst of green fields and breezy groves. To the simple-hearted denizens of our country towns and villages must be ceded the honor of being " quick with the tale, and ready with the lie," to a degree that is unattainable in the busier places of the world. After all, there is nothing so beneficial as country air for the whispered words that poison truth.

The Keverns went away with their wounded deer, and Mr. Pendrean pursued his path very moodily for a while. It was evident to him (oh, blind and foolish of understanding as the cleverest men are !) that Kate Kevern repented of that gay, generous cordiality and intimacy with him which had led him on to love her, and that now, liking him very much, still she wanted to console him with Lily Dormer. Well, he must bear the brunt of the evil that was brought into his heart as best he could. Only it " would make him very chary of trusting a woman again," he told himself.

Lily Dormer pressed the siege hotly when the " pretty Kevern girls " left Southhill ; but the city she besieged never fell a prey to her. And many months after, when the Keverns were such things of the past that people couldn't feel actively malicious about them any longer, a light was let in upon the curate's mind respecting their retreat.

" You are not looking well, Mr. Pendrean," Mrs. Atkinson remarked to him. " I did think that long before this you would have had a wife to look after you."

" Did you really ? " he said, dryly.

" Well, to tell the truth, we all looked upon it as a certain thing, and even spoke of it as a certain thing with Lily Dormer ; and now she's going to marry some one else."

" Spoke of it as a certain thing, did you ? No, I never aspired to the honor of Miss Dormer's hand ; she's a dear little thing though, and I hope heartily she will be happy."

" Yes, I remember speaking of it to Mr. Kevern one day just before they left," Mrs. Atkinson said ; " he was very much surprised."

" Well he might be," Mr. Pendrean said, standing up, and saying

good-by. And then he went home and wrote to Mr. Kevern, *via* that gentleman's publisher.

That letter reached a house of mourning. A sorrow-stricken mother prized and valued it though, and came to regard the writer of it as a cherished son. "If our Kate had only lived to receive this explanation, how happy we should all have been!" she said to her husband. And he winced at the power of love, he was in the habit of depicting so thrillingly, having been brought into his midst with such cruel force. Kate Kevern had died of that which had been revealed to her lover too late for him to save her with the glad tidings that the idle words were idle words indeed, and that he was true, as she had broken her heart in doubting him to be.

ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISING may be divided into two classes, the legitimate and the "puff." Under the first head may be included legal and business notices and mere uncolored announcements, put forth for the sole purpose of giving publicity to a certain fact. So far as these are concerned, there is little, if any, of the "humbug" element involved; and, whether such advertisements are published in the form of handbills, posters, or notices in the columns of local journals, all is comparatively straightforward and above-board. But how about the puffs, the puffers, and the puffees? Take up a newspaper, reader—one you will do—and run your eye down the advertising-column: what will be your first impression? Most probably one of bewildered admiration and regret at what may, very likely, appear to you a wasteful expenditure of ingenuity and money. But *is* it wasted? Some people may think so, but they are woefully mistaken. Experience tells a different tale. Some of the devices employed to attract attention are certainly both shallow and transparent, yet even these will "draw" a certain class of the community. Ask a practical advertising-agent, and he will tell you, almost to a fraction, what the expenditure of a specified number of dollars will bring in; and, strange to say, the larger the outlay, the greater the *percentage* of profit will be! Take, for instance, the item of patent medicines—commodities for which there would be absolutely no sale whatever without resorting to advertising. There is one firm in New England, extensively engaged in this business, the head of which began life, some forty years ago, as a poor little ragged urchin, running errands for a druggist in a provincial town in the State of Massachusetts, at the munificent salary of a dollar a week, and who at present pays more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum for newspaper advertising alone throughout the Union, and distributes, gratis, about seven million pamphlets, printed in eight different languages (Chinese included), besides handbills, etc., costing many thousand dollars more! What his profits are may be guessed from the simple but suggestive fact of his paying about fifty-six thousand dollars a year to the United States Internal Revenue for the two and four cent stamps affixed to the five different preparations which he offers for sale! There is one great peculiarity in advertisers of this class: *their advertising must be continuous*. It must never diminish nor be relaxed even for a day. Were there a lull or cessation in the stream in any one district, however insignificant, the result would immediately become apparent in a waning of popularity and diminished sales. A patent-medicine business, accordingly, can never be properly called "established," for its existence depends solely on its being kept before the public. When advertising is discontinued, the business becomes defunct, and can rarely be resuscitated.

The enormous increase in the number of advertisements nowadays has naturally caused a deal of competition; people must keep pace with the times, and consequently brains are daily tortured and ingenuity racked to produce something original and startling to catch the public eye and tickle popular fancy. Sometimes we see a notice "set up" in the actual shape and form of the article advertised, such as a teapot or a hat; again the paragraph appears with a rough blank-line drawn completely through it—an artistic idea, and one which rarely failed to attract attention before it became so common. Then we have occasionally a whole column left blank, with the exception of the name and address of the advertiser with one or two of his "*spécialités*." All these, however, are mere appeals to the eye; far greater variety, and even more ingenuity, is displayed in the compilation and actual wording of some of the mendacious and insinuating

announcements which have a higher and bolder aim, that of directly engaging our sympathies and exciting our interest. Specious and plausible, indeed, are some of these, the two grand ideas being for the advertiser to leave no stone unturned to puff his own wares and to depreciate those of each and every one of his competitors. Articles christened after the names of celebrated or notorious characters will always command a sale for a time; dry-goods going at "Tremendous sacrifices!" or "Selling under cost!" if announced in flaring capitals, will always draw crowds of ladies, while the sterner sex will offer themselves as only too willing victims at the shrine of the first new hat they see labelled "The Latest Parisian Novelty!"

There are many other methods of advertising—some of them even more illegitimate and objectionable. The attainment of personal notoriety is a great "draw." The possession of a fast horse or yacht, an exceptionally splendid equipage, a regal mansion, palatial business-premises, or a lavish expenditure, have frequently proved winning cards; while sensational domestic squabbles, carefully elaborated in the public press, have been resorted to, and not unsuccessfully either, by some unscrupulous adventurers to attain the great twin object of their ambition—money and notoriety. We have poetical puffs as well; and these, although for the most part rapid and drivelling doggerel, sometimes scintillate indications of wit, humor, and positive genius.

Then there are theatrical "stars" and musical celebrities, with all their grandiloquent trumpet-blowing and tawdry belongings. In no profession or trade is advertising so much used and abused as in this. "Gorgeous scenery, new and costly dresses, decorations, and properties, with original and appropriate music *composed expressly* for this occasion!"—these rarely fail to go down with the public, although it is notorious that the first is a collection of vile daubs; the second, a parcel of worn-out trumpery; and the last a *pot-pourri* of hackneyed negro melodies and played-out street-ditties. In this way *slang* is metamorphosed into wit; immodesty, into artistic grace; impudence, into talent; *la première danseuse*, into a divinity; the poor, underpaid *figurantes* and *coryphées*, into angels; and the whole tinsel-bedizened, flaring spectacle, into a veritable glimpse of fairy-land. These are some of the consummations achieved by advertising.

Besides all this, there is a class of harpies who live more or less by their wits, and they find advertising often a profitable and remunerative game. "Astrological divinings," "medical quackery," "matrimonial openings," "business chances," offered to "energetic young men, *possessed of a little capital*;" "fortunes may be realized, and full particulars sent on receipt of twenty-five cents"—are a few of the creations of these human vultures, together with the execrable "Personals" which disfigure and disgrace the columns of our journals—for it is needless to say that all these, without exception, emanate from the same objectionable *coterie*. It appears almost incredible that these devices should succeed, or even pay for the expense of advertising; but that they *do* appear, is the best proof that they *do* pay; and this is in itself a very strong argument in support of the position we assumed at the outset, namely, that we are, all of us, occasionally liable to be taken in.

It is not only in America that this system obtains. In England and elsewhere it is quite as rife as on this side of the Atlantic; in fact, it was only the other day we were informed, on good authority, that Mr. Willan, a gentleman now at the head of two mammoth establishments in London and Paris, has amassed his colossal fortune within the last ten years, having, in that incredibly short space of time, risen to his present position of almost fabulous wealth from that of a common bill-poster, earning his daily wages with his brush and paste-pot! He now has the almost entire monopoly of that business in both the British and French metropolis, as well as on all the railroads and principal towns in both countries.

Advertising, from a mere convenience, has become a positive necessity, as well as a nuisance. Stages, cars, steamboats, railroad depots, dead-walls, and boardings, are plastered over and actually papered with bills large and small, round and square, long and short: bills red, yellow, green, blue, and all the colors of the rainbow; nay, even the very rocks, stones, and stumps, are called into requisition; and, while these herald forth the praises of "Buchn" and the superior excellence of some cheap sensational periodical, we have a complete and literal realization of "tongues in trees, . . . sermons in stones, and" puffs "in every thing!" It is, indeed, puff, puff, puff, everywhere. We walk upon puffs, for the very sidewalks are

stencilled with them; we rub shoulders with them, for there are living, peripatetic puff-mediums as well, with their clothes literally puffed with scarlet-and-gold letters; the air is full of them; they hang suspended across the roadway; they stream from the tops of lofty flag-staffs; they float from advertising-balloons, and descend in fleecy showers from the roofs of advertising-carriages; they are officiously crammed into our hand at every corner, into our pockets, or perchance even into our boots, if occasion offer; unfolding our morning paper, lo! a puff drops out of it, while the very piece of paper, which our obsequious barber lays on our shoulder to wipe his razor on, proves to be a puff of some abominable cosmetic, put there on purpose to stare us in the face and tempt us into reckless and unpardonable extravagance.

This system of advertising, we may observe, is a very ancient institution. It was known and in vogue more than two thousand years ago among the Romans, whose legal notices used to be "in publico proposita," or "posted," in the Forum and other frequented places, with slave auctions advertised in terms very similar to the notices which, until lately, were common in the journals of our own Southern States. But advertising, as a system, was, in primitive times, a purely legitimate one; of that there can be little doubt, and its degeneracy nowadays can only be accounted for by the tremendous business competition at present existing. The jostle for supremacy is unceasing, and there are many people only too ready to resort to the most unworthy means to gain one rung on the ladder to wealth or preferment. It is such men as these that have diverted advertising from its fair and legitimate aim, and, by trying to vie with and outdo each other, have been the means of transmogrifying the old into a new system altogether, which, if it extends its ramifications in a ratio approximating in any way to its progress during the last ten years, bids fair to reduce trade to a mere scramble, and the majority of our merchants and storekeepers to the grade of shifty charlatans and blatant "Cheap Johns."

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GUTTER-CHILDREN.

THE little town of Niagara, at the mouth of the great river of that name, can boast of beauties and attractions of a rare kind. There is the mighty lake with its ever-changing hues, rivalling in variety of colors the far-famed Lake of Geneva; there is the deep-green river rolling its mighty flood for miles into the great deep, and yet marking its boundary lines as with the painter's brush. On the left rise the romantic ruins of an old British fort and its huge tower, which the strange keeper, a boy of ten years, opens by climbing up a lightning-rod on the outside, and then letting himself down by a rope into the keep. On the right, and across the river, lies the American fort, with its still older and quainter block-house, once the scene of many a fray during Indian warfares, and afterward still more renowned as the scene of the murder of Morgan, the freemason. To this day sentinels tremble when in a stormy night they walk the ramparts and hear from the raging breakers the voice of the unfortunate man, and officers have to listen to many a weird tale, how his shadow, wearing an expression of unspeakable woe, came across the sergeant at night and pointed with ghastly anguish at the postern through which he was taken to his violent death. Even the great general's wife, who now stops at that most charming of summer resorts, the Royal Hotel, and from its broad balcony looks at the fort, where she lived, long years ago, with her young husband, even she can tell of the foolish challenge she once accepted, to walk unattended at night from the old block-house to her distant quarters—how she went boldly and bravely through dismal rooms and dark yards, till she reached the narrow passage, with its worn-out stone steps, that led to her rooms—how the candle that was kept at the upper landing-place suddenly flared up, flickered a while, and then left her in utter darkness—how she stumbled on till she heard something panting behind her, a faint breath came to her trembling cheeks, and then a cold, clammy touch made her hand quiver with nervous tremor—how she fell almost senseless on the uppermost steps, and did not rally till her husband's heavy tread was heard, and made her ashamed of her fear—how she rushed, with a great effort, into her room, seized a book, sat down by the table, and received him with apparent calmness, till the dog's cold nose, touching her once more, set her laughing heartily, and then made her sink to the floor fainting.

If you walk through the clean, well-shaded streets, in which once the towering forms of Southern exiles—of Mason, Slidell, Breckinridge, and Preston—were daily seen, and follow the pleasant plank-walk that stretches for miles in the direction of the Falls, you come soon to a stately building, not unlike a genuine West-India cottage, with its many bright windows, its broad verandas on all sides, and its well-kept gardens. You ask the gray-haired keeper, who courteously opens the gate for you, what house this is, and marvel as he replies, with a respectful smile, "The county jail, sir!" Surely, you think, these Canucks, as they are familiarly styled, take excellent care of their criminals! but your mistake is soon corrected by another strange sight. A little girl, barely eight years old, comes running up to you with a bright smile and blooming cheeks, and, dropping an old-fashioned courtesy, asks if you would like to walk in. As you stand and ponder the odd invitation to walk into a jail, you notice that, on the breast of the little girl's plain woollen dress, a paper is fastened, with the words:

"ANNA MARIA LELAND,

"Our Western Home.

"For Mr. John Galton Debar,

"570 Fulton Street, New York, U. S."

That child is a "gutter-child," the house is "Our Western Home," and its owner is one of the most remarkable women of our age. As you approach the front door, around which quite a number of little girls are clustering, like bees around their hive, you see in their midst a small, plainly-dressed lady, with a face, the only charm of which is a marvellously-clear, intelligent eye, full of good sense and resolution combined. Her whole appearance betokens, what we so sadly want in this country, a strong, unmistakable type. At the first glance you know and feel that you have an Englishwoman before you, strong and hearty in body and mind; a woman, moreover, who unmistakably bends all the power that God has given her to one great and good purpose.

This is Miss Maria S. Rye, who, struck with the terrible sufferings and the still more appalling temptations to which poor young women are exposed in the overcrowded cities of England, resolved one spring day last year to appeal, after invoking help from on high, to the benevolence of good men in behalf of her unfortunate sisters. She asked for the means to carry a hundred or more of such helpless women as found it impossible to earn an honest livelihood at home to distant Canada, where their labor was sure to meet a demand and to prove remunerative. The good heart of the British and the conviction of thoughtful men that here might be found one remedy at least for the fearfully-increasing pauperism of the empire, made the appeal successful beyond her expectations; she not only obtained the thousand pounds she had asked for, but as much more besides, and, with admirable energy she had, before the late spring opened a way to the frozen waters of Canada, collected one hundred young women, whom she carried over and instantly placed in good and permanent homes. But she soon saw, while pondering over the matter, that even more good might be done by applying the remedy at an earlier age, and taking over young children liable to be lost in body and soul by the miserable life they were leading in the slums and mews of great cities. Hence she proposed—and with her to propose and to execute seemed to be one—to gather young orphaned or worse than orphaned children literally from the gutters of London and other towns, and to open to them in a foreign land a way to an independent, blameless existence. In twenty-eight days, which was all the time she allowed herself to stay in England, she collected seventy-five children, nearly all orphan girls of from four to twelve years of age.

It was a stirring scene when the energetic young lady arrived at the wharf of Niagara with her little flock of precious souls to be saved. The good people from town and neighborhood flocked around the strange group with cordial welcome; farmers brought their wagons and carts, gentlemen their carriages, and even the poorest some little offering to give expression to their sympathy. Well might the heart of Miss Rye have swelled with pride as she saw the interest taken by old and young in her enterprise; but who can tell what must have passed in the minds and hearts of the poor little children, transplanted, as it were, by a magic wand, from extreme poverty and utter wretchedness to a land of plenty and an atmosphere of love?

In the mean time the town of Niagara had sold to Miss Rye the old jail, which after the purchase had been changed into a bright, comfortable, and well-ventilated house, for the comparatively small sum of

three thousand dollars. Capable of holding one hundred children and a moderate household, it afforded at once a pleasant home to the weary company; a benevolent manufacturer in England had supplied new bedsteads, bedding, and modest furniture for the whole house, as a token of his respect for Miss Rye; other kind hearts had furnished what was needed by the children, so that they not only were all well shod and clad warmly in woollen dresses, but had each, besides, a snug little wooden box, filled with a suitable outfit of clothing. Everywhere the greatest forethought, and the most active benevolence seemed to have gone hand in hand, and the outlying province of Canada had probably seen few more truly touching scenes than when the little orphans, after a short prayer, gathered round the supper-table, with its ample supplies and tempting delicacies, and, overcome by sympathetic excitement, were unable to eat, but rushed up to their "mother," fondling her, kissing her, and in every way striving artlessly to show her their gratitude.

After a few days the work of distribution began, and the special blessing that seemed to rest on the enterprise made itself manifest in this direction also. Sixteen of the little orphans were at once adopted by childless parents, and legally transferred to their new homes; the remainder were bound out till their eighteenth year. The people who take these children bind themselves, legally, to clothe, feed, and educate them, free of charge, till they are fifteen, and to see to it that they attend a place of worship on Sunday, and, if possible, a Sunday-school. From fifteen to seventeen they agree to give each child three dollars a month, in lieu of clothes, and four dollars a month during the last year of their apprenticeship. The children are ticketed and sent out by railway and river in charge of conductors or friends, many making the long journey to New York in this lonely manner—but not one has yet come to grief.

No sooner was the work accomplished, than Miss Rye began to renew her efforts. Having opened two hundred new homes in Canada and the States by personal interviews and a most extensive correspondence, she returned to England, all eagerness to continue the good work so auspiciously begun. She was examined by various official boards, and so satisfactory was the manner in which the money bestowed upon her had been expended, that voluntary contributions literally poured in from all sides, and, before the summer was over, she made a second trip across the Atlantic, bringing even a larger number of orphans to "Our Western Home." She now has good reason to expect that ere long she will be able, by help from on high, and the active benevolence of good men, to provide homes for thousands of poor, perishing children, and that in a way, to use her own words, "by which they may become useful, happy, and good Christian women, a blessing to themselves and to all around them." Who is there that will not thank her for rescuing, by her own great work, the much-slandered character of the girl of the period from unjust obloquy and sneering detraction, and wish her God's blessing on her noble and unassuming enterprise?

SCHELE DE VERE.

THE INVOLUNTARY SAM PATCH.

IT happened one day that a discussion arose in the natural philosophy class of Williams College, Berkshire, Massachusetts, on the question, "Why is it that, of the various victims carried over Niagara Falls, no trace of the bodies has ever been found, either in Niagara River or Lake Ontario?"

One student suggested that the fall itself was sufficient to dash to atoms any body whatever; another thought that the weight of water could not but keep the body effectually down in the crannies of the abyss below the precipice; and the idea of a third was, that the numerous fishes tenanted the deep pool, when favored with a stray corpse now and then, would leave slender chance for "contingent remainders."

The genial professor, after hearing the various theories of his young philosophers, said that he would not advance one of his own, but that, in humble imitation of a greater man, he would tell them a "little story," which might possibly throw a ray of light upon the subject:

"In my early days," he continued, "I was one of the teachers in an academy of Berkshire. A pleasant stream flowed past the village, and, on Saturday afternoons, it was an agreeable recreation to

walk along its banks for a few miles, until I could see its head-waters issue from the side of a steep hill which bounded the prospect. Crossing the stream, by a bridge opposite the school-house, I wandered one hot July afternoon up the left bank for nearly two miles, where it takes a sudden turn, bringing the wayfarer by its circuitous windings within easy reach of my starting-point.

"Feeling tired, and the stream being here very narrow, I resolved to ford it and save my distance. There is a water-fall at this spot, and below it a broad expanse of water, clear and shallow, except immediately underneath the shoot, where the depth is about twelve or fourteen feet. Marching up the bank about two rods, I divested myself of shoes and stockings, which I took in my hand and prepared to cross. Four steps would land me on the other side. The run was scarcely a foot deep, and a slippery green moss, somewhat smoothed by the current, lined its bed invitingly. I threw out a good stout leg, and planted one foot on the silky verdure.

"Did I say planted? I received instantar a lesson in dynamics on which I had not calculated, and which may save the dignity and the equilibrium of future topographical engineers.

"In the twinkling of an eye the force of the current had swept me off, and I was whirled down, helpless as an infant, to the falls below. Even in the moment of toppling, I kept perfectly cool, and never during the accident lost presence of mind. Fear I had none. I was a powerful swimmer; there were no rocks, as I well knew, and, before I reached the verge, so rapid are the operations of the mind, my course was clearly marked out. As soon as I plumped into the pool, I would float to the surface, make for the shore, have a hearty laugh at my mishap, and enliven my fellow-teachers with a gay recital of it on my return.

"Over I went very comfortably, and, that I reached the pebbly bottom, you may pretty safely assume.

"But, to my exceeding surprise, I found that floating up, though I was several yards out of the torrent's reach, was quite another affair. I abandoned my stockings and shoes, to which I had clung in my headlong descent, and struck out with might and main, but to no purpose—I could not rise! I knew that I was sound in wind and limb, and felt no superincumbent weight pressing me down. I struck out and kicked vigorously in the approved way, but, no sooner did I progress three or four inches upward, than a sort of magnetic attraction, gentle but irresistible, drew my toes down to their old resting-place.

"It was an incomprehensible 'fix.' I redoubled my efforts, and again, and again, and again, with a similar result. The case was becoming desperate. Was I really doomed to die in this wretched hole, about as pitiful a *finale* for a sophomore as Clarence's in the malmsey-butt? Ophelia's slip, Schiller's diver in the 'innermost main,' and Sam Patch's unlucky jump, all crowded upon my imagination, now preternaturally alert. I would have sighed, but for lack of oxygen, that no friends were to stand sorrowing around my dying bed, stepping with decorous woe behind my remains, and shedding tears by wholesale.

"Worst of all, I fancied my chum's unsophisticated lament in the rear of my hearse:

"Ah, poor Sam! our best swimmer, to be drowned at last like a blind puppy!"

"Visions, moreover, of muskrats gnawing my flesh, and ravenous pikes darting their long noses into the sockets of my eyes, certainly did not tend to raise my spirits.

"By this time I was nearly paralyzed through sheer exhaustion, and felt but too surely that endurance had reached its limit. One more terrible struggle, and alas! my plight was worse than ever. Noises as of a thousand cannon were ringing in my ears, and I fancied that blood was beginning to start from my mouth and nostrils. Will you believe me when I say that I was literally in a cold sweat?

"At this crisis, when I had made up my mind for the worst, it occurred to me that, if I could not rise, I might be able to walk or creep below water, and thus manage to reach the brink, which was at no great distance. It was a heaven-sent inspiration, and acted on without an instant's delay. I found to my joy that there was no hinderance whatever to this mode of progression, and, crawling along the bottom, like a crab, in less than twenty seconds my dripping head emerged from the treacherous bath, and I was once more respiring the warm summer air. I was saved!

"Throwing myself on the grass with unutterable thankfulness, I rested for a few minutes, and then deliberately waded in again to recover the shoes and stockings I had left behind, which was easily accomplished; so you see, my friends, that, with perseverance, 'some things may be done as well as others!'

"Now, gentlemen, why was it that I could not rise or swim in that water?

"The dashing of the torrent had raised so many foam-bells, and so infiltrated a denser element with air, that the specific gravity of the water was totally changed, and I might as soon have attempted to float on oil or champagne as on that sparkling current.

"The strongest fish that ever swam the ocean would be powerless to rise from the abyss of Niagara!"

ALEXANDER LATTO.

ORATOR—IMPERATOR.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

A SOUND of weeping surged and swept and rose along the nave;

It caught the groinings of the roof, and made the echoes rave;

Sad, like an empty helmet, seemed a silent pulpit's calm

Amid the sobs that choked thine aisles, magnificent Notre-Dame!

For he was dead who oft had made thy vaulted echoes ring;
Who swayed a vocal sceptre there, more splendid than a king.
Well might the wailing rise and fall, and rise again in air,
Where voiceless, in his cloistered grave, lay potent Lacordaire.

Soon other sounds of grief shall break that mighty church's rest—
The stride of hostile hosts shall shake the land from east to west.
Look! strangled, in a sea of blood, the struggling city falls,
And queenly Paris dies beneath those old cathedral walls!

Her Cæsar and her armies gone—the foe within her streets!
Another emperor now his clattering legions greets—
The shrouded orator lies still, nor sign of umbrage gives;
For, whether Cæsar rise or fall—Demosthenes still lives!

MALCOLM MACEUEN.

THE AMERICAN TRAPPER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARY.

AMONG even intelligent people, the ideas generally entertained about the character and mode of life of the American trapper are romantic and inaccurate, in very much the same way as the mistaken notions which prevail concerning the American Indian. For many years, Cooper's "Leatherstocking" was the typical trapper and hunter. Tall and spare, but lithe and sinewy; clad in buckskin for the outer man, and wrapped in the robe of a self-approving conscience for the comfort of the inner; grave, taciturn, and sententious; full of wisdom, from his long communings with Nature; tender-hearted as a woman to his own race, but a little flinty in regard to the redskins; profoundly versed in the habits and ways of all the wild animals of the American forests, as well as in every description of woodlore, yet secretly preferring to draw a bead on a crafty, tricky Indian, to the successful slaughter of a moose, a bull-buffalo, or even a grizzly—such was the trapper which the great American novelist had evoked from his inner consciousness.

This species of the trapper genus never had an actual existence, although so popular with novel-readers; but there have been approximations to it in the early history of our country, when the frontiersman was of necessity a trapper, a hunter, and prairie-scout, all in one. After Fremont's first and second expeditions across the continent, we began to become acquainted, through his fascinating narratives, with a somewhat different class of hunters and trappers, or, rather, with several classes. Of one of these, Kit Carson was the type—a brave but modest frontiersman, learned in all woodcraft,

quick of eye and hand, with all his senses alert, from the thousand perils he had encountered, not an admirer of the "noble savage" whom he had more than once met in deadly conflict, yet ready to do justice to his good qualities; a man of wonderfully tenacious memory of topography, an excellent shot, but of too large a mould, intellectually, to devote himself exclusively to the snaring or capture of the wild beasts of the Rocky-Mountain region.

We learned also, from these narratives and other sources, something of two other classes of hunters and trappers, men skilled, indeed, in the arts of securing game, but in morals and intelligence decidedly below the brave and manly Carson. To the first of these classes belonged such men as Leroux and Beckwourth, men not remarkable for saintliness, but who had added the Indian shrewdness and cunning to some of the vices of frontier civilization. These, however, though profane and usually addicted to intemperance, and having their squaw concubines in various localities, were not by any means the worst of the frontiersmen; they were not cowardly or brutal, and took a sort of pride in maintaining their business engagements at whatever hazard. A worse class were those ruffians of the border with whom hunting and trapping were a pastime, and murder and highway-robbery the serious business of their lives; men who would shoot down an Indian or a "greaser" (a Mexican) as readily as they would a prairie-dog, and with as little provocation; hardened outlaws and villains, whom no tenderness could influence, no kindness subdue; cowards and bullies, with whom no man's life was safe unless his superior courage and skill enabled him to hold them at his mercy. These were the men whom Pumpelly and Captain Malines describe so graphically, fiends rather than men, since they seemed to have lost every trace of humanity.

But, though all of these classes which we have described may have had some claim to be reckoned among American hunters and trappers, none of them fairly represent the typical trapper of the past thirty or fifty years. The trapper of the Northwest (for so rapid has been the progress of settlement that the vast region of "the Plains" and the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, in Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, are comparatively little frequented by the trapper, as, indeed, with the exception of the bison and the antelope, the larger game, as well as most of the fur-bearing animals, have disappeared, or become scarce in the whole tract) now finds his quarry in Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, of our territory in the Red-River region, the Hudson's-Bay country, and British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, in British America. The majority of the trappers of the present day are either Canadian-French or half-breeds (French and Indian) by birth. They have been brought up from childhood to their vocation, and would not be contented in any other. Generally not above the medium height, and often below it, with the vivacity and improvidence of the Canadian *habitant*, usually kind-hearted and affectionate, but sometimes, when under the influence of intoxicating liquors, to which they are much addicted, quarrelsome, or sulky and sullen, they are more like spoiled children than any thing else. They are great boasters, and in the narratives of their hair-breadth 'scapes and wonderful adventures, which they are very fond of recounting, they are themselves the heroes and demi-gods. Extraordinary, indeed, are their achievements, if their word can be believed. The mountains they have climbed, the rapids they have shot in their birch canoes, the terrible conflicts they have had with grizzly bears, panthers, enraged buffalo-bulls, or the combative moose or elk, and in some instances with Indians, have been so wonderful as almost to rival Münchhausen. Yet, with all their boastful and lying propensities, they have many good qualities; they are active, patient under toil, exposure, and hardship, versed in all the mysteries of woodcraft and the arts of the trapper, ingenious and full of expedients, generous and reckless in their expenditure when they have received the pay for their peltries, helpful and kind-hearted, ready to do any thing for a comrade, even to the borrowing of his last shirt or his only hatchet, always in debt, yet always full of hope that their next season's trapping and hunting will somehow enable them to pay off old scores and retire from the trapper's life in affluence. In their relations with the other sex, they are generally sad reprobates; and though their stories of their triumphs are not to be implicitly believed, yet the rascals have such glib tongues and so many of the arts of the flatterer, that they seldom fail to lead astray the Indian and half-breed maidens with whom they come in contact.

The uniform mediocrity of their character is remarkable. Among



THE AMERICAN TRAPPER.



THE CANADIAN HALF-BREED TRAPPER.

the thousands of them, in the north and northwest portions of our continent, we have never heard of one who had emerged from the dead level of the trapper's life, and attained to any distinction or even notoriety. They are as like each other as the peas in a pod. One may be a little more worthless, a little deeper in debt, or a little more of a vagabond than another, but there is no other difference. Ambition, indeed, seems not to be a trait in the character of the trapper. Other races and classes, as illiterate as he, have yet startled the world by occasional men of genius, who have lifted themselves above the common head; but Jean, the trapper, apparently will never be other than the good-natured, good-for-nothing vagabond that he always has been and now is.

SKETCHES OF SERVIA.

WHAT Moscow is to the Russians, Kraguyevatz is to the Servians—the popular, though not the official capital. But, instead of deriving its importance from a hoary past, it owes it to the latest period of the country's history, to the period of her regeneration. Prince Milosh Obrenovitch, who, in 1815, successfully renewed the work of her deliverance begun by Kara George, made it his seat of government on account of its natural position. Here, at a considerable distance from the Turkish cannon which then frowned down from the bastions of Belgrade, the Serbs could hold undisturbed their great national gatherings. Here they were sheltered by their mountains, and protected by the tried valor of the sons of the Shumadia, their central forest-land. Prince Alexander Kara-Georgevitch, some decades later, established here extensive artillery workshops, in which hundreds of guns, arms of every kind, and large quantities of ammunition, were manufactured, destined to serve in future struggles for a more perfect independence. Kraguyevatz thus became Serbia's foremost place of arms—the popular centre of her warlike people.

Its external appearance, however, by no means corresponds with its importance. Looking down, westward, from the high summit of the Tzerni-Ver, you descry it on a handsome mountain-girt plateau, its red roofs shining out from among trees richly laden with foliage. But you look in vain for any thing striking, indicative from afar of a great city. Your eye beholds neither turret nor cupola. Where stands the capitol of the regenerated nation? Where rises the palace of its prince? Neither can be discerned. We enter the town. A neatly-built wooden bridge over the Lepenitz, a western affluent of the Morava, carries us into it. In front of the bridge rises a small, crumbling mosque, whose minaret has long disappeared. Beyond it lies the gypsy-quarter, which is very dirty, as gypsy-quarters always are everywhere. Near its end begins the broad Tcharshia—the bazaar-street—which traverses the whole length of the town proper. Hardly any thing but a single wooden cross of large dimensions breaks the monotony of its rows of low shops and houses. Shop follows shop; shoemakers, tailors, belt-makers, merchants, vendors of provisions, crowd each other. At first glance it seems as if Kraguyevatz had to supply with goods a third part of Serbia. There is plenty of Austrian and English manufactures, distributed in tolerable order.

A narrow cross-street takes us to the Great Square, traversed by the Lepenitz, round which the main buildings of Kraguyevatz are grouped, though without a determined plan. The vast space offers a desolate aspect; a gloomy silence hovers over it, broken only by the dull, hollow sounds of the armorers' hammers, which reach us from the opposite river-bank. In the middle stands an isolated steeple of framework. By it the longitudinal, whitewashed, but entirely unornamented structure is known to be the main Greek orthodox church of the town. Hard by this church stands one of the national buildings we tried in vain to espy from the distant height—Serbia's capitol, a plain, frame structure. Prince Milosh erected it on his return from exile to the throne, in 1859, to serve as the provisional seat of the great national Skupshtina (Assembly) convoked by him. His son, the late Prince Michael, held here the memorable Preobrashevska Skupshtina (Assembly of the Transfiguration), so called from the holiday upon which it opened, and whose resolutions, vigorously supported by the attitude assumed toward the Sublime Porte by both prince and people, contributed no little to the gradual transformation of Serbia into a free and constitutional country.

To the right of the Skupshtina-house, a high palisade encloses

a number of princely and government buildings, among them the arsenals with their mounted cannon. Two high gates, guarded by infantry, open into a large square. At the sides of the entrance stand two buildings in old Turkish style—the *konaks* (mansions) of Prince Milosh and his wife, Lyubitza. A pillared vestibule, adorned with a lion resting on a high pedestal—a work of ancient Roman art—leads into that of Milosh. The veranda of the first story offers a charming vista. It is furnished with low cushioned seats, and was the favorite resting-place of the old prince. Here he used to sit with his *knezes* (chieftains), in later times with his ministers, deliberating on the affairs of the country; here he received and talked with his Lyubitza and her little princes, Milan and Michael; here he gave unceremonious receptions to all callers. Here he inhaled the free air of the mountains, and looked with delight at the games of his youth, at the lively *kolo* (round dance), which the blooming daughters of Kraguyevatz danced before him on the verdant lawn below. The rooms of the konak are furnished in the Oriental way, with ottomans and pipe-stands, with beautiful carpets and a variety of paintings. Every thing is marked by that profusion of shapes and colors and that irregularity of Saracenic zigzag ornamentation which, though devoid of the pure lines of the classical styles, never fail pleasantly to affect the eye of the European beholder. Prince Milosh had a particular fondness for portraits of celebrated men, and the walls of his konak were lined with more or less skilfully-executed likenesses of scholars and divines, statesmen and generals, champions of freedom and absolute monarchs.

Had circumstances allowed it, Milosh would have fain transferred his seat of government altogether to Kraguyevatz. Unable to carry out this cherished design, he yet spent a large portion of his time in that town, hallowed by the dearest of his remembrances. For hours and hours he looked at the exercises of his artillery on the spacious grounds before the konak. When, on that memorable Palm Sunday of 1815, he once more declared war on the Turks he had not a single piece of cannon. He had to conquer his guns from the foe. There they are preserved now—in the depot on the side of Lyubitza's konak—those firstlings of Serbian artillery, procured at a heavy price of blood! Near them, in the adjoining wooden barracks, Milosh could count, in the last years of his life, about two hundred similar engines of death, all cast from the native ore of the land, and wrought and mounted by the native skill of its sons. What a sight for the deliverer of his people!

The konak of the Princess Lyubitza has been preserved in its original order. At the entrance, above the main door, we perceive the name of the sultan, in richly-ornamented signature style—the erection of the mansion belonging to that early period in Milosh's career in which he still considered himself a lieutenant of the Padishah, and Turkish governor of the "Eyalet of Serb," rather than one of the European princes. The paintings which cover the walls, both in choice and execution, betray truly naïve conceptions. Turkish and Hungarian horsemen, singly or in group; idyllic landscapes, the correctness of which could by no means stand the test of scientific examination; scenes of adventurous love, and scenes of deadly shocks in arms—all encased in ornamentations of the oddest kind—alternate with each other in admired disorder. In the bedroom of the princess the picture of a blessing hand extended from among the clouds, attracts our attention; above it, we read the words, "The hand of the Lord blesses little Milan." The furniture of the konak is now reduced to a few beautifully-worked shrines in the Ottoman style. The large garden adjoining the mansion is neglected. When Lyubitza was there, it won the admiration of all by its profusion and beauty of its flowers, which she raised and guarded with fond carefulness.

Between the konaks and barracks is the cannon-casting establishment. Without entering it, which can be done only by special permission, we easily perceive by the smoke rising from the forges, by the roar of the steam-engines, and the din of the laboring men, and especially by the heaps and pyramids of rifled and unrifled gun-barrels in front of the building, that Serbia is not idle in providing efficient implements of defence or aggression for not unforeseen future contests. The spacious court of the barracks now and then offers rather interesting sights—as, for instance, when you see the young soldiers, picturesquely grouped around a well, taking their evening meal on the green lawn; or see them, in the ensuing twilight, dancing the *kolo* at the sound of the "Paratchka," a melody no less inspiring to the Serbs than the "Csárdás" to the Magyars. The circle in-

creases from moment to moment, the energy of the fifer grows with that of the dancers, and all is mirth and youthful excitement until the sounds of the tattoo are heard, and all retire to rest, and darkness and stillness cover the scene.

VRATCHEVSHNITZA.

A little west of Kraguyevatz, almost in the very centre of Serbia, stands the old monastery of Vratchevshnitza. The root of this name is *vratiti*, to return, and tradition explains why it was bestowed on the monastery.

In June, 1889, one of the noble vassals of Tzar Lazarus, having left his castle—perhaps the neighboring Ostrovatz, perched on a cone-shaped mountain—was hastening at the head of his band of warriors to join the army which that Serbian prince led against Sultan Murad, to fight the deadly battle of the Cross with the Crescent. He had scarcely marched a few hours when the thought sank heavy upon his soul that, in his zeal to depart, he had forgotten to hear mass that morning. It appeared to him like having wantonly thrown away the protection of the saints at the very hour when it was so much needed for the holy cause. He returned, prayed fervently to the Lord of hosts, and started anew with renewed faith. It was too late to save the fatherland. Fugitive Serb horsemen, hotly pursued by Moslem foes, soon announced to him that the great battle had been fought and lost. Tzar Lazarus had perished in the battle of the Blackbird Field (Kosovo), and with him Serbia's freedom for centuries. But the delay had saved the pious knight's life, which he would have in vain sacrificed in the unequal contest. Devoutly thankful for his own salvation, he vowed to commemorate it and its cause, and, when the first floods of desolation had passed over his unfortunate country, he returned to the spot where he had remembered the forgotten mass, and there erected a monastery, which he called Vratchevshnitza.

But it is not this tradition alone which has rendered this monastery sacred in the eyes of the Serbian nation. It is still more hallowed by the great part it acted in our century in the struggle for national resurrection. For here was consecrated the covenant between religion and nationality, between priesthood and patriotism, which led to victory in that struggle. Melentie, the Archimandrite of Vratchevshnitza, was the first to put himself, armed with cross and sword, at the head of the warlike host, which, on the Palm-Sunday of 1815, gathered around Knez Milosh at Takovo, once more to strike for independence. It was to be a hard and bloody conflict, but the leaders and their followers shrank not from the task, and Kosovo was avenged.

Like most of the Serbian monasteries, Vratchevshnitza lies in a deep glen. The traveller, coming from the east, perceives it only when reaching its gate. The church, a plain basilica, corresponds in style to the age in which the legend places its erection. The frescoes in the interior belong to the rare church-ornaments of that kind and age which have escaped the ravages of Ottoman fanaticism. Opposite the north wall of the church stands a handsome one-story building, erected by Milosh, in the style of the princely Konak of Kraguyedatz. He spent many a day within the peaceful precincts of Vratchevshnitza. Besides the remembrance of the noblest deeds of his youth, they guarded the remains of his mother. On his return, in 1859, after twenty years of exile, he bestowed a great deal of care upon its humble church, which he intended to make the burial-church of his house, where he would rest side by side with his mother and with Melentie, his priestly companion-in-arms, surrounded by the free summits of the beloved forest-land. The prince's architect made the necessary changes and additions, and the crypt of the Obrenovitches was constructed; but, when Milosh died, in 1860, Prince Michael had him interred in the cathedral of Belgrade, while the remains of Lyubitzza were left in her foreign tomb, among the hills of Fruska Gora, in the Hungarian military frontierland.

Among the few curiosities of Vratchevshnitza is an original picture of the brave Melentie, a work of primitive art, but of no mean conception. The muscular features of the hero are expressive of energy and noble manliness. In his sparkling eyes and on his well-cut lips one almost reads the words, "I will no longer be the priest of outcast *rayahs*, of a herd of slaves!" Milosh Obrenovitch, it is well known, understood the art of punishing; but he also knew how to reward. Having made the Church of Serbia independent of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, he appointed Melentie its first national archbishop.

West of Vratchevshnitza, in a pleasant valley of the Rudnik mountain-range, lies the neat village of Tzernutche. In this quiet and sheltered valley Knez Milosh sought refuge after the disastrous war of 1813, when Kara George, in hasty despair, had given up the cause of his country and fled to Austria, and every hope of continuing the struggle seemed delusive. On an eminence overlooking the village are seen the two houses then occupied by Milosh's family. They are built in Swiss rustic style. A dense forest slopes down to their very flanks from overtopping heights; under them extend meadows, rich fields, and orchards. In the shade of a large apple-tree Milosh often talked with his intimate followers of the deplorable fate that had befallen his country. Its cries of despair disturbed his slumbers. It was from Tzernutche that he marched to Takovo on the Palm-Sunday of 1815.

North of Tzernutche, on the other side of the main branch of the Rudnik range, lies Topola, the native home of Kara George. The village and its surroundings, seen in the blooming season of the year, offer charming aspects. Magnificent beeches and oaks adorn the hills, blossoming trees and shrubs embellish and perfume the valleys. Topola is partly situated on a plateau. From one of its heights, then covered with dense woods, Kara George looked down, in 1804, upon the flames which, kindled by the bloody hand of the Janizaries, devoured the house of his parents; and there he vowed terrible vengeance upon the heads of the oppressors. Thus Topola may be regarded as the cradle of Serbian independence. It was the favorite rural abode of Prince Alexander, the son of Kara George, who built there a mansion enclosed by high turreted walls. A garden with hot-houses adjoins the building. Near by, on a gentle slope, stand the school-house and the church of the village. The church is small and narrow; the light of the sun scarcely can penetrate through its little windows. But there burns within the eternal lamp. Its dim ray falls upon a red-marble slab in the right corner near the entrance. This slab covers the bones and the detached skull—once ignominiously fastened to the gate of the Seraglio in Stamboul—of the hero of the forest mountains, the leader in the first rising of the Serbs, the "liberator of Serbia," the far-famed Kara George. To the left of the entrance, opposite the resting-place of their ancestor, several members of that princely family lie buried. Their tombstones are richer than his, and decorated with long inscriptions and princely emblems.

So near each other are the burial-places of the two dynastic houses whose history is the history of Serbia in this century; houses founded by men of equally humble origin and equally energetic character, but of diverse abilities. For more than half a century these houses—though both justly claiming the gratitude of their nation for signal services—have lived in constant and deadly hostility to each other, alternately the one on the throne and the other in exile. The catastrophes have been frequent on both sides; but the longer periods of prosperity have thus far fallen to the lot of the Obrenovitches, while the house of Kara George, who was himself treacherously slain, seems to be doomed to taste the bitterest fruits of ambition, and but briefly to enjoy the sweets of power.

M. HEILPRIN

A DAY ON MONT CENIS.

AS the completion of the Mont-Cenis Tunnel obviates for the future the necessity of travel across this dangerous winter pass, either by *diligence* or by the "Railway Fell," it may not be uninteresting to the reader to hear of my adventures there a year ago.

It was two o'clock on a February morning when I was awakened from a cosy nap in the comfortable bed of No. —, Hotel Europa, Turin, to the fact of its being time to get up and begin my journey to Paris. Cold and sleepy, I made my preparations for departure, and could not avoid expressing a wish to return to bed and give up the journey, although my husband was drawing a most fascinating picture of the beauties of Alpine scenery in winter. These raptures did not excite my enthusiasm as they might have done two months before, for since then I had crossed at the Brenner Pass. Besides, I wished to journey more leisurely toward the gay French capital, *via* the Corniche Road. This wish was accomplished, but by a train of adventures, or rather misadventures, which I am about to narrate.

We found ourselves breakfasting at the little railway-inn at Susa

in the gray twilight which just rendered visible the snow on the mountains, at whose base Susa lies. Our short journey from Turin to this point, by dint of dozing, with the aid of hot-water cans at our feet, had been comfortable enough, but my courage—none the strongest—oozed out entirely, as at the call to leave we stood on the platform and looked up the mountain-sides, which we were literally to climb in a steam-car.

This railway has been constructed within the past four years, in accordance with the system of the American engineer Fell. It runs parallel with the high-road, and, besides the ordinary rails, is provided with another of higher level in the middle, against which horizontally-placed wheels work, in order to increase the friction. The capabilities of this novel conveyance over a mountain-pass are necessarily limited.

We were hurried into a single small car, with seats like an omnibus. Besides ourselves, there were only four persons, a lady and three gentlemen. We found the car quite comfortably warmed by the hot-water cans which constitute the usual method of heating railway-carriages abroad.

The ascent commenced abruptly, and, by the time we were snugly ensconced beneath rug and Austrian blanket, the first rays of the rising sun were visible, and such a scene of gorgeous grandeur was presented to our eyes as I never imagined. Far above the range of vision towered the mountains, peak upon peak, glowing in a deep-red light more vivid than the red of the aurora borealis. The effect of the light upon the snow-clad scene was beyond description; the rugged mountain-sides, the lofty peaks, the valleys, the gorges and chasms, all reflecting it in every shade of dazzling color. We forgot cold and danger, and were lost in awed admiration; all sprang to their feet and gazed out, while exclamations fell from the lips of each passenger, betraying nearly as many different nationalities. Guido, I am sure, could not have painted his "Aurora," the pride of the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome, if he had never been in Italy. The inspiring beauties of a sunrise in the Alps and along the shores of the Mediterranean must have been in his mind.

As the chariot of the "sun-god" mounted higher, the "rosy-fingered goddess" gradually disappeared, and, under the less romantic light of broad day, we began to realize the fact that, although the day was bright, the open windows and door of our queer Alpine conveyance made a temperature too low for even enthusiastic tourists to keep warm in. We closed the windows and settled down again beneath our wrappings, and, with leisure and light, looked at our *compagnons de voyage*. The lady, giving her the precedence of the sex, was quite pretty, very stylish, and had the air of elegance and refinement which marks the lady of any land. The coronet on kerchief and bag gave a hint as to her position in society. In the course of the day, after we had made friends through a conversation in bad Italian on our part, and, I flatter myself, worse English on hers, we found her to be a Genoese countess, journeying with her husband to Paris for "the season." The count was young, handsome, and so fair and so quiet that I at first mistook him for an Englishman. The undress uniform of the gentleman beside me indicated him as an officer of Victor Emmanuel's army. He was handsome, gay, good-humored, and polite, though more reserved than the Frenchman opposite, who chattered and gesticulated regardless of answer or attention. The latter found our vicinity unsociable, and soon moved near the countess, with whom he kept up an incessant conversation, carried on in a language which was a curious mixture of French, Italian, and pantomime.

We steamed along briskly, traversing the valley of the Dora Riparia, and, after passing Molaret, a small Piedmontese village, began a steep ascent. The little car seemed actually to labor as it crawled up the mountain-side. The guide-books tell us that the chestnut, mulberry, and fig, flourish on these mountain-slopes. I remember nothing but snow—mountains of snow—snow deeper and deeper as we climbed higher. However, we went along safely, reaching the small plain of St. Nicholas, and traversing it in a straight direction. We obtained glimpses as we passed of the villages of Novalesa and Ferrera. Then there rose into view the picturesque mountain Rocciamelone, crowned by the chapel of Notre-Dame des Neiges, formerly much frequented, but now falling to decay.

My husband about this time amused himself with laughing at me for my apprehensions of the morning, and my desire to escape this ascent, reminding me that women were cowards, and insisting that I

should be very grateful for his determined advocacy of the trip, since we had been already repaid by the beauties of the scene. I meekly—for me—remarked, "The journey is not over."

After crossing the plain St. Nicholas, the ascent again commenced, steeper than before; the houses of refuge were more frequent, and the snow deeper. It had been quite calm when we left Susa, but now a furious wind prevailed. As I looked at the little zigzag line of railway, the sharp curves around the edges of precipices, and the sheer descent of hundreds of feet, I began to wish that we were safely lodged at San Michele, on the other side of the mountain. Slowly, more slowly, we crept along, then suddenly we stopped. I looked ahead—the track was nowhere visible; it was, in fact, entirely covered with snow, the wind causing great masses to drift down from the surrounding peaks. Before we could comment upon our situation, a long line of workmen, looking like animated rag-bags in their various mufflers, were at work clearing the track. As they would clear away the drifts, we would move forward, and stop again when similarly obstructed. This continued for some time, the wind-storm increasing every moment. We had made five or six stoppages of this kind, and were again moving on amid roaring wind and hurtling snow, when the car suddenly began to rock and shake, and seemed to be turning on one side. Every one exclaimed and sprang up. There was a screaming and jabbering in French and Italian, a grating noise, and, as the motion ceased, I heard some one say outside, "D—n it, he's let go!"

I never expected to feel pleased at the sound of an oath, and just then the idea of "letting go" was horribly suggestive, but it was nevertheless the most intense relief, amid the jargon about us, to hear some one, evidently in command, speaking English, however unsatisfactory the phrase might be. I grasped my husband's arm, and begged him to go to whoever was speaking English for an explanation of the situation. The countess was almost hysterical from fright, and the gentlemen lost in wondering what was the matter. My husband soon came in and informed us that we were snow-bound, but the additional information that our engineers were all Englishmen, and that they said it was "all right," consoled me very much. The chief soon entered and said that, although within four kilometres of the summit of the pass, we could not proceed; that the drifted snow might be removed in a few hours, but that the wind was so violent we should be blown over if we attempted to go on, and that we had just narrowly escaped this fate. As if to give point to this statement, half-way down the precipice, just in view, was the wreck of a freight-car, blown over a few days before. "Back to Susa!" was the cry. Alas! he politely, though with some indifference, informed us that the snow had drifted to such a depth in our rear, that to return for many hours, perhaps even days, was impossible. What a situation! Snowed up near the summit of Mont Cenis in a small railway-car that rocked—even at its moorings—with every blast of wind. Visions of avalanches, frozen travellers, San Bernard dogs, and a thousand other chilly images swept through my mind, while home, friends, and warm firesides, seemed forever out of reach. The hot-water cans had, in the mean time, cooled; and the situation, physically, was beginning to be truly painful. The wind roared and howled around our little shelter, and away up from mountain-top to mountain-top the echoes of the tempest seemed to answer back like evil spirits mocking our distress. Utterly broken down by cold, fatigue, and fear, I was, I believe, almost about to resign myself to death, when the engineer again came in and said that about twenty yards distant was a house of refuge, or small tavern, where we would find fire and other assistance. Muffling ourselves up in all the wraps we could muster, we started for the house. The snow was blown about in such tremendous masses, and with such violence, that it was several minutes before I could reach the welcome shelter, even with the aid of my husband and one of the engine-drivers. A miserable place it was, though we hailed it as a castle of security and comfort against the terrible storm. We entered a large, low-roofed room, with a huge fireplace and stove, smoke-stained and filthy; and sat down in the midst of train-hands and muleters, for it was directly on the high-road. Our attendants were two females: one wrinkled old crone, hideous to behold; the other a young woman, dwarfed and hunch-backed, with an immense *goitre*. Ugh! I shall never forget their appearance. In obedience to an inquiry if there were another room, she showed the countess and myself into a sort of closet adjoining the *grand salon*, containing a bed and a few toilet articles, all of the coarsest description. "Vera g-re-a-ble," said my companion, in her

broken English. "Horrible, if we stay here all night," thought I. As we returned to the outer room, thankful for a seat by the fire, we found the tobacco-smoke almost stinging, accompanied as it was by flavors of garlic which rose from a large pot or caldron over the fire. This was stirred from time to time by the hunchback, and as she stood amid the smoke, peering into the vessel, she might well have passed for one of Macbeth's witches. She ladled out the mess after a while, serving it to the railway hands and sledge-drivers. We declined taking any, and a search in our travelling-bag for something better brought to light a Strasbourg pie and some biscuit. The Frenchman, after a conference with the elder woman of the house, brought out a plate of frozen honey, which he handed to us in great glee, as a *recherché* dainty; my husband, who has a strong distaste for honey, advised me, with a gesture, and a nauseated expression of countenance, against eating any, but monsieur thought it delicious, and chattered away, as he dispatched it, in the gayest possible manner.

The English engineers were merry and boisterous, and their hardy courage and gay good-nature inspired me with great admiration. How much do we owe to men in positions like this, leading such a life as theirs must be! I have often thought of it on shipboard, on a rough night, as I have heard their cheery tones above the roar of the waves. Glad of an opportunity to hear our mother-tongue, we listened to and talked with them. I asked the chief how it was that this railway was being worked by Englishmen. He laughed, and replied that an American planned it, and Englishmen worked it, "for," said he, "these lazy Italians and good-for-nothing Frenchmen could never have accomplished it." And then, descending from ethnology and engineering to the substantial of life, he said to my husband, in a half-mirthful, half-pathetic tone, as he drained a great measure of the sour red country wine, "What wouldn't I give for a pot of stout!" I was struck with the hoarse sound of the voices of all these people, as well as with the inflamed look of their eyes. It seems to be the effect of the snow and cold, which, I was told, very often cause blindness and deafness.

After enduring our mountain imprisonment for about four hours, we were agreeably surprised by the information that the snow had been cleared away, and we could commence our return-trip to Susa. This was joyful news, and, with great alacrity, we bade farewell to our entertainers. They seemed rather gloomy at our departure, pocketing their fee with the usual "grazie," uttered in a tone which spoke of disappointed hopes of a longer stay and larger perquisites.

Our return-walk to the car was with difficulty accomplished, but at last we were settled, and with genuine delight began the descent. We went very rapidly down the mountain, each moment leaving the wind and snow farther behind. Every one laughed and talked, and made merry—every one except our whilom gay Frenchman, who, huddled up in a corner, with his hands clasped over his stomach, groaned and moaned with dyspepsia, and anon cursed and wished frozen honey where it should be, namely, at the top of Mont Cenis.

We all—with the exception of the officer—determined to return to Turin that night, and go to Paris by the route along the Mediterranean. He laughingly declared he would attempt the pass again the next day, and that he would arrive in Paris several days in advance of us, and order our rooms prepared. We arrived in Susa about sunset, and went on to Turin that night. Thus ended our Mont-Cenis trip. My husband, I may add, has been silent ever since about Alpine scenery.

A TYPHOON IN THE CHINA SEA.

IT was about the time of the autumnal equinox, and during the interval of changeable weather that intervenes between the regular monsoons in the China Sea, that my vessel, a bark, was making a passage from Shanghai to Hong-Kong. One night being very squally, with baffling winds, I remained on deck all the time, to see that advantage was taken of every slant of wind, for we were near the entrance of the Formosa Channel, and it was my wish to make all possible use of the southerly current that sets down through it. After breakfast, the weather appearing to be more settled, with a light breeze from southwest, and the barometer standing steady at about 30.5, I went below to make amends for the fatigue of the previous night, leaving the vessel under royals and staysails standing to the southward, with the starboard tacks aboard. The second mate, an

old and experienced seaman, familiar with the peculiar characteristics of wind and weather in those seas, had charge of the deck; and, being a man in whom entire confidence could be placed, I retired to my stateroom without any doubts or misgivings, and was soon asleep. I say asleep, but, although the body was at rest, my mind seemed conscious, and I remember to have heard the bell strike the half-hours, while the noises from the deck blended with my dreams.

At length I distinctly heard the cry of "Man overboard!" and was aware of an unusual noise and confusion, but made no effort to rouse myself until the steward ran into my room and gave me a call. Jumping from my berth and getting to the deck was but the work of a minute; and finding the bark in stays, as I supposed, with all the sails shaking, I called two of the men, and with the steward lowered down the lee-boat, and sent them off to the rescue of our shipmate.

It is a characteristic of the trained seaman, that when he first comes on deck he glances aloft, and then takes a look to windward before scanning the horizon, and by this peculiarity you can always select from any number of passengers those who are familiar with the sea. In this case, however, owing to the confusion of the accident, and the hurry of lowering the boat, I had neglected this usual survey of the ship. What was my surprise then, upon turning around, to find that the vessel was half a wreck! My first thought was, "I still am asleep and dreaming." There was scarcely any more wind than when I went below; but the foretop-mast was broken short off at the cap, having carried with it the maintop-gallant-mast; and the jib-boom was trailing alongside. The wreck of these spars in the water, with the sails attached, had acted as a drag in bringing the vessel's head to the wind, which was the reason that led me to suppose her in stays when I first came on deck at the call of the steward.

Hurrying forward where my officers were busily engaged making preparations to clear the wreck, I received from the second mate the following explanation:

Noticing a light bank of clouds on the weather-bow, while the wind was freshening slightly, he had clewed up the fore-royal, and sent one of the men aloft to furl it. He was then coming aft to take in the main-royal, when, without the slightest warning, there was a sudden crash, and the wreck that I saw before me had taken place, and the man on the royal-yard was thrown far to leeward when the mast went by the board. Aft, there had not been wind enough to blow the cap from the head of the man at the wheel, while the forward part of the vessel was enveloped in a sea of foam, that extended as far ahead and to leeward as he could see.

It was evident that we had been caught in the edge of a white squall that had swept diagonally across our bows, carrying away the head-spars, and, if we had been only one length farther ahead, every stick would have been taken over the side. There was no time, however, for conjecture or inaction. Upon going below, I found that the barometer was falling rapidly, and former experience assured me that this squall was the precursor of a typhoon, a most disagreeable assurance at any time, but much more so in our crippled condition.

Seeing that the men in the boat had not been successful in the object of their search, I made the signal of recall, as all hands were needed for the imperative duty of clearing up the wreck before night, and it was by this time after one P. M. We neither saw nor heard of our unfortunate shipmate again. It is probable that he was stunned by the shock of his fall, and, without a struggle, sunk to rise no more. He had only been with me about two weeks, and I knew nothing of his relatives or friends, excepting that they lived in some part of New England.

It is not necessary to particularly explain our labors, but all hands worked manfully and well, so that by sunset we had a spare top-gallant-mast rigged as a jury-foretop-mast. The wind was increasing to a gale, and veering gradually around to the northward and eastward. Through the night we labored along heavily, and were gladdened in the morning by the sight of the "White Dogs," a remarkable group of islands serving as a landmark for the port of Foochow. Under the lee of these islands we found a harbor, where, for three days, we rode out one of the heaviest typhoons it was ever my lot to experience. Fortunately, we had not much top-hammer to hold the wind.

Upon reaching port, several days afterward, I ascertained that many vessels had suffered more seriously than ourselves. A brig, which caught the gale about ten miles south of us, was totally dismasted, and at Tamsui and Tai-wan-foo, on the island of Formosa, a number were driven ashore.

H. W. DODGE.

TABLE-TALK.

ONE of our daily papers has been giving large space to a correspondence regarding matrimony, the discussion having arisen from a suggestion made by some one that American girls, in order to secure better prizes in the matrimonial market, should, after the European plan, carry dowries to their husbands. The correspondence elicited by this proposal has been extensive, varied, and has embraced pretty nearly the whole range of social subjects pertaining to the state of marriage. Communications have come from happy bachelors and forlorn bachelors, from contented Benedicts and pining Benedicts, from maidens of gentle temper and maidens of shrewish tendencies, from wives who bless their husbands and wives who evidently would like another opportunity, from widows who rejoice and widows who mourn, from widowers who sigh and widowers who are at peace, from men-haters and from women-haters—in short, from people representing every possible relationship to matrimony and every shade of sentiment. Of course, the correspondence has included a good deal of nonsense, but it has also been suggestive, and has served to show, not only the great difference of views that exists in regard to social questions pertaining to marriage, but as to the obstacles that keep men and women asunder. The young men complain of their inability to support wives in the style that women now expect to live, and assert that, if social custom is to continue demanding so much of young Benedicts, either women must contribute to the common fund, or marriage must necessarily more and more be limited to the two extremes of society—those who are rich and equal to the tax upon them, and those who are so poor as to have no social ambitions. The complaints that young men make in these letters about the extravagance of women are well met by lady correspondents, who have no difficulty in showing that the habits of bachelors are far more extravagant than those of maids. But the tastes of the two sexes are so different that it will always be difficult for one to see the other in this matter fairly. A young woman likes a fine house, handsome furniture, and elegant dresses; to obtain these she will pinch in every other form, and keep her household half-starved. A man would live in a plainer style, in humbler quarters, with fewer indulgences in what is merely ornamental, but asks for good dinners and all substantial comforts. Women, as a class, are self-indulgent only in dress, which implies opportunities to display their toilets; men are self-indulgent mainly in things of personal ease, or in their appetites. There is no appreciation on either side of the extravagance of the other, and hence these ceaseless criminations and recriminations, which the correspondence we have referred to largely ventilates, but which are by no means new. If marriage, which binds two people so intimately together, is to retain with us the honorable place it has hitherto enjoyed, and not decline into the Parisian mockery, ways should be found by which the tastes of the two sexes should unite or harmonize. If

a man nowadays does not marry young, he is likely not to marry at all, because, the older he grows, the more widely diverge his ideas from those of womanhood, the greater violence must marriage do to his habits, and the less tractable he becomes to the harness. It is just possible, however, that the antagonisms which so largely prevent marriage may be a wise order of Nature. If matrimony were a smooth primrose-path of ease and pleasure, and no repulsions existed to keep men and women apart, everybody would marry, and the result of this would be an alarming increase of the population. Darwin, in his last work, enters into a calculation to show that a people of twenty-five millions, which should multiply at a rate of increase that would double the population every twenty-five years, would in a little over six hundred years become so numerous, that the entire earth's surface would only afford a square yard of ground for every four persons. It will not do, obviously, for everybody to hasten to the altar. Those who for any reason remain celibates may congratulate themselves that their chance for happiness has been at least even; for the Greek philosopher tells us that, whether a man marries or not, he is sure to regret it; and Talleyrand, taking the other view of the matter, congratulated a bachelor as a lucky fellow, and a Benedict as a happy dog.

— *À propos* to the discussion of the question of the propriety of the German army's entry into Paris after the surrender of the city, it may be worth while to cite the account which M. Thiers, in his "History of the Consulate and Empire," gives of a similar transaction—the entry of the French into Berlin in 1806, after the defeat of the Prussian army at Jena. It was the first time that Napoleon had entered in triumph a conquered capital. He had not thus entered Vienna, having scarcely visited it, but residing at the palace of Schönbrunn, far from the view of the Viennese. But now, as Thiers says, either from pride at having defeated an army reputed invincible, or from a wish to strike Europe with a signal spectacle, or perhaps from the mere intoxication of victory and a desire to humiliate the hated Prussians, he determined to make, on the morning of October 28th, a triumphal entry into Berlin. Thiers says: "The whole population of the city was astir to behold this great scene. Napoleon entered surrounded by his guard, and followed by the brilliant cuirassiers of Generals d'Hautpoul and Nansouty. The Imperial Guard, richly clothed, was this day more imposing than ever. In front marched the foot grenadiers and chasseurs, in the midst Marshals Berthier, Duroc, Davoust, Augereau, and in the centre of this group, isolated through respect, Napoleon, in the simple costume he wore at the Tuileries and on fields of battle—Napoleon, the object of riveted attention to the vast and silent crowd, touched at once with sadness and admiration—such was the spectacle offered in the long and ample street of Berlin, leading from the Charlottenburg Gate to the palace of the Kings of Prussia. The populace thronged the streets, the wealthy burghers the windows. As to the nobility, they had fled, smitten with fear and covered with confusion. The females of the burgher class de-

voured with avidity the spectacle before their eyes; some could not restrain their tears; none uttered vindictive or flattering cries toward the conqueror. Happy Prussia, not to be divided in sentiment, and to preserve her dignity in her disaster! The entrance of an enemy was not with her the ruin of a party or the triumph of another; and there was not within her fold an unworthy faction animated with an odious joy, applauding the presence of foreign soldiers. We Frenchmen, more unfortunate in our reverses, have witnessed this execrable joy, for we have witnessed every thing in this age, the extremes of victory and defeat, of greatness and humiliation, of the purest devotion and the blackest treason!" In these last remarks M. Thiers, of course, alludes to the scenes witnessed in Paris at the restoration of the Bourbons by the allied armies in 1814-'15. He could hardly have thought when penning them that he should live to witness greater disasters to France, and a still more humiliating overthrow of her power. In 1814 France succumbed only to a world in arms against her, after a series of contests in which for nearly twenty years she had been victorious. In 1870-'71 she has fallen before a single adversary, and without the consolation of a single victory to mitigate the shame of her defeats. According to the Christian standard of ethics, it would have been noble of the Germans to refrain from entering Paris, nobler still to have abstained from entering France at all. But the nations, unhappily, are not yet up to that high standard, and it was hardly to be expected that the Germans should set the example. In entering and occupying Paris they have only followed the precedent set them by the French themselves in their day of triumph—a precedent which Napoleon III. would doubtless have followed had he succeeded in leading his army victoriously to the gates of Berlin.

— Ruskin, in a lecture at Oxford on "Landscape," a synopsis of which we gave in a recent number of the JOURNAL, assures us that "much more strength and heart are necessary to paint landscape well than to paint the human form." This is contrary to the usual belief, and we doubt if it can be supported by the facts. "Without strong passion and sensitiveness," says Ruskin, "men can never paint well." This is undoubtedly true, and we believe that landscape exacts these high qualities to a greater degree than is generally supposed. There must enter into landscape-painting, to give it value, a delicate and sensitive appreciation of beauty, a tenderness and sentiment that can penetrate the mere external form and reach the subtle harmonies of Nature. But assuredly a larger and more powerful feeling is necessary in the delineation of life. Not merely is figure-painting more exacting in technical skill; it seems to us to demand a profounder passion, a more vigorous grasp, a deeper sympathy. Just so much as human passion is greater than pictorial description, so is the painting of character above the portrayal of Nature. We are, many of us, deaf, no doubt, to the spirit of Nature, insensible to its beauty, dead to its meaning; but in the tumultuous heart of man there are such aspirations, such love, such

sympathies, such longings, such griefs, such delights, such capacities for good and evil, that only a Shakespeare or a Goethe or a Dante can measure and express them. The great heart of man has been plumbed by the poets better than by the painters. Painting, however, is triumphant in depicting beauty. This sentiment demands both color and form to express it, and, for all that the art may fail to reach in other directions, it can claim full measure of compensation in its unapproachable successes in this one thing. And here, how completely figure-painting would seem to be superior to landscape-painting! If the purple atmosphere of twilight, the soft blue distances of the sky, the light and shade in forest masses, the breadth of sunlight on the meadow, the gloom in the shaded ravine—if all these things tax and distract the ambitious and earnest painter, still, how much more subtle and evasive must be the bloom of the beauty's cheek, the light and lustre and passion of her eye, the matchless white of her bosom, the shifting expressions and untranslatable sentiments that come and go upon her face! The profoundest philosopher, we have been told, cannot penetrate the depths of the peasant-girl's heart; and, if this is true, how supremely difficult must the artist find the translation of woman's beauty! Successful landscapists are more numerous than successful figure-painters, and the reason of this, we think, is, because Nature exacts of the artist less heart and strength, less sentiment, passion, and power, than does human life, notwithstanding Mr. Ruskin's dictum.

— It is a little singular that the rarest thing to be found in dramatic delineations is genuine gayety. Actors may storm, actors may weep, actors may be grotesque, but only once in a while can an actor be found who knows how to be gay. For this reason a whole set of bright, laughing wits of the old comedy are denied to the modern theatre-goer. It would seem not to be a laughing age. There is plenty of rude fun in the theatre, but light, delicate, vivacious wit—sparkle, and fancy, and contagious merriment—these we only rarely get. It was, therefore, an agreeable surprise when Mr. Booth, a week or two since, came out brightly and brilliantly as Benedick in "Much Ado about Nothing." It was the first time he had acted it in New York, and, knowing the somewhat heavy style of the actor, his attempt was looked upon with some apprehension by his friends. We have seen more elaborated and studied performances of Benedick, have seen the character acted with more hearty mirth, but Mr. Booth has succeeded in giving to the part a delightful freshness, and a singularly pleasing individuality. An actor in every thing else too slow and measured, he is in this all swift and vivacious. He is entirely untheatrical. He acts as from a spontaneous impulse, and not from study, and rattles on in a free, easy, off-hand, gentlemanly manner, as if one saw, indeed, before him a fine, handsome, bright-witted cavalier of the olden time. The lady who acts Beatrice is far more shrewish than gay, and we fear that Benedick would be certain in her hands of the "predestinate scratched face."

— In regard to our recent suggestion that the upper stories of large business-houses should be utilized as residences, we find some people mentioning as an objection the noises that would continually rise from the street below. In Broadway this would be more obvious than elsewhere; but the ear soon becomes so inured to continued and monotonous noises that we apprehend this disturbance would soon cease to attract attention. In a recent work on ballooning the writer speaks of the "deep, rich, continuous sound" that rose to his ears from the streets of London when passing over the city. The street-sounds that would reach these upper-story houses would have something of this character, and in a little while would be like the sound of a water-fall to all living near it—never noticed unless the attention is arrested by its suddenly stopping.

Literary Notes.

IF it may be said that Messrs. Hoe & Co.'s illustrated catalogue of printing-presses is neither of literature nor of art, it cannot be claimed with equal confidence that it is of less interest than many legitimate products in those branches of effort. A catalogue is by no means a mere advertisement, or it is better perhaps to say that an advertisement may have large meaning and profound suggestiveness. The number and the various kinds of presses described and pictorially delineated in Messrs. Hoe & Co.'s catalogue serve fairly to bewilder one. There are little presses of marvellously-novel construction worked by the hand, and gigantic monsters for steam-power, which are piled up story upon story, are as big as a small house, and cost to build a deal more than many a big house does. The "ten-cylinder type-revolving machine" gives ten impressions at each revolution of the type-cylinder, and piles up twenty-five thousand papers in an hour! And then for machines whose ways are peculiar, there is the "patent numbering ticket-press," an outlandish-looking medley of cogs and wheels, the intricate mazes of which the best Philadelphia lawyer would be dazed to look at. We are told that this machine at one operation prints, numbers, and deposits tickets in consecutive order, numbering from one up to ten thousand. If a machine now could be invented to distribute tickets at railway-offices, and do the thing politely, what a satisfaction and comfort it would be to travellers! The Hoe presses are almost legion, and their variety, if not infinite, quite beyond our patience to compute. As one turns over the page he cannot help wondering what Gutenberg and Faust would say to the marvellous creations could they come back to see them. The old gentlemen would doubtless cry out with amazement at witnessing the prodigious progeny that had sprung from their invention, and, trembling with fearful apprehensions, begin to speculate as to what supernatural spirit in man they had unwittingly invoked.

Two new novels have recently appeared in England, which are attracting much attention. The first, "The Hôtel du Petit St.-Jean," was published about a year ago, and among cultivated readers achieved no little reputation. Recently a second novel, by the same author, entitled "Véra," has appeared, and this the English press is praising in the highest terms. There is freshness of style, of method, and of material, and the world of

English novel-readers have found in them a new sensation. The London *Saturday Review*, speaking of "Véra," says that it "heartily recommends to the public a book which cannot fail to please every one who reads it." "Véra" has been reprinted by D. Appleton & Co.; it will be followed immediately by "The Hôtel du Petit St.-Jean."

The third volume of Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop" has just appeared from the press of Scribner & Co. This volume leads off with a paper on German Literature, has articles on Shakespeare, on Bacon in Germany, on Schiller, Bunsen, Chamot, German Love-songs, and other erudite matters. The value of Max Müller's contributions to our critical literature is acknowledged by scholars everywhere, and the interest of his papers is equally applauded by readers generally.

M. Jules Michelet, who has taken up his residence in Florence, has just published a new work, entitled "La France devant l'Europe," in which, among many noble pages on France, there are severe attacks on Russia and Prussia, in which the author has allowed his natural prejudices full scope. His description of the dome of Strasbourg concludes with these words: "In the innumerable sculptures, it offers the image of the whole world, angels, animals, men, all Nature, all humanity. The whole forms the entire middle ages, all the accumulated history of the world and of Strasbourg."

Lippincott's "Dictionary of Biography and Mythology," which has been publishing in parts, is now completed, and appears in two handsome imperial octavo volumes. This dictionary is very comprehensive in its range, and assiduous pains appear to have been taken to make it accurate. The space allotted to each name is compact, and yet so numerous are the subjects that the work completed is objectionably cumbersome. The editor deserves credit for the thorough manner in which he has performed his laborious and really gigantic task.

Charles Scribner & Co. have issued the first volume of "The History of Greece," by Professor Curtius, a German scholar of great learning and ability. The translation is made by A. W. Ward, professor of history in an English college, and is apparently very well done. The book is beyond doubt the best history of Greece that has yet appeared, and embraces the latest results of German research and German criticism.

Messrs. Scribner & Co. have published, in their "Illustrated Library of Wonders," a volume of "Wonderful Escapes," revised from the French, with original chapters added—a well illustrated and very readable little volume, which, if of less value than other issues of the series, is possibly of greater interest to the general reader.

Labouchere's "Diary of a Besieged Resident in Paris" is announced for speedy publication in London; and also Professor Sheppard's "Siege of Paris," consisting principally of letters to the *New-York Examiner* and the *Cincinnati Gazette*.

After a long silence, Bailey, author of "Festus," will publish a new poem. The title is "Life Recluse," the length about two hundred and fifty lines.

Louis Blanc, the French historian and politician, has nearly finished a history of England, in seven volumes, which will be published this fall, simultaneously in French and in English.

Scientific Notes.

Agassiz's Museum at Cambridge.

THE collection, begun with Mr. Agassiz's materials, which, to use his own words, "were hardly known abroad, and attracted little attention at home," has already assumed immense proportions, and is known and appreciated by men of science all over the globe. The museum building, as it is now, cannot properly be called a place of exhibition, but it is emphatically and almost exclusively a great storehouse. Even the dozen or more who are at work upon the collections are crowded into the smallest possible space. Barrels, casks, boxes, and jars, unnumbered and almost innumerable, fill nearly the entire space from floor to ceiling, and from cellar to attic. With the exception of four exhibition-rooms, and one room for instruction and lectures, there is barely room to elbow one's way among the closely-packed material, and even in these rooms every available space is pressed into service. One can have but a faint idea of the amount of specimens stowed away in the jars of alcohol and the piled-up boxes, from any description of the scene, or even by looking at the receptacles that hide the treasures from public view. There is alcohol for preserving specimens in the various jars and bottles of all shapes and sizes, sufficient for floating a small craft, if all brought together. But this is not a heterogeneous and unselected mass. Every box and jar is distinctly labelled, and any specimen in the building can be readily found with no further inconvenience than that of removing the materials in its way, and this inconvenience is due, not to a want of system, but to a want of room. Mr. Agassiz has always exercised the utmost care that the *locality* of each specimen should be distinctly marked upon its label, together with its name and the authority of some reliable naturalist, and this is because, as he says, "it must be obvious that the question of the origin of species is not likely to be discussed successfully, before the laws of geographical distribution of organized beings have been satisfactorily ascertained." As soon as the building is large enough, the specimens will be so arranged as to make manifest these laws, so far as may be.

Probably the most curious ant in the world is the parasol-ant of the West Indies. Dr. Forbes Winslow, in his work on Light, says these ants walk in long procession, each one carrying a cut leaf over its head as a parasol, in the sun, and they deposit these in holes ten or twelve feet under ground, apparently with no other object than to form a comfortable nest for a species of white snake, which is invariably found coiled up among them.

Scientific experiment shows the following number of beats a second for the wings of each insect: The common fly, three hundred and thirty; the drone, two hundred and forty; the bee, one hundred and ninety; the wasp, one hundred and ten; the hawk-moth, seventy-two; the dragon-fly, twenty-eight; and the cabbage-butterfly, which is inaudible, nine beats a second.

The strongest vegetable fibre known is said to be that of New-Zealand flax. It has sword-like leaves, ten or twelve feet in length. It is used by the settlers for binding their sheaves, fastening their gates, tying up their horses, and in almost every possible way.

When leaden rifle-bullets are fired against iron targets, the lead is melted and spattered

upon the target in the form of a star. This fact is stated as the result of careful experiments recently made at Basle, in Switzerland.

Among the astronomers who went from England to Sicily to observe the late eclipse, were two women, appointed to take observations with the spectroscope.

The number of known species of lichens is about five thousand.

Foreign Items.

THE Princess Mathilde Demidoff, Napoleon's cousin, offers in the Belgian papers a reward of fifteen hundred francs for the recovery of a small trunk, containing autograph letters from some of the most distinguished French authors, which was stolen from her during her hasty journey from Paris to the capital of Belgium in September last. The trunk contained also the whole correspondence of the princess with the late M. Sainte-Beuve.

Bismarck receives now, for the various offices which he holds in the cabinet and in the army, an aggregate salary of forty-one thousand thalers. His large estate at Varzin yields him an additional twenty thousand thalers, so that the great chancellor of the Germanic empire is now in very comfortable circumstances. Twenty years ago he was so largely in debt that he was one day unable to raise two hundred dollars on his note at a Berlin banking-house.

The German prince most opposed to French influence, French literature, and French fashions, since the breaking out of the war, is King Louis of Bavaria. After forbidding the manager of his theatre at Munich to produce any more French operettas and ballets, he has now given the ladies of his court to understand that they would do him a favor if they would no longer wear chignons, crinolines, etc.

M. Boulette, the custodian of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, shed bitter tears when he was informed that the wild beasts, which had been so long under his care, were to be slaughtered. He hastened to the Governor of Paris and implored him almost on his knees to revoke the order, and he was perfectly beside himself when told that the order must be executed.

In spite of the assurances of friendship which the courts of Vienna and Berlin have recently exchanged, the Emperor Francis Joseph is reported to be deeply mortified at the extraordinary successes achieved by the Prussian armies; and they say in Vienna that he speaks of the Emperor William in any thing but respectful terms when conversing with his courtiers.

King Victor Emmanuel has one of the finest entomological collections in Italy, most of the specimens of which he has personally collected. Madame Rattazzi, alluding to the king's predilection for the study of entomology, maliciously said of him, some time ago, "Give Victor Emmanuel a rare bug, and he will be more grateful to you than if you give him a new province."

The vigor with which Adolphe Thiers, despite his seventy-four years, bears the excitement and hardships of his present arduous and responsible position, is truly remarkable. The other day he told an Austrian diplomatist, who congratulated him on his activity and good health, that, since the 4th of September last,

he had never slept more than four out of twenty-four hours.

Ponson du Terrail, the most productive of the living French novelists, and the favorite romancier of the Emperor Napoleon, was taken prisoner at the battle of Le Mans, where he commanded a battalion of *Moblots*, and sent to a small town in East Prussia, from which he wrote a series of amusing and spicy letters to the *Etoile Belge*.

Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans, has announced his intention to lecture this spring in France and Belgium for the relief of the suffering French peasants. The widow of the celebrated Count Montalembert has offered to give for the same purpose the whole copyright on her late husband's works for the next five years.

The Queen of Denmark, who is noted for her economical and simple habits, excited the other day no little attention by driving in a plain calico dress in an open barouche through the streets of Copenhagen. The queen is by far more popular in Denmark than her royal husband, who is disliked on account of his German descent.

King Charles of Sweden is not, as has been generally reported, a contributor on subjects of national economy to the Stockholm daily press. The articles, supposed to be his, are written by his brother. The king writes fair poetry, of which he has published several volumes, and novels, of which the Scandinavian critics do not speak very highly.

There are now in the prisons of Prussia forty-five persons convicted of murder, and sentenced to suffer death by decapitation. The Emperor William will decide, upon his return to Berlin, whether the sentences shall be executed or commuted to imprisonment for life. The general opinion in Prussia is, that the latter will be the case.

For many years past, the churches in all parts of Germany have not been frequented by as many worshippers as since the breaking out of the war with France. The Dom in Berlin, especially, is hardly large enough for the crowd which attend divine service there on Sundays.

Prince Richard de Metternich, who still represents the Austrian Government in France, has vainly applied to Count von Beust to be transferred to some other court. The Austrian chancellor replied that the Emperor Francis Joseph desired that he should remain in France.

Paul de Cassagnac has gone to St. Petersburg for the purpose of settling there permanently, and, if he can get the necessary permission from the Russian Government, starting a daily newspaper in the French language at the capital on the Neva.

Among the decrees issued by Gambetta, while he was at the head of the French War Department, was one prohibiting officers in the army, while in the field, from sending challenges to one another, under pain of immediate dismissal from the service.

The Grand Council of the Legion of Honor, during the siege of Paris, deprived a large number of prominent officers of the second empire of their *grands cordons*. It is said that Prince Napoleon is one of them.

Leverrier, the celebrated astronomer, who was deposed from the directorship of the Im-

perial Observatory in Paris at the time when Emile Ollivier became Prime-Minister of France, lives at present in great poverty at Milan.

A noble lady of Saxony has, perhaps, been more heavily stricken by the war with France than any other mother in Germany. Her four sons and five sons-in-law went to the war, and all of them were killed in battle.

Guizot has been confined to his bed for several months past, but his mind is as active as ever; and he dictates ten or twelve hours every day to his daughter-in-law, who acts as his amanuensis.

The London *Situation* and the Brussels *Drapeau*, the two papers founded by the leaders of the French imperialists since the downfall of the second empire, announce that they will suspend publication on the 15th of March.

The unfinished manuscript of an autobiography of Alexander von Humboldt has been found in Vienna. It is said to abound in interesting matter, and will be published at an early day.

Disraeli's "Lothair" has been translated into nine languages. A Russian translation has recently been published at Moscow, and a Hungarian one at Pesh.

Seventeen poets, nine romancists, five historians, three savants, and six members of the French Academy, occupy seats in the National Assembly of France.

M. Pouyer-Quertier, the new French Minister of Finance, is, next to M. Schneider, the proprietor of the Creuzot iron works, the wealthiest manufacturer in France.

A grand-nephew of Silvio Pellico, whose celebrated "*Le Mia Prigione*" excited so much indignation against the Austrian Government, is now a colonel in the Austrian army.

The remains of Alexandre Dumas, in accordance with a wish he expressed on his death-bed, will be sent for interment to his favorite city, Havre de Grace.

Jean-Jacques Offenbach is at present in Rome. His friends assert that he will never return to Paris.

The circulation of *Kladderadatsch* (the Berlin "*Punch*") is three times as large as that of the London *Punch*.

Five hundred and ninety-eight caricatures about the war with France were published in Germany from July till December, 1870.

Ernest Rénan is said to have become a confirmed hypochondriac.

Berthold Auerbach has rented a house at Strasbourg, where he will finish his new novel.

Venice has at the present time no fewer than nineteen daily papers.

Marshal Prim left to his widow property valued at upward of half a million dollars.

Miscellany.

New-York Bars.

THE New-York bar-room is a matter of wonder to foreigners and New-Englanders. Western and Southern visitors have the institution at home; and New Orleans, San Francisco, and Chicago, rather outdo us in promi-

uous and general drinking. But if a stranger, unused to this sort of life, would like to see it in its most animated and marked aspects, he should visit the lower Delmonico's in Broad Street, at about noon, the Delmonico's at the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, and Jerry Thomas's on Broadway near Twenty-third Street, or the Fifth-Avenue-Hotel bar-room, at night. These, of course, are only samples of the innumerable saloons that flourish in New York; but they are rather good ones. At the Broad-Street Delmonico's, the noonday scene is one well calculated to astonish the unsophisticated visitor. It is the great resort of the stock and gold brokers—a dashing, free, animated set, who indulge in expensive liquors, and are notorious for drinking early and drinking often. All during the stock hours, these men flow in and out of Delmonico's in steady streams; the bar is always difficult of access, on account of the numbers thronging around it; and the gay laugh, the jest, the popping of champagne-corks, the clatter of glasses, the rush of waiters, the hundreds ceaselessly busy at what Dickens called "perpendicular drinking," make up a scene of amazing bustle. Brandy is the favorite liquor. Champagne comes next. The lavish expenditure at this bar is perhaps unparalleled by any other in the country. Of course, the patrons are not exclusively brokers—merchants and bankers are found there at all times, and the visitor can almost at any time see in the groups gathered within the spacious saloon some of the most noted men in New-York business. The dissipation is very well-bred, and people who rarely go to a bar will consent to be seen at Delmonico's. Similar scenes are enacting elsewhere, day and night; but, next to the Fifth-Avenue bar-room, Jerry Thomas's is probably the most frequented place after dark. This shop is a museum as well as a bar. It contains all, or nearly all, the caricatures of celebrities, painted by Nast for the *bal d'opéra* a few years ago; to these a good many additions have been made, so that Jerry Thomas's comic gallery is as well visited and appreciated as the exhibitions of the National Academy. There are other curiosities in this well-thronged place. In addition to the places mentioned, there are many gorgeous bars in New York, where our national fondness for spirituous liquors is exhibited in its most active form. The Astor House, St. Nicholas, Metropolitan, and Grand Central bars are very big and very crowded. I should mention the Fifth-Avenue-Delmonico Saloon, where there is no bar, and where everybody sits respectfully at a table. Here the young bloods assemble. All these fine establishments, and the liberal patronage they enjoy, indicate that a question of prohibition in this city would be likely to encounter overwhelming opposition. But, while drinking is very open in New York, it is not more prevalent than in other places, if general testimony may be accepted.

Scotch and French Cookery.

In almost every Scotch farm-house and kitchen is to be seen the big earthen pot, in which bits of mutton, pork, beef, every vegetable almost that can be named, together with a liberal allowance of barley, are thrown. This furnishes the nourishing and savory broth for which the Scotch are famous. With the less carnivorous French it is a more simple affair. A Parisian dame described it to me as follows: Any quantity of beef, from one to five pounds, must be put into an earthen jar or pan having a close-fitting lid, with a little salt, and water in the proportion of a quart for each pound. Boil it so as to skim the grease off, and then

add carrots, a parsnip, leeks in abundance, turnips, celery, four ground cloves, and let it simmer on the top of the oven for from seven to ten hours—only simmer, for a *bouillon* boiled is a *bouillon* spoiled. The meat and vegetables may be served on one dish, and the soup in another, with bread. The beef, when cold, next day can be eaten with shalot or tarragon vinegar. I was once sojourning at a very humble little *auberge* in the south of France, and saw a French gentleman empty his game-bag, the contents of which hardly attained in value to the achievements of our school-days. There was certainly one quail, two or three jays, and what looked like a tame pigeon that had been starved; the rest were tomits, wrens, and, I fear, one or two robin-redbreasts. Nevertheless, our hostess joyfully announced her intention of making a *salmis* therewith, and I watched the operation with real interest. The birds were first cleaned as carefully as fowls; they were then rolled in thin pieces of fat bacon, and roasted for about twelve minutes. Afterward the wings and breasts were cut off and put aside. The rest was cleared off the bones, and minced very fine with some shalots, garlic, cloves, salt. To this was added about half a bottle of white *vin du pays*—*vieux Barsac*, I think—and a few truffles and small mushrooms. This was all simmered together for a quarter of an hour, the wings and the breasts in reserve were thrown in, and it was served up on dry toast. I was invited to partake of it, and can conscientiously affirm that I have never before or since tasted any thing more delicious.

Bunsen.

Bunsen was by nature a scholar, though not exactly what in England is meant by a German scholar. Scholarship with him was always a means, never in itself an object, and the study of the languages, the laws, the philosophies and religions of antiquity, was, in his eyes, but a necessary preparation before approaching the problem of all problems. Is there a Providence in the world or is there not? "To trace the firm path of God through the stream of ages," this was the dream of his youth, and the toil of his old age; and, during all his life, whether he was studying the laws of Rome or the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt, the hymns of the Veda or the psalms of the Old Testament, he was always collecting materials for that great temple which in his mind towered high above all other temples, the temple of God in history. He was an architect, but he wanted builders; his plans were settled, but there was no time to carry them out. He therefore naturally looked out for younger men who were to take some share of his work. He encouraged them, he helped them, he left them no rest till the work which he wanted was done, and he thus exercised the most salutary influence on a number of young scholars, both in Rome, in London, and in Heidelberg. Max Müller says of him: "It has been my good fortune in life to have known many men whom the world calls great, philosophers, statesmen, scholars, artists, poets; but, take it all in all, take the full humanity of the man, I have never seen, and I shall never see, his like again."

Bouillabaisse.

There is a fish-soup which Thackeray has celebrated, known as *bouillabaisse*, passionately beloved by the people of Marseilles and the Southern French, concerning which a great authority says: "Try"—not eat, mind, but try—"the *bouillabaisse*." It is composed of onions, tomatoes, oil, saffron, bread, flavored with herbs and garlic, and, to be perfect, should contain specimens of thirty different kinds of

fish. What I tasted on the Quay at Marseilles, at the sign of *A la Bonne Bouillabaisse*, comprehended, I was told, sardines, tunny, crayfish, oysters, turtle, red mullet, another delicate little pink fish, the name of which I forget, with a flavor of salmon; and I also observed one species unknown, but which seemed to consist of eyes, teeth, and gelatine. Many of these are rare and expensive here; but the beauty of the *bouillabaisse* is, that it can be made of any kind of fish, such as are at certain seasons both cheap and plentiful in the towns and villages on our coast. Dabs, haddocks, codfish-cuttings, whittings, plaice, skate, muscels, mackerel, fresh herrings, and eels, or any fresh-water fish, will answer the purpose. For myself, I would willingly have dispensed with the saffron and part of the oil; but this is a matter of taste. To the Marseilles fishermen, the dish, without saffron, oil, and garlic, would be *un plat manqué*, and our own working-classes are not insensible to the attractions of the onion in almost any form. M. Francatelli, in his "Cookery for the Working-classes," gives his receipt for *bouillabaisse* as follows: "Shred into a saucepan four onions, six tomatoes, thyme, and savory oil, and a wine-glass full of vinegar, pepper, salt, and a pint of water for each person. Boil this for fifteen minutes, throw in what fish you have, cut in pieces, and, when the fish is thoroughly cooked, serve with bread."

Potatoes and Butter.

We heard an anecdote the other day of one of the founders of Christ's Hospital, London, which, we believe, very fairly illustrates the sort of impulses which govern people in willing their property to public institutions. His name was Hunt, and under his will Christ's Hospital now, we believe, receives an income of about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year. He was a city merchant, a bachelor, and lived with his brother. This brother had sons and daughters, who were brought up with the expectation of enjoying their uncle's property at his death. But there's "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and a couple of sharp words at dinner one day between the brothers dissipated all their expectations to the winds. The bachelor had a *penchant* for new potatoes and melted butter, and one day, when the potatoes and the butter-boat happened to come into suggestive contiguity, the epicurean millionaire stuck his fork into a potato, dipped it into the butter-boat, and swallowed it.

"Excellent!"

"Beastly!" answered the brother.

"Beastly! Do you mean to say that I'm a beast?"

"Yes, I do. The man who can dip a potato into the butter-boat in that way must be a beast."

The words were quickly spoken. It was not so easy to recall them. You may ridicule a man's opinion, expose the silliness of his crotchets, laugh at his prejudices, and quiz his personal appearance, and he will forgive you. But there is one limit to this personal criticism. A man's tastes at table are above criticism, and an alderman's sacred. Mr. Hunt thought so. He tore up his will at once, cut off his heir with the mythological shilling, and left all his spare cash and estates to Christ's Hospital.

The Largest Gun in the World.

The latest-born offspring of the art of destruction is a thirty-five-ton gun, just completed at the Royal Arsenal, in England. This monstrous creation was made upon the coil principle, with two strips of wrought-iron,

which, before they were wrapped round the core, were about one hundred and fifty feet in length. On its way to the practice-ground it crushed its own carriage and the tramway upon which it was travelling, but it was coaxed into moving again, and the sponsors of the interesting infant fired it with half a proof charge, its own shot weighing seven hundred pounds, and measuring a foot in diameter, and two and a half feet in length. With this load the monster recoiled nearly nine feet up an inclined trail of seven degrees, but was otherwise unaffected. When it has cut its teeth with larger charges, it is to burn, as a regular dose, one hundred and twenty pounds of pebble-powder, the shot being the seven-hundred-pounder mentioned, with brass studs to fit the rifling of the bore. In firing it a wire was attached to the vent, the bell was rung, and all present hastened under cover. In one of the proof-houses a gunner in a canvas suit stood before a magnetic battery, and at the word "Fire!" touched a stud, when there was a loud report, and the gun was seen smoking prodigiously. It will be tested with a charge of one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, the regular service-charge being one hundred and twenty pounds.

It is the largest piece of ordnance in the world, not excepting those ancient Titans—the Beçapore gun, called the "King of the Plain," the huge stone-ball cannon of the Dardanelles, and "Mons Meg." If an invading enemy will only be kind enough to this triumph of bel-ligerent art, we think there might be a chance of slaughter on both sides. But what a telescope might have been made for the money, and what different sort of "victories" might have been obtained with that sort of weapon! The reflection is, we know, ridiculous: "Guns, drums, and wounds" absorb the world.

False Hair

The danger of wearing false hair is illustrated in a new and forcible way by the recent experience of a Massachusetts dame. Fancying that her natural charms required artificial enhancement, she innocently purchased one of those mysterious and tail-like appendages for the female head, known, we believe, by the technical name of "switches." It was a "switch" equally beautiful and becoming, and for a brief space all was hair and happiness. But presently madam began to feel an unpleasant sensation about the throat every time she assumed the foreign locks—in point of fact, a choke. She would, in her own striking and piscatorial language, "get as red as a boiled lobster, and gasp like a porpus," dreadful symptoms, which disappeared as soon as the "switch" was removed. What was this mystery, no mortal could explain; so madam, being a true Boston woman, called a "medium," and the "medium" called a spirit from the vasty deep. Then did this spirit unfold a long and excursive tale, which, condensed, was to the effect that "she was the woman from whose head the hair had been cut, just after she was—hung!" and that a choke would always attend the wearing of that particular switch. Furthermore, this instructive spirit observed that all false hair retained more or less of the personality of its original owner, and that this was the cause of much insanity and many criminal idiosyncrasies in women—which is an explanation rather more startling than lucid.

Ideas introduced by Christianity.

"Humanity" is a word which you look for in vain in Plato and Aristotle; the idea of mankind as one family, as the children of one God, is an idea of Christian growth; and the science of mankind, and of the languages of

mankind, is a science which, without Christianity, would never have sprung into life. When people had been taught to look upon all men as brethren, then, and then only, did the variety of human species present itself as a problem that called for solution in the eyes of thoughtful observers, and I therefore date the real beginning of the science of language from the first day of Pentecost. After that day of cloven tongues a new light is spreading over the world, and objects rise into view which had been hidden from the eyes of the nations of antiquity. Old words assume a new meaning, old problems a new interest, old sciences a new purpose. The common origin of mankind, the differences of race and languages, the susceptibility of all nations of the highest mental culture—these become, in the new world in which we live, problems of scientific, because of more than scientific, interest. It is no valid objection that so many centuries should have elapsed before the spirit of Christianity infused into every branch of scientific inquiry produced visible results. We see in the oaken fleet which rides the ocean the small acorn which was buried in the ground hundreds of years ago, and we recognize in the philosophy of Albertus Magnus, though nearly twelve hundred years after the death of Christ, in the aspiration of Kepler, and in the researches of the greatest philosophers of our own age, the sound of that key-note of thought which had been struck for the first time by the apostle of the Gentiles: "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead."

Thomas Carlyle's Portrait of Bismarck.

Considerable misconception as to Herr von Bismarck is still prevalent in England. The English newspapers—nearly all of them—seem to me to be only getting toward a true knowledge of Bismarck, but not yet got to it. The standing likeness, circulating everywhere ten years ago, of demented Bismarck and his ditto king to Strafford and Charles I. *versus* our Long Parliament (as like as Macedon to Monmouth, and not liker), has now vanished from the earth, no whisper of it ever to be heard more. That pathetic Niobe of Denmark, reft violently of her children (which were stolen children, and were dreadfully ill-nursed by Niobe Denmark), is also nearly gone, and will go altogether so soon as knowledge of the matter is had. Bismarck, as I read him, is not a person of Napoleonic ideas, but of ideas quite superior to Napoleonic; shows no invincible lust of territory, nor is tormented with vulgar ambition, etc., but has aims very far beyond that sphere; and, in fact, seems to me to be striving with strong faculty, by patient, grand, and successful steps, toward an object beneficial to Germans and to all other men. That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation, and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vaporing, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest public fact that has occurred in my time.

The American Bird-trade.

The bird-trade in America seems to be in a flourishing condition. Over forty thousand canaries are brought in every year, and probably ten thousand more are raised in this country for the purpose of sale. The number of bullfinches, goldfinches, thrushes, robins, and larks, annually imported, rise as high as five or six hundred for each variety. There are fully three thousand Java sparrows brought to the

United States by vessels from that region, and fully as many parrots are yearly sold in this city alone. Waxbills and other minute varieties are scarce, and seldom arrive in quantities of more than one or two hundred each year. Parrots and love-birds from Australia follow parrots in their relative importance. In native birds there is no reliable data to go upon. It is roughly estimated that about ten thousand mocking-birds find their way from the wild nest to the cage each succeeding year.

English Servants.

The ladies who are attacking and defending the housewifely character of Englishwomen seem to us to miss, purposely, one grand element in the question, and that is the extreme dislike felt by English servants for notable housewives. They can hardly be induced to endure them. The Frenchwoman of the middle class, whose economical skill is held up to such admiration, exerts it in no slight degree at the expense of her domestics, who are well treated in some ways—talked to, for example, as if they were human beings like their employers—but are governed, not to say driven, in a style which English servants in the more civilized districts have decided not to endure. French servants do not mind it, or at least do not rebel against it, think scolding part of the bargain, expect, or rather enjoy, an incessant interference, which is compensated by their consequent position as humble friends, look upon meanness as rather a virtue than a vice, and are, if not eager to learn, at least penetrated with the idea that they ought to be. English servants are of a different type. Their pride is their knowledge of their work, their foible impatience of interference, and their most confirmed habit a reticence or artificiality in the presence of superiors which of itself almost prohibits the humble-friend relation so frequently met with in France, and in Italy almost universal. An Italian man-servant, in particular, is the best servant in the world, provided he is treated as a sort of child of the house, and one of the worst if he is not. English housewives in almost every grade of the middle class purchase household peace at the cost of abstaining from any personal share in the executive details of the household economy. The better the cook, the less will she tolerate her mistress's being constantly in the kitchen; the more active the housemaid, the less will she bear to be "follered about and drove." Many excellent servants dislike even to be much talked to, the restraint which English manners compel them to put upon their speech, voices, and manner, speedily becoming irksome. It is one of the strangest facts in our civilization, and one which throws a great light on many educational failures, that the British servant never adopts the conventional manner permanently; never sees that the low voice, and the civil "way," and the restrained temper, are distinctly in themselves better things than the clanging tongue, and rough manner, and habit of unrestraint, universal among our semicivilized population. The low voice of the dining-room is laid aside in the kitchen, the civil way becomes brutal frankness at home, and, once out-of-doors, the restrained temper gives way to a chronic fury. We back a servant, educated, trained, disciplined to mildness as no gentleman or lady is disciplined, to be more outrageously violent than any other human being.

Suicides.

In analyzing the statistics of inquests held as coroner of Central Middlesex, Dr. Lankester points out, in his seventh annual report, that

the proportion of suicides to the population in England and Wales is one in twelve thousand of the population, while the proportion in Central Middlesex is about one in thirteen thousand of the population. The figures seem to show that, of all causes of death, suicide is the most constant. The proportion in which the sexes commit suicide is nearly everywhere the same. It may be stated that the proportion of males to females is as five to two. The ages at which suicide is committed are for the seven years nearly the same. One in twelve are young people under twenty years of age; a larger proportion among people above sixty; and the remainder, four-fifths of the whole, are equally divided among people from twenty to forty years of age. A further analysis of the cases shows that, as a rule, women prefer taking poison and drowning themselves. Of the twenty-three cases of female suicide in 1868-'69, six were from poison and ten from drowning. Women seldom cut their throats or hang themselves, while, of the sixty-six cases of male suicide, exactly half chose these methods of self-destruction. Men are also more given to jumping out of windows and from the tops of high places.

The Mayflower Furniture.

A Boston auctioneer, one auction-day, Intent on trade, but keeping up a play Of random squibs and antiquated jokes, Just for the amusement of the common folks, Sold off his cooking-stoves and other wares, Until he reached two ancient high-backed chairs.

"Here's a rare chance," said he, "and whoso buys, Will gain possession of a wondrous prize; For these are Mayflower chairs, of that choice stock

Landed long since on famous Plymouth Rock; For as the Ark of Noah, that ancient rover, In which 'three brothers,' with their wives, came over,

Had every thing most nicely ranged in pairs, So, in the Mayflower, came this brace of chairs."

"Hold!" said a customer, "that explains to me

What long has been an untold mystery; They came in pairs—I have it at the last— And that is why they multiply so fast!"

Varieties.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ says that it is tolerably well ascertained that within the last two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand years a strip of the coast, varying from five to ten or twelve miles in width, has been worn away from Cape Hatteras to the British provinces. If the process is to go on for the next two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand years, the situation will become unpleasant for those who live five or ten miles from the present coast line.

The Methodists in this country have eight thousand eight hundred and twenty ministers; the Baptists, eight thousand seven hundred and forty-seven (including all the branches); the Presbyterians, four thousand two hundred and thirty-eight; the Congregationalists, three thousand one hundred and sixty-eight; the Episcopalians, two thousand seven hundred and ten.

It is said that during the first year of his presidency, Mr. Lincoln, being annoyed one day by a poor fiddler's straining harsh discord under his window, sent him out a dollar, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one scraper at the door was sufficient.

One may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper and never hear a word of them

from its readers. But let a line or two not suited to their tastes creep in by accident or otherwise, and one hears of it from every quarter.

The Episcopal Church has at present thirty-nine diocesan and nine missionary bishops, with two hundred and twenty-two thousand communicants. The contributions last year amounted to five million two thousand seven hundred and twenty-two dollars.

In the Antarctic seas there are sea-weeds which have stems about twenty feet high, and with a diameter so great that they have been collected by mariners in those regions for fuel, under the belief that they were drift-wood. They are as thick as a man's thigh.

Mrs. Partington is credited with having ordered some "Cherry Pictorial" for her cough; but it was not she, nor yet a descendant of Paul, who a few days since inquired at a newspaper stall for a copy of the "Ulcerated News."

Ninety-seven out of every hundred Swedish children, between five and fifteen years of age, attend school. This percentage is reached by no other country in the world, not excepting Prussia, where education, if not so general, is of a higher order.

A Vermonter has grown a beard more than two yards long, and there is immense competition among the proprietors of the various hair-invigorators as to who shall secure him for exhibition.

During 1869 no less than eleven thousand four hundred and sixteen persons in the Bengal Presidency died from snake-bites. Let them pray for a Saint Patrick to repeat the miracle he blessed Ireland withal.

It is claimed for Maine, by its citizens, that in her laws in regard to the property of married women, and the admission of evidence in criminal trials, she has the most civilized code in the world.

A boy eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one on examination-day, promptly replied, "A baby."

An inscription, supposed to be Runic, has been found at the opening of a tumulus on an estate in County Louth, Ireland.

Mloza Kaglon-Bey, the well-known Tartar professor and Orientalist, died at St. Petersburg on the 9th of December.

A poultry-fancier lately procured a picture of a favorite hen, which was so natural that it laid on his table every day for several weeks.

Mrs. Johnson is lecturing in Indiana on "Man in the Raw." Her next topic will be "Woman, Roast on the Half-Shell."

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

General de Paladines is sixty-seven.

The Siamese twins have fifteen children.

A foreign climb—ascending the Alps.

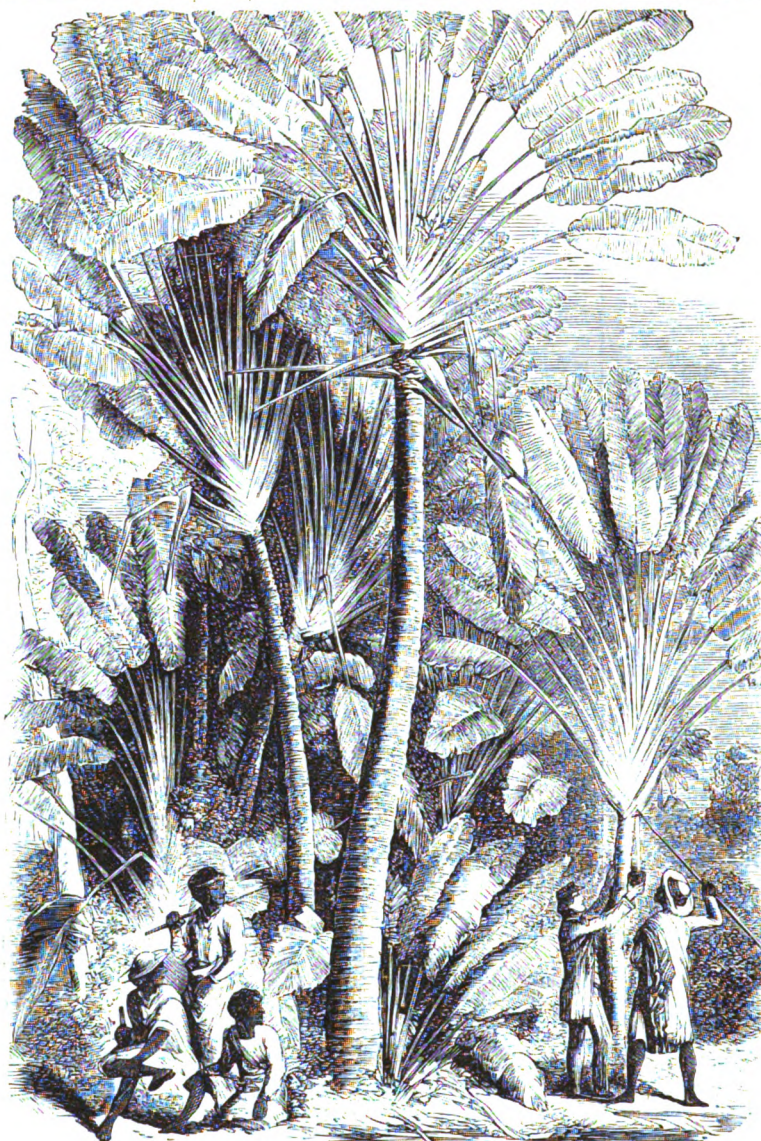
Rich music—a million air.

The Museum.

THE Traveller's Tree of Madagascar is abundant on the sides of the hills, in the valleys, and in every moist part of the country. The tree, *Urania speciosa*, bears as its native name *rarinala*, which literally means "leaf of the forest." It rises from the ground with a thick, succulent stem, like that of the plantain, to which it bears a strong resemblance. It sends out from the centre of the stem long, broad leaves, rising, not round the stalk, but in two lines on opposite sides; so that, as the leaves increase, and the lower ones droop at the end, or extend horizontally, the tree presents the appearance of a large, open fan. When the stem rises ten or

twelve feet high, the lower part of the outer covering becomes hard and dry, like the bark of the cocoanut-tree. "Many of the trees," says a traveller, "reach thirty feet from the ground to the lowest leaves. I frequently counted from twenty to twenty-four leaves on a single tree, the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long, and the broad leaf itself four or six feet more. The whole of these twenty-four bright-green, gigantic leaves, spread out like a fan at the top of a trunk thirty feet high, presented a spectacle as impressive as it was rare and beautiful."

This tree has been greatly celebrated for containing, even during the most arid season, a large quantity of pure, fresh water, supplying to the traveller the place of wells in the desert. So abundant and pure is the water that natives will often not take the trouble to go to a stream for water, but draw off and drink the fluid of this tree. The writer from whom we have already quoted—the Rev. William Ellis, who published an account of a visit to Madagascar in 1857—was so far skeptical of the stories told of this tree that he resolved to test their truth. Passing, during one of his journeys, a cump of



The Traveller's Tree (*Urania Speciosa*) of Madagascar

these trees, one of his bearers struck a spear four or five inches deep into the thick, firm end of the stalk of the leaf, near to where it joined the trunk of the tree, and, on drawing the spear back, a stream of pure water gushed out, about a quart of which was caught in a pitcher, and all drank it on the spot. The water was found to be cool, clear, and perfectly sweet. "But," says Mr. Ellis, "in Madagascar this tree might with propriety be called the *builder's tree*, rather than the traveller's tree. Its leaves form the thatch of all the houses on the eastern side of the island. The stems of its leaves form the partitions and often sides of houses; and the hard outside bark is stripped from the inner and soft part, and, having been beaten out flat, is laid for flooring; and I have seen the entire floor of a long, well-built house covered with its bark, each piece being at least eighteen inches wide, and twenty or thirty feet long. The leaf, when green, is used as a wrapper for packages, and keeps out the rain. The leaves also serve the purpose of table-cloths and plates at meals; and, folded into certain forms, they are used for spoons and drinking-vessels."

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

The publishers of APPLETONS' JOURNAL have the pleasure of announcing the completion of arrangements by which Mr. HARRY FENN will for a time give his professional services exclusively to the prosecution of the series of views entitled "PICTURESQUE AMERICA," which for a few months past has been a conspicuous and attractive feature in the JOURNAL. Mr. Fenn will this spring visit SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, TENNESSEE, and VIRGINIA, after which he will proceed to sections North and West; and, when the summer heats are over, he will visit other Southern localities. It is the design to illustrate every portion of the Union, in a manner far superior to any thing of the kind hitherto attempted, so that in time the series will present a splendid and complete gallery of American landscapes and places. Mr. Fenn, whose vivid and graphic pencil has placed him at the acknowledged head of American draughtsmen, will for the present give his professional labors solely to the pages of APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[“RALPH THE HEIR,” SUPPLEMENT NO. XIX.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF MARCH 18.]

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MR. MOGGS WALKS TOWARD EDGEWARE.

THE judges' decision in Percycross as to the late election was no sooner known than fresh overtures were made to Ontario Moggs by the Young Men's Association. A letter of triumph was addressed to him at the Cheshire Cheese, in which he was informed that Intimidation and Corruption had been trodden under foot in the infamous person of Mr. Griffenbottom, and that Purity and the Rights of Labor were still the watchwords of that wholesome party in the borough which was determined to send Mr. Moggs to Parliament. Did not Mr. Moggs think it best that he should come down at once to the borough and look after his interests? Now Mr. Moggs junior, when he received this letter, had left the borough no more than three or four days since, having been summoned there as a witness during the trial of the petition—and such continued attendance to the political interests of a small and otherwise uninteresting town, without the advantage of a seat in Parliament, was felt by Mr. Moggs senior to be a nuisance. The expense in all these matters fell, of course, upon the shoulders of the father. “I don't believe in them humbugs no longer,” said Mr. Moggs senior. Moggs junior, who had felt the enthusiasm of the young men of Percycross, and who had more to get and less to lose than his father, did believe. Although he had been so lately at Percycross, he went down again, and again made speeches to the young men at the Mechanics' Institute. Nothing could be more triumphant than his speeches, nothing more pleasant than his popularity; but he could not fail to become aware, after a further sojourn of three days at Percycross, of two things. The first was this—that if the borough were spared there would be a compromise between the leading men on the two sides, and Mr. Westmacott would be returned together with a young Griffenbottom. The second conviction forced upon him was that the borough would not be spared. There was no comfort for him at Percycross—other than what arose from a pure political conscience. On the very morning on which he left, he besought his friends, the young men—though they were about to be punished, degraded, and disfranchised, for the sins of their elders, though it might never be allowed to them again to stir themselves for the political welfare of their own borough—still to remem-

ber that Purity and the Rights of Labor were the two great wants of the world, and that no man could make an effort, however humble, in a good cause without doing something toward bringing nearer to him that millennium of political virtue which was so much wanted, and which would certainly come sooner or later. He was cheered to the echo, and almost carried down to the station on the shoulders of a chairman, or president, and a secretary; but he left Percycross with the conviction that that borough would never confer upon him the coveted honor of a seat in Parliament.

All this had happened early in March, previous to that Sunday on which Mr. Neeft behaved so rudely to him at the cottage. “I think as perhaps you'd better stick to business now a bit,” said old Moggs. At that moment Ontario was sitting up at a high desk behind the ledger which he hated, and was sticking to business as well as he knew how to stick to it. “No more Cheshire Cheeses, if you please, young man,” said the father. This was felt by the son to be unfair, cruel, and even corrupt. While the election was going on, as long as there was a hope of success at Percycross, Moggs senior had connived at the Cheshire Cheese, had said little or nothing about business, had even consented on one occasion to hear his son make a speech advocating the propriety of combination among workmen. “It ain't my way of thinking,” Moggs senior had said; “but then, perhaps, I'm old.” To have had a member of the firm in Parliament would have been glorious even to old Moggs, though he hardly knew in what the glory would have consisted. But as soon as he found that his hopes were vain, that the Cheshire Cheese had been no stepping-stone to such honor, and that his money had been spent for nothing, his mind reverted to its old form. Strikes became to him the work of the devil, and unions were once more the bane of trade.

“I suppose,” said Ontario, looking up from his ledger, “if I work for my bread by day, I may do as I please with my evenings. At any rate, I shall,” he continued to say, after pausing a while. “It's best we should understand each other, father.” Moggs senior growled. At a word his son would have been off from him, rushing about the country, striving to earn a crust as a political lecturer. Moggs knew his son well, and, in truth, loved him dearly. There was, too, a Miss Moggs at home, who would give her father no peace if Ontario were turned adrift. There is nothing

in the world so cruel as the way in which sons use the natural affections of their fathers, obtaining from these very feelings a power of rebelling against authority! “You must go to the devil, if you please, I suppose,” said Moggs senior.

“I don't know why you say that. What do I do devilish?”

“Them unions is devilish.”

“I think they're Godlike,” said Moggs junior.

After that they were silent for a while, during which Moggs senior was cutting his nails with a shoemaker's knife by the fading light of the evening, and Moggs junior was summing up an account against a favored aristocrat, who seemed to have worn a great many boots, but who was noticeable to Ontario, chiefly from the fact that he represented in Parliament the division of the county in which Percycross was situated. “I thought you was going to make it all straight by marrying that girl,” said Moggs senior.

Here was a subject on which the father and the son were in unison—and as to which the romantic heart of Miss Moggs, at home at Shepherd's Bush, always glowed with enthusiasm. That her brother was in love, was to her, of whom in truth it must be owned that she was very plain, the charm of her life. She was fond of poetry, and would read to her brother aloud the story of Juan and Haidee, and the melancholy condition of the lady who was loved by the veiled prophet. She sympathized with the false queen's passion for Launcelot, and, being herself in truth an ugly old maid very far removed from things romantic, delighted in the affairs of the heart when they did not run smooth.

“Oh, Ontario,” she would say, “be true to her; if it's for twenty years.”

“So I will; but I'd like to begin the twenty years by making her Mrs. Moggs,” said Ontario.

Now Mr. Moggs senior knew to a penny what money old Neeft could give his daughter, and placed not the slightest trust in that threat about the smock in which she stood upright. Polly would certainly get the better of her father, as Ontario always got the better of him. Ontario made no immediate reply to his father, but he found himself getting all wrong among the boots and shoes which had been supplied to that aristocratic young member of Parliament. “You don't mean as it's all off?” asked Moggs senior.

“No; it isn't all off.”

"Then why don't you go in at it?"

"Why don't I go in at it?" said Ontario, closing the book in hopeless confusion of mind and figures. "I'd give every pair of boots in this place, I'd give all the business, to get a kind word from her."

"Isn't she kind?"

"Kind; yes, she's kind enough in a way. She's every thing just what she ought to be. That's what she is. Don't you go on about it, father. I'm as much in earnest as you can be. I sha'n't give it up till she calls somebody else her husband; and then—why then I shall just cut it, and go off to uncle in Canada. I've got my mind made up about all that."

And so he left the shop, somewhat uncourteously perhaps. But he had worked his way back into his father's good graces by his determination to stick to Neeft's girl. A young man ought to be allowed to attend trades' unions, or any other meetings, if he will marry a girl with twenty thousand pounds. That evening Ontario Moggs went to the Cheshire Cheese, and was greater than ever.

It has been already told how, on a Sunday subsequent to this, he managed to have himself almost closeted with Polly, and how he was working himself into her good graces, when he was disturbed by Mr. Neeft and turned out of the house. Polly's heart had been yielding during the whole of that interview. There had come upon her once a dream that it would be a fine thing to be the lady of Newton—and the chance had been hers. But when she set herself to work to weigh it all, and to find out what it was that young Newton really wanted—and what he ought to want, she shook off from herself that dream before it had done her any injury. She meant to be married certainly. As to that she had no doubt. But then Ontario Moggs was such a long-legged, awkward, ugly, shambling fellow, and Moggs as a name was certainly not euphonious. The gas-fitter was handsome, and was called Yallege, which, perhaps, was better than Moggs. He had proposed to her more than once; but the gas-fitter's face meant nothing, and the gas-fitter himself hadn't much meaning in him. As to outside appearance, young Newton's was just what he ought to be—but that was a dream which she had shaken off. Onty Moggs had some meaning in him, and was a man. If there was one thing, too, under the sun of which Polly was quite sure, it was this—that Onty Moggs did really love her. She knew that in the heart, and mind, and eyes of Onty Moggs she possessed a divinity which made the ground she stood upon holy ground for him. Now that is a conviction very pleasant to a young woman.

Ontario was very near his victory on that Sunday. When he told her that he would compass the death of Ralph Newton if Ralph Newton was to cause her to break her heart, she believed that he would do it, and she felt obliged to him—although she laughed at him. When he declared to her that he didn't know what to do because of his love, she was near to

telling him what he might do. When he told her that he would sooner have a kiss from her than be Prime Minister, she believed him, and almost longed to make him happy. Then she had tripped, giving him encouragement which she did not intend—and had retreated, telling him that he was silly. But as she said so she made up her mind that he should be perplexed not much longer. After all, in spite of his ugliness, and awkwardness, and long legs, this was to be her man. She recognized the fact, and was happy. It is so much for a girl to be sure that she is really loved! And there was no word which fell from Ontario's mouth which Polly did not believe. Ralph Newton's speeches were very pretty, but they conveyed no more than his intention to be civil. Ontario's speeches really brought home to her all that the words could mean. When he told her father that he was quite contented to take her just as she was, without a shilling, she knew that he would do so with the utmost joy. Then it was that she resolved that he should have her, and that for the future all doubtings, all flirtations, all coyness, should be over. She had been won, and she lowered her flag.

"You stick to it, and you'll do it," she said; and this time she meant it.

"I shall," said Ontario; and he walked all the way back to London, with his head among the clouds, disregarding Percycross utterly, forgetful of all the boots and aristocrats' accounts, regardless almost of the Cheshire Cheese, not even meditating a new speech in defence of the Rights of Labor. He believed that on that day he had gained the great victory. If so, life before him was one vista of triumph. That he himself was what the world calls romantic, he had no idea—but he had lived now for months on the conviction that the only chance of personal happiness to himself was to come from the smiles and kindness and love of a certain human being whom he had chosen to beatify. To him Polly Neeft was divine, and round him also there would be a halo of divinity if this goddess would consent to say that she would become his wife.

It was impossible that many days should be allowed to pass before he made an effort to learn from her own lips, positively, the meaning of those last words which she had spoken to him. But there was a difficulty. Neeft had warned him from the house, and he felt unwilling to knock at the door of a man in that man's absence, who, if present, would have refused to him the privilege of admittance. That Mrs. Neeft would see him, and afford him opportunity of pleading his cause with Polly, he did not doubt—but some idea that a man's house, being his castle, should not be invaded in the owner's absence, restrained him. That the man's daughter might be the dearer and the choicer, and the more sacred castle of the two, was true enough; but then Polly was a castle which, as Moggs thought, ought to belong to him rather than to her father. And so he resolved to waylay Polly.

His week-days, from nine in the morning

till seven in the evening, were at this time due to Booby and Moggs, and he was at present paying that debt religiously, under a conviction that his various absences at Percycross had been hard upon his father. For there was, in truth, no Booby. Moggs senior, and Moggs junior, constituted the whole firm—in which, indeed, up to this moment Moggs junior had no recognized share—and if one was absent, the other must be present. But Sunday was his own, and Polly Neeft always went to church. Nevertheless, on the first Sunday he failed. He failed, though he saw her, walking with two other ladies, and though, to the best of his judgment, she also saw him. On the second Sunday he was at Hendon from ten till three, hanging about in the lanes, sitting on gates, whiling away the time with a treatise on political economy which he had brought down in his pocket, thinking of Polly while he strove to confine his thoughts to the great subject of man's productive industry. Is there any law of Nature—law of God, rather—by which a man has a right to enough of food, enough of raiment, enough of shelter, and enough of recreation, if only he will work? But Polly's cheeks, and Polly's lips, the eager fire of Polly's eye as she would speak, and all the elastic beauty of Polly's gait as she would walk, drove the great question from his mind. Was he ever destined to hold Polly in his arms—close, close to his breast? If not, then the laws of Nature and the laws of God, let them be what they might, would not have been sufficient to protect him from the cruellest wrong of all.

It was as she went to afternoon church that he hoped to intercept her. Morning church with many is a bond. Afternoon church is a virtue of supererogation—practised often because there is nothing else to do. It would be out of the question that he should induce her to give up the morning service; but if he could only come upon her in the afternoon, a little out of sight of others, just as she would turn down a lane with which he was acquainted, near to a stile leading across the fields toward Edgeware, it might be possible that he should prevail. As the hour came near, he put the useless volume into his pocket, and stationed himself on the spot which he had selected. Almost at the first moment in which he had ventured to hope for her presence, Polly turned into the lane. It was six months after this occurrence that she confessed to him that she had thought it just possible that he might be there. "Of course you would be there—you old goose; as if Jemima hadn't told me that you'd been about all day. But I never should have come, if I hadn't quite made up my mind." Then Ontario administered to her one of those bear's hugs which were wont to make Polly declare that he was an ogre. It was thus that Polly made her confession after the six months, as they were sitting very close to each other on some remote point of the cliffs down on the Kentish coast. At that time the castle had been altogether transferred out of the keeping of Mr. Neeft

But Polly's conduct on this occasion was not at all of a nature to make it supposed that Jemima's eyes had been so sharp.

"What, Mr. Moggs!" she said. "Dear me, what a place to find you in! Are you coming to church?"

"I want you just to take a turn with me for a few minutes, Polly."

"But I'm going to church."

"You can go to church afterward—that is, if you like. I can't come to the house now, and I have got something that I must say to you."

"Something that you must say to me!" And then Polly followed him over the stile.

They had walked the length of nearly two fields before Ontario had commenced to tell the tale which of necessity must be told; but Polly, though she must have known that her chances of getting back to church were becoming more and more remote, waited without impatience.

"I want to know," he said, at last, "whether you can ever learn to love me."

"What's the use, Mr. Moggs?"

"It will be all the use in the world to me."

"Oh, no it won't. It can't signify so very much to anybody."

"Nothing, I sometimes think, can ever be of any use to me but that."

"As for learning to love a man—I suppose I could love a man without any learning if I liked him."

"But you don't like me, Polly?"

"I never said I didn't like you. Father and mother always used to like you."

"But you, Polly?"

"Oh, I like you well enough. Don't, Mr. Moggs."

"But do you love me?" Then there was a pause, as they stood leaning upon a gateway. "Come, Polly; tell a fellow. Do you love me?"

"I don't know." Then there was another pause; but he was in a seventh heaven, with his arm round her waist. "I suppose I do; a little," whispered Polly.

"But better than anybody else?"

"You don't think I mean to have two lovers—do you?"

"And I am to be your lover?"

"There's father, you know. I'm not going to be anybody's wife because he tells me; but I wouldn't like to vex him, if we could help it."

"But you'll never belong to any one else?"

"Never," said she, solemnly.

"Then I've said what I've got to say, and I'm the happiest man in all the world, and you may go to church now if you like." But his arm was still tight round her waist.

"It's too late," said Polly, in a melancholy tone—"and it's all your doing."

The walk was prolonged not quite to Edge-ware; but so far that Mr. Neeft was called upon to remark that the parson was preaching a very long sermon. Mrs. Neeft, who perhaps had also had communication with Jemima, remarked that it was not to be expected but that Polly should take a ramble with some of

her friends. "Why can't she ramble where I want her to ramble?" said Mr. Neeft.

Many things were settled during that walk. Within five minutes of the time in which she had declared that it was too late for her to go to church, she had brought herself to talk to him with all the delightful confidence of a completed engagement. She made him understand at once that there was no longer any doubt. "A girl must have time to know," she said, when he half-reproached her with the delay. "A girl wasn't like a man," she said, "who could just make up his mind at once—a girl had to wait and see." But she was quite sure of this—that, having once said the word, she would never go back from it. She didn't quite know when she had first begun to love him, but she thought it was when she heard that he had made up his mind to stand for Percycross. It seemed to her to be such a fine thing—his going to Percycross. "Then," said Ontario, gallantly, "Percycross has done ten times more for me than it would have done, had it simply made me a member of Parliament." Once, twice, and oftener, he was made happier than he could have been had Fortune made him a prime-minister. For Polly, now that she had given her heart and promised her hand, would not coy her lips to the man she had chosen.

Many things were settled between them. Polly told her lover all her trouble about Ralph Newton, and it was now that she received that advice from her "very particular friend, Mr. Moggs," which she followed in writing to her late suitor. The letter was to be written and posted that afternoon, and then shown to her father. We know already that in making the copy for her father she omitted one clause—having resolved that she would tell her mother of her engagement, and that her mother should communicate it to her father. As for naming any day for their marriage, "That was out of the question," she said. She did not wish to delay it; but all that she could do was to swear to her father that she would never marry anybody else. "And he'll believe me, too," said Polly. As for eloping, she would not hear of it. "Just that he might have an excuse to give his money to somebody else," she said.

"I don't care for his money," protested Moggs.

"That's all very well; but money's a good thing in its way. I hate a man who'd sell himself; he's a mean fellow—or a girl either. Money should never be first. But as for pitching it away just because you're in a hurry, I don't believe in that at all. I'm not going to be an old woman yet, and you may wait a few months very well." She walked with him direct up to the gate leading up to their own house—so that all the world might see her, if all the world pleased; and then she bade him good-by. "Some day before very long, no doubt," she said, when, as he left her, he asked as to their next meeting.

And so Polly had engaged herself. I do not know that the matter seemed to her to be of so much importance as it does to many girls. It was a piece of business which had

to be done some day, as she had well known for years past; and, now that it was done, she was quite contented with the doing of it. But there was not much of that ecstasy in her bosom which was at the present moment sending Ontario Moggs bounding up to town, talking, as he went, to himself—to the amazement of passers-by, and assuring himself that he had triumphed like an Alexander or a Cæsar. She made some steady resolves to do her duty by him, and told herself again and again that nothing should ever move her now that she had decided. As for beauty in a man—what did it signify? He was honest. As for awkwardness—what did it matter? He was clever. And, in regard to being a gentleman, she rather thought that she liked him better because he wasn't exactly what some people call a gentleman. Whatever sort of a home he would give her to live in, nobody would despise her in it because she was not grand enough for her place. She was by no means sure that a good deal of misery of that kind might not have fallen to her lot had she become the mistress of Newton Priory. "When the beggar-woman became a queen, how the servants must have snubbed her!" said Polly to herself.

That evening she showed her letter to her father. "You haven't sent it, you minx?" said he.

"Yes, father. It's in the iron box."

"What business had you to write to a young man?"

"Come, father. I had a business."

"I believe you want to break my heart," said old Neeft.

That evening her mother asked her what she had been doing that afternoon.

"I just took a walk with Ontario Moggs," said Polly.

"Well?"

"And I've just engaged myself straight off, and you had better tell father. I mean to keep to it, mother, let anybody say any thing. I wouldn't go back from my promise if they were to drag me. So father may as well know at once."

CHAPTER XLIX.

AMONG THE PICTURES.

NORFOLK is a county by no means devoted to hunting, and Ralph Newton—the disinherited Ralph as we may call him—had been advised by some of his friends round Newton to pitch his tent elsewhere—because of his love of that sport.

"You'll get a bit of land just as cheap in the shires," Morris had said to him. "And, if I were you, I wouldn't go among a set of fellows who don't think of any thing in the world except partridges."

Mr. Morris, who was a very good fellow in his way, devoted a considerable portion of his mental and physical energies to the birth, rearing, education, preservation, and subsequent use of the fox—thinking that in so doing he employed himself nobly as a country

gentleman; but he thoroughly despised a county in which partridges were worshipped.

"They do preserve foxes," pleaded Ralph.

"One man does, and the next don't. You ought to know what that means. It's the most heart-breaking kind of thing in the world. I'd sooner be without foxes altogether, and ride to a drag—I would indeed."

This assertion Mr. Morris made in a sadly solemn tone, such as men use when they speak of some adversity which Fate and Fortune may be preparing for them.

"I'd a deal rather die than bear it," says the melancholy friend; or—"I'd much sooner put up with a crust in a corner."

"I'd rather ride to a drag—I would indeed," said Mr. Morris, with a shake of the head, and a low sigh. As for life without riding to hounds at all, Mr. Morris did not for a moment suppose that his friend contemplated such an existence.

But Ralph had made up his mind that, in going out into the world to do something, foxes should not be his first object. He had to seek a home certainly, but more important than his home was the work to which he should give himself; and, as he had once said, he knew nothing useful that he could do except till the land. So he went down into Norfolk among the intermittent fox-preservers, and took Beamingham Hall.

Almost every place in Norfolk is a "ham," and almost every house is a hall. There was a parish of Beamingham, four miles from Swaffham, lying between Tillham, Soham, Reepham, and Grindham. It's down in all the maps. It's as flat as a pancake; it has a church with a magnificent square tower, and a new chancel; there is a resident parson, and there are four or five farmers in it; it is under the plough throughout, and is famous for its turnips; half the parish belongs to a big lord, who lives in the county, and who does preserve foxes, but not with all his heart; two other farms are owned by the yeomen who farm them—men who have been brought up to shoot, and who hate the very name of hunting. Beamingham Hall was to be sold, and by the beginning of May Ralph Newton had bought it. Beamingham Little Wood belonged to the estate, and, as it contained about thirty acres, Ralph determined that he would endeavor to have a fox there.

By the middle of May he had been four months in his new home. The house itself was not bad. It was spacious; and the rooms, though low, were large. And it had been built with considerable idea of architectural beauty. The windows were all set in stone and mullioned—long, low windows, very beautiful in form, which had till some fifteen years back been filled with a multitude of small diamond panes—but now the diamond panes had given way to plate-glass. There were three gables to the hall, all facing

an old-fashioned large garden, in which the fruit-trees came close up to the house, and that which perhaps ought to have been a lawn was almost an orchard. But there were trim gravel-walks, and trim flower-beds, and a trim fish-pond, and a small walled kitchen-garden, with very old peaches, and very old apricots, and very old plums. The plums, however, were at present better than the peaches or the apricots. The fault of the house, as a modern residence, consisted in this—that the farm-yard, with all its appurtenances, was very close to the back door. Ralph told himself when he first saw it that Mary Bonner would never consent to live in a house so placed.

For whom was such a house as Beamingham Hall originally built—a house not grand enough for a squire's mansion, and too large for a farmer's homestead? Such houses throughout England are much more numerous than Englishmen think—either still in good repair, as was Beamingham Hall, or going into decay under the lessened domestic wants of the present holders. It is especially so in the eastern counties, and may be taken as one proof among many that the broad-acred squire, with his throng of tenants, is comparatively a modern invention. The country-gentleman of two hundred years ago farmed the land he held. As years have rolled on, the strong have swallowed the weak—one strong man having eaten up half a dozen weak men. And so the squire has been made. Then the strong squire becomes a baronet and a lord—till he lords it a little too much, and a Manchester warehouseman buys him out. The strength of the country probably lies in the fact that the change is ever being made, but is never made suddenly.

To Ralph the great objection to Beamingham Hall lay in that fear—or rather certainty—that it could not be made a fitting home for Mary Bonner. When he first decided on taking it, and even when he decided on buying it, he assured himself that Mary Bonner's taste might be quite indifferent to him. In the first place, he had himself written to her uncle to withdraw his claim as soon as he found that Newton would never belong to him; and then he had been told by the happy owner of Newton that Mary was still to be asked to share the throne of that principality. When so told he had said nothing of his own ambition, but had felt that there was another reason why he should leave Newton and its neighborhood. For him, as a bachelor, Beamingham Hall would be only too good a house. He, as a farmer, did not mean to be ashamed of his own dunghill.

By the middle of May he had heard nothing either of his namesake or of Mary Bonner. He did correspond with Gregory Newton, and thus received tidings of the parish, of the church, of the horses—and even of the foxes;

but of the heir's matrimonial intentions he heard nothing. Gregory did write of his own visits to the metropolis, past and future, and Ralph knew that the young parson would again singe his wings in the flames that were burning at Popham Villa; but nothing was said of the heir. Through March and April that trouble respecting Polly Neeft was continued, and Gregory in his letter, of course, did not speak of the Neefts. At last May was come, and Ralph from Beamingham made up his mind that he also would go up to London. He had been hard at work during the last four months doing all those wonderfully attractive things with his new property which a man can do when he has money in his pocket—knocking down hedges, planting young trees, or preparing for the planting of them, buying stock, building or preparing to build sheds—and the rest of it. There is hardly a pleasure in life equal to that of laying out money with a conviction that it will come back again. The conviction, alas! is so often ill-founded—but the pleasure is the same. In regard to the house itself he would do nothing, not even form a plan—as yet. It might be possible that some taste other than his own should be consulted.

In the second week in May he went up to London, having heard that Gregory would be there at the same time; and he at once found himself consorting with his namesake almost as much as with the parson. It was now a month since the heir had been dismissed from Popham Villa, and he had not since that date renewed his visit. Nor from that day to the present had he seen Sir Thomas. It cannot be said with exact truth that he was afraid of Sir Thomas or ashamed to see the girls. He had no idea that he had behaved badly to anybody; and, if he had, he was almost disposed to make amends for such sin by marrying Clarissa; but he felt that, should he ultimately make up his mind in Clarissa's favor, a little time should elapse for the gradual cure of his former passion. No doubt he placed reliance on his position as a man of property, feeling that, by his strength in that direction, he would be pulled through all his little difficulties; but it was an unconscious reliance. He believed that he was perfectly free from what he himself would have called the dirt and littleness of purse-pride—or acre-pride—and would on some occasions assert that he really thought nothing of himself because he was Newton of Newton. And he meant to be true. Nevertheless, in the bottom of his heart, there was a confidence that he might do this and that because of his acres, and among the things which might be thus done, but which could not otherwise have been done, was this return to Clarissa after his little lapse in regard to Mary Bonner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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AN OLD BEAU OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"AN OLD BEAU OF THE OLDEN TIME."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY H. L. STEPHENS.

POPPED out of the bandbox of long ago,
Bedizened with tinsel and snowy lace,
He ogled and simpered, and to and fro
He sauntered with airy and charming grace.
Oh, what were the years that had glided by?
He looked on the past with a scorn sublime!
A smirk on his cheeks, and a glass in his eye,
Had this very old beau of the olden time.

Accomplished in each of the arts that please,
He picked up a fan with a pretty air,
And whispered a passion upon his knees,
And led off a minuet with the fair.
He broke sighing hearts with a polished style,
And vowed he was only in manhood's prime.
What mattered a wrinkle or so, the while,
To this very old beau of the olden time?

Oh, many a maid had he wooed and won,
And many a white hand deftly kissed!
That *chapeau*, his powdered wig upon,
Was doffed with a most artistic twist.
A list of the conquests he could tell
Would go beyond reason, and likewise rhyme;
For small talk and small clothes he bore the bell,
This very old beau of the olden time.

He laughed at his own recondite jest,
Albeit his teeth were mighty few;
He gloried in ruffles and gaudy vest,
And silenced his duns and cares anew;
Then onward to conquer again he sped,
This butterfly, happy in every clime!
As light as the cue which adorned his head
Was the very old beau of the olden time.

GEORGE COOPER.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER VII.—HOW A PALADIN STORMED A CASTLE.

In all the sweet South there never was a softer or more beautiful morning—robed in gorgeous autumnal dress, and glorying in a lavish affluence of balmy air, and golden sunshine, and draping haze—than that on which the young owner of Annesdale rode forth to try his fortune at Morton House.

Shortly after leaving his own gates, he overtook an open carriage full of ladies, who were chattering gayly, and who burst into a chorus of welcome when Ilderim's handsome head appeared beside them.

"Mr. Annesley! What a surprise!"

"Why, Mr. Annesley, where did you come from?"

"When did you come back, and how are you?"

Only one of the fair bevy—the fairest among them—said nothing; but she smiled and held out her hand; and neither the smile nor the action left any thing to be desired.

Mr. Annesley answered all the inquiries, and exchanged all the civilities of the occasion; and then rode along by the side of the carriage, resting one hand lightly on the door, while with the other he restrained Ilderim's eager impatience; and the stream of conversation flowed on in easy and lively current.

"You have been to Mobile, Mr. Annesley?" asked the gay young chaperon of the party—pretty Mrs. George Raynor, who had been a Miss Vernon and a Mobile belle before she married, and came to dazzle Lagrange with her beauty and her fashion. "Oh, do tell us something

about it, for we are almost dying—Irene and I—for news of all our friends."

"With all my heart," said Morton, smiling; "but where shall I begin? I was only in Mobile for a few days, and I scarcely saw any thing of the people you would care to hear about."

"Ah, I care to hear about anybody," cried she, with fervor. "And, if you did not see anybody, just tell me what they are talking about in the city. I wish I had known you were going, I would have asked you to take a package to Aunt Lucy—and, perhaps—to bring me a bonnet back."

"You are glad she did *not* know, are you not, Mr. Annesley?" said Miss Vernon, laughing.

Morton smiled only, in reply to the last question, preferring, it seemed, to answer Mrs. Raynor's remark. "If I had not left home so hurriedly, you should have known," he said. "But I did manage to see your aunt, and she charged me with a great many messages to yourself and Miss Vernon—the chief of which," he added, turning to the latter, "I feel tempted not to deliver."

"Is it so very disagreeable, then?" asked she.

"It will not be at all disagreeable to you, I am afraid; but she urges your speedy return to Mobile, and that will be very disagreeable to Lagrange."

"Lagrange will have to support the desolation as best it can, and I have no doubt will be able to endure it," said Miss Vernon, a little coolly—thinking, no doubt, that the compliment would have gained point and strength by a more personal application.

Then a cry broke from the other two young ladies, who were both Misses Raynor, plain in looks, plain in manners, and therefore blindly admiring the Vernon beauty, and emulous of the Vernon style.

"Oh, Irene, you surely will not think of leaving us!"

"Irene, that is *very* mean of your aunt, for she knows you promised to stay until after Christmas."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Raynor. "Irene knows she is not going until I am ready to go with her; and only George can say when that will be—he is so provoking! Mr. Annesley, I do hope that when you are married, you will treat your wife with some consideration."

"I shall endeavor to do so, Mrs. Raynor," answered Morton, with mock-gravity—for all Lagrange knew that George Raynor was the most thoroughly hen-pecked husband in the county—"I shall come to you for instructions how to act. But you have not told me what has been going on here since I left."

"Nothing has been going on in any way," said Mrs. Raynor.—"Irene, what have we been doing?—any thing at all?"

"Vegetating and yawning, I believe," answered Miss Vernon. "But these principal occupations have been varied by much gossip, and a little scandal, lately."

"Oh, yes!" burst in Mrs. Raynor, with the greatest animation. "Lagrange has been in a perfect ferment of gossip for the last three weeks, Mr. Annesley, about that curious Miss Morton, or Mrs. Gordon, or whatever her name may be, who has come back like a ghost, and set everybody talking themselves hoarse. Of course you have heard of her?" (She did not give him time to reply.) "For my part, I believe that she murdered both her husband and her brother, and that she has come here to bury her remorse, and give Lagrange a standing topic of conversation. I am sure—Good gracious, Louisa, what is the matter? Is there a caterpillar on my bonnet?"

The inquiry was not entirely without reason, for the elder Miss Raynor had been making signals of silence and distress for the last five seconds, without being able to attract her heedless sister-in-law's attention.

"No, indeed, Flora," she said, blushing with that ever-ready and not always becoming blush of eighteen. "But you surely forget—Mr. Annesley is related to—"

"To my murderess?" cried Mrs. Raynor, extricating herself from the difficulty with the merriest laugh in the world. "A thousand pardons, Mr. Annesley! But you know how heedless I am! I am sure I need not apologize for mere jesting."

Mr. Annesley's face had taken an expression which few people had ever seen upon it before. A stern coldness transformed it so entirely that the ladies exchanged glances of surprise and dismay. He bowed quite haughtily, as he said, with gravity:

"Personally, I could not of course be offended by what was not meant to touch myself. But I must confess that my ideas of 'jesting' do not agree with those of Mrs. Raynor."

* REVERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

"I am very, very sorry," cried that lady, eagerly, coloring a little, and slightly disconcerted by his manner and words. "You must really forgive me, Mr. Annesley! I did not remember at the moment your connection with Mrs. Gordon. Indeed, it never occurred to me that you would care. Adela talks just as everybody else does."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Annesley, in the same tone as before.

"And, really," continued Mrs. Raynor, rallying from her momentary embarrassment, and recovering her usual nonchalant gaiety—"really, Mr. Annesley, you are very unreasonable. I only repeated what everybody is saying. Pray don't hold me accountable for the reports!"

Mr. Annesley's face relaxed into a smile—rather grave, it is true—as he answered: "You are right, Mrs. Raynor. It was unreasonable, nay, it was folly in me to resent what is in itself so trifling a matter as these reports. Gossips must have something to talk about, of course. It is I who must beg your pardon for having forgotten this."

"Why, Mr. Annesley, I don't know you!" exclaimed Mrs. Raynor, astonished, annoyed, and amused, all at once. "I always thought you a model of amiability; but you are not amiable at present, I assure you. I did not know that you had laid lance in rest, in Mrs. Gordon's defence, or I should not have said a word. And, by-the-way, don't flatter yourself that you are her only champion. Irene has been doing battle in her defence from the first."

"Have you?" said Morton, turning quickly to Miss Vernon. "I hope you will let me admire and thank you for it."

"Pray don't," answered she. "I only heard a woman assailed, and felt for her—that was all."

Before the gentleman could reply, Mrs. Raynor's light tones broke in again:

"I positively victimized myself by going to church last Sunday in order to catch a glimpse of this ghostly lady; and would you believe it, Mr. Annesley, she did not come! I wonder if she never means to come? But somebody said that a splendid-looking child, who sat in a pew next the pulpit, was hers."

"Oh, yes," chorussed the Misses Raynor, "and *such* a woman with him! If you *could* have seen her bonnet! And, what do you think, Mr. Annesley?—she actually sat up and said her beads all the time Mr. Norwood was preaching—and that under his very eyes!"

"She is evidently a Frenchwoman," said Miss Vernon, "and of course a Catholic. No doubt she took that means to avoid joining in what she considered heretical worship.—Are you going, Mr. Annesley?"

"I am reluctantly compelled to do so," said Mr. Annesley, who had drawn Ilderim from the carriage-door, and himself from that soft contact of silk and lace; that near neighborhood of a slender, well-gloved hand; that faint, dainty fragrance of fresh millinery; that capricious parasol fringe which was never still, and which would persist in sweeping his face, and that subtle, intangible charm which, like an aroma, seems constantly exhaling from a lovely and well-dressed woman—"I am compelled to do so—for here is Morton House, and to it I am bound. You dine at Annesdale to-day? Then you may expect a full account of the wonders and mysteries within these gates. Good-morning."

He lifted his hat—the ladies bent their heads with a general flutter of plumes and ribbons—the carriage swept on in a yellow cloud of dust, and the young man found himself alone before the gates of Morton House.

Like his mother, he too felt, when those gates closed behind him, as if he had entered an enchanted domain—a domain over the neglected beauty of which there rested a mournful stillness, deeper and more pathetic than mere solitude; where brooded a solemn air of repose, and a subtle power of awaking thought and association which we have most of us observed in those places where life once ran riot, and from which it has long since departed forever.

The young man involuntarily bared his head as he rode slowly along beneath the drooping trees; and patches of golden sunshine, flickering softly down, fell on the rich black curls and the face that was subdued almost to mournfulness. There was to him an indescribable pathos in the stately quiet around him. He thought of the by-gone voices that had once sounded along this avenue, of the gay hearts that had gone their way brimful of life and joy, and the sad hearts that had found even the beauty of Nature a weariness and a

mockery—well, they were all equally at rest now. He thought of the bright children who had played beneath those trees; and of the fair ladies who had dreamed sweet fancies under their shade, or—who knows?—dropped bitter tears upon their mossy roots. The sod lay heavily enough over those lovely faces now; and it mattered little whether they had known most of the smiles or of the tears. Then he thought how often his father had passed here, with all manhood's brightest hopes stirring at his heart, and all manhood's proudest resolve in his breast—yet how little either the hope or the resolve had availed to change his fate. Morton felt a bitter pang at the recollection of that father who had gone so early out of his life, but whose memory had ever remained with him as a vision of all that was most noble in simple chivalry—a lesson which had done more to mould the boy's character than all the precepts of living teachers. And he was going now to see the woman whose fatal beauty had wrecked the happiness of that father's life! He knew—everybody knew—that Edgar Annesley had poured out his love like water at Pauline Morton's feet, and that she had scorned him as she scorned all others in that proud heyday of her youth and power. And now there seemed a retribution in the fact that Edgar Annesley's son came forward as her sole defender against the fickle world that had once fawned at her feet. "It is the only revenge he would have wished," thought the son, placing, as he always did, the father in his position. "But he would never, for one moment, have considered it revenge. He would have regarded it as a duty, and thought himself happy in performing it. Ah, I shall never master the whole essence of his knightly creed and practice—he who was a very Bayard, and yet thought that he only fulfilled the common duties of a gentleman." And here, after all, had been the great secret of that resolution which so much surprised Mrs. Annesley. The young man had set out in life feeling himself his father's representative, and he had never felt this more than when slander set its mark on the woman his father had loved. He had spoken to his mother as a Morton; but his warmest interest in Mrs. Gordon's cause rose from the fact that he was an Annesley. There, indeed, rose his true animating impulse; and there was an anchor to hold him steadfast through any opposition.

Suddenly, when he was about half-way to the house, a sound broke on the stillness—a shrill, childish voice that caused Ilderim to start and prick up his satin ears with ominous haste. When he had been brought to order, Annesley was able to comprehend that words of alternate entreaty and command were apparently being addressed to himself by some unseen person.

"*Holà! Monsieur! monsieur, come here!*" cried the voice, in a strange mixture of French and English. "*Pardonnez-moi, but that nasty Babette—*"

The rest was lost in consequence of a sudden movement on Ilderim's part, which demanded all his rider's attention. When this exigence was passed, Morton stared about him in utter bewilderment, for "the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token" of any human presence beside his own.

"Who is there?" he demanded at last—sending his own voice in the direction from which the other had proceeded. "*Holloa!—who is there?*"

Then the same childish tones replied, impatiently:

"It is me—Felix Gordon. I wish you would make haste, *mon-sieur*, for my arm is very tired."

Guided by the voice, Annesley now saw in the grove on his right a small figure clinging half to the trunk and half to the lower limb of a large tree, and thus suspended fully fifteen feet above the ground.

"Good Heavens!" he cried. Then, springing from his horse, one or two quick bounds carried him at once to the foot of the tree, where he perceived the peril of the child's position more clearly. The limb had evidently broken under him, and left him clinging with one hand to a fragment of it while he braced his feet against a gnarled knot of the tree, and thus partially relieved himself of his own weight. But it was only partially; and relief from the precarious position was impossible without the aid which had so opportunely and so accidentally arrived.

Morton did not waste any time in words. He saw that the face which looked down upon him was very self-possessed; but he also saw that it was very pale, and marked the painful rigidity of the attitude. He threw his gloves near a small velvet cap that lay on the grass, and the next moment was climbing the tree with the agility of a school-boy.

But when he began to approach the child, he saw that caution was necessary, or he would dislodge the boy's foot and send him crashing to the ground, for he could do little more than steady himself by his hand. Therefore, the rescuer crept carefully on the opposite side of the trunk, hardly allowing himself more than the merest clasp of it, and, when he was once safe among the boughs, ascended to a considerable height before he paused. Then, with extreme care, he descended from limb to limb until he reached the one immediately above the boy. There he seated himself, and finding it secure spoke for the first time.

"Now I am going to draw you up to me. When I take hold of your collar, you must let go the clasp both of your feet and your hand. Don't be afraid; for I shall not let you fall."

"Ma foi! I am not likely to be afraid," said the boy, half-scornfully. "But, if you are going to do it, you had better make haste."

Bending over, Annesley took a firm grasp of the clothing that encircled the soft young neck, and with one vigorous lift placed the child before him.

His eyes were closed, and he was white to the lips, so that at first Annesley thought he had fainted. But the next instant the fringed lids lifted, and a smile of triumph came over the pale face.

"Babette said I could not do it; but I *have* done it," he cried. "It was not my fault that the limb broke."

"It was not your fault," said Morton, kindly; "but it was an accident which is likely to happen at any time, and you must not risk your neck in this way again. I may not be within call next time."

"No," said the boy. He glanced rapidly and somewhat wonderingly over the face and form of his deliverer. "I am very much obliged to you, monsieur," he added, with the grand manner which had impressed even Mrs. Annesley. "But, je ne sais—that is, I do not know you."

"I am your cousin," answered Morton, smiling; "and my name is Annesley."

"Ah!" said the boy; and as he strove to steady himself by altering his position, he gave a faint cry of pain. "It is nothing," he said, quickly, in answer to his companion's look of inquiry, "only my arm—I hurt it."

"How?"

"When the limb broke. Ah, I should have got down if I could have used it—but I couldn't, you know."

"Let me see if it is much hurt," said Annesley; and, after the child had unflinchingly borne an examination, he pronounced it only sprained. "The bone is all right," he said; "but you were a brave fellow to hold on with one arm when the other was in this condition."

"I'd have hurt both, if I had fallen," said his new acquaintance, with a half-comic grimace—adding quickly, "but, monsieur, let us go down."

"I have been thinking how we shall manage that, and I don't see very clearly yet. This is the first thing to be done." He drew a small flask from his pocket, and held it to his companion's lips. "Drink, my boy—it will burn your throat, but never mind that—you need it."

The boy drank eagerly—far too eagerly, Annesley thought; for he soon drew the flask away.

"That is enough—I don't want to unsteady your head for the descent."

"Bah!" said the child, in the scornful tone which came so strangely from his childish lips. "Bah, monsieur! Do you think I could not drink twice that much, and be steady yet?"

"I should be sorry if you could," said Annesley, gravely.

The dark eyes flashed upon him suddenly. "Pourquoi, monsieur?"

"Because it would show that you must have had very bad training," said Morton, quietly. "No child of your age ought to know the taste of brandy—much less, drink it as you did just now. Who gives it to you?"

"Alas! no one now," answered the boy, with candid regret. "Papa gave it to me sometimes—but that was only to worry mamma—and St. John gave it to me very often."

"But surely your mother does not like it to be given to you?"

The small shoulders achieved a Gallic shrug which was simply per-

fect. "I should think not, indeed, monsieur! Mamma will not even let me drink a glass of wine—and Babette, nasty thing! always tells her if I do."

"Then, if I had been in your place," said Morton, impressively, "I would not have taken that brandy, unless your mother had given it to you herself."

The boy gazed at him wonderingly. "Monsieur, why not?"

"Because I should have felt bound by her wishes, especially as she was absent," said Morton, as gravely as befitted the character of Mentor, with which the occasion had invested him. "A trust, my boy, is a thing which cannot be held too sacred. Come, I see you are very sensible, and I need not talk to you as I would to most children—I can speak to you almost as if you were a man. You mean to be a gentleman, do you not?"

"I am a gentleman," was the quick reply.

"I am glad to hear you say so. But do you know what is the chief thing that makes a gentleman? Not blood, not birth—they are good in their way, but they won't do by themselves—not any one thing so much as the capability of being trusted."

"Mamma says so—but she is a woman."

"Well, I am a man, and I tell you the same thing. What is more, I tell you that nobody who bore the Morton name was ever lacking in this capability. Look round! do you see all this, which will be yours some day—these noble trees, and those broad fields yonder? Well, the men who owned all this before you were men who, if a trust had been given them, would have held it till they died—held it as you held that limb a little while ago. You are a Morton in courage, why not be a Morton in honor as well?"

The sudden question took his listener entirely by surprise. He looked up—still with wonder—into the earnest face which bent over him, as he said, slowly, "I am a Gordon, monsieur."

"I know. But you are a Morton also; and, whatever the Gordons were, the Mortons, at least, have always been brave and loyal gentlemen. I could tell you many a story about the men of your name—and then, perhaps, you would think that such a name was worth bearing."

"Tell me," said the boy, eagerly. "St. John used to tell me about the Gordons; and I liked to hear how they killed men and ran away with women, and drank wine and brandy."

"Then I am afraid you would not like my stories," said Morton, "for I have nothing of the sort to tell you. The men of whom I speak never did any of those things. They were simple, honorable gentlemen, who lived quiet lives, but who knew how to be true to their friends, to honor their God, and to serve their country; but not one of them would have put that flask of brandy to his lips!"

Felix's large eyes opened widely. "Monsieur! Did none of them drink brandy?"

"Oh, yes," said Morton, "I suppose all of them drank brandy, and sometimes more than was good for them. But none of them would have done so if they had been put on their honor not to do it by somebody who had a right to exact such a promise."

Felix looked thoughtful. It was evident that a new light had dawned on his mind—a light very different, when presented by this handsome young cavalier, to that which had been urged by his mother. At last, as he did not speak, Annesley broke the silence.

"Now, we must get down, or your mother will be uneasy about you. Were you alone when you climbed up here?"

"No; Babette was with me. She said I should not do it, and I said I would—and I did! She tried to hold me; but she isn't strong, though her arms are so big; and, when I kicked her, she had to let me go."

"Who is Babette?"

"My *bonne*," answered the boy, with a grimace. "St. John says I am too old—I shouldn't have a *bonne*."

"But, as you have got one, you ought to treat her properly. I am sorry to hear of your having acted as you did. Horses kick—not gentlemen."

"St. John says I ought to torment the life out of her, and then she will go away."

"And then your mother would get another, perhaps a worse one. Who is this St. John? He seems to have given you very bad advice."

"He was papa's secretary, and I liked him; but mamma hated him."

"Then you certainly ought not to obey him so well. Now let us

move forward. How does your arm feel?—well enough to bear a weight?"

"N—o," said Felix, regretfully. "What do you want me to do?"

"I wanted you to clasp your arms round my neck, while I go down the tree. But we must compromise with your feet. Do you think you can hold on with them?"

The boy laughed. "It will be funny," he said, "but I think I can."

"This way—let me lift you to my shoulder. Are you firmly seated? Now, hold tight—take a grasp of my collar."

"I'll do it."

And he did do it, with a vigor which threatened strangulation unless their descent was very speedy.

"Here we go!" said Morton, gayly. "Pity we haven't got an audience for this feat in gymnastics." And, lightly swinging loose from the bough on which they had been perched, he clambered down the trunk, without in the least seeming to feel his burdened condition.

In less than a minute they were standing on the ground laughing together in friendly good-fellowship. Ilderim had taken his departure some time before, so the sylvan solitude was all their own.

"Now for this arm of yours," said Morton. "It must be attended to at once; and your clothes are considerably the worse for your mishap. What will your mother say?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders. "She will think of *this*," he said, touching his arm. "Babette will scold about the clothes."

"Oh, I dare say you can hold your own against Babette. Is the avenue the shortest way to the house?"

"No; I'll take you a shorter one."

They set forward amicably, talking as they went. And, as they talked, it would be hard to say which of them conceived the most cordial liking for the other. On Morton's side it was more than half pity, for he perceived the moral perversion of the child's nature, and read plainly his reckless rebellion against the curb held over him by feminine hands. But he saw the elements of much nobility, together with the proofs of much bravery, and the latter in itself delighted him. The boy's face kindled when he spoke of heroism, and, if it did not kindle when he spoke of chivalry, it was because the principles of chivalry were foreign teachings to his mind—not because the nature was incapable of holding them. Some sinister influence had plainly been at work with him—some influence like that which has marred many another gallant nature—and had indissolubly associated valor with evil, and weakness with good, in the boy's apprehension. Pride of a certain sort had been duly instilled, but it was very far from being pride of a right sort—if, indeed, there be a right sort. Annesley was puzzled by the strange contradictions that unfolded themselves before him. But he was more interested than repelled, and he could not help thinking how pleasant it would be to draw these warped conceptions straight. Perhaps he was something of a Quixote in those early days—too prone to amateur philanthropy. But there was that about him which caused most people to forgive the failing; and, considering how soon such impulsive generosity is cooled and cured by later years, they could well afford to do so. His heart yearned now over this fatherless boy—this boy who was his own kinsman—and even while he talked to him of sports, and dogs, and horses, and on all the topics most dear to a boy's fancy, he was mentally considering how he could gain a sort of right of tutelage over him. It all depended on that unknown woman whom he was going to meet—that woman whose sworn defender he had already constituted himself; and he began to feel more anxiety about her reception of him, than he had suffered himself to entertain before.

This anxiety was soon set at rest; for, as they came in sight of the house, Felix uttered an exclamation.

"There is mamma now, and Babette, too—the horrid thing! They are coming after me."

"Go and speak to them, then," said Morton, quickly. "They do not see you yet. Go at once."

The boy hesitated a minute; but, at the second bidding, he went—speeding like an arrow straight to the terrace-steps, which his mother was hastily descending, accompanied by Babette—the latter talking eagerly, with many gesticulations—while a group of servants followed behind.

Annesley advanced deliberately, an amused spectator of the scene which ensued of Babette's stormy outcries and reproaches, of the mother's passionate caresses, of the half-defiant, half-triumphant story

of Felix, of the interested servants who brought their dusky faces near and nearer—and of the final moment when all eyes turned toward himself.

Then he came forward more quickly, very gallant and handsome in presence, very easy and graceful in bearing, yet with a slight tincture of embarrassment at the semi-heroism of his position.

Mrs. Gordon met him with outstretched hand, and so warm a light in her eyes that he marked none of the ravages of time, but only saw that they had spoken truly who called Pauline Morton's beauty without peer. "Oh, thank you, thank you!" she cried in that soft and melodious voice which had never yet failed to fascinate any one who listened to it. "I owe my darling's safety to you! How can I thank you enough!"

"You must not thank me at all," said Annesley, bending to kiss the fragile-looking hands that had grasped his own—and there was something very courtly in the action, though it was one of unstudied impulse—"or you will make me fear that you forget I have a kinsman's right to serve you and yours."

She read his face all over with one glance of her eyes, then spoke impulsively: "Ah, my kinsman, indeed—for I see you are Edgar Annesley's son."

There was something in the tone which pronounced his father's name that touched Morton's heart to the quick—won it, indeed, for this woman who had wrecked that father's happiness. It seemed to him that in her voice there was an echo of the admiring reverence, the regretful tenderness, which always thrilled his own soul when he thought of that brief life and premature death—an echo he had never before heard on any lip—not even his mother's. He felt that one other beside himself appreciated the spirit which had passed from earth without its due meed of lasting honor; and an emotion of almost passionate gratitude sprung up within him. Perhaps Mrs. Gordon read the meaning of the swift change that came over the frank young face; for she smiled kindly, and, laying her hand on his arm, said:

"Come. Let me welcome my kinsman to Morton House."

And then Annesley found himself led forward into the castle which had been declared impregnable—a paladin, invested for the time being with a sort of chivalric triumph, and quite the master of the situation.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE ADELAIDE.

"Now, Katy," said Miss Tresham, in a tone of authority, "you must say this lesson, my dear—and you must not mumble the words so that I cannot hear them, either. Take your finger out of your mouth, and hold up your head. Now begin—'A verb'—"

"'A verb,'" drawled Katy, "'is a word which signifies to be, to do'—or to do—or—is that all a verb signifies, Miss Tresham?"

"'To suffer,'" prompted Jack, in a loud whisper, with his eyes fastened on the pages of his arithmetic.

"Jack," said the governess, severely, "take your book and go and stand up in the corner, at the other end of the room. In a few minutes I shall see if you know your own lesson well enough to be prompting Katy with hers. You will have to learn a French verb after school, for breaking rules.—Now, Katy, I will give you one more trial. 'A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer.' What next?"

"'As, I am, he runs, she loves.'"

"Very well. Go on." For Katy, having delivered this much in a very loud voice, came to a sudden, dead stop.

"'Verbs are—are of two kinds'—ain't they of two kinds, Miss Tresham?"

"Go on, my dear," said Miss Tresham, with severe patience.

"'Verbs are of two kinds,'" repeated Katy, dubiously, as if the statement was, in her own opinion, a very doubtful one; and there she paused, and fell to twisting the corner of her apron.

"Hold your hands still, and go on, Katy," said the much-tried governess.

"'Verbs are of two kinds,'" repeated Katy, once more, and apparently in a state of despair. "'Verbs are of two kinds'—positive, comparative, and super—"

Here an audible titter from the other scholars was silenced by a look from the teacher, and a well-thumbed grammar was held out to its owner. "Take your book, my dear, and put it aside. After

school, you will have to learn this lesson. Now, children, get your slates and let me see your sums."

A slamming of desks and shuffling of books ensued, followed by the appearance of various slates, more or less covered with cipherings, all of which were submitted to Miss Tresham. She took the one nearest her, and began casting up the column of figures.

There was a temporary silence in the school-room, for all eyes were anxiously following the movements of the governess's pencil, and the only sounds were her strokes on the slate, as she made her firm, round numerals, and the swaying to and fro of some boughs before the open window—boughs that were faintly stirred by a soft, southern breeze, and between which the golden sunshine streamed across the school-room floor, across Katharine's dark-blue dress and bright brown head, across Jack's darned jacket, and Sara's neat check apron, and smooth little tails of plaited hair. Unfortunately, however, this window was directly over the front-door; and when a quick tread was heard advancing up the walk, and into the piazza, followed by a knock which echoed through the house, there was an instantaneous end both of silence and attention.

"Hallo! who can that be?" cried Jack. "I bet it's Tom Ford, come after his gun, Dick! I told you you'd no business—"

"Hush, Jack!" said Miss Tresham.—"Here, Sara—here is the mistake in your sum. When you added up this line of figures, you forgot to carry there—"

"Miss Tresham, if it's Tom, mayn't I go and give him his gun?" asked Dick, anxiously. He had been listening with all his ears to the muffled sounds below, but had failed to distinguish any thing to set his mind at rest.

"I'll go and look over the banisters, and see who it is," said Jack, briskly, and he made a dart toward the door, but was promptly arrested by the governess.

"Come back this instant to your seat, Jack! It does not concern you to know who is down-stairs.—Dick, if it is Tom Ford, your mother can have the gun given to him. Now, be quiet and attend to me. Five into thirty-eight goes how often? I am asking you, Dick."

"Five into thirty-eight," repeated Dick, removing his eyes hastily from the door, upon which they were fixed. "Five into thirty-eight goes—"

"It's Mr. Annesley," announced Katy, in a loud voice.

"How do you know?" demanded Jack, eagerly.

"I heard him," she answered joyfully; and she jumped down from her seat, and ran to the window. "Yes, it's Mr. Annesley—I see his horse!—Oh, Miss Tresham, please let me go down!"

"Take your seat," said Miss Tresham, briefly, "and don't let me hear another word."

"But he will go!" cried the child, turning first red and then pale, "and I won't get to see him at all. Miss Tresham, please let me—"

"Katy, did you hear me tell you to take your seat?"

"But he will go!" repeated she, half-passionately, half-entreatingly.

"Ba—a! Now, cry like a baby about it," said Jack.

"I'll cry if I want to!" was the angry retort.

"I don't think you will," said Miss Tresham, quietly. "If you don't come this instant to your seat, I will lock you up in the closet."

Katy gave a great gulp; but she knew the battle was an unequal one. She remembered how often she had got the worst of similar encounters, and she moved slowly and sullenly toward her chair. When she was fairly seated, Miss Tresham turned again to the arithmetic.

"Dick, you have not yet told me how often five goes into thirty-eight."

"Seven times, and three over," responded Dick, who had, meanwhile, been ascertaining the fact by the aid of his fingers.

"And how often does—"

"Tap, tap, tap," at the door—which was promptly thrown open by Jack, before Miss Tresham could utter a word. A servant stood outside. "Mr. Annesley's down-stairs, ma'am," he said, addressing Katharine.

She looked up and frowned a little.

"Whom did he ask for?"

"For you and mistis both, ma'am."

"Tell him he must excuse me. I never see any one in the morning. You know this, Tom. Why didn't you tell him so at once?"

"I did 'm. But mistis come out, and asked him to walk in, and told me to come up and tell you he was here anyhow."

"He must excuse me. I never see any one in the morning," Katharine said again, and returned to the lesson she was engaged with.

"Yes'm."

The servant disappeared, and blank dismay, seasoned with discontent, settled over the children. They had been unusually trying during the whole morning, and this interruption left them almost unmanageable. They felt that Miss Tresham's refusal to see Mr. Annesley was an outrage on themselves; and the perversity and stupidity with which they revenged themselves would have exhausted any patience less long-suffering than hers. Perhaps it exhausted even hers; but, if so, she did not afford them the gratification of seeing it. On the contrary, she sat, a model of quiet authority, and held them unflinchingly to the task in hand; but it was of so little effect that, when at last the welcome stroke of twelve told their release from the school-room, only Sara was able to close her books and take her departure.

"The rest of you are kept in," said Miss Tresham, looking at her watch, "and it will depend on yourselves whether you get through in time for dinner. If not, I shall leave you here, and send some bread-and-water up to you.—Jack, take Levizac there, and study 'moudre' for recitation; Katy, go to your grammar; now, Dick, let me see if you are still unable to cipher out this sum."

The threat of bread-and-water was not without effect on Dick's hitherto obtuse brain, giving to it a sudden insight into multiplication and division which it had lacked before. With little further trouble the sum was worked out to Miss Tresham's satisfaction; and, when he had seized his cap and scampered off, she was able to turn her attention to the other delinquents, who still sulked in different corners over their respective grammars.

They found the struggle which they had provoked a very hard one: for the young governess stood steadfastly at her post, and never flagged in word or sign all through the weary hour which followed. A very weary hour it was, and, when the dinner-bell pealed through the house, she was looking pale and exhausted, though the battle was fought and won. The two valiant champions had just finished their recitations, and were looking quite crestfallen as they put away their books and closed their desks. Katharine did not even have time to smooth her hair, or add a single adorning touch to her plain morning-costume. Mrs. Marks was very punctual herself, and liked punctuality in other people, especially with regard to meals; so, with one deprecating glance at the little school-room mirror, Miss Tresham ran down-stairs.

As she saw Ilderim still standing beside the front gate, she did not need the sound of a certain ringing laugh, which came through the open door, to tell her that Ilderim's master was in the dining-room. The next minute she was shaking hands with him.

"See how forgiving I am," he said, with a smile. "You refused to see me, and I not only wait your pleasure, but I encroach on Mrs. Marks's hospitality without the least remorse. Have you been victimizing those poor children for the last hour on my account?"

"The matter lies just the other way," she answered. "It is they who have been victimizing me on your account, until I wished that you had timed your visit better. I make no apologies for not seeing you. I believe you know my school-hours."

"I do know them; but I thought you might relax your rule for once, since I have been away so long. However, Mrs. Marks was kind enough to see me, and has entertained me so well that I did not find the time long."

"Indeed, then, Mr. Annesley, you must be fond of hearing about children and chickens," said Mrs. Marks, with a good-humored laugh; "for I don't remember talking about any thing else. I felt sorry for you, but I knew there was no use in going after Miss Katharine. She never will come down in her school-hours."

"And you're quite right, Miss Kate," said Mr. Marks. "Work is work, and play is play, and, in my opinion, the two should never be mixed up together.—Mr. Annesley, let me help you to a piece of this duck.—Bessie, what is that you have before you?"

"Some beef of my own corning," answered Mrs. Marks, with all a housekeeper's pride.—"Mr. Annesley, you must take some, and tell me what you think of it."

Mr. Annesley accepted a mammoth slice, and, with commendable

industry, ate a considerable portion of it, praising it the while highly, it is to be hoped, sincerely.

Then the conversation turned upon the different methods of corn-ing beef, and a grave discussion ensued, in which Morton acquitted himself with credit, and much pleased his host and hostess.

These good people, though even to their own hearts they would not have acknowledged such a thing, were not a little flattered by the attention which it had lately pleased the young owner of Annesdale to show them—attentions the source of which they were shrewd enough to suspect, but which in themselves were no slight tokens of distinction, as distinction was reckoned by the Tallahoma world. Already more than one envious friend had said to Mrs. Marks:

"How often Mr. Annesley comes to see you!"

To which Mrs. Marks replied, quite indifferently:

"Yes, he is so fond of the children, and Richard likes him very much."

Therefore, although she sometimes had serious doubts concerning what was to be the end of his evident fancy for Miss Tresham, she could not find it in her heart to discourage his visits.

"He is such a gentleman—there *can* be no harm in it," she once said to her husband, when she felt an unusual qualm on the subject; whereupon honest Mr. Marks answered in his way:

"Harm, indeed! What harm could there be? I'll warrant him for a gentleman—Edgar Annesley's son couldn't well be any thing else—but, even if he wasn't, I should think Miss Tresham was old enough, and had sense enough, to take care of herself."

On the understanding, therefore, that Miss Tresham was old enough, and had sense enough, to take care of herself, Mr. Annesley's visits had not been discouraged. Indeed, he was so bright a visitor that it would have been hard for any, either gentle or simple, to close their doors to him.

As he sat at the table now, it was wonderful how he managed to adapt himself to the tone of his entertainers. Often gay, always pleasant, and invariably courteous, he talked household economy to Mrs. Marks, politics to her husband, and nonsense to the children, with an ease that amused Katharine. There was none of that offensive air of "You see I put myself on your level," which some people assume when they attempt this kind of thing; but, on the contrary, such a frank charm, such an art, or rather such a gift of throwing, not a pretence, but a reality of interest into every thing he touched, and such a happy power of enlivening the dullest subjects, that the most sensitive person could not have found a shade of patronage to resent. He proved so entertaining that even Mr. Marks lingered over the meal, which was usually a very business-like ceremony; and, when at last he rose to go, apologized for his departure.

"I am sorry to say that I must be going," he remarked, with genuine regret. "But I leave you to the ladies, Mr. Annesley, and I don't expect you'll miss me much."

He knew perfectly well that his young guest had not come to see him; but he could not rid himself of an idea that it was "impolite" to leave him in this way.

But Morton replied that, though he was sorry to lose Mr. Marks's company, he had no doubt the ladies would manage to take care of him. And, as the bank was in need of its cashier, Mr. Marks said good-day, and departed.

Immediately thereupon Annesley turned and looked at Katharine, who was still seated at table, showing Nelly how to eat rice-pudding without sharing it between her dress and the table-cloth:

"What do you say?" he asked, with a smile. "Will you accept the responsibility?"

"Is it a very heavy one?" she inquired. "I expect—ah, Nelly, see how you have spilled that spoonful—I expect to be equal to it, Mr. Annesley, if you won't ask too much in the way of entertainment."

"I will only ask one thing," said he—for they and Nelly had all that end of the table to themselves, as Mrs. Marks was at the moment giving some order to one of the servants at the other, while Jack and Dick squabbled over a custard in the middle.

"Well, and what is it?"

"That you will let this child alone, and come and sing something for me. I have not heard any good music in such a long time. Not since—"

"Since when?" she asked, as he paused.

"Since I heard you last," he answered, with grave sincerity.

Katharine laughed, and made him a little bow.

"After such a compliment, I should be very ungrateful if I could refuse.—Mrs. Marks, will you come with us to the parlor?"

"After a while, my dear," said Mrs. Marks. "But don't wait for me.—You, Jack!—you, Dick!—Tom, take that custard from both of them."

A stormy scene ensued, in the midst of which Annesley and Katharine made an escape, shrugging their shoulders in sympathy as they crossed the passage and entered that gloomy solitude known in the Marks household as "the parlor."

A very gloomy solitude it was, for the children were strictly forbidden to enter it, and, being used only on state occasions, it had none of that air of comfort which pervaded the rest of the house. The stiff horse-hair chairs were ranged with regular uniformity against the walls, while a long sofa, with hard back and harder seat, occupied a position on one side of the fireplace, where a brass fender, polished to the extreme of brightness, enshrined two equally bright andirons and a paper screen of wonderful device. Over the mantel there was a bouquet of flowers, which bloomed all the year round (under a glass shade), a pair of silver candlesticks, a pair of empty vases, and various similar articles, arranged with due attention to mathematical precision. A round table occupied the centre of the floor; and on this reposed various books in gorgeous bindings—chiefly standard devotional works. In a corner stood the piano, and near it a stand on which lay a music portfolio bearing Katharine's name.

The owner of this name gave a slight shiver as she entered the sacred apartment, and, instead of proceeding directly to the piano, she walked across the floor, and opened one of the closed windows. "No, no; not that one," she said, as Annesley moved toward another, with the manifest intention of following her example. "If you open that, it will let in the sunshine; and Mrs. Marks will not allow such a thing, for fear of fading the carpet. Though, I am sure," added she, with a comical glance at the vivid hues spread under her feet, "I think the carpet would be much improved by a little fading. However, that is all a matter of taste. Now, what shall I sing?"

"My old favorite," said Morton, lifting the lid of the piano. "You know what that is."

She smiled, sat down to the instrument, and, softly touching the keys, began to sing the "Adelaide" of Beethoven—that most pure, most tender, most spirit-like strain that ever breathed in immortal tones the common story of our common human love! And as she sang it—as the glorious notes of the great master soared aloft in her rich young voice, as all the sordid things of life seemed to fade away, and all earth to grow more lovely in the divine glory of that tide of sound—it was not strange that the passion which is ever fed by such strains as these deepened on the mobile face beside her until one glance would have told her the story of his heart, without any need of words.

But she did not give that glance. When the song ceased, when her voice fell into silence, and the last vibration of those mournfully passionate cadences had died away, she made an effort to speak lightly; and, without taking her eyes from the keyboard, said, "Will you please look in that portfolio and find me the *Ave verum*? I will sing it for you to-day, though I could not do so the last time you asked me."

Half-mechanically, he obeyed—glad of a moment's time in which to collect himself before the words were uttered that he now felt impelled to speak. Temptation had gone so far, that he could resist no longer. Whatever might be the result, he must lay his heart at this woman's feet, and tell her that it was hers to accept or reject. That magic song had stolen away all his most steadfast resolves; for he had never intended to declare himself thus prematurely. He always had meant to make a formal demand for his mother's consent, and then to woo the girl he loved as if *she* had been the one whom Fortune placed so far above the other. It was always the way of the gallant gentlemen who had borne his name—if poor and humble the maiden whom they loved, they sought her with more state than if she had been the highest in the land. So, Morton had meant to come, when he offered his hand to Mr. Marks's governess; but the sudden force of passion was too strong for him. Words suddenly rushed to his lips, and in another moment Annesdale and all its belongings would have lain at Katharine Tresham's feet, if Fate had not intervened.

But, turning over, with absent mind and careless hand, the sheets of music, he came to a copy of the song he had just heard, the song

which had stirred every fibre of his heart—the sad, passionate, beautiful “Adelaide.” As he took it up, there fell from between the leaves an open letter. He caught it, as it was fluttering to the floor, and almost unconsciously his eyes fell on the first lines. They were written in a man’s hand, and stood out black and clear on the white paper.

“MY DEAREST KATHARINE: I am terribly uncertain whether this letter will reach you, but at least—”

This much Morton could not avoid seeing—more than this, he did not read. Indeed, the hot, sharp pang which shot through his heart sent a mist to his eyes which would have prevented his doing so, if he had felt such a thing possible. Then he strove to steady himself. Might not Katharine, for aught he knew, have brothers, uncles, cousins, a dozen relations, from whom such an address might naturally be permitted? What a jealous fool he was! He would speak to her immediately, and her first look would show him his folly. So he did speak—with just a slight quiver in his voice to betray his anxiety.

“Miss Tresham.”

Katharine turned quickly, and, as her glance fell from his face to the open letter in his hand, Morton’s heart gave a great bound—then suddenly stood still.

For she did not smile in recognition of a friend’s epistle, nor blush that rosy red which greets a lover’s missive; she did not hold out her hand or utter one word—she only turned ashen pale, and shivered from head to foot as if with a sudden chill. There was an instant’s pause: then Morton spoke hastily, as if eager to relieve a possible fear.

“I found this a moment ago, Miss Tresham. Do you leave your letters where any one might find and read them?”

She did not answer—only held out her hand toward him.

“It may not be of importance,” he went on; “but still—”

“It is of importance,” she broke in, passionately. “To think that I should have left it here! I must have been mad!”

She took the letter, and, walking to the fireplace, struck a match, set it on fire, and watched it burn until the last fragment was ashes. Then she shivered once more from head to foot. “I must have been mad!” she repeated.

And there was something in the tone and action which settled like ice upon the man who loved her—the man who, a moment before, had wellnigh asked her to be his wife. He could sooner have put his hand into the fire she had kindled than ask that question now. Not that any suspicion of any kind had entered his mind against her, but simply that he felt chilled to the very heart. The women who had always made his ideals of the sex were women into whose stainless lives there entered no pages that all the world might not read; and not a worldling of the world held more firmly than this chivalric but most fastidious gentleman the great maxim of the world, “Distrust secrecy.”

So, when Mrs. Marks bustled in a few minutes later, her advent was a relief to him as well as to Katharine, and, for the half-hour which ensued, that good woman had all the burden of conversation on her own shoulders.

Then Mr. Annesley found it was time to go; so he made his adieu and took his departure—riding very slowly from the gate where Ilde-
rim had stood so long, and unmindful of the wistful glances sent after him by poor little Katy, whose heart had been set upon a ride.

When Katharine was left alone in the parlor, her first act was to go and toss over the little feathery heap of ashes on the hearth, to see that no end of paper remained. Then she raised her face with a weary sigh, half of relief, half of pain.

“All gone!” she said, aloud. “But God only knows when that may come to me which I can never, never cast from me, as I now cast these ashes!”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A ROMANCE OF MOUNT DESERT.

I.

GLENDALF Seminary is situated on the Northern Railroad, about thirty miles from Boston. There, young ladies are educated in “all the accomplishments that adorn society, as well as in those Christian graces that adorn a home.” Miss Philomela Shearer, called by

the lively young ladies under her control “File” and “Shears,” is the principal. This much must be stated to explain the time and place and circumstances of a conversation which occurred one bright, fresh morning in spring in the room of a piquant little brunette, Alice Lennox by name.

A group of girls were standing entwined together in the middle of the room, while a little apart sat another, apparently engrossed in the study of Racine. This studious young lady deserves special mention. Her name was Constance Chamberlain, and she had the beauty and manner that a princess is popularly supposed to possess. Her hair was a chestnut brown, gleaming here and there with golden lights, her eyes rich blue, her mouth beautifully curved, and her complexion wonderfully clear and brilliant. One foot, as is customary with lovely girls, peeped from below the hem of her skirt, and her loose sleeve allowed a singularly beautiful arm to be partially exposed to the gaze of unappreciative female observers.

“Look at that Con there,” said Alice Lennox, “sitting by herself, and not caring a bit to know what we’ve got here.”

“No, I do not,” said Constance; “what is it?”

“Look and see,” said Alice, holding up a pamphlet in a blue paper cover.

“It looks like a catalogue of Harvard College,” said Constance.

“‘Harvard University’ is what is on the title-page,” said Alice; “but you are substantially correct, as File would say.”

“What are you going to do with it?” asked Constance, indifferently.

“We are going to select some names here,” said Alice, “and open a correspondence with their owners.”

“How silly!” said Constance.

“Oh no,” replied Alice, “for File needn’t know any thing about it. I can manage it so that you won’t think us silly at all in doing it.”

“I think it is more than silly, I think it is unladylike,” was the stately reply.

“But, Connie, we shall have letters from the Harvard boys, and it will be such fun,” said Alice, with a pout.

“Fun!” said Constance, with supreme disdain. “You may think so; but I have found boys decidedly stupid,” said this experienced beauty of eighteen years.

“Oh, of course, Miss Chamberlain, you have seen a great deal more than we have, and know much more than we do.”

“I know enough to keep my temper, Miss Lennox, and to avoid a scene,” and Constance swept out of the room.

“There,” said Alice, “she’s in a majestic mood to-day. I say, girls, I’ll tell you what we’ll do to pay her off.”

“What?” said the girls, in chorus.

“Why, send her address to Harvard with ours. Won’t she be furious when she gets an answer? And now let us select a name for her. We must have something romantic.”

“Fitzgerald Perkins,” said a girl, laughing.

“No,” said Alice, “I have decided upon the owner of that name as my property. We must have something very tremendous for Con. Read us out something.”

“George Washington Kenrick.”

“Stupid!” said Alice.

“Henry Kent.”

“Perfectly commonplace,” said Alice. “Go on.”

“Benjamin Franklin Lang.”

“Entirely unsuited to Constance,” said Alice. “Next name.”

“Philip Auchindrane Levincourt.”

“Magnificent!” said Alice, in delight. “Constance shall have him. Hush! here’s File.”

During the course of the day, Miss Lennox decided that, Philip Auchindrane Levincourt being a gorgeous name, she would appropriate it herself, while, to still further humiliate the friend of her soul, she would place her at the mercy of unromantically-named Perkins. The deed, once resolved upon, was promptly executed.

The class of 18—, at Harvard, is acknowledged to have been the best class of its decade. It was to this class that most of those who received letters from Glendale Seminary belonged.

Philip Auchindrane Levincourt was reclining on his lounge in a smoker’s reverie after supper, when a knock was heard at the door, and Fitzgerald Perkins and Aleck Jameson entered the room. Philip Auchindrane Levincourt was a small, round young person, with

plump contours and a pleasing dimple in his chin. He was celebrated throughout Harvard as a "rougher." A rougher is a person who, by sarcasm of an intense and not always delicate nature, can make one person in a group of three or four utterly uncomfortable. Roughing had been reduced by Ady Levincourt to a fine art. Be it here recorded that "Ady" was the natural abbreviation of "Adeps," which appellation, bestowed on Levincourt in his freshman year, had clung to him ever since. Ady's other specialty, besides his excellence as a rougher, lay in his rendering of the *soubrette* parts in college theatricals, which he acted in the most approved and conventional manner.

Fitzgerald Perkins, who entered the room of Ady Levincourt, was very handsome, and a thoroughly-refined and gentlemanly fellow. His hair was brown; his mustache, which was pleasing and symmetrical in shape, was a light hay-color. His character was high, and his trousers were not only faultless, but had a certain air of cultured manliness about them that won the hearts of all who knew him. Nature had been very liberal in her gifts, as if to atone for his slightly-absurd name, though, as he was of the Perkinses of A—, and not of the Perkinses of B—, this name, without the Fitzgerald which preceded it, would not have been an annoyance.

"There are Perkinses and there are other Perkinses," Ady Levincourt was in the habit of saying. "Fitz, as you will perceive by his manner, gentlemen, does not belong to the other Perkinses."

Aleck Jameson and Fitzgerald Perkins being seated, Ady Levincourt opened conversation:

"I know what you fellows are going to say—you've received letters from girls in Glendale Seminary. Don't get conceited over it, for every blackguard in Harvard has got one."

"Have you got one, Ady?" asked Aleck Jameson.

"That is quite good for a repartee," said the imperturbable Levincourt. "In its varied forms, that repartee has always been a favorite of mine. But, to tell the truth, I have received a card with 'Please reply' in the corner, and the name of the gay young female who sent it is Alice Lennox."

"The name on mine," said Aleck, "is Susan; but the handwriting being simply devilish, I have not yet deciphered the rest."

"The best of it is," said Ady, "that I have met an Alice Lennox, who must be my correspondent, though I was never introduced."

"What sort of a girl was she, Ady?" asked Fitzgerald Perkins.

"Pleasing," said Ady, conclusively. "She wasn't one of your swanlike beauties; but, then, I like a duck much better than a swan, you see. The duck is a much more companionable bird."

"What shall you do about your note, Ady?" asked Aleck.

"I shall write her a very gushing answer," said Ady, "and continue the correspondence until examinations come dangerously near."

"I was going to write to mine," said Aleck Jameson, "but Fitz advises me not to."

"No, I don't," said Fitz; "but I say that a girl who exposes herself to the comments of fellows in this way is unworthy my respect, and I want nothing to do with a woman whom I cannot respect."

"The knightly Perkins," said Ady, as if quoting, "did then give utterance to sentiments of an exalted character regarding woman, holding him base and no true knight who should gainsay his words. But, alas, in the veins of all men flows not the blood of the Perkinses, so that the *Sieur Alexander de Jameson* and the *Sieur Philippe de Levincourt*—"

"Oh, do stop that bosh!" said Fitzgerald. "I don't advise, I only act for myself. You fellows can do as you like."

"Thanks for the gracious permission," said Ady. "What is the name of your female?"

"I shall not tell any one that," said Fitzgerald.

Then it was that a demoniac idea entered the brain of Ady Levincourt. He was observed by his friends to chuckle disconnectedly several times during the evening, and, as they were leaving his room, Fitzgerald remarked:

"You are plotting some mischief, you little wretch, and I believe it's about those infernal letters. I wish they had never come."

And, the moment they had left the room, Ady Levincourt went to his writing-desk and began a letter to Miss Alice Lennox. And this letter, which, as a piece of verbose nonsense, could not easily have been equalled by any other fellow in Harvard, he signed with the name of Fitzgerald Perkins.

"The girl that wrote to him won't get an answer," he said to himself, while getting into bed; "while, at the same time, he will be supposed to have written to another girl, who will be insulted at not hearing from me. I rather guess there will be a row among the petticoats at Glendale Seminary."

And, with a final chuckle at the prospect of affairs, Philip Auchindrane Levincourt went to sleep.

II.

Allow me to introduce to the reader Mrs. Higgins, of Mount Desert. Whether it is Mrs. Joel Higgins, or Mrs. Hiram Higgins, or Mrs. Bildad Higgins, I do not mean to state. There are between thirty and forty Mrs. Higginses upon the island of Mount Desert, and I do not mean to incur a libel suit by telling the reader which one I am now introducing. However, as all of them write poetry, and receive guests during the summer, my description will do for any one of the number.

By some sort of feudal fief, the cottages at Mount Desert come under the dominion of the hotel-keepers. Mrs. Higgins placed her cottage at the disposal of Captain Higgins. Captain Higgins is not this Mrs. Higgins's husband, but he keeps an hotel; whether by Captain Higgins, I mean the older Captain Higgins, or the younger Captain Higgins, or the other Captain Higgins, I shall not state, for reasons similar to those mentioned in the case of Mrs. Higgins, but I will simply give the conversation between the male Higgins and the female Higgins. It was the third or fourth week of the season. Said the female Higgins to the male Higgins, "Do you want any rooms?" Said the male Higgins to the female Higgins, "Well, I've got two folks on hand." The female Higgins then inquired, "Be they male or female?" The captain's brief and concise answer was, "Fellows, both on 'em." "I will take them," said the female Higgins, with alacrity, and thus it was that two young men went to live in the Higgins cottage, taking their meals across the road, at the hotel of Captain Higgins. To properly understand this arrangement, the reader must be careful not to confound the two Higginses. Then, and only then, will he be able to bear the announcement that these two young men were Fitzgerald Perkins and Philip Auchindrane Levincourt. The young men were received by Mrs. Higgins with effusion.

"I suppose that you young men are from Cambridge," said Mrs. Higgins, leading the way to their room.

"Yes, dear madam," replied Ady Levincourt, with unnecessary fervor.

"I have wanted the advice of some talented young man," continued Mrs. Higgins, "to aid me in naming my cottage. You may perhaps not be aware of it, but I am literary."

"I should have known it," said Ady Levincourt.

"Yes," said Mrs. Higgins, "I had a hundred and forty-odd poems writ, but our woodshed, where they was stored, took fire, and I don't suppose I shall ever get time again to make up for their loss. But I was thinking of naming this here cottage Ravine Lodge. How does that strike you?"

"It's a sweet name," said Ady.

"But why call it Ravine?" asked Fitzgerald.

"Because there is a ravine," said Mrs. Higgins—the good lady pronounced it "rayvine," by-the-way—"at the other end of the island. Nothing hain't yet been named for it, and why shouldn't this house? Ain't this house worthy of a name?"

"Most assuredly," said Ady Levincourt. "You must excuse my friend, for the fact is, he has been unhappy in love."

"Ady, hold your tongue," cried Fitzgerald, angrily.

"Do tell!" said Mrs. Higgins.

"He is of noble blood," continued the irrepressible Ady. "He is distantly related to the great English nobleman, the Duke de Perkins."

"The Duke de Perkins! Well, to think!" said Mrs. Higgins, in awed delight, as she withdrew.

"Ady Levincourt! I shall go home in to-morrow's boat, thanks to you for making me ridiculous before that woman."

"Now, don't fly off at a tangent," said Ady. "La Higgins is interesting, and she'll treat you magnificently, I've no doubt. What an admiring look she gave you as she went out! By Jove! I'll bet she addresses you as 'Your grace' before long."

"Chuckle away, you little wretch, and be hanged to you," said Fitzgerald, laughing in spite of himself.

During the next two days Mrs. Higgins did not appear before them. On the third day she knocked at the door, and, with a courtesy to Fitzgerald that sent Ady Levincourt into convulsions of laughter, she said: "I thought you young gentlemen might like to know that young ladies are a-coming to this house. Two young ladies, with Miss Dorothy Shearer, who has been here before, and who never makes no bother."

"Shearer!" said Ady, "the name is familiar."

"Her sister keeps a female school," said Mrs. Higgins, "and is a spry woman; but Miss Dorothy is quiet, and good-natured, and meek."

"Quiet, and good-natured, and meek," and with young ladies in her charge. Oh, rapture!" said Ady Levincourt, as Mrs. Higgins withdrew.

"Provided the young ladies are pretty," said Fitzgerald.

In the evening the expected guests arrived. Mrs. Higgins performed the ceremony of introduction in a somewhat original manner, which may perhaps explain the state of surprise in which Fitzgerald appeared to be plunged when introduced to Miss Constance Chamberlain, and the curious expressions on the faces of Ady Levincourt and Alice Lennox. To the justice of this last-named pair, it should be stated that any confusion that either of them may have felt was quite eclipsed by enjoyment of the ludicrous position that they felt affairs must soon take. On Alice's side was a vigorous determination to flirt with this Philip Auchindrane Levincourt, and so to punish him for not answering her note. Equally was she determined to ignore and avoid Fitzgerald Perkins, whose correspondent she had been. On Ady Levincourt's side was a deep regret that, by his own action, he had placed Fitzgerald Perkins ahead of himself in the favor of this pretty little girl, and an equally deep determination to cut Fitzgerald out. He knew Fitzgerald was reserved and proud, and that there was therefore little danger of exposure, and he resolved to confess the whole truth when affairs took a clearer shape.

As for the other pair, Constance was pleased and interested in Fitzgerald at the first glimpse of him, though she knew very well that he would go and be silly like the rest of them. "To be silly" were Constance's words for describing the general conduct of her adorers. She was doomed to disappointment for once, however, as Fitzgerald Perkins had himself been flattered and admired; and, although dazzled for a moment by the splendid beauty of Constance, he remembered receiving a card from her with a feeling of distaste, if not of disgust. Fitzgerald was no strait-laced prig, neither was he possessed of morbid delicacy; but he held certain old-fashioned ideas in regard to the modesty that once was considered a woman's rarest charm, and these ideas made him shrink from such a slightly-fast girl as he imagined Constance to be.

The group of guests stood in the little front room of the cottage as Mrs. Higgins finished her introduction.

"And now," said Mrs. Higgins, "I have washed the dishes and swept up, and I'm going to take a pencil and half a sheet of paper and go up-stairs to make up some poetry. Poetry naturally occurs to my mind from the sight of them four young things standing there and looking as if they was all meant for each other."

The four young things looked both amused and vexed by this remark, and poor Miss Dorothy Shearer, from her arm-chair in the corner, cried out:

"You really mustn't talk so, Mrs. Higgins. Philomela never would forgive me if she knew such things were said, even by accident."

"You needn't be alarmed on our account, Miss Shearer," said Fitzgerald.—"Come, Ady, I'm going over to the hotel;" and, with an easy bow, Fitzgerald left the room.

"Won't you ladies come, too?" asked Ady.

"I should be delighted to," said Alice.

"I am too tired," said Miss Dorothy, and Constance simply declined, so that Ady had the satisfaction of a little stroll across the field with a remarkably nice girl leaning confidently upon his arm. Once at the hotel, Alice found some friends, and the merriment grew fast and furious. Inside the parlor the kerosene-lamp sent its light dimly over the table where three flies were gorging themselves on a sticky piece of candy, carelessly left by some child between the "Lives of the Three Mrs. Judsons," which book was the property of Captain Higgins, and the last new novel, which belonged to some one of the guests. Outside, groups of people sat on the piazza, or sauntered in pairs through

the yard, while down by the fence a knot of Harvard boys sang songs of a somewhat exuberant character, which were duly applauded.

Fitzgerald Perkins did not seem as lively as usual, that evening, and, before the singing was concluded, he left his friends and strolled slowly back to the cottage. It was bright moonlight, and all the beautiful landscape around seemed tinged with a silvery halo. He had almost reached the cottage before he fully realized the beauty of the night, and then he flung himself at full length on the grass, regardless of consequences, determined to enjoy the scene. His eye rested on the front of the cottage, upon which the radiance of the moon fell in shadowed softness. Out of the window of the second story, beneath the gables of the roof, which seemed to form a quaint old frame for it, looked the lovely face of Constance Chamberlain. She was evidently lost in reverie, and, as he gazed on the sweet eyes and curved lips, the beautiful arm, partly bare, and the magnificent hair, which, falling loosely over her shoulders, seemed bathed in the glow of the moonlight, it seemed to him to be the most wonderfully-beautiful picture he had ever seen. For but a short time he gazed, as voices and footsteps were heard, and the beautiful vision hurriedly disappeared.

The voices came nearer. He heard one—apparently a girl's—say:

"Wasn't it jolly at the hotel this evening?"

Then the other voice, which to his astonishment he recognized as Ady Levincourt's, replied:

"I liked the walk over there and back better."

The words and the tone alike seemed slightly tinged with sentiment; but, strangely enough, Fitzgerald did not feel inclined to laugh. He followed the two people from whom the voices came, then delayed a while at the cottage-door, looking up once or twice again at the window in the second story, but in vain. Finally he turned impatiently, and went up-stairs to bed. Ady Levincourt was there, apparently asleep. Fitzgerald knew it was all pretence on Ady's part; yet, for some strange reason, he took no notice of it, and both of them went to sleep without a single word of roughing passing between them.

III.

Sleep partially undid the effect of the previous evening upon Fitz and Ady; so that on the next morning they began to rough each other before they were out of bed, and continued this pleasing amusement until they were down-stairs. Then Ady, instead of starting with his usual alacrity for breakfast, sought a dozen excuses for delaying a while at the cottage.

"Don't be ridiculous, Ady," said Fitz. "You're hanging around here for an opportunity of trotting off with those girls. Hang and be hanged, then! You want female society; I want my breakfast."

"But, Fitz," asked Ady, "won't you wait for me?"

"No," said Fitz, with unnecessary asperity, "I won't."

But he did, though, for at that moment the ladies descended the stairs—Miss Dorothy placid and comfortable, Constance with an air of expectant homage, and Alice Lennox with a smile which was aimed directly at Fitzgerald. The cause of this smile arose from the young lady's reflections during the night. Having at first ignored Fitz, whom she supposed to be her correspondent, and having flirted judiciously with Ady, who she supposed had insulted her, she now felt it time to alter her course, in order to properly accomplish her designs for the discomfiture of both of them. But her fascinations were powerless with Fitzgerald. He bowed to her and to Constance, and then very quietly offered his arm to Miss Dorothy, and calmly walked to breakfast with her.

"Well," said Alice, "there is no accounting for—"

"Tastes?" suggested Ady.

"No—for boys' actions," said Alice.

Constance, in the mean time, had walked away, hardly liking the novelty of being in the same house with two young men who did not seem inclined to be silly.

"Let me offer you my arm," said Ady, insinuatingly.

"You are not complimentary," said Alice.

"Why not?" asked Ady, aghast.

"To imply that I need help, like poor old Miss Dorothy," was the reply.

"I didn't mean any such thing," returned Ady.

"You ought to talk so that people can understand you, then," said Alice; and, having thus logically crushed her victim, she announced

her intention of catching Constance, and skimmed away from her infatuated admirer.

Ady did not follow. Running was not a favorite exercise with him, and, besides, he was fearful that she was offended. Following her slowly, he reached the breakfast-table, and found his companions seated in the following order:

Alice, Constance, Miss Dorothy, Fitzgerald.

"Where am I to sit?" he asked.

"Below me," said Fitzgerald, who had with heroic fortitude managed to place Miss Dorothy between himself and the too-dangerous Constance. Even with this precaution, he was thrilled from time to time, as he leaned back in his chair, by the glimpses he caught of a mass of golden-chestnut hair, against whose rich color, as if on a background, Miss Dorothy's pudgy little coil seemed outlined.

"If Mr. Levincourt," said Alice, "had not deserted me, his breakfast would have been warmer."

"Deserted you!" said Ady, naively; "why, you ran away from me!"

At this, Constance laughed. Her laugh, though subdued, was singularly clear and melodious; and, to resist its influence, Fitzgerald was obliged to devote all his energies to the steak on his plate, which he attacked with ferocity. Had the steak been of the consistency of ordinary steak, Miss Dorothy would have supposed that he was gnashing his teeth, and would have fled in terror; but luckily the steak was of that inflexible nature peculiar to Mount Desert, and so no one noticed him.

For some time the breakfast continued in silence; then Alice Lennox said, sweetly:

"Shall I pass you the eggs, Mr. Perkins?"

"I never eat eggs," said Fitzgerald.

"Why, I've seen a letter of yours," said Alice, meaningly, "in which you expressed a liking for eggs in very strong language."

"I was not aware that you had ever seen any letter of mine," said Fitz, "and, if I said I liked eggs, I wasn't telling the truth." And, as he said this, he rose and left the table.

"He's not telling the truth now," said Alice. "I have seen letters of his, and I remember this one particularly. 'What gastronomic indulgence can plunge the mind in such depths of contemplative speculation as eating an egg—the germ of future existence, the connecting link between the old life and the new'—dear me! Mr. Levincourt, what is the matter?"

For Ady Levincourt, with a purpled face, had uttered some inarticulate sounds, which seemed compounded of a suppressed shriek and a guttural chuckle.

"Don't mind me," he said; "it's nothing;" and precipitately withdrew.

"Well," said Constance, "they are a pair of very rude young men. I hate to have people bore you and be silly; but to show us absolutely no attention is uncivil."

"You are partly right, Connie," said Alice. "Mr. Levincourt has been very gentlemanly to me since he has seen me, though I must acknowledge that Mr. Perkins acts very strangely."

"Don't say a word against Mr. Perkins, you foolish girls," said Miss Dorothy, with surprising warmth. "He is, without exception, the most polite and agreeable young man I have met for many years." And with this remark Miss Dorothy subsided into her usual quiescent state.

Thus did the days go by. Alice Lennox and Ady flirted, and Fitzgerald and Constance were on terms of distant civility. Ady Levincourt was several times on the point of acknowledging his guilt to Fitzgerald, but was dissuaded from so doing by the fear that Fitzgerald, in revenge, would devote himself to Alice, with whom poor Ady was now ridiculously and desperately in love. One person in the house had divined Ady's secret, and that was Mrs. Higgins, who felt called upon to behave in a disagreeably confidential and sympathizing manner to Ady in consequence.

When she met him going up or down stairs, she would mysteriously allude to love and roses, and state that youth was the spring-time of life.

"It is my opinion, Mr. Levincourt," said Alice Lennox, after witnessing one of these demonstrations, "that you have inspired a hopeless passion in the breast of Mrs. Higgins."

"Now, don't," said Ady.

"Taint me he loves, Miss Lennox," said Mrs. Higgins, "but some

one do possess his heart. Some folks is war-horses, and some folks isn't. Them two"—indicating Fitzgerald and Constance, who, strangely enough, happened to be together in the garden without—"are war-horses. But neither of you are war-horses."

"Very true," said Ady; "but what of it?"

"Simply this," resumed Mrs. Higgins; "let them as is war-horses take to them as is war-horses, and let them as is not war-horses take to them as is not war-horses, and so shall the designs of Providence be fulfilled."

Saying which, Mrs. Higgins went majestically out of the room.

"Nice woman, isn't she?" said Ady, tranquilly.

"I think her excessively disagreeable," said Alice, with a heightened color. "I'm going out to see Constance."

Meanwhile Constance had fairly lost her heart. Fitzgerald, showing no symptoms whatever of becoming silly, her other admirers on the island, who were numerous and devoted, grew insupportable. The poor child looked at her face in the cracked looking-glass that Mrs. Higgins had placed in her chamber, to see why Fitzgerald did not admire her, and then cried till she reflected that tears would make her eyes red and render her chances less than ever, whereupon she stopped with great rapidity. But the end was at hand, and the troubles of Mrs. Higgins's four young things were soon to reach a climax.

It was twilight. In the porch of Mrs. Higgins's cottage Ady Levincourt sat smoking. Inside, Miss Dorothy dozed peacefully in her arm-chair, while Constance and Alice, mutually entwined in the fashion peculiar to young girls, looked out of the window.

Unconscious that they were near, Ady smoked and whistled various popular melodies for his own amusement, stopping occasionally to chuckle over some reminiscences of the past and anticipations of the future. Suddenly he saw Fitzgerald coming toward the house.

"By Jove, Fitz," said he, heartily, "I'm glad you've come. Sit down and talk a little."

"What is there to talk about?" said Fitzgerald.

"Lots," said Ady. "We've only a week longer to stay here."

"Are you sorry for that?" asked Fitzgerald.

"Yes, I am," said Ady. "It's a jolly place naturally, and the additions to Nature, in the shape of works of art or nice girls, are refreshing to the masculine mind."

"Nice girls!" said Fitz, contemptuously. "Don't be unnecessarily plural. You mean Alice Lennox."

"Well, she is nice, now, isn't she?" said Ady.

"Perhaps," said Fitzgerald, "but her friend is about seventeen times as beautiful. I despise both of them though, as I do all girls who do such foolish things."

"Such foolish things as what?" asked Ady.

"You know well enough," replied Fitzgerald. "Didn't you tell me about a letter last term?"

"Signed Alice Lennox," said Ady. "What a fuss about nothing! Why shouldn't a girl have a little fun as well as a boy?"

"Because a girl is not a boy," said Fitzgerald. "You don't mind, but I do. I can't bear Alice Lennox just on that account."

"Well, that shows bad taste," said Ady; "but why in thunder are you down on the pair?"

"Because they are a pair," said Fitzgerald. "Ady, Constance Chamberlain wrote to me when Alice Lennox wrote to you."

"What do you mean, Mr. Perkins?" said Constance, from the window.

"I beg your pardon," said Fitzgerald. "I did not know you were there."

"Of course not," said Constance. "But what do you mean?"

"Well, briefly, what I said," replied Fitzgerald. "You chose to open a correspondence with me, and I did not choose to continue it."

"Mr. Perkins," said Constance, coming out into the porch, pale and beautiful, "you have insulted me most shamefully. I knew you disliked me, but I did think you too much of a gentleman to utter falsehoods about me. I never wrote a word to you in my life." And Constance began to cry.

"Oh, forgive me!" sobbed Alice Lennox, suddenly emerging from the doorway. "I only did it in fun, Connie, darling. It was I that wrote to Mr. P—P—Perkins, and sent him your name. And Mr. Perkins needn't act like a hypocrite about it, for, though he didn't write to you, he did to me, and here are two of his silly and disgusting letters, now."

And while one hand of Alice Lennox grasped her damp handkerchief, the other waved two creased and well-worn notes in the air.

"Silly and disgusting! Come now, I say—" burst in Ady Levincourt, and then he suddenly stopped.

"I never wrote to you in my life, Miss Lennox," said Fitz, indignantly.

"How dare you deny it," asked Constance, "when here are the proofs?"

"Oh, dear," said Ady Levincourt, "I shall have to explain. Miss Lennox began the mischief, and I finished it. I wrote those letters to you, Alice—I beg your pardon, Miss Lennox. You see Fitz was so dreadfully high and mighty that I wanted to play off a joke on him."

"Joke, indeed!" said Fitzgerald, thoroughly angry. "You have made me appear like a liar and a hypocrite, and all acquaintance between us ceases from this moment.—Miss Chamberlain, I can't apologize as I ought—"

"Don't attempt it," said Constance, "it was all the fault of our friends, it seems.—Oh, Alice, I never was so mortified and humiliated in my life as I have been by you.—Mr. Perkins, can I have a few words with you, so as to entirely explain matters?"

"Oh, this is dreadful," sobbed Alice, as Constance and Fitz walked away.

"Horrid," said Ady.

"And it has all been my fault," said Alice.

"No, mine," said Ady.

"We—we—we will call it *ours*," said Alice.

"Do," said Ady, tenderly, "and don't cry."

"I can't help it," sobbed Alice.

Thereupon Ady kissed her.

Dead silence ensued, both of them terribly frightened. Then Alice suddenly burst out afresh. Poor Ady, in utter bewilderment, put his arm around her waist, and then lacked presence of mind enough to take it back again. Then Alice, still crying, dropped her head on his shoulder, and then he kissed her again.

Half an hour afterward, as Alice was sitting in her room with tears in her eyes and a smile lingering around the corners of her dear little mouth, a noise was heard at the door, and Constance rushed in and embraced her with a fervor that met with a similar return.

"Oh, Alice," whispered Constance, "I am so happy!"

"So am I, dear," said Alice.

More embracing.

"Do you think, darling," asked Constance, with her head in Alice's lap, "that I am too young to be engaged?"

"No, Connie," said Alice, "for you are older than I am, and—"

But this sentence was never finished, as both these young women felt the necessity at that moment of further embracing.

The class-day of Fitzgerald Perkins and Philip Auchindrane Levincourt was in every way worthy of the class to whom it was sacred. As hosts, these two members of that class would have been entirely successful, had it not been for their marked attentions to two young ladies of great beauty, who were rapturously admired by all the underclassmen present.

Miss Constance Chamberlain was bewildering and beautiful in a singularly intricate mass of rich lace and pale-green silk, while Miss Alice Lennox, in an equally mysterious combination of lavender and cherry, presented a delightful appearance. So tremendous was the impression produced by these young ladies that, at the president's reception in the evening, that wearied official actually took the opportunity to congratulate Mr. Perkins and Mr. Levincourt upon their future prospects, which was, as Ady told Alice afterward, an occurrence without precedent in the history of Harvard.

F. W. LORING.

LORD PALMERSTON IN PARIS IN 1815.

[EXTRACTS FROM HIS PRIVATE JOURNALS.]

PARIS, September 3d.—I went at eight to a review of Prussian troops in the Champ de Mars. There were about twenty thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, and the Duke of Wellington, were present. Many English, but scarcely any French. The sovereigns rode round, the troops standing in close columns, the cavalry drawn up with their backs to the Invalides. The staff then took post, and the troops marched by.

The Prussians are remarkably fine-looking men, and extremely neat in their dress. The guards are particularly tall and well-sized, so that the whole front rank of each company looks as if it had been sized by a ruler. The cuirassiers are fine troops, the rest of the cavalry are rather slovenly in their appearance, and mounted upon strong but not very active looking horses. The lancers, with their little black-and-white striped flags at the end of their lances, have a very singular and pretty effect at a distance. The foreign troops all march with a shorter and more constrained and stiff step than ours. The Emperor of Russia was so much struck with the active, swinging step of our men, that he ordered his troops immediately to adopt it. In two days afterward he had a body of them out in the Champ de Mars. The men, as might naturally have been expected, were confused and puzzled between the step they were used to and that which they were now required to march with; the consequence was, they did neither one thing nor the other, and marched remarkably ill. The emperor was in a great passion, and put three colonels of regiments into close arrest in one of our guard-rooms. His aides-de-camp thought themselves lucky that he did not order them to dance like Vestris, at twenty-four hours' notice, under pain of a visit to Siberia.

Monday, September 4th.—I went at eight to a sham-fight of the Prussians in the Plain of Grenelle, about two miles out of Paris. There appeared to be about twenty thousand men of all arms. They were drawn up in two bodies, and, after some evolutions of cavalry, one line advanced and the other retired; they did not fire. The manœuvres were said to be meant to represent the late attack of the Prussians upon Paris. The troops manœuvred with great quickness and accuracy, and the Duke of Wellington was much pleased with their manner of deploying from column. I was observing to him the different practice of our army and that of other nations in their manner of advancing to an attack: they always advance in column, we in line. He said he was satisfied that this was one reason why we had always beaten the French; that if troops are steady, and the line is well formed, the line will always have an advantage over the column, from presenting so much larger a front of fire; and that, by attacking the column rapidly, they are prevented from deploying, which is an operation that cannot be performed under a close fire. The object of the column attack is to penetrate into the enemy's position, and deploy in their rear; if it succeeds in this, the result is certain. Twice in the Peninsula the French had established a column on our position, at Busaco and Albuera, but, in each instance they were immediately charged by fresh troops and the column destroyed. At Busaco the duke had had a regiment of Portuguese militia to make a road. The work had, however, been done before they came, and he was going to lead them back. They begged that, as a battle was likely to take place, they might be kept. He consented, and desired them to remain on the very ground where they then were. This happened in the course of the action to become an important point, and the French made a great effort to gain possession of it. The militia soon found that they had made a hard bargain of it, and lost no time in debating who should go away first. The duke, however, immediately brought up two British regiments, and, before the French column could deploy on the ground it had seized, it was cut to pieces. He said he had not above sixteen or eighteen thousand British infantry at Waterloo; that he started with the very worst army that ever was got together; but that four or five regiments who had been in the Peninsula soon gave a tone and character to the whole army, and the result was known. The other troops under his command did very ill. The Nassaus ran away, and fired at him when he rode up to rally them. The Prussian army started with double his force, but, by the time they reached Paris, he was as strong as they were, though he had received no reinforcements, and they had not lost any great number in battle. But their discipline was so relaxed that their numbers rapidly diminished during the march. He had brought sixty thousand to Paris, and they not more than that force. The system of individual plunder had been the ruin of the French army, and would be the destruction of the Prussian. When officers were allowed to make requisitions for their troops, they soon began to make them for themselves; and those who demanded provisions to-day would call for money to-morrow. War then assumed a new character, the profession of arms became a mercenary speculation, and the officer's thoughts grew to be directed to the acquisition of plunder instead of the attainment of glory. The duke had succeeded in keeping his army well in hand. No officer was permitted to make any requisition himself, but was obliged to state his wants to the commissary, who applied to the agents of the French Government for the articles required; and the supply being made through channels known to the people, and by authorities recognized by them, the burden was not felt to be so oppressive as if the exaction had been made by the immediate order of an enemy, and at the caprice of individual officers. The consequence was that, though both the Prussians and ourselves lived equally at the expense of the country, the first are detested and the latter liked.

The Louvre has not as yet been deprived of any pictures of importance, but Lord Clancarty (British ambassador at the Hague) has marked above a hundred which are claimed as the property of the King of the Netherlands; and Canova is arrived from Rome, to claim

both the pictures and statues that belong to the pope. The Venus de Medici is also preparing to return to Italy. The *basso-reliefs* upon the arches and public buildings, in which any thing is contained that relates to Bonaparte, have been chiselled off, and the number of plain entablatures is daily increasing. This is perhaps the best compromise that can be made.

September 19th.—The dispersion of the gallery was begun to-day, and yesterday it was shut for the purpose. The Duke of Wellington, as commander-in-chief of the army of the King of the Netherlands, begins by taking down all the pictures belonging to Holland and the Low Countries; and Austria will take all the pictures and statues that belong to her Italian dominions, and will assist Canova in receiving those which are the property of the pope. The French are extremely indignant at this restitution, and accuse us of a breach of faith, founding themselves upon the articles of the capitulation between Wellington and Blücher on the one hand, and the French army which evacuated Paris on the other. The facts of the case, however, as told me by the duke himself, entirely fail them in making out their case.

When the sovereigns arrived, a negotiation was commenced for a general restitution; but the most powerful parties, England and Russia, being little interested in the question, the matter was not very warmly pressed; and the French Government continued evading the demand in hopes of procrastinating the business till the sovereigns should have left Paris. The Dutch, however, were with much warmth urging their demand, but found some difficulties in their way. In the mean time Canova arrived from Rome to claim the property of the pope; and Charles Long and Hamilton uniting with him in strong and urgent representations, the attention of the allies was drawn to the question. A disinclination, however, was found to exist, and a suspicion that our eagerness arose from interested motives. In order to remove this impression, Lord Castlereagh sent in a note to the Emperor of Austria, to state that, as one objection urged against a general restitution was that some of the parties, and particularly the pope, were too poor to be able to defray the expense of removal, we were willing, in order to prove the sincerity as well as the earnestness of our representations, to engage to pay this expense for the pope, rather than that he should not have his property restored to him. At length the objections of France and the disinclination of Russia were overruled, and a general restitution was resolved upon. The first claimant to be satisfied was the King of the Netherlands, who had indeed an unfulfilled promise from Louis XVIII. of a year's standing. Wellington was sensible that the measure must be unpleasant to the king, and endeavored to carry it into effect in a manner the least likely to hurt his feelings. He said he had never taken more pains about any thing in his life than to make a satisfactory arrangement on this subject. His efforts, however, were fruitless. Talleyrand always evaded answering his propositions, and never would fix upon any day or manner for giving up the pictures. At length the duke's patience was exhausted; and, being called upon by the ambassador of the King of the Netherlands, of whose army he was commander-in-chief, to bring the matter to an issue, he sent word to Talleyrand and Denon that he should, on the following morning, send a party of workmen to take down the pictures, and that the party would, if necessary, be accompanied by a British regiment. This step was taken yesterday, and the gallery shut to the public. This afternoon, however, it has been opened again by the order of Muffling, the Russian commandant; but the workmen who are taking down the pictures are protected by British sentries, posted at every fifty feet along each side of the gallery, and a British detachment mount guard in the square at the entrance of the Musée. This signal proof of the triumph of our arms and of the justice of our principles, in the very palace of the capital, is a remarkable sight. It was well observed by Hamilton, as one reason among many for the general restitution, that it was almost the only gratuitous and unequivocal proof of victory within the reach of the allies. The mere presence of their armies in Paris might be explained away by arrangements and conventions; the cession or deposit of fortified places, or the payment of sums of money by the French, must be the stipulations of a treaty to which the government of France might consent from motives of policy or justice, but in which it acts at all events as an independent power; but, when history shall record that those works of art, which were brought to Paris by victories and held there by the sword, were sent back to their respective proprietors by an allied army in possession of Paris, there will exist no doubt that such a measure would not have been submitted to, unless it had been enforced by arguments more sharp and weighty than the mere principles of reason or of justice.

Friday, 22d.—Went to the review of the British army. The troops were on the ground early, and I got to them about nine o'clock. They were posted in a line parallel to the great road to St.-Denis, with their left on Montmartre and their right on St.-Denis. There were sixty thousand men, including three thousand cavalry and five thousand artillery, all red-coats and subjects of the king, British or Hanoverian. The cavalry consisted only of the Life Guards and Blues, two regiments of heavy dragoons, and one of the hussars of the German Legion. The bulk of our cavalry being stationed in Normandy and Picardy, it was not thought worth while to march them in for this sole purpose. The Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia, and Emperor of Austria, were all present.

The Duke of Wellington told me afterward that he had not even

looked at the ground; that he had intended to have done so, but never could find time, and had only a sketch of it made by one of his officers, whom he sent to reconnoitre it. The duke had given no orders but to appear upon the ground, and there was not a general of division who knew what was to be done. The first thing the duke did was to change the position of the whole line, advancing it some little distance forward from the ground they had originally taken up. He then gave a sort of representation of his manœuvres at the battle of Salamanca. He supposed his object to be to gain possession of some heights in front of Montmartre, or rather the brow of the hill itself. He detached part of two divisions from the right toward St.-Denis to go round and take the supposed enemy in flank, while he himself attacked them in front. He marched the army about a couple of miles across the country, describing a sort of quarter-circle round Montmartre; and the manner in which the columns of infantry advanced, with occasional charges of cavalry and of bayonet, gave one a perfect representation of the attack of an army in an engagement, with the exception that there was no firing. At last, when those who did not understand his evolutions the least expected it, he suddenly deployed the whole into two lines in the most beautiful order imaginable. There was then a general salute. The sovereigns having taken part, on the spot where they happened to be, the whole army marched by, in about an hour and a half. Nothing could exceed the steadiness, and precision, and rapidity, with which the manœuvres were performed. There was no confusion at any point. The men got over the ground at a surprising pace; and, when the deployment was made at last, the lines were as correct as they could have been when on parade. The foreigners who had been to the Prussian review, where the whole thing had been diligently rehearsed for two days beforehand, and where the plain was covered with little posts with bunches of straw on the top of them, to point out to each division the ground it was to occupy, were surprised and astonished to find that no such preparations had been made on our part, and that Wellington set out to move about an army of sixty thousand men with as much ease as he would have done to move a set of chessmen upon a board. It was some time before they would believe that no orders had been given or plan formed; and Prince Maurice Lichtenstein did not seem to credit it till he had been assured of the fact by almost all our generals of division, whom he successively asked. They were also much struck by seeing the Blues and Life Guards charge over two very deep and wide ditches that ran on each side of a road which they were ordered to cross, and which they effected with very little loss, having only three or four tumbles. That which our men did least well was marching by. The army was very much admired for its steadiness, its lightness, and regularity, and the care with which it was manœuvred. The Highlanders and the horse-artillery seemed particularly to excite attention; and, though the proceedings at the gallery had put us out of favor with the Parisians, still there were a considerable number of French spectators, and many carriages full of ladies, a thing never seen at any of the Prussian reviews.

Thursday, 26th.—Dined at Verey's with Bruce L. Nervins Ment Breton, a man who had been chief of the police under Bonaparte for three years. He looks like a thief as much as a thief-taker, and has the most remarkable side-look out of the corner of the eye I ever saw. He told us some amusing anecdotes of the Bonaparte family. He said that Napoleon was very much swayed and influenced by them, and particularly by his sisters, who were clever and ambitious women, and who often made him change determinations which he had formed with apparent obstinacy. He said the brothers were most of them weak and foolish, and had all of them the inconceivable folly to imagine that when they were sent to be sovereigns of conquered states, they were really meant to be independent kings, and that it was often difficult to convince them of their mistake. He was at Cassel when Jerome came to take possession of the kingdom of Westphalia, and he said the little man strutted about and gave orders to the right and left just as if he was fixed there for all eternity; and, when Nervins hinted to him something about the emperor, he replied, with admirable dignity, "Sachez que je suis empereur chez moi." Nervins, however, whose particular business it was to keep him in order, suggested that perhaps the emperor might send a general of division to take possession of his kingdom if he gave himself too many airs; and Jerome appears at length to have been accessible to the force of such persuasive reasoning. One day at a *levée* a courier arrived with dispatches from Bonaparte. Nervins, who had sent complaints of Jerome, and entreated Bonaparte to give him a lecture, was curious to see how it would be taken, and maliciously pressed the little king to let them know what the emperor said. Jerome opened the letter, and, with the utmost coolness and self-possession, read it aloud to the ministers and persons present; and, as he read it, it ran that Bonaparte was delighted to hear how well he went on; that his administration was so prudent and popular, his finances so flourishing, and his army so well established, that he every day saw fresh reason to approve the choice he had made of him for that kingdom, and ended by assuring him of his undiminished affection and regard. Nervins smiled at the manœuvre, and, having observed that a tall officer of hussars had taken advantage of his superiority of stature to crane over little Jerome's shoulders while he was reading the letter, he asked him as they went out what he thought of the letter.

"Think of it?" replied the officer. "I never was so thunder-

struck in my life. Why, would you believe it, I read the letter over the king's shoulder, and it was word for word the direct contrary of what he read in so unhesitating a manner to us!"

Thursday, 28th; Friday, 29th.—Usual Paris life; going to the gallery, or the buhl-shops, or the sights in the morning; taking an early dinner, and visiting some one of the theatres and Lady Castlereagh's in the evening. On the evening of Friday we were much amused by the hereditary Prince of Bavaria, a very well-disposed man, but of very singular manners and appearance. He has some defect in his palate, and a considerable deficiency in his intellects, so that, what with the original absurdity of his ideas, and the inarticulate manner in which he gives vent to them, it is difficult to preserve a decorous gravity when conversing with him, especially as he is very fond of talking English, which he speaks extremely ill. Lady Castlereagh told me that he came up to her one day in the gardens at Versailles, and said, "Madame, you Lord Cassel's wife?" She assented, upon which he exclaimed, with a tender and engaging look, "Dahm de French!" His fondness for the English and his detestation of the French seem the only interesting parts of his character.

Saturday, 30th.—To-day the Austrians made their long-talked-of attack upon the brass horses attached to the gilt car on the top of the triumphal arch in the Place de Carrousel. As, however, they had no workmen or tools with them, they were obliged to apply to us, and we lent them a detachment of our staff corps under Captain Todd. Parties of Austrian cavalry guarded the approaches to the square, and in the inside of it a battalion of Hungarian grenadiers were drawn up.

It had been intended to take the horses down in the night, by way of avoiding an apparent insult upon the king, as the arch is so close to the windows of the Tuileries; but it was found impossible to take them down with safety in the dark, and it was also thought that any disturbance that might arise would be less easily dealt with at night than by daylight. There had been some little symptom of a disposition to resistance on the part of the mob, and a brigade of British troops were under arms at the entrance of the Champs Elysées, ready to march in at a moment's notice. The display of force, however, prevented the necessity of using it, and no interruption was offered to the workmen; indeed, no persons on foot, except English or allies, were allowed to enter the square, so that the mob was kept aloof. A triangle was hoisted up and fixed upon the top of the arch, the horses were slung by a pulley fastened to it, and, the cement which held their feet having been cut away, they were hoisted up and then lowered just in the same manner, and with as much care, as live horses are embarked on board a ship from a pier in a harbor. The erection of the triangle, however, having taken a considerable length of time, only two of the horses were got down before sunset, and the remaining two were left to be got down to-morrow morning. The operation was performed with the greatest success; they were lowered into wagons loaded with straw, and placed under the arch to receive them, and then drawn away under an escort of Austrians to the place where they were to be properly packed. I ascended the small staircase which leads to the top of the arch to see them before they were taken down, and was much struck with the exquisite beauty of the workmanship, which, of course, was lost to the eye when one looked at them from below. Their age and master are not well known, but it is generally believed they were made by Lysippus, a contemporary of Alexander. They were originally at Corinth; from there they were carried to Rome; when the seat of empire was moved they followed the emperor to Constantinople, where they were placed in the Hippodrome. There they remained from the days of Constantine till the Venetians entered Constantinople. They were then transported to Venice, and in the further lapse of ages the victories of Bonaparte brought them to Paris, to remain there, as he said of the Apollo, *forever*. They are now returning to Venice, and are at least likely to continue there as long as they have done at Paris. The triumphal car to which they were attached was soon stripped of the gilt-lead ornaments and wreaths with which it was decorated. I was lucky enough to get to the top of the arch before the plunder was completed, but I was told that pieces of the spoil sold in the course of the afternoon for a Napoleon apiece. A magnificent spread-eagle, which was stuck to the front of the car, was claimed by the staff corps for the sideboard of the mess-room.

Sunday, October 1st.—The remaining two horses were taken down early this morning, and the car and angelic grooms left looking most forlorn. I met in the evening, at Lady Castlereagh's, a dark-looking man, whom I imagined to be Alava, the Spanish minister, and a great friend of Wellington's. We were talking of the descent of the horses; he said it had enraged the French, and regretted the manner in which it had been done. I asked in what other possible way it could have been effected. He said the King of France ought to have had another lot of horses made as like them as possible, but of lead. He should then have taken down these in the night, and have put up the others, and by that means all parties would have been satisfied; the Venetians would have had their own, and the French would not have found out their loss. I stared, and said to myself, "Who you are I know not, but I am sure you are not Alava." I found out he was the Sicilian minister.

CHARLES DICKENS.

BY W. C. FROST, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

O H Soul of Sympathy! if, for one hour,
Might rest on me that high and subtle power
Which gave thee strength for those that were all-weak,
And eloquence for those who could not speak,
Not then, methinks, my willing verse should seem
Unworthy ever of its glorious theme!
Yet let me think of thee as I have grown
To love thee through the page where thou hast shown
Thy very self eternally enwrit;
The charitable heart, the kindly wit.

Thy freshening thoughts, which spring as myriad flowers
From a rich soil, enclustering the bowers
Wherein thou ledest us to pure retreats,
While all the air around is filled with sweets—
A quickening atmosphere of buoyant health
A mirthful essence, wakening as by stealth
Unconscious merriment—such is the store
Which thou hast left posterity; yea, more
Than this is ours, for this were passing joy;
And thou hast given wealth without alloy.
Of thee shall not be said, as of the sage
Who hath bequeathed a dark mysterious page
To teach the world—"He read the distant spheres;
Drew wisdom from the skies, and taught the years
To run their courses in unerring line."
A simpler, truer eulogy is thine!
Of thee we speak: "He did not seek to trace
The laws of suns and stars, but marked the grace
Of Nature's flowers, growing at his feet,
And loved their modest fragrance softly sweet;
Or wept, beholding beauty, once so fair,
Foul in the dust, or faint in poisoned air."
For thou hast taught us mysteries of life;
Hast shown us hungry Misery at strife
With idle Ease. Through thee, the dull'd eye,
Whose lustrous sparkle of light infancy
Is quenched by early tears, looks on our own;
With eloquence more strong than Sorrow's moan
Praying our love. Gaunt figures wan and pale;
Slow-suffering Silence; haggard looks that quail
And shrink from life—these find a voice in thee,
And ask a crumb of passing charity
From a cold world. Anon, as if o'erweighed
By sadness at the picture thou hast made,
Thou bring'st an Angel-presence to our sight;
A gladdening Angel, shedding heavenly light
With incense of pure kindness; healing grief,
And ministering gifts of sweet relief.
Delightful Dreamer! at thy potent spell,
Home-palaces, where regal natures dwell
Unlit by fame—shine radiant with the glory
Thy genius throws around in magic story!
We fain would follow thy enchanting light
And breathe the delicious humor, till our sight
May better read the truths thou wouldst impart,
And learn the noble greatness of thy heart!

And art thou loved for sympathy with sorrow?
Sure never could there come so dark a morrow
When thy unceasing mirth might not prevail
To glad our fancy with the sparkling tale
Of overflowing drollery—keen wit—
Circling as air the thousand thoughts that flit
Mid incident and scene. Creation true
Of master-spirit, portly Pickwick grew;
A very friend of all; a nation's own;
An English heart, whom English brain alone
Could shape "immortal:" while a humorous train
Bear company, and in a charmed domain
Of merriment, make groupings picturesque;
And shift the changeful scenery grotesque
To ever-fresh conceits. Or now, behold
A new assemblage, strange and manifold,
And mocking life itself: the brutal Sikes;
Poor fallen Nance, bred where hunger strikes,
Goading to crime. Behold the crafty Jew,
His miserable train and cunning crew;
The unctuous Beadle, and the Outcast Boy;
The Man Benevolent, bestowing joy
On hopeless hearts; the Scoundrel, Beggar, Thief;
Offsprings of want, begot in sin and grief,
Cursing the world. Or see, where shadows fall!

FLORENCE bereft of mother; dreamy PAUL,
The child of fancies, snatched by eager death :
Or withered SKEWTON, in her latest breath
Worshipping earth. The smoothed-faced Hypocrite
And canting Knave, reflected every whit
In PECKSNIFF stands. A miser NICKLEBY,
Gold-grasping, lost to love and charity ;
Lost to the home-love of a gentle KATE ;
Panting for wealth, yet storing naught but hate ;
Points a high-road to misery and woe,
Where sin-empoisoned spirits come and go.
And ever throng the multitude of forms !
Bright-gleaming faces ; faces beat with storms ;
Faces of love-light ; faces stained with tears ;
The child's sweet face ; the face of bitter years.
Humanity, in wrinkled quaintness sprung,
Scarce like Humanity in form and tongue,
But human still at heart—a curious race,
Mixed with our common life in every place—
Sought by thy yearnings, cherished by thy love,
Comes forth to speak with us, as fain to prove
Ourselves their brethren, thee their brother-friend
And champion-love, till human love shall end.

The full-fed Ignorance, which claimed to teach
And nurture youth—which fattened out of reach
As out of sight of Justice—shaped in SQUEERS—
Stands forth the hideous monument of tears
And early woes : stands forth the hateful nurse
Of supple minds—the foul and greedy curse
Of tender hearts—whose slothfulness, by thee
Deep-stung, hath hid its base deformity :
Like monster bred of darkness, whose dull eyes
Shrink from the morning broke from eastern skies.
For this how shall we thank thee ? Nay, thou'rt blest !
And thanks were naught, since thou art laid to rest.
Yea, though thou heard'st us from thy high-set place,
And we might look upon thine angel-face,
And know thou hearest—thou hast thy reward !
And acts of charity shall best record
The thanks and love we owe. If but Love's strength
Shall bind our social wounds, until at length
True sympathy—the well-spring of our deeds—
Shall gently heal the smitten heart that bleeds,
Thus shall we weave for thee a crown of flowers,
Made of the blossomed days and budding hours.

Let not our English friends, beyond the sea,
Refuse the satire's lash which fell from thee ;
Nor hate a CHUZZLEWIT, whose open mind
Rebuked with candor, or with wit refined.
But if they scorn, yet they at least may dwell
On the fresh beauty of a LITTLE NELL,
Or LITTLE DORRIT : or, in meek TOM FINCH,
May read simplicity. Thou couldst not flinch
From all Columbia's hate. The cloud hath past.
The sunset of thy day was overcast
By no dark cloud. Thy glory is but young ;
Though, in thy life, fame's dawn hath brightly sprung.

Improvident Absurdity, appear !
MICAWBER, with thy condescending leer
And sounding words ; and bid us laugh again
Thou pompous ass ! Bring back the bright-linked chain
Of cherished faces ! DORA ; good AUNT TROT ;
Bid DAVID tell again the checkered plot
Of his own story. PEGGOTTY and HAM ;
STEERFORTH and BARKIS ; and thou bare-faced Sham,
Base-fawning HEEP—appear ! we know you all :
Your forms, as household shadows on the wall,
Oft flit before us, like the loving thought
Wherewith our household memories are wrought.
DAVID, we bless thee ! whatsoe'er thou be :
Whether a sprite that hath reality
Enclosed within thy shape—a DICKENS' self—
Or whether, yet, no more than fabled elf
With human sympathies, thou dost instil
Gay mirth or tender sorrow at thy will—
Yet ever, Bless thee ! since in thee we find
DICKENS, most truly DICKENS, heart and mind.

Upon the mirth of nations there hath come
A pause of sadness, for that he is dumb
Who could alone pour forth a flood of joy
Upon the people ; he who could destroy
The narrow prejudice of chilling pride
With warmth of happy humor, and o'erride,
In multitudinous fancy, scornful hate ;

With power more simple than of high debate,
Or well-trimmed sentiment. His light of mirth
Shone as a sunbeam on the thankful earth :
Into the foulest dens it brightly fell,
Where shapes of wasting sorrow darkly dwell ;
Smiting the blindness of the wearied eyes
With healing strength of hope, and glad surprise :
Still purely shining. To the boy at school,
Crushed 'neath the rigor of a tyrant's rule,
It came the harbinger of clearer day,
When shadows, born of ignorance, give way
To dawn of sober truth. We wept, we smiled ;
A thousand times we laughed ; we were beguiled
Out of our very selves ; we dwelt in air,
And far below us left each pining care ;
When BOOTS appeared ; when WELLER cracked the joke ;
Or CAPTAIN CUTTLE, moralizing, spoke.
Since DOGBERRY and FALSTAFF, PETER QUINCE
And BOTTOM were our friends ; yea, even since
Bold CRUSO held us charmed—no power could reach
Our hearts like DICKENS : never sage could teach
Like him who gave us gladness without measure ;
Great precepts hid in sweetness and pure pleasure.

Nor men alone he drew. The city-street ;
The alley and the lane, where busy feet
Pass to unnumbered ways ; the country-town ;
The shady forest-glade ; the breezy down ;
Quaint by-ways, ancient nooks, and antique places,
He made familiar as the well-loved faces
That haunted them. With IRVING's own delight
He pencilled beauty, where our duller sight
Saw naught but shapes uncouth. For IRVING's heart
Seemed of his own the earlier counterpart.
With brighter light his gleams of satire burn
Than shines in BALZAC, or erratic STERNE :
More chaste than SMOLLETT, or voluptuous FIELDING
His armored wit with true compassion wielding.

What man is he, unthinking and unkind,
Who murmuring complains, " We cannot find
Thy teaching like to His who taught us Love
With heavenly Truths ? " Say, whence but from above
Might such broad-beaming charity descend ?
(Albeit the earthly teacher did unbend
To earthly fancies)—whence that burning light
Which scorches rank hypocrisy, where night
Would cloak the sin ? Oh, let the dumb mouth speak,
And plead an answer ! Let the pallid cheek
Flush crimson at the mention of his name !
And let the brilliant lustre of his fame
Grow fainter day by day, if not of Heaven
Such great and pure imaginings be given !

What was he then himself ? What were his deeds ?
What was his life ? And which of all the creeds
Held he in death ? The wider creed which grows,
Embracing all humanity—which knows
Each common hope, each common tender love ;
The Charity which cometh from above—
This was his creed in life ; his creed in death ;
The blessed creed which drew his latest breath.

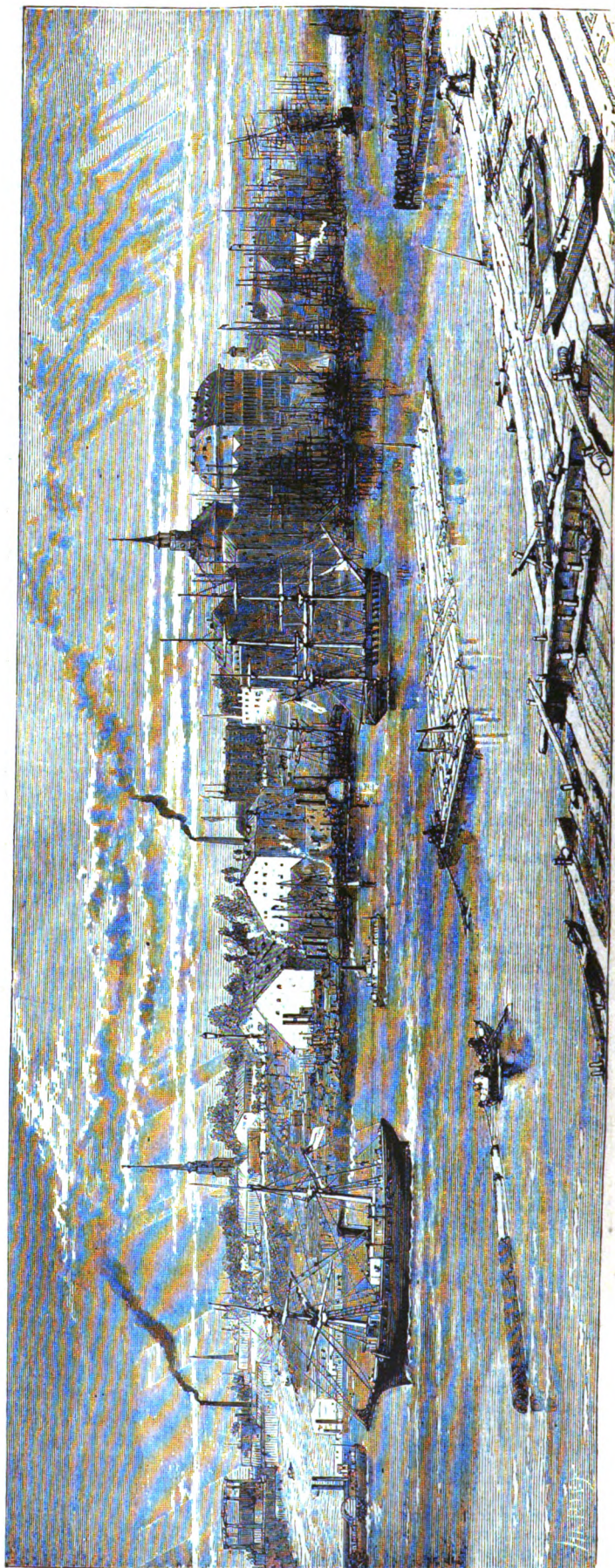
SAVANNAH.

THE city of Savannah, the commercial emporium of Georgia, is situated on the south bank of the Savannah River, about seventeen miles from its confluence with the sea. The site was selected by General Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony of Georgia, who made his first settlement at this point in February, 1733. The city occupies a promontory of land, rising in a bold bluff, about forty feet in height, close to the river, extending along its south bank for about a mile, and backward, widening as it recedes, about six miles. The river making a gentle curve around Hutchinson's Island ; the water front of the city is in the form of an elongated crescent, about two and a half miles in length. The present corporate limits extend back on the elevated plateau, with lowlands on its eastern and western flanks, a distance of about one and a half miles ; the area of the municipal limits, at present almost entirely occupied with buildings, being three and one-third miles square. Beyond the city limits, to the south, suburban settlements are fast growing up ; and, at the present ratio of expansion, the city proper will soon comprise double its pres-

PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—THE CITY OF SAVANNAH.



MOUTH OF THE SAVANNAH RIVER.



VIEW OF SAVANNAH FROM THE RIVER.

ent area, the adjacent grounds being both eligible and available to an unlimited extent.

In its general plan, Savannah is universally conceded to be one of the handsomest of the American cities; and in view of its antiquity, and the fact that its founders were for the most part poor refugees, seeking a home in the wilderness among hostile savages, it is a matter of surprise that they should have adopted a system at once so unique,

These plazas—twenty-four in number, located at equal distances through the city, handsomely enclosed, laid out in walks, and planted with the evergreen and ornamental trees of the South—are among the distinguishing features of Savannah, and in the spring and summer months, when they are carpeted with grass, and the trees and shrubbery are in full flower and foliage, afford delightful, shady walks and play-grounds for the juveniles, while they are not only ornamental, but



BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH.

practical, and tasteful. The streets—running nearly east and west, and north and south, and crossing at right angles—are of various widths; the very wide streets, which run east and west, being alternated with parallel narrower streets, and each block intersected with lanes twenty-two and a half feet in width. The streets running north and south are of nearly uniform width, every alternate street passing on either side of small public squares, or plazas, varying from one and a half to three acres in extent, which are bounded on the north and south by the narrower streets, and intersected in the centre also by a wide street.

conducive to the general health by the free ventilation which they afford. They have well been called the lungs of the city.

Upon the large "trust-lots," four of which front on each of these squares—two on the east and two on the west—many of the public edifices and palatial private residences of Savannah are built. It is a little singular that the Savannaheans are indebted for this beautiful and unique feature of their city to the sagacious precaution of the first settlers against the dreaded attacks of the Indians.*

* We are told by Mr. Francis Moore, who wrote in 1736, that "the use of this is, in case a war should happen, the villages without may have places in

In addition to these old camping-grounds—many of which were occupied for the same purpose by General Sherman's troops, during his occupation of the city—a public park, comprising some ten acres (since increased to thirty acres), called Forsyth Place, was, a few years since, laid out, a considerable distance south of the city limits. It is, however, now being rapidly enclosed by buildings, and will in a short term be the centre of one of the finest and most populous portions of the city. Many of the original pine-trees were left standing on the grounds, which are laid out in serpentine walks, and ornamented with evergreen and flowering trees and shrubbery. In the centre is a handsome fountain, after the model of that in the Place de Concorde in Paris, and which is supplied with water from the city water-works. The lofty pines still standing, with the ornamental trees, afford a grateful shade; while the beautiful shelled walks, the luxuriant grass, the fragrant flowers, and the plashing fountain, make Forsyth Place a delightful retreat from the noise, bustle, dust, and heat of the city.

Among the peculiar features of Savannah which command the admiration of strangers are the wideness of its principal streets, abounding with shade-trees, and the flower-gardens which, in the portions of the city allotted to private residences, are attached to almost every house.

Ornamental trees of various species, mostly evergreens, occupy the public squares, and stud the sidewalks in all the principal thoroughfares; while the gardens abound with ornamental shrubbery and flowers of every variety. Conspicuous among the former are the orange-tree, with its fragrant blossoms and golden fruit in their season, the banana, which also bears its fruit, the magnolia, the bay, the cape-myrtle, the stately palmetto, the olive, the *arbor vite*, the flowering oleander, and the pomegranate. Flowers are cultivated in the open air, many choice varieties—queen among them all, the beautiful *camellia Japonica*, which flourishes here in greatest perfection, the shrub growing to a height of twelve to fifteen feet—blooming in mid-winter. At all seasons, Savannah is literally embowered in shrubbery, and in the early spring months, when the annuals resume their foliage, and the evergreens shed their darker winter dress for the delicate green of the new growth, the aspect of the city is truly novel and beautiful, justly entitling it to the appropriate *sobriquet* by which it has long been known, far and wide, of the "Forest City."

The old city of Oglethorpe's time was located on the brow of the bluff, about midway between the present eastern and western suburbs, and its boundaries are still defined by the Bay, and East, West, and South Broad Streets. Upon the river-front, a wide esplanade, about two hundred feet in width, extending back from the brink of the bluff, was preserved for public purposes. This is called the Bay, and is now the great commercial mart of Savannah. As commerce grew up, warehouses and shipping-offices were built by the first settlers, under the bluff between it and the river. In time these were replaced by substantial brick and stone structures, rising four and five stories high on the river-front, with one or two stories on the front facing the Bay, connecting with the top of the bluff by wooden platforms, which spanned the narrow road-way beneath, passing between the buildings and the hill-side. Some of these buildings, spared by the great fire of 1820, which consumed the larger portion of the old town, are interesting for their antique and quaint architecture. A range of them, opposite the foot of Bull Street—the fashionable thoroughfare of the city—is made the subject of a sketch by our artist. These relics of old Savannah, and a few others, hold their place in the line of stately modern buildings, which now extend along the larger portion of the city front under the bluff. Platforms still connect the upper stories of the stores under the bluff with the Bay; and at the foot of the principal cross-streets walled road-ways lead to the quay, which is wide, and occupied at intervals with large sheds for the protection of goods in the process of shipping and discharging. Along the quay, in close proximity to the wharves, are also located the cotton-presses and rice-mills.

While Savannah makes no special pretensions to architectural beauty, nevertheless the city contains many fine public and private buildings, and the good taste which characterizes her modern improvements evinces a progressive spirit and liberality worthy of her rapidly-increasing wealth and commercial importance. Some of her church edifices are models of architectural beauty; and among the

town to bring their cattle and families into for refuge, and for that purpose there is a square left in every ward, big enough for the outwards to encamp in."

new buildings, many of which have been erected within the past two years, are some substantial and imposing structures. Conspicuous among these is the stately pile, six stories high, crowned with a Mansard roof, which occupies the centre of the accompanying pictorial sketch, recently erected by Mr. Eugene Kelly, a Northern gentleman, who, since the war, has invested largely in real estate in Savannah. The spirit of improvement which has received such an impetus within the past two years is fully shared by the municipal government, which, having recently completed the new police-barracks, is now erecting a new market, that, when completed, will challenge comparison with any similar structure in the country.

The present population of Savannah is about thirty thousand souls, of whom five-eighths are white, and three-eighths black and colored; the increase of population since the census of 1860 being some seven thousand. The present assessed total value of the real estate of the city is \$15,341,900, showing also a very considerable augmentation of wealth during the same period.

If, under all the embarrassing circumstances of the past ten years, Savannah has advanced in population and wealth, her commerce has increased in a still greater ratio, as will be shown by a comparison of the exports, foreign and coastwise, in 1860, with those of 1870. The total exports in 1860, the year preceding the war, consisting of cotton, rice, and lumber, were \$17,798,922. The exports for the year 1870, as ascertained from the official records of the custom-house, amounted to \$58,000,000, with a tonnage in port, during the year, of 1,129,884 tons, employing 22,101 seamen. This great increase in the commerce of Savannah is mainly owing to the extension of her railroad connections. Recently, direct rail communication with the Mississippi River at Vicksburg has been opened, and already its advantage to the commerce of the city is being realized. The receipts of cotton, from September, the close of the commercial year, are already in excess of the entire receipts of last year, and will, it is estimated, reach at least 700,000 bales the current year, with a corresponding export in value of at least \$70,000,000.

These facts afford a striking illustration of the growing importance of Savannah as a commercial centre of the South—the natural result of the completion of a railroad system which her enterprise projected, and which the capital and energy of her citizens mainly built. Until the construction of the Central Railroad, some thirty years since, Savannah was comparatively isolated from the internal commercial world, her only communication with the interior of the State being by the Savannah River to Augusta, the head of steamboat-navigation—the wilderness and the great swamps of the Altamaha interposing an impassable barrier to the vast and fertile regions of the Southwest. By her great trunk-roads—the Central, and the Atlantic and Gulf, and their connections—she now offers an outlet for the products of the entire State of Georgia, Middle and West Florida, and portions of Alabama and Tennessee, and is in unbroken railroad connection with Memphis, Mobile, Vicksburg, Louisville, Cincinnati, and the principal commercial centres of the West. When it is considered that this system of railroad communication, which has already accomplished so much, is constantly radiating and extending; that the harbor is one of the best, safest, and most accessible on the South-Atlantic coast, and that it is almost on an air-line by the shortest route with San Diego on the Pacific, the impulse which must be given to the commerce of Savannah by the completion of the South-Pacific Railroad cannot be over-estimated.

The benevolent, literary, and educational institutions of Savannah are numerous and liberally sustained, some of them being among the oldest in the country; the Union Society, for the support and education of orphan boys, and the Female Asylum, for the care and education of orphan girls, having been founded in 1750. The St. Andrew's Society, St. George's Society, Hibernian Society, Irish Union Society, Hebrew Benevolent Society, Ladies' German Benevolent Society, the Abram's Home for Poor Widows, the Home for Old and Indigent Colored People, the Savannah Poor-House and Hospital, and the Marine Hospital, are all highly-respectable, prosperous, and beneficent institutions. There are also the Georgia Historical Society, the Georgia Medical Society, Young Men's Library Society, and Young Men's Christian Association, besides other fraternal and social associations.

The subject of popular education has commanded the attention of the best and most influential citizens of Savannah, through whose exertions, sustained by the liberal provision of the municipal government, a public-school system has been inaugurated, which is justly

pronounced equal to that of any city in the Union. The Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., Agent of the Peabody Fund, while on a recent visit to Savannah, after investigation, in a public address, highly complimented the Board of Education on their admirable school system. At the public schools, which are classified, progressing from the primary to the grammar and high schools, two thousand children are in regular attendance.

The people of Savannah are justly proud of their well-disciplined and efficient uniformed police, all white, and of her thoroughly-organized and effective fire department, which comprises four first-class steamers, with several hand-engine hose, hook and ladder companies.

Owing to the crescent form of the city front, its elevation, and the absence of any eligible point of observation on the opposite side of the river, it is difficult to obtain a view that will convey a correct impression of its size and appearance. This difficulty our artist experienced, as the best position which he could obtain, on Fig Island, presented but a meagre profile of the city front and its eastern environs. He has, however, given us a sketch of the city as seen from that point, that will be readily recognized. The view takes in the line of Hutchinson's Island, on the opposite side of the river, which extends the entire length of the city. The average width of the river, between the city, and the island, is about seven hundred and twenty feet, with a depth of water, at the wharves, averaging from thirteen to twenty-one feet. The island, which is two miles in length, and one mile in width, was formerly extensively cultivated in rice; but, with all the other low lands in the immediate vicinity of the city, is now restricted by sanitary laws to dry culture. Lumber-mills are located in it, and a large dry-dock is being constructed on that side of the river.

The accompanying view of the mouth of the Savannah River conveys a very correct idea of the appearance of the entrance to the harbor, which is capacious and well protected, Tybee Island being the head-land on the right, and the extreme southern point of another island defining the entrance to the river on the left. The steamer seen nearly opposite Fort Pulaski, which is situated on Cockspur Island, has passed the bar, upon which there is a depth of twenty-six feet of water, and, following the wide channel marked by the buoys, is proceeding on her way to the city, which may be reached at full tide, with a depth of eighteen and a half feet of water. When the dredging is completed in what is called "The Wrecks," an obstruction which has existed in the river opposite the eastern end of Fig Island since the old Revolutionary War, a much greater depth of water can be carried up to the city. Passing up the river, the stranger is struck with the peculiar aspect of the wide expanse of grass-clad salt-marsh through which it meanders, forming many islands, but preserving at all times ample width for the navigation of vessels of the largest class. About four

miles from the city, at the opening of St. Augustine Creek, the Confederate earth-forts and the remains of the obstructions are passed, and, a little farther on, Fort Jackson, from which point the city is in full view.

Since the war the tonnage visiting the port of Savannah has largely increased, and in the business season the present wharfage is hardly sufficient to accommodate the shipping, a fact which has rendered an extension of the wharves necessary. The present steam marine comprises seven lines of ocean steamships; four lines to New York, one to Boston, one to Philadelphia, and one to Baltimore, besides lines of steamboats to Charleston, Augusta, Darien, Brunswick, Jacksonville, Pilatka, and other Florida ports.

Being in latitude thirty-three degrees and some minutes, and so near the Gulf-Stream as to be within the influence of its atmospheric current, the temperature of Savannah has all the mildness of the tropics in winter, without the intense heat in summer, the mean temperature being 66°, very nearly the same as that of Bermuda. The sultriness of the "heated term" in Savannah is less oppressive than in New York or Boston, mitigated as it is by a soft, humid atmosphere, and the never-failing breath of the "trade-winds," so grateful at that season. In point of health, the mortality statistics of Savannah will compare favorably with those of any other city of the same population in the United States,* the locality being comparatively free from the fevers of the lower latitudes, and almost entirely exempt from the pulmonary affections so prevalent farther North. For Northern invalids the climate of Savannah, with the conveniences and comforts of the metropolis, is considered preferable to that of the sanitary retreats on the coast farther South.

Savannah is not without suburban attractions, there being several places in its vicinity of historical interest, whose sylvan character and picturesque beauty are in keeping with the "Forest City" itself. Thunderbolt, White Bluff, Isle of Hope, and Vernon, are all rural retreats on "the salts," within short drives of the city, where, in the summer months, the bracing sea-breeze and salt-water bathing are enjoyed. At each of these places, which are reached in a few minutes by an extension of the city railroad, are small settlements and good accommodations for visitors. Bethesda, about ten miles from the city, where the Union Farm School is located, was the site of the Orphan House established by Whitefield in 1740.

Our artist presents a sketch of Bonaventure, which is located on Warsaw River, a branch of the Savannah, about four miles from the city. The scenery of Bonaventure has long been renowned for its Arcadian beauty. A hundred years ago, the seat of a wealthy English

gentleman, the grounds around the mansion, of which only a dim outline of its foundations remain, were laid out in wide avenues, and

* The ratio percentage of deaths last year, based upon a permanent population of 15,938 whites and 13,217 blacks, was, of whites, 2.91, and of blacks,



STREET SCENE IN SAVANNAH.

planked with native live-oaks. These trees, long since fully grown, stand like massive columns on either side, while their far-reaching branches interlacing overhead like the frilled roof of some vast cathedral, the deep shade of their evergreen foliage shutting out the sky above, and the long gray moss-drapery depending from the leafy canopy, silent and still, or gently moving in the breeze, give to the scene a weird and strangely-sombre aspect at once picturesque and grandly solemn. Many years ago Bonaventure was devoted to the purpose for which it is so peculiarly fitted by Nature, and became the burial-place of many of the prominent families of Savannah, whose memorial monuments add to its solemn beauty. Recently the place has been purchased by a company, by whom it has been enclosed, the trees trimmed, the grounds cleared of their rank growth, laid out in lots, and opened to the public as a cemetery. In this operation much of the wild beauty of Bonaventure has been literally trimmed away, thus demonstrating the fact that, in the picturesque at least, it is not always in the power of art to improve upon Nature.

Though constantly threatened from the commencement of the war till its evacuation at its close, Savannah was so fortunate as to escape attack. Since the war her citizens have been equally fortunate in being able to preserve her municipal government in the hands of her own people. A wise and prudent administration of her affairs, together with the business enterprise and energy of her citizens in re-opening and extending the old channels of commerce, and in inviting and providing employment to capital and enterprise from abroad, has given an extraordinary impetus to the growth and commercial prosperity of the city, which, with the great natural advantages of her position and the accomplishment of the great enterprises of internal improvement with which her interests are identified, afford the most encouraging assurance of a prosperous future.

W. V. THOMPSON.

THE FIRST MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

IN an old burying-ground, at the head of a smooth sheet of water known as Bullock's Cove, in what is now Seekonk, Massachusetts, may be seen a rough stone, on which is rudely carved the following inscription:

MDCLXXXIV.

Here lyeth the body of the worthy

THOMAS WILLET, Esq.,

Who died August ye 4th, in ye lxiivth

Year of his age, Anno —,

Who was the first Mayor of New York,

And twice did sustain the place.

THOMAS WILLET, the successor of Miles Standish in the captaincy of the Plymouth-Colony militia, the founder of Old Swansea, and the first English Mayor of New York, was born in England, in 1611. He was bred a merchant, and he became acquainted with the Pilgrims at Leyden, when a mere lad, while travelling on business in Holland. He was a resolute youth, large-hearted and adventurous, and, the lofty aims of the Pilgrims having engaged his sympathies, he embarked for Plymouth in 1629, being one of the last of the Leyden company who sought a place of religious freedom in the rugged solitudes of the Western World. He was then about eighteen years of age, his mind well schooled in the duties and responsibilities of mercantile life, and polished by travel and by intercourse with the most cultivated people; his aspirations high, and his trust in God firm and pure. Soon after his arrival he was sent by the people of Plymouth to establish a trading-house at Kennebec, and to superintend their business at that place as agent. He remained there about seven years, and, though a mere youth, he bravely endured the hardships of the winter-bound forests, and fulfilled his duties with singular prudence and success.

The following anecdote, as related by Mr. Winthrop, affords a pleasant picture of the young merchant at this period of his adventurous career: "At Kennebec, the Indians wanting food, and, there being store in the Plymouth trading-house, they conspired to kill the

English there for their provision; and, some Indians coming into the house, Mr. Willet, the master of the house, being reading the Bible, his countenance was more solemn than at other times, so as he did not look cheerfully upon them as he was wont to do; whereupon they went out and told their fellows that their purpose was discovered. They asked them how it could be. The others told them that they knew it by Mr. Willet's countenance, and that he had discovered it by a book he was reading. Whereupon they gave over their design."

In 1647 he succeeded Miles Standish in the command of the military of Plymouth Colony. This office was no sinecure, but one involving stern duties and grave responsibilities, and he brought to it the essential requisite of mature judgment, an unbending will, and a stout heart.

In 1651 he was elected one of the Governor's assistants in the Court at Plymouth, to which office he was annually reelected for fourteen years.

In the winter of 1660 Captain Willet was an inhabitant of Rehoboth, Massachusetts, having obtained permission to purchase large tracts of land in that section of country. Soon after his coming to Rehoboth, he received the consent of the Court at Plymouth to purchase a tract of land of Womsitta, or Alexander, the eldest son of the friendly Sachem Massasoit, which was then called the Rehoboth North Purchase, but which is now known as Attleborough, Massachusetts, and Cumberland, Rhode Island. He was also the original proprietor of a large tract of land known as the Taunton North Purchase, where now flourish the towns of Norton, Mansfield, and Easton, Massachusetts, names familiar to the traveller.

In 1664, Charles II. of England, unwilling that any but English settlers should maintain an independent government in the midst of his growing colonies, made a grant of all the territory claimed by the Dutch at Manhattan and on the North River to his brother, the Duke of York and Albany. Colonel Richard Nicholls was commissioned to take possession of these Dutch colonies, and to exercise jurisdiction over them in the name of the crown. Colonel Nicholls, with ships-of-war and an armed force, landed at Boston in the summer of that year, and, demanding and receiving reinforcements from the Massachusetts and Connecticut Colonies, appeared in New-York Bay about the beginning of autumn.

The result of the expedition is well known—the resolute behavior of Governor Stuyvesant, the councils at the old Stadt-house, and the easy capitulation of the town by the fat burgomasters. New Amsterdam took the name of the city from which the English duke derived his title, and the Dutch officials gave place to a new government formed in harmony with the colonial laws established by the English king.

Colonel Nicholls, after the reduction of Manhattan, turned to Captain Willet as a man of an even disposition and a well-poised mind, a professional merchant, and a fluent speaker of Dutch, to assist "in modelling and reducing the affairs of the newly-acquired settlements into good English." He wrote to Governor Prince, earnestly requesting that Captain Willet might have such dispensation from his official duties in Plymouth Colony as to act as his assistant, and pointing out his especial fitness for the work.

The request was granted, and Captain Willet entered at once upon his difficult labors in New York. He was already favorably known to the Dutch, and his appointment was received by them with satisfaction.

The code of laws established by the Duke of York and Albany for the government of New York, and which continued in force till the period of the revolution in England, read strangely to-day. We extract a few from those compiled under the direction of Governor Nicholls, in 1664, which were then known as the Duke's Laws. There is a wide difference between this old Leviticus and the statute-book of to-day. Truly, "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

Capital Laws.—"1. If any person within this Government shall by direct exprest, impious or presumptuous ways, deny the true God and his Attributes, he shall be put to death.

"2. If any person shall Commit any wilful and premeditated Murder, he shall be put to death.

"3. If any person Slayeth another with Sword or Dagger who hath no weapon to defend himself; he shall be put to Death.

"4. If any person forcibly Stealeth or carrieth away any mankind; He shall be put to death.

"5. If any person shall bear false witness maliciously and on purpose to take away a man's life, He shall be put to Death.

"6. If any man shall Traitorously deny his Majestyes right and titles to his Crownes and Dominions, or shall raise armies to resist his Authority, He shall be put to Death.

448. The population of Savannah is increased several thousand in the business season, by seamen, artisans, and laborers, from abroad, a fair portion of whose deaths are added to the death record, while no account of these is taken in the census. If these were added to the census, the ratio percentage of mortality would of course be less.

"7. If any man shall treacherously conspire or Publicly, attempt to invade or Surprise any Town or Towns, Fort or Forts, within this Government, He shall be put to Death.

"8. If any Child or Children, above sixteen years of age, and of sufficient understanding, shall smite their Natural Father or Mother, unless thereunto provoked and for their selfe preservation from Death or Mayming, at the Complaint of the said Father and Mother, and not otherwise, they being Sufficient witnesses thereof, that Child or those Children so offending shall be put to Death."

The enforcement of a law like the following during the War for the Union would frequently have quieted the excitements and agitations of Wall Street, and have often silenced the click of the telegraph with its gossip news:

Lying and False News.—"Every person of age of discretion which shall be reputed of fourteen years or upwards, who shall wittingly and willingly forge or Publish fals news whereof no Certain Author nor Authentique Letter out of any part of Europe can be produced, whereby the minds of People are frequently disquieted or exasperated in relation to publicke Affairs, or particular persons injured in their good names and Credits by such Common deceites and abuses Upon due prooffe made by Sufficient witnesses before the Governour or any Court of Sessions the Person so Offending in ordinary Cases shall for the first offence be fined ten shillings, for the second offence twenty shillings and for the third offence forty Shillings and if the party be unable to pay the same he shall be Sett in the Stocks so long, or publickely whipt with so many stripes as the Governor or any Court of Sessions shall think fitt not exceeding forty stripes; or four houres Sitting in the Stocks, and for the fourth offence he shall be bound to his good behaviour, paying Cost or Service to the Informer and witnesses, such as shall be judged reasonable satisfaction, But in Cases of high nature and publicke Concernes, the fine or punishment shall be increased according to the discretion of the Governor and Council onely."

The following laws exhibit the spirit of the age as well as the eagerness of men in authority, whether Protestant or Catholic, to compel others to think like themselves:

"All Jesuits, Seminary Priests, Missionaries, or other Ecclesiastical person, made or ordained by any power or Jurisdiction derived or pretended from the Pope, or see of Rome, residing or being within the Province, to depart the same, on or before the first of Nov. 1700.

"If any such continue, remain, or come into the Province, after the said first of November, he shall be deemed an Incendiary, a disturber of the publick peace, an Enemy to the true Christian Religion, and shall suffer perpetual imprisonment.

"If any such person, being actually committed, shall break Prison and escape, he shall be guilty of Felony, and if retaken shall die as a Felon.

"Persons receiving, harbouring, succouring, or concealing any such person, and knowing him to be such, shall forfeit the sum of 200 pounds, half to the King, for and towards the support of the Government, and the other half to the prosecutor, shall be set in the Pillory three days, and find sureties for their behaviour, at the discretion of the court.

"Any Justice of peace may cause any person suspected to be of the Romish Clergy to be apprehended, and if he find cause, may commit him or them, in order to a trial.

"Any person, without warrant, may seize, apprehend, and bring before a Magistrate, any person suspected of the crimes above, and the Governor, with the Council, may suitably reward such person as they think fit."

Captain Willet encountered many difficulties in his efforts to establish pacific measures. The Dutch were hostile to the English, and the Indians were unfriendly toward the Dutch. But he succeeded so well in harmonizing the discordant elements that he won the sympathies of the new subjects, and received from them the title of Peacemaker. Immediately after the organization of the government, he was elected the first English Mayor of New York, which office he filled so acceptably as to secure a reelection on the following year. He afterward was chosen umpire by the Dutch to determine the disputed boundary between the New-York and New-Haven Colonies. When the two years of his mayoralty had expired, he returned to his home in Rehoboth.

Captain Willet was a man of liberal religious views, and did not sympathize with the exclusiveness of the colonist. He probably had connected himself in youth with the Reformed Church in Holland. Shortly before his retirement from public office he made the acquaintance of the Rev. John Miles, a Baptist clergyman who had been driven from his living in Wales by the Act of Conformity of 1662—an acquaintanceship that ripened into warm friendship, and yielded generous fruit. In 1667, Captain Willet and Mr. Miles secured from the Plymouth Court the grant of a township which they named New Swansea, from the old home of the Welsh pastor and the Sea of Swans near his home in Wales. Here they established a church, Baptist in name, but open in communion, the covenant defending in powerful language the equal rights of Christians to the table of the Lord. The mode of baptism to be administered was to be left in each

case to the choice of the candidate, and the church, free from all ecclesiastical impedimenta, went vigorously to work and soon drew to its fellowship many strong men from the colonies. The Presbyterian adventurers from Harlem-Meer sung sweetly with the exiles from the Severn; Baptists, Congregationalists, and Quakers, worshipped under the same roof, and before the pulpit of a liberal Baptist elder:

"We legends read of Church and State,
Of wars in lands decaying—
The banner of the Cross in hate
Uplifted o'er the slaying.

"A better legend lingers here
In stainless history given:
Sweet sung the men from Harlem-Meer
With exiles from the Severn."

Captain Willet, shortly after the grant of the township of New Swansea, made proposals to the church and to the town concerning the admission of new settlers:

1. That no *erroneous* person be admitted into the township as an inhabitant or sojourner.

2. That no man of any evil behavior, as contentious persons, be admitted.

3. That none may be admitted that may become a charge to the place.

These proposals were "ratified, confirmed, and settled as a foundation-order" by the church and the town.

It should be here stated, in justice to these worthy men, that this last proposal was not intended to disqualify unfortunate persons for citizenship, but to keep out the unthrifty. All well-meaning persons were welcome to the township, however poor.

Here, amid the pine-groves of Swansea, near the calm waters of the Narragansett, Captain Willet passed his declining years. Respected by the expanding colonies, revered by the church and by the inhabitants of the town he had founded, and beloved by a numerous family, the close of his life was serene and happy, and he passed away peacefully at last, as one goes home at eventide after resting a while on the sun-sprinkled sheaves of a bountiful harvest.

Captain Willet married Mary Brown, the daughter of John Brown the elder, at Plymouth, by whom he had thirteen children. His grandson, Francis Willet, was a prominent man in the colony of Rhode Island. His great-grandson, Colonel Marinus Willet, served with distinguished honor in the Revolutionary War, and was also elected Mayor of New York. The descendants of Captain Willet are numerous in New York and in other sections of the country.

His house was a fine one for colonial times, and relics of it still remain. One of the doors may be seen in an antiquarian collection in the possession of the city of New York. Rhode-Island antiquarians have bricks from the chimney, and a house in South Providence, occupied by Samuel Viall, Esq., contains bricks used in building the old Willet Mansion (probably imported from Holland), and two doors of like antiquity that retain the fantastic ornamental painting of a departed age. Captain Willet's sword is in the keeping of the city of New York.

His grave is neglected, but antiquarians sometimes find their way to the sequestered spot, and decipher the rude inscription amid the moss and the fern. It would seem that the defender of infant colonies, the founder of flourishing churches and towns, and the first English mayor of our great metropolis, should have a more appropriate memorial than a rough stone to mark the spot where rests his dust.

H. BUTTERWORTH.

FOOD IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

"TELL me what a people eat, and I will tell you what they are," wrote Brillat Savarin in his great work; and the inferior style of dinner which prevails on the African Continent would probably have enlisted his sympathies on behalf of the slave-owners had he lived in the days when that question was so angrily discussed. It is, in fact, impossible to deny that cookery and civilization are inseparably connected. The Orientals have never thoroughly acquired the art of dining, and have, therefore, always stopped short at a certain point. But although the negroes are decidedly low in the social and culinary scale, they are, both as men and as diners, superior to many

other races; for instance, to the aborigines of Australia, the Andaman-Islanders, and various tribes in America and the Indian Archipelago. The African boils his food. He is, therefore, acquainted with pottery, one of the most useful and one of the most elegant of the rude arts. The Bushmen of South Africa, who are usually regarded as a race entirely distinct from the negroes, frequently subsist in a very miserable manner on roots, berries, and even locusts. These insects are highly relished by many negro tribes, and are eaten as a *hors-d'œuvre*, or accessory, as we eat shrimps and prawns. But the Bushmen eat them vulgarly, in order to allay the cravings of hunger. This fact alone would be sufficient to enable the gastronomic ethnologist to assign them a very inferior position in the family of man, and the observations of travellers and anatomists justify him in so doing. In considering the food of Africa, therefore, the Bushmen will be placed on one side.

The Africans may be divided into three classes:

1. The purely pastoral, who live on milk and meat, with the slight and irregular addition of wild grain from their pastures or of corn collected from other people's stores.

2. The purely agricultural, who eat only vegetables.

3. Those who subsist on fish.

Between these classes there are various sub-classes, or classes of transition, and these are by far the most numerous. Whether there exists a people who have never tasted grain, or who have never tasted meat or fish, may perhaps be doubted. Certainly the pastoral, hunting, and fishing tribes of Africa usually combine a little agriculture with their principal pursuits, or obtain some farinaceous food by selling skins, smoked fish, etc., to the agricultural tribes. These again, though they live on vegetables, usually contrive to taste meat from time to time. They have invariably (as far as my experience goes) domestic animals—fowls, goats, sheep, etc., which they kill on great occasions. They get an antelope now and then, and some tribes have always their grandmothers to fall back upon. Among the agricultural or starch-eating tribes oil is the substitute for meat. Some physiologists assert that farinaceous substances combined with oil supply all that is necessary to human life. Be that as it may, in the forest-regions of equatorial Africa and elsewhere meat is the rarest of all luxuries, and in such countries the slaves must pass long periods of time without tasting it. Even the dogs are there obliged to adopt a vegetable diet. It has been inferred from such facts as these that a vegetable diet is proper and natural in a hot country, and, if the Africans showed any antipathy to meat, there might be some foundation for this theory. But the fact is, they are so fond of meat that they will eat "gamey" crocodile and other carrion substances from which a starving beggar in England would turn in disgust. It is quite possible that an Englishman should eat less meat in the tropics than he takes at home, but vegetarianism is as wild an outrage on the laws of health in one country as in another. If a man vegetates (as the Africans often do), he can live on vegetables, but, if he works hard, either with his head or his limbs, he requires good solid food to repair the waste. I have been among a people who never breakfast, but who eat once a day only, and then very sparingly. But what is their occupation? Sleep and talk. When they go on a journey they break through their usual rule, and eat before they start. Yet with all this I am willing to admit that habit has much to do with the quantities of food that we eat, which must appear extraordinary to the African, for an alderman devours as much in a day as would serve him for a month. No doubt a large part of that which we eat simply passes through the system without yielding up any of its nourishing powers, and probably the savage derives the full benefit of his simple meal.

I shall not enter into long details, as it would be very easy for me to do, respecting the various forms of food which exist in the African peninsula, and the elaborate methods by which many of them are prepared. I shall content myself, for the present at all events, with stating as briefly as possible the principal articles of food in Central Africa, and these will be found to depend upon the physical geography of the country.

The border regions between the Sahara and the Soudan are inhabited by nomadic tribes who live chiefly on milk, and who pass from pasture to pasture according to the rains. Southward of this region we enter the fertile plains of the Soudan, and here we find in some places rice, in others millet or maize, forming the staple. But meat is also abundant, and milk is an article of daily diet over the plateau

which extends southward till it merges into a range of forest-covered hills. From these mountains to the sea all is forest; cattle become scarce. In some parts rice still holds its ground; in others, cassava, plantains, eaten in the half-ripe or starchy stage, and sometimes yams, form the bread of the people. In these dark and gloomy forests even wild animals are rare, and, unless there are rivers in their neighborhood supplying fish, the inhabitants live in a very poor way. In such forest-regions the palm-oil-tree is usually found, and its produce, which is used here in the candle and soap making business, is there much thought of as an article of food. In the higher plateau this tree does not exist, and the oil used in cooking is obtained from the ground-nut (which also supplies much of the olive-oil of Marseilles), or in the form of vegetable fat from the famous shea-butter-tree of Park.

There are various articles of food in Africa which form a commerce of their own. Salt, for instance, doubtless creates more movement and interchange among the African tribes than gold itself. It is supplied to Central Africa from the mines in the desert on one side, and from the European settlements on the other side. Corn is largely exported from the Soudan states to the oases of the Sahara. I found an active trade going on in rice and gold-dust between the miners of Bouré and the adjoining agricultural tribes. Smoked fish is hawked about the country in many parts, and there is a peculiar fruit called the *kola*, or *gooroo*, somewhat resembling the chestnut in shape, very bitter, but which has the effect of making water that is drunk afterward taste like *eau sucrée*, or, according to one observer, "like white wine and sugar." It is most eagerly sought after by all Mohammedan tribes. It is not only employed as a comfit, but is used mystically and emblematically in all their marriages, negotiations, and oaths, and is so highly prized in the upper parts of Senegambia that, according to an old traveller, "fifty of them will buy you a wife." Yet on the Kru Coast and the Gold Coast, where it grows abundantly enough, no attention is paid to it by the natives.

With respect to cooking, the Africans, as I have before observed, are a *boiling* people. Every thing goes into the pot, is served in a calabash, or wooden bowl, and is eaten with the hand. Oil, tree-butter, or cow-butter (according to the latitude), flavors the corn, the rice, the plantain, the yam, or the cassava (which last is the worst food of all); and the mess is strongly seasoned with peppers, sometimes in such fiery fashion that my lips have swelled up after a few mouthfuls had been taken. The young leaves of the baobab (*Adansonia*) are much prized in native cooking, and the celebrated *palava sauce* is so elaborately compounded that it can only have been invented by a Soyer among the negroes. They usually consider it unwholesome to eat eggs or fresh (that is, unsalted) butter, or to drink new milk, which they always prefer in the form of curds. The pagan tribes drink also large quantities of palm-wine by tapping the tree, collecting the sweet sap, and fermenting it in the sun. They also brew a sweet beer from maize or millet, or they make a kind of mead.

To sum up, if we divide Africa into two geographical regions, the one an open plateau at some elevation above the sea, and the other consisting of forest and marsh, sometimes mountainous and sometimes forming alluvial plains, we shall find the first region inhabited by negroes partly Mohammedan, possessing cavalry, and walled towns, and everywhere displaying a certain energy of character; the second, by pagan savages, living in miserable villages, constantly at war, and engaged in no regular commercial intercourse with one another.

In the first region agriculture has made some progress. The fields present a clean and flourishing appearance; the hills may be seen covered with cattle, while ricks of rice and corn, or dry granaries, like houses in miniature, gladden the eye of the hungry traveller. There are markets in the town, where meat is often exposed for sale, and people even stand at the side of the road to offer onions and such minor articles of food to the passers-by.

In the second region the women are the agriculturists, and plant just enough to keep their husbands and themselves from starving. They can endure hunger, and often die peaceably of starvation, but they cannot endure work. They have no cattle, but here and there a goat or a sheep and a few fowls. These are their possessions, which they seldom eat, but keep to sell for a little finery, or for the salt which is necessary to sustain even their miserable lives. The traveller who ventures among such a people must endeavor to acquire that noble indifference about dinner which has been so much lauded by philosophers.

WINWOOD READE.

TABLE-TALK.

It may be almost questioned whether there exists in any channel of public secular expression an instinct for telling the truth. That politicians should habitually give intentionally a false color to the subjects upon which they expatiate, is what we have long learned to expect; but, when we find professed moralists, public reformers, people who claim to have weighty statements to make or valuable lessons to inculcate—when we find this class far more anxious to be sensational than sound, or pungent than truthful, we may well be perplexed as to the fountains which shall supply us with pure waters of learning and wisdom. Our lecturers, especially, might reasonably be supposed to rest under the obligation of truth in their teachings. Men who come before others to instruct them, ought neither intentionally nor even ignorantly to mislead their hearers. A public teacher—whether of the pulpit, the lecture-room, or the press—has no right to make a misstatement. He is bound not only to say what he honestly believes to be true, but he is bound also to make thorough research in order that what he believes to be true shall not be idle or vague impressions, but sound deduction from ascertained facts. A man is often almost as culpable in giving vogue to an assertion which he has not investigated, as in deliberately inventing a lie. That is a felicitous touch in Sheridan's "School for Scandal" which asserts that when the drawer of a scandal cannot be discovered, it would only be good law to demand reparation of the indorser. Our public lecturers, especially those who discuss social questions, have apparently abandoned every pretension to honesty. To be racy, smart, piquant, severe; to set on their hearers to laughter; to say things that will titillate the fancy, flatter the pride, or give a sort of intellectual intoxication to the imagination; to utter rude or hurtful things of women, in order to amuse a crowd of men; to make husbands and fathers objects of racy ridicule in the eyes of ladies; to make our neighbors appear absurd; to be satirical and eloquently critical; to laugh at this man's picture, or that man's book—to go about, in brief, as literary mountebanks, and, like the court-fools of old, amuse the world by satire and jest—this thing is their ambition. They encourage the vice of extravagant overstatement, which is prevalent enough without them. They contribute largely to that spirit of inaccuracy which seems grounded in the very foundations of society. Dr. Johnson was wont to assert with emphasis that the habit of truth must be inculcated in children by the most rigid enforcement; they should not be allowed to digress in the smallest details, even with innocent intent, but, if trained always to note carefully and report accurately, they would thus acquire truth-telling as a habit as well as a principle. We rather reverse all that now. Absolute lying is still a cardinal sin; but, no matter what false coloring may be given to a statement, if by so doing there is a little fun for the listener, or a little fancy in the inventor. And this sort of thing public speakers are

largely responsible for; more so than journalists, whose sins are many, but who have not a crowd to amuse at any cost, and whose statements are often face to face with their contradictions. We might cite some instances of the thing we complain of, but cannot do so without appearing invidious.

— A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* finds in the peasant-proprietary system prevailing in France one great cause of that country's recent misfortunes. The English Liberals have long been advocating the introduction of the French system into England, and have strenuously maintained that many of the existing ills in England and Ireland would disappear under a system which made cultivators of land proprietors instead of tenants. But the writer in the *Review* believes he has discovered the fallacy of that argument. The French peasantry are ignorant and narrow-minded, careless of every thing but their individual welfare, afraid of nothing so much as revolution, distrustful of all political innovations, with no care for the state, and hence without patriotism. They went reluctantly into the army, and were eager to return home again at any cost of national reputation. The cities alone, according to the *Reviewer*, exhibited love of country. It must seem extraordinary to every American that the ignorance and selfishness of the French peasantry should be attributed to a system that in the United States has lifted farmers far above the level of the same class in any other country. Land is not subdivided here into petty plots as in France; but the great fact that the larger part of our cultivated soil is divided into small farms, and owned by those who cultivate them, has been the rock of our political fortunes, the foundation of our prosperity and civilization, and remains the pledge of our future welfare. With us it has been the very source and fountain of patriotism. It has been the means of eliminating from our social organization a peasant-class altogether. Our farmers are men of intelligence, of social position, often of large culture, and are notable for high qualities of character. Love of country is a passion with them. In America the noblest and best thing we have to point to is our landed democracy, which more than any thing else distinguishes us from other lands, and more than any thing else marks the true nature of our superiority. We use the word superiority as applicable solely to the higher average level of our intelligence and culture. In view of these facts, it is certainly remarkable to find an Englishman attributing the defects in the character of the French peasants to their proprietary system. He may be certain the cause lies elsewhere. It is equally surprising to find him locating patriotic virtue in the cities solely. Does he not mistake the froth and revolutionary hubbub of the cities for a higher virtue? His judgment is an entire reversal of our American experience; for here the great towns have proved, what Jefferson predicted of them, "ulcers on the political body." Political debauchery and flagrant misrule have characterized more or less most of them while the great rural populations have been true to the best interests of the nation.

— The "Chinese question" seems more and more to occupy public discussion, but we doubt if any theme before the public admits of such wide differences of statement, or includes so many diametrically opposed assertions. At this moment we have just turned from one paragraph in a leading paper to another in a journal equally conspicuous, in which one utters great apprehensions as to the presence of Chinese in America, and the other draws a very different picture. One predicts, among other evils that are to arise from the large Chinese immigration, the introduction of Asiatic pestilences on the Pacific coast. The Chinese settlements, according to this account, are so foul and filthy, and the utmost efforts of sanitary commissions so unavailing in inducing decent habits among these heathen, that epidemics in due time are sure to be bred from them. The foulness and degradation of the Celestials are presented in this paper with great force. But the other article referred to—which chanced to meet our notice after reading the preceding one—gives a different idea of the new-comers. From this we learn that the Chinese in California are "docile and willing, sober, frugal, and industrious." The authority for these assertions is Mr. Pelham W. Ames, whose statements are the fruit of personal observation. The Chinese, according to Mr. Ames, have been exposed in California to every indignity; they have been robbed, murdered, and beaten with impunity. "The cruel wrongs inflicted upon these people," he says, "are a blot upon our national record." The prejudices against the Chinese are intense, and no doubt there is at least some truth in Mr. Ames's statements. But which are we to believe—that the Chinese are a foul, dangerous, pestilence-threatening, demoralizing element, or a valuable addition to our productive labor?

— In the discussion on the subject of underground railroads in New York, the successful operation of such roads in London is always brought forward as a strong argument in their favor. The facts, however, do not seem to be altogether on one side of the question. We find in the English journals a report of a meeting lately held in London to oppose a modification of the Metropolitan and St. John's Wood Railway charter, by which it was proposed to allow heavy freight-trains to run on the line. Dr. Musgrave, who occupied the chair, stated that "his house was so jolted by the present passenger-traffic that there was not a single article of furniture which was not rattled about. It was quite certain that, if the Midland Railway had the power conferred upon them to run goods-trains over this line of railway, there would be no peace day or night. He could only foresee that most of the houses, if that traffic were carried over the line, must fall down." Dr. Musgrave's troubles, however, are not comparable for intensity with those of "a resident in the Finchley Newroad," who said that "the mere shifting of the empty trains from one line to another near his house had caused it, to a certain extent to give way—the back of his house evidently so. Between his breakfast-room and the pantry a hand could

be put right through and seen in the opposite room. Other parts of the house were constantly dropping from the vibrations, and it was in such a bad condition that if a dog ran across his dining-room the spoons and forks clattered on the plates or dishes on which they might be lying." He further added that he had been informed by a surveyor that his house was in a very dangerous condition, and, if he (the speaker) let any thing drop heavily, he might have "the back front" of the house come down.

— There is something singular about the fascination which diamond-mining exercises over the popular mind. Adventurers from every part of the world are rushing to South Africa, prepared to encounter dangers, privations, hardships, and toil, in the hunt after the precious stones, with not one chance in a thousand of finding them. The official statement at the Cape of Good Hope is, that in 1870 the total value of the diamonds found was only a little more than a million dollars. The amount of energy and labor wasted in gathering them would have produced ten times as much in solid cash, if applied to the culture of cotton or tobacco.

Foreign Items.

OCTAVE FEUILLET, the French Academician, and author of "Camors" and "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," is in trouble. He was one of the most ardent adherents of the Empress Eugénie, through whose influence he obtained a very comfortable sinecure, the position of librarian at the palace of Fontainebleau. When Eugénie fled to England, Octave Feuillet thought that he was no longer safe in France either, and fled to England without taking any steps to secure from injury the large and valuable library intrusted to his care. No sooner had Feuillet left Fontainebleau than some of the most valuable books were stolen, and the remainder disappeared during the occupation of the place by the German troops, so that, when Feuillet returned to his post after the capitulation of Paris, he found nothing but empty shelves. The government has now notified him that his conduct will have to undergo a judicial examination.

Sovereign princes and their heirs-apparent have often not been on the best of terms. The latest instance of this state of affairs is the quarrel between the Czar Alexander II. of Russia and the imperial crown-prince. These two personages differ widely about the war between France and Germany. The czar enthusiastically espoused the cause of the latter, while the crown-prince, instigated, it is said, by his very pretty young wife, who displays considerable ability as a political intriguer, makes no secret of his sympathies for France. Very disagreeable scenes ensued in consequence between father and son. The czar repeatedly ordered the prince from the imperial dinner-table for violently contradicting and even ridiculing him. One day the prince's conduct was so offensive that the czar ordered him to be confined in his rooms for several weeks.

When the Bavarians occupied the charming country-seat and large farm of Eugène Rouher, Napoleon's ex-minister, a peasant offered to show them the place where the proprietor's plate had been buried, provided they would

leave his own humble home undisturbed, and not take his cattle from him. The Bavarian soldiers readily agreed to the proposition, and unearthed M. Rouher's plate, which, at a low valuation, was worth fifty thousand francs. A relative of Rouher heard of it, and got the whole back for five thousand francs.

Some time ago the Municipal Council of Lyons unanimously adopted a resolution making Garibaldi an honorary citizen of that city. Nine thousand citizens of Lyons have now signed a protest against that step. They assert in it that Garibaldi, so far from having rendered any valuable services to France, had caused one of the greatest disasters of the war; for it had been owing to Garibaldi's incapacity that Bourbaki's army had been forced to flee to Switzerland.

Eckmann-Chatrian's novels have had an aggregate sale of five hundred thousand volumes in France down to July 1, 1870. During the early part of the war so many orders for copies of such of the novels as referred to the war in Alsace were sent to the publishers that the latter were unable to fill them. Eckmann-Chatrian's home is at the little fortress of Phalsbourg, which suffered terribly through the bombardment by the German troops.

Some speculators in Paris realized enormous profits during the siege. Mirès, the well-known banker, had purchased, a short time previous to the investment of the city by the German troops, one hundred and fifty thousand barrels of flour, which he sold early in October to the government at an advance of one hundred per cent.

The Italian publishers of Manzoni's "Sposi Promessi" announce the appearance of the hundredth edition of that celebrated novel, which has proved to be the most popular book published in Italy for many years past, except one, Silvio Pellico's "Le Mie Prigione," of which one hundred and twelve editions have appeared thus far.

Madame Anna Rattazzi is engaged in writing a book, entitled "Ma Prédiction," and in which, referring to her former literary attacks upon the ex-Empress Eugénie, she tries to prove that the exile of Chiselhurst is principally responsible for the downfall of the second empire.

Villemeussant's Paris *Figaro*, which a year ago had a daily circulation of upward of sixty thousand copies, has now less than seven thousand subscribers. Damaging disclosures about the manner in which the leading editors of the *Figaro* had sold their pens to the imperial government utterly ruined the paper in the estimation of the public.

During the last year of Queen Isabella's reign the average daily circulation of the Madrid papers was only between sixty and seventy thousand copies. The Spanish capital has now three times as many political journals, with an aggregate daily circulation of two hundred thousand copies.

Hacklaender, one of the owners of the *Stuttgart Illustrated News*, is one of the few German novelists who obtained fame and fortune by writing novels. His "Wachtstuben-abenteuer" (Guard-room Adventures) alone yielded him a net profit of over twelve thousand dollars.

A volume of Turkish poems, said to have been written by a young girl of Pera, and most remarkable for their pathos and sweetness, has

recently been published at Constantinople, and, what has rarely happened of late years to a Turkish book, has already had nine editions.

Dr. Strousberg, the Prussian Israelite, who by dint of successful speculations, in the course of ten years, rose from poverty to great wealth, and finally became proprietor of some of the most productive railroads in the kingdom, is reported to have been bankrupted by the war of 1870-'71.

The offers of public libraries, book-publishers, and private citizens in Germany, to furnish books to the library to be formed at Strasbourg, in place of the one which was destroyed during the bombardment of the city, exceed already one hundred thousand volumes.

The French Government has ordered the discontinuance of that costly publication, at the expense of the state, of "The Correspondence of Napoleon I.," the last volumes of which were edited by Prince Napoleon with so little tact and discrimination.

Carl Gutzkow, the great German dramatist and novelist, was so mortified at the cool reception which his new war-play met at the hands of the public, that he withdrew the play from the stage, and declared that it never should appear in his complete works.

Pope Pius IX. has given an order to several Roman fresco-painters to paint the so-called White Hall of the Vatican with frescoes illustrating the adoption of the infallibility dogma by the Ecumenical Council of 1870.

Baron de Brisse, the author of the best French cook-book, and famous for his culinary contributions to the Paris papers, died of heart-disease at Brussels, on the 22d of February.

The Russian papers intimate that Adelina Patti, the Marchioness de Caux, is negotiating with the manager of the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburg for a five or ten years' engagement.

Björnson, the Norwegian novelist, has recently published two small volumes of fairy-stories, which the Scandinavian critics pronounce superior to any thing which Hans Christian Andersen has recently written.

Thiers and Dufaure, ex-ministers of Louis Philippe, are opposed to the restoration of the Orleans dynasty. Guizot, to the great disappointment of the Orleanists, has now taken the same position.

M. de Noë, better known as "Cham," the signature of his droll caricatures in the Paris *Charivari*, was quite severely wounded by the bursting of a shell during the bombardment.

The young Queen of Spain is said to be the author of a volume of novels, which appeared at Florence two years ago anonymously, and which was quite well received by the public.

Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the elder brother of the late Prince-Consort of England, intends to visit the United States and Mexico next summer.

Among the valuable presents which old General von Moltke received during the war in France was a costly sabre sent him by the Shah of Persia.

They say in Madrid that King Amadeo, previous to his arrival in Spain, never read a book written by a Spanish author, not even "Don Quixote."

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria has grown prematurely old. Her face is wrinkled, her eyes are dim, and her features, which were once so delicate, have become quite gross.

Anastasius Gruen, the Nestor of the Austrian poets, has a German translation of Shakespeare's sonnets in press.

Strauss, the Vienna composer of dancing-music, has written an opera, which, despite some charming melodies, proved a failure at its first representation.

A woman was arrested the other day at Brescia, in Upper Italy, on the horrible charge of having poisoned all her seven children.

Four of the new Austrian cabinet-ministers were formerly professors at the University of Vienna.

The wives of Count von Bismarck and General von Moltke are both in very feeble health.

There are now upward of one hundred permanent American residents in St. Petersburg.

The most eloquent preacher in Italy is said to be a young Franciscan monk at Messina.

The Abbé Bauer, the famous preacher at the chapel of the Tuilleries, is now in Vienna.

Miscellany.

President Thiers.

IT is a reasonable opinion held by many that the second empire in France owed its existence to the legend of the first Napoleon, as it was told in the skilful pages of M. Thiers. The first Napoleon exhausted France, and brought his conquerors to take possession of Paris. But that is not all. During the most brilliant period of the first emperor, France was internally in great distress—without commerce, and exhausted by the destruction of men and the want of money. Had the tale been told, not by such a one-sided rhetorician as Thiers, and decorated by such a poet as Béranger, but truthfully by such an historian as M. Lanfrey, Louis Napoleon would never have dreamed his dream—his empire would never have come into existence. He did, however, dream his dream, his empire came into existence, and endured for nearly twenty years, and during its continuance France enjoyed an amount of material prosperity and a growth of commerce, manufactures, and wealth, to which her past history had furnished no parallel. Not many months have passed since the emperor made an appeal to the French people, in effect requiring an answer to the question whether they were so far satisfied with his government as to desire that he should not be controlled without an appeal to them. Between seven and eight million Frenchmen by their votes in effect approved his rule, the negative votes being comparatively few. Sadowa was fought, Prussia grew great, and Germany was consolidating into a mighty power. M. Thiers said, France ought not to have permitted another people to grow great; France was great, and ought to be great, and that the greatness of a neighbor was a detraction from her greatness, and therefore ought not to have been permitted, and ought not to be endured. This view, maintained and propagated by M. Thiers, was indirectly a cause—perhaps the cause—of the war which has created the German empire, and has proved so disastrous to France. With the exception, possibly, of the destruction brought upon the Confederate States of America by the

Secession War, modern history records no case of such a collapse of power, of such calamities as this war has brought upon France. The blame, the whole blame, of this collapse, of these calamities, is laid upon the late emperor. No man in France dare whisper a word in his favor. And the man to whom all France with equal unanimity resorts to govern the country, to obtain peace, and to restore the prosperity of France, is M. Thiers. Of Thiers himself, it has been said that in external appearance it is impossible to conceive a more ignoble little being. He has neither figure, nor shape, nor grace, nor mien; and truly, to use the most unsavory description of Cormenin, he looks like one of those provincial barbers who, with brush and razors in hand, go from door to door offering their *savonnette*. His voice is thin, harsh, and reedy; his aspect sinister, deceitful, and tricky; a sardonic smile plays about his insincere and mocking mouth; and at first view you are disposed to distrust so ill-favored a looking dwarf, and to disbelieve his story. But hear the persuasive pigmy, hear him fairly out, and he greets you with such pleasant, lively, light, voluble talk, interspersed with historical remark, personal anecdote, ingenious reflections, all conveyed in such clear, concise, and incomparable language, that you forget his ugliness, his impudence, insincerity, and dishonesty. You listen, and, as Rousseau said in one of his most eloquent letters, "in listening, are undone." As a journalist he was successful, as an historian he was popular, as a minister he was notorious, and national to a certain extent. He has, no doubt, many talents and many defects; but his successes in life are more owing to his worst vices than to his negative virtues. He is probably the most intelligent man in Europe, if a perception of the wants and wishes of the million indicate intelligence; but some think him also one of the most insincere, mocking, and corrupt of public men, and at the bottom one of the shallowest in all sound knowledge.

The Old English Squire.

The country squire of the last century, whether he was a Squire Western, or a Squire Allworthy, resided for the greater part of his life in the parish where he was born. The number of freeholders was four times what it is at present; plurality of estates was the exception; the owner of land, like the peasant, was virtually *ascriptus gleba*—a practical reality in the middle of the property committed to him. His habits, if he was vicious, were coarse and brutal—if he was a rational being, were liberal and temperate; but in either case the luxuries of modern generations were things unknown to him. His furniture was massive and enduring. His household expenditure, abundant in quantity, provided nothing of the costly delicacies which it is now said that every one expects and every one therefore feels bound to provide. His son at Christ-church was contented with half the allowance which he now holds to be the least on which he can live like a gentleman. His servants were brought up in the family as apprentices, and spent their lives under the same roof. His wife and his daughters made their own dresses, darned their own stockings, and hemmed their own handkerchiefs. The milliner was an unknown entity at houses where the milliner's bill has become the unvarying and not the most agreeable element of Christmas. A silk gown lasted a lifetime, and the change in fashions was counted rather by generations than by seasons. A London house was unthought of—a family trip to the Continent as unimaginable as an outing to the moon. If the annual migration was something farther than, as in Mr. Primrose's par-

sonage, from the blue room to the brown, it was limited to the few weeks at the country town. Enjoyments were less varied and less expensive. Home was a word with a real meaning. Home occupations, home pleasures, home associations and relationships, filled up the round of existence. Nothing else was looked for, because nothing else was attainable. Among other consequences, habits were far less expensive. The squire's income was small as measured by modern ideas. If he was self-indulgent, it was in pleasures which lay at his own door, and his wealth was distributed among those who were born dependent on him. Every family on the estate was known in its particulars, and had claims for consideration which the better sort of gentlemen were willing to recognize. If the poor were neglected, their means of taking care of themselves were immeasurably greater than at present. The average squire may have been morally no better than his great-grandson. In many respects he was probably worse. He was ignorant, he drank hard, his language was not particularly refined, but his private character was comparatively unimportant; he was controlled in his dealings with his people by the traditional English habits which has held society together for centuries—habits which, though long gradually decaying, have melted entirely away only within living memories.

The Spring-time.

Now, at this season, when Nature is marshalling all her forces for her great summer work, and in every garden-enclosure the busy hum of preparation gives token of the season for spading, and planting, and pruning, the literature of the time takes a special turn. Old books on gardening come down from the shelves, and new books reach home from the booksellers. What to plant, and where to plant, and how to plant, are all at once questions of great import. The seedsmen become the most important tradesmen in the town. People hie to the shops to consult with them, to gather advice from them, and to plunge eagerly into the pages of their catalogues. The seedsmen's catalogues, in fact, are now an important element in our civilization. And how attractively some of them are gotten up! Here before us is the issue of B. K. Bliss & Co., of New York. Of the bewildering lists of seeds it announces, no mortal could keep a record. Of course, it exhausts the needs of every gardener, whether his field be the practical or the ornamental; and then it is illustrated with such superb-looking tomatoes, done in color; such luscious beets, such charming pansies—in fact, it is a pretty book to look at, and in April a very useful one to consult. In the spring every man feels the old gardener Adam working in him a little; he will pant for the odors and the sweets of the early blossoms; he will pause at the windows of the florists in a sort of rapture; peer over the paling of his neighbor's fence with a subdued ecstasy, and never be content until he has given the old leaven in him its way by buying at least one package of seeds, whether he ever plants them or not.

International Exhibition.

There is to be an International Exhibition this year at South Kensington, London, and yearly forever after, it appears, from the statement to that effect made by her majesty's commissioners, and the inference to be derived from the permanent character of the buildings. The edifice is in the decorated Italian style, with mouldings, cornices, columns, and courses, in buff-colored terra-cotta; the brickwork being of the hard red Fareham bricks, so as to match

the garden architecture, and harmonize with the new Museum buildings, which are rising in front of them. The terra-cotta and red Farnham bricks are more durable against the stress of a London winter than even granite. The building is capable of holding about fifty thousand persons. Briefly, the objects the commissioners have in view are as follow: They propose, in the first place, to make an International Exhibition a permanent institution of the country, giving to industrial art the same opportunity that is afforded to fine art by the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. In the second place, they produce the area over which the exhibition shall spread itself, by reducing the various industries into groups, and, taking certain of these each year, bring the entire industry of the country under review every seven or eight years, fine art being a standing division of the programme. And, in the third place, to restrict the conditions under which exhibits have hitherto been received, by making all articles undergo a preliminary sifting, through appointed committees of selection, thus excluding all works that do not possess sufficient artistic merit to warrant their exhibition, and by the further exclusion of mere masses of natural products. The manufactures exhibited this year will be woollens and pottery, in addition to fine art of every description. France, it is said, notwithstanding the war, will be a large contributor; but, what with the absorption of the energies of the peoples of France and Germany in the war, and an apparent want of public interest in England in the project, it is not probable that the exhibition of 1871 will rival its predecessors of 1851 or 1862.

The Hohenzollerns.

The first of the Hohenzollern family honors are traced originally to the attachment of a certain Count Frederick von Zollern to the Emperor Frederick I. He was rewarded with the hand of the daughter and heiress of the Burggrave (Count of the City) of Nuremberg in 1180, and in 1192 was publicly installed into the burgraviat, an important imperial dignity, which continued in his family for six succeeding generations. The burgraves did constant good service to the emperors, and were usually in their confidence; and the Emperor Sigismund took into his especial trust a Burggrave Frederick of his time, making him his chief associate in his magnificent plans for restoring the full power of the Roman empire and the dignity of its head. Part of this design was to be carried out by the elevation of his friend to the Kingship of Rome. This was never carried out; but by way of preparing the way for such a dignity, the emperor made the burgrave the Marquisate of Brandenburg with the rank of elector in 1415, and Frederick I., the first elector, was solemnly invested with the dignities of his office in May, 1417. The House of Zollern, or Hohenzollern as it now came to be called, was thus transplanted from South to North Germany solely by imperial favor, and became the chief guardian of the empire against Slavonic aggression. This charge was abundantly justified, as all readers of modern history know. True, the part played by the Hohenzollerns in the great Thirty-Years' War was not very brilliant or honorable. But by pacific means or warlike exertions they maintained their border-land constantly intact, and frequently enlarged the marquisate, until, two hundred and sixty-one years after the exaltation of his family to the electorate, Frederick III. placed the royal crown on his own head in the palace at Königsberg, and declared himself King of Prussia on the 18th of January, 1701. We need not repeat here how the kingdom has

grown into the empire, for to do so thoroughly would be to write the whole history of Europe for the last hundred and seventy years.

William Hazlitt.

With all his eloquence and subtlety of thought, Hazlitt was the prey of the most crazy fancies, dreading all the refinements of social life, and writhing at the thought of being considered strange and ungainly by the footman whom he despised. Even with his oldest friends, like Lamb and Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt preserved the wildness and shyness of a misanthropic recluse. He entered a room, Mr. Paterson has recorded, as if he had been dragged there in custody, shuffled sidelong to the nearest chair, sat himself down on one corner of it, dropped his hat on the floor, and after his set phrase, not always appropriate, of "It is a fine day," lapsed into dreary silence, and seemed to resign himself moodily to his fate. If the talk did not please him he sat half-absorbed and indifferent, till at last by a sudden impulse he started up, and with an abrupt "Well, good-morning," shuffled to the door and blundered his way out. His self-consciousness was morbid almost to madness, and his pride extreme. His daily life was of that suicidal character sometimes adopted by authors who despise the laws of health, and suffer the inevitable penalty of softened brain or premature paralysis. He usually never rose till one or two o'clock, and brooded over his breakfast of intensely strong black tea and a toasted French roll, till four or five in the afternoon, "silent, motionless, and self-absorbed" as a Hindoo Yogi. His tea was generally very strong, as he half-filled the teapot with tea. For the last four or five years of his life, Hazlitt drank no liquids but tea and water—of the latter he sometimes drank three or four quarts while talking after supper. This meal, of meat or game, was invariably taken at a tavern late at night. His favorite haunt for his great talks was the Southampton Coffee-house, in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Any small slight, or the mere fact of the bill being brought him before he asked for it, scared him from a tavern or chop-house for years. If he went to the theatre, even to see the wonderful Kean, Hazlitt hid himself in a back corner seat in the second tier of boxes, and there he sat, like a sullen owl, shrouding himself from view, and trusting apparently to mere quick glances and odd moments of listening.

Ancient Marriages.

In the days of the patriarchs a suitor had to pay for his wife. But in our more advanced civilization a woman who has a dowry may be said to pay for herself. At the first glance, the contrast would seem all in favor of the ancient system. In those times, it may be said, men must have put a wonderful value on women, when they actually paid a sum for the privilege of keeping them. Halcyon days for those that reared daughters, when the expense of bringing them up was reimbursed by their sons-in-law. There we must look for the real golden age, when the daughters of men were so eagerly coveted, and handsomely paid for. And then, what a miserable age is ours in which the old happy state of things is entirely reversed, and men can hardly be persuaded to take wives, unless, by means of a dowry, they are bribed to keep them! On a closer inspection, however, we find that our apparent degeneration is really a development; and that the old practice, so far from being an evidence of the high regard of men to women, is the surest mark of female degradation. The

idea contained in the most ancient forms of marriage prevailing among the Roman people was, that marrying a woman meant acquiring the ownership of her. One ceremony was an ordinary sale; the husband bought the wife from her father with good money, as he did his cattle or his slaves. Another consisted in obtaining the proprietary right over a wife by a year's unbroken cohabitation. The position of the wife was low. In legal parlance, she was said to be the daughter of her husband, at a time when children had no rights of ownership, when all their earnings went to their father, when they were incapable of gaining by any contract, and when even their life was at the father's mercy. So the wife had nothing she could call her own; she was the menial servant of her husband and owner. Moreover, in this phase of society polygamy generally prevailed, a system that signifies and seals the most degrading opinion as to the sphere of woman.

The British Taste for Beer.

The British taste for beer has been of gradual growth, and has been developed from very small beginnings. In all these things a man naturally goes to Shakespeare. You cannot mention any subject under the sun, but Shakespeare has his say upon that subject. Though Chaucer talks of "a glass of moist and corny ale," and his miller prayed for enough good ale, and, indeed, took more than was good for him, yet Shakespeare speaks of that "poor creature small ale;" and Prince Hal and his followers by no means took kindly to beer. The taste has been a gradual taste, just as the improvement in beer has been a very gradual improvement. People liked it when brewed, not "small," but strong. The saying soon crops up, "Blessed be her heart, for she brewed good ale." We find that the astute statesman Charles James Fox shouted out to the electors, "A mug, a mug!" to popularize himself. The famous Isaac Bickerstaff, when he went to Dick's Coffee-house, asked for "a mug of beer." "I observed that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning draught." Beer is essentially a Hanoverian drink. It is said that it kept the race of Brunswick on the throne during the era of the Pretender. It is a large political influence at the present day, and may be said to have a daily newspaper to represent the beery section of the British mind.

Singular Manner of Death.

Sir Henry Durand, an English official of high rank in India, lately came to his death in a singular manner. He was mounted on an elephant, and about to enter in procession the town of Tank. The entrance to the town is by two gateways, standing at right angles to each other, but under the same roof. There appears only to have been room enough in the first gateway for an elephant, carrying a howdah, to pass. From the first to the second gateway the ground rises, and the arch of the second gateway is considerably lower than that of the first. Owing to the dusk of the evening, Sir Henry Durand, who was riding in the howdah of the first elephant with the Nawab of Tank, did not see the danger till he was close upon the fatal spot. He then called out to the driver of the animal to try and back out or turn. Either there was not time enough to do this, or the elephant, becoming excited, refused to obey, and moved on through the gateway. Sir Henry Durand's head came violently in contact with a beam which supported the arch, and he was thrown to the ground, whence he

was picked up insensible. From the first there was great fear of his death, as it was perceived that the spine had been seriously injured. On the following morning he regained his consciousness, and was in full possession of all his faculties till within half an hour of his death. He was able to state briefly his own impression of the accident. The Nawab of Tank experienced a severe contusion on the back of his neck, and had one of his ribs broken.

Simancas.

The small town of Simancas, about six miles from Valladolid, is famous as being the spot selected for keeping the old state-records of Spain, from the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella till a century ago. The records are kept in an old castle, without guns, surrounded by a dry moat. The documents are put up in bundles called Legajos, each containing from five to twenty manuscripts or so. They occupy shelves in endless rooms, and are about eighty thousand in number, i. e., the Legajos; Berengerrothe, I think, says they are about one hundred thousand, but the gentleman at the head of the curators told me eighty thousand. Such curiosities I saw! State-papers about Catharine of Arragon and Henry VIII., letters of Ignatius Loyola, the Duke of Alva, Mary Stuart (our Queen Mary), the will of Isabella the Catholic, the war-accounts of Gonsalvo the great captain, letters of Cervantes, and a host besides. The documents are in wonderful preservation—paper good and white; but the free-and-easy manner in which these valuable documents were handled somewhat astonished me. We saw more than one chamber full of documents of the Inquisition in various towns. A discovery among the papers of the Inquisition of some previously unknown works of Lope de Vega, and Calderon, etc., has been made. These MSS. have been sent to Madrid.

Varieties.

THE following estimate of woman's love appears in an English contemporary: "A Frenchwoman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the court and aristocracy; an American woman, if he has plenty of money."

There is a good story told in Washington about a Chinese servant employed by Admiral Porter. On reception-day, the duty of attending door was assigned to Ah Sin. Accustomed to the social usages of his own land, where a visitor's rank is indicated by the size of the card, and where a huge yellow one means the presence of a prince, he treated the little bits of pasteboard with contempt. While nodding his head, and tossing the bits of paper uncereemoniously in the basket, the gas-collector happened to present his bill. The long yellow slip took Ah Sin, and with profound salaams he bowed the astounded gas-man into the presence of the amazed family.

Sydney Smith once told a friend that between ten and seventy years of age he had eaten and drunk forty-four one-horse wagon-loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved him in life and health, and that the value of this over-feeding was something like seven thousand pounds.

Professor Huxley dresses elegantly. He is tall, strong, and gracefully built, but has none of the dense solidity, begot of beer and beef, that is characteristic of modern Britons. His

head is rather square than oval, his hair thick, straight, and black. The forehead is perpendicular and dogmatic; the nose not turned up, but turned into the air; thin, firm-shut lips, above a chin mercilessly firm, and small eyes that sparkle in their sockets.

One of the last illustrations in the *Charivari*, signed "Cham," represents a crowd of Prussians carrying away in their hands, on their backs, and in baskets, all the clocks in France, and Cham remarks: "They may carry off all the clocks, but they will not prevent the hour of vengeance from striking."

The other day, while a teacher was hearing a boy recite his lesson, the following passage occurred: "The wages of sin is death." The teacher, wishing to get the word "wages" out by deduction, asked: "What does your father get every Saturday night?" The boy answered promptly, "He gets drunk."

One of the Prussian shells entered through the roof of a bath-house in Paris, and fell into a bath in which there was a bather at the time. Of course, it did not explode; but the gentleman in the bath immediately vacated it in favor of the new-comer, and got away with a few slight bruises.

The late Robert Barnes, of Evansville, Indiana, bequeathed his entire estate of four hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars, without the reservation of a cent, for the purpose of providing for and educating the destitute orphans of Indiana.

A Western paper states that an old lady followed up a bishop as he travelled through his diocese, and was confirmed several times before she was detected. She wished the ordinance repeated because she had understood it was "good for the rheumatism."

Alabama has outstripped every Southern State in the number of miles of railroad built since the war. Alabama has built 296 miles, Georgia 281, Tennessee 155, Texas 132, North Carolina 146, South Carolina 128, Virginia 104, Mississippi 128, Arkansas 90, Florida 44.

Guizot is reported to have said that he would yet live to see France lead the progressive nations of Europe to victory over the despotism of the East. As he is now in his eighty-fourth year, he must be expecting a much longer life than falls to the lot of most men.

"Mother," said a four-year-old, "what season of the year was it when Adam and Eve were in the garden of Eden?" "I don't know, my dear, unless it was summer—a perpetual summer." "Oh, no, mamma; it must have been in the fall, for you know apples were ripe."

If you are a wise man, you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself; seldom show yourself too much at a time; and let what you show be calm, cool, and polished. But look at every side of this world.

Census returns for Michigan foot up as follows: Number of dwellings in the State, 235,637; number of families, 234,725; number of voters, 268,756; number of inhabitants, 1,184,638.

Two posthumous tales by Miss Austen will soon be published—"Lady Susan," one of the very earliest of her writings, and "The Watsons," one of her best productions, but incomplete.

It is announced by authority that Mr. Swinburne has from time to time written several novels, both in English and French, but has no present intention of publishing any of them.

Sir Boyle Roche once said, in reference to persons, all relations to each other, but who happened to have no descendants, that "it seemed to be hereditary in the family to have no children."

Some of the African diamond-hunters have found that they have spent several years' labor and have paid a great deal of freight money for importing into England about six bushels of translucent quartz.

The *Saturday Review* says: "The only fact that can be predicted, with any degree of con-

fidence, of many youths, is that Providence does not seem to have designed them for any thing in particular."

One of the stories told of the Paris siege is that Baron Rothschild, tiring of rat, vainly offered one hundred dollars for a pheasant. He was forced to take fifty sparrows instead, for a pot-pie, at two dollars each.

Nauvoo, formerly famous as the capital of Mormondom, is becoming equally famous for its grape-wine. Sixty thousand gallons were sold last year, and more than that amount is now in store.

Maine's fishing-fleet in 1870 consisted of seven hundred and eighty-six vessels, employing five thousand two hundred and twenty-eight men.

Railroad managers are perhaps not to blame for the conduct of those they employ; but is it not strange that none of them ever hires a civil engineer to run the engine?

The ingenuity of Chinese swindlers is peculiar. They split half-dollars, take out a third of the silver, fill the space with lead, and adroitly close up the cut.

Emerson remarks that "astronomers eclipse planets." This seems a little obscure at first, but it is obviously true—because they discover them.

Foul air is positively benumbing to mind and body. Many a stupid meeting owes its stupidity largely to inadequate ventilation.

It is a somewhat notable fact that fifty-six members of the Maine House of Representatives are freemasons.

The difficulty with the Cuba cable is said to be that Loggerhead turtles bite it off and stop the current of electricity.

Portland has a colored centenarian, whom the *Transcript* of that city calls "one of the dark ages."

Some members of an Indianapolis church lost their church on fire and destroyed it because they didn't like the pastor.

Iowa has amended its laws so as to admit women to practise as attorneys on an equal footing with men.

Female suffrage has been refused in Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri.

The first Spanish-and-Portuguese dictionary ever published has just appeared in Madrid.

Paris has only a fraction over fifty-seven thousand houses.

Berlin has thirty-one theatres.

Detroit boasts four millionnaires.

M. Léon Gambetta is thirty-two years old.

Cannel-coal is found in Virginia.

The Museum.

THE war-canoes of the New-Zealanders are made from the cowrie-pine; the tree is large, and the natives are able to make their canoes of considerable size. Some of them are upward of eighty feet in length, and in consequence are able to carry a great number of warriors. They are built in rather an elaborate manner. First, the trough-like vessel is formed from the tree-trunk; and, as it is intended for sea-voyages, and may have to endure rough weather, it is much wider in proportion than the boat which is only used on rivers, and is, moreover, rendered more seaworthy by gun-wales. These are made separately, and are lashed firmly to the sides of the boat by the ordinary flax-ropes.

Both the head and stern of the canoe are decorated with elaborate carvings, which have as their basis the *contour* of the human countenance and the semi-spiral curve. Perhaps a single canoe-head will have fifty or sixty nu-

man faces on it, each with the tongue protruded, with the cheeks and forehead covered with tattooed lines, and with a pair of goggle-eyes made of the haliotis-shell. The mode which a native adopts when carving these elaborate patterns is as follows: After shaping out the general form of the article to be carved, he fixes on some part which he thinks will be suitable for the purpose, and carves a human head upon it. When this is completed, he pitches upon a second spot at some distance from the first, and carves another head, proceeding in this way until he has carved as many heads as he thinks the pattern will require.

He next furnishes the heads with bodies and limbs, which are always represented in a very squat and ungainly manner, and fills in the vacant spaces with the beautiful curved lines which he loves so well to draw and carve. The minute elaboration of some of these war-ca-

noes is so intricate that it baffles all power of description, and nothing but a well-executed photograph could give a correct idea of the beauty of the workmanship. It is a marvelous example of the development of art under difficulties. It is quite unique in its character, so that no one who is acquainted with the subject can for a moment mistake a piece of New-Zealand carving for that of any other country.

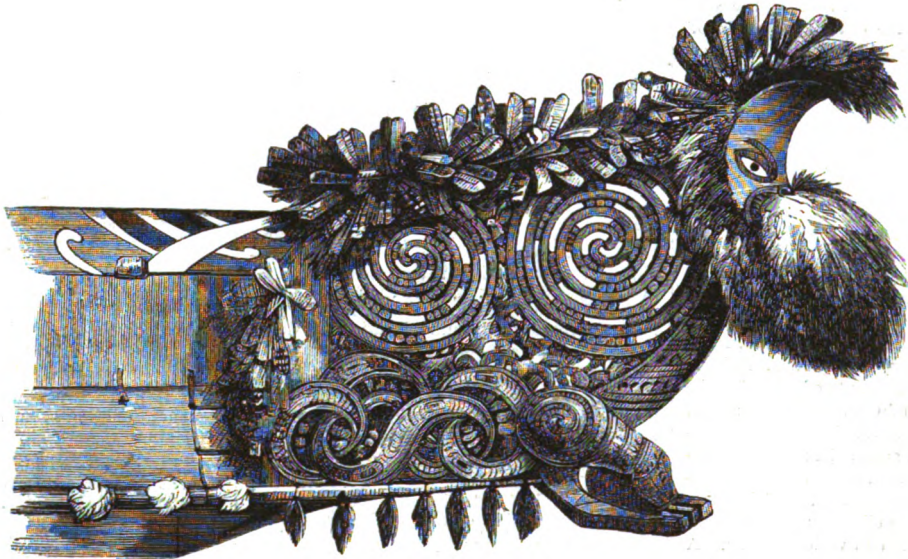
Besides carving the canoes, the Maori paints them with vermilion in token of their warlike

object, and decorates them profusely with bunches of feathers and dog's hair. When the canoes are not wanted, they are drawn up on shore, and are thatched in order to save them from the weather.

Like more civilized nations, the New-Zealanders give names to their canoes, and seem to delight in selecting the most sonorous titles that they can invent. For example, one canoe is called Maratuhai, i. e., Devouring Fire; and others have names that coincide

almost exactly with our Invincibles, Terribles, Thunderers, and the like.

These boats are furnished with a very remarkable sail, made of the rau-pu-rush. It is small in proportion to the size of the vessel, is triangular in shape, and is so arranged that it can be raised or lowered almost in a moment. They are better sailors than would be imagined from their appearance and run wonderfully close to the wind.



Head of a New-Zealand War-canoe.

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WITH SUPPLEMENT.



A NIGHT SCENE ON THE HUDSON.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER IX.—MR. WARWICK MAKES AN OFFER.

AFTER that day, the Marks household saw no more of Mr. Annesley for some time. Even in the walks which Katharine regularly took with the children, they ceased to meet him, as often before; and they might have thought him absent from home, if they had not seen him occasionally ride past on his way to and from the village. Katy mourned this sudden desertion faithfully; but even for Katy's heart there proved at last to be a balm in Gilead, and it came in this way.

Between the well-cultivated fields which Mr. Marks called his own, and the stately Morton woods that stretched to meet them, and bore the Morton name for many a long mile, there lay a strip of land belonging to the latter, which, having been "thrown out" for years, had made that place dear to every child's heart—an old field where broom-straw and young pines disputed possession with blackberry-bushes and wild fruit-trees; where strawberries by bushels were to be found in spring, and sweet, delicate wild-flowers bloomed in profusion; where the boys of Tallahoma came when they wanted to arrange strictly private racing or shooting matches; where there was always a ring ready for amateur circus performers; where there was a "branch" in which minnows and crawfish abounded (not to speak of the best possible mud for mud-pies), and where the Marks children spent as much time, the whole year round, as was left at their own disposal.

One day they came home from this favorite resort full of momentous intelligence—they had made a new acquaintance. When the name of this new acquaintance was heard, the interest of the elders was scarcely inferior to that of the children; for it was Felix Gordon—the little prince, as people began to call him, on account of his proud young beauty and grand young manners.

"And he's downright jolly, mamma," cried Jack, in his vociferous way. "I thought he was a baby, you know—having a great big nurse following him about all the time; but he isn't a bit of a one. And he says he hates her; and he says she ain't going to mind him any more."

"But he's got a boy that follows him now," said Dick; "and he orders him about just as if he was a man."

"But I thought his mother kept him so close, he was never allowed to see anybody?" said Mrs. Marks. "He must have been there without her knowledge."

"He says he can go anywhere he pleases now, provided this boy goes along with him," answered Jack, whose volubility made him spokesman for the party, whether the others would or no. "He says Mr. Annesley talked his mother into 'lowing it; and he says he's going to have a pony soon as ever Mr. Annesley can find one for his mother to buy."

"And he says I may ride it!" broke in Katy, determined to have an utterance on this point at least.

"My daughter!" said her mother, reprovingly. "I hope you were not such a forward little girl as to ask him."

"Oh, no, mamma; he promised me his own self."

"Oh, did he?" cried Jack, sarcastically. "Well, I reckon he did—after you'd been hinting like forty! She told him she liked riding, mamma, and she kep' a-telling him so, till he was 'bliged to ask her. Yes, missy, you know that's so!"

"I don't," retorted the little lady, angrily.—"'Tain't so, either, mamma; he asked me his own self."

"Why didn't he ask Sara, too, then?" inquired provoking Jack. "She's a great deal prettier than you are—you stuck-up, forward thing!"

"He did ask me," said Sara's quiet little voice.—"He turned round and asked me just after he asked Katy, mamma; and just like he was a grown-up gentleman. But I told him no, I was much obliged to him, but I was afraid of horses."

"And that was what Katy ought to have told him," said Jack, looking severe reproof at Katy.

"But I ain't afraid of horses," cried she, indignantly; "and I

oughtn't to have told a story.—Mamma, he is so nice. Mayn't we please go to see him?—he asked us."

"Yes, mamma, he asked us—mayn't we?" chorussed all the rest.

But of this, Mrs. Marks would not hear. "You may go to see him, if he comes to see you," she said; "but otherwise—certainly not."

With this condition, the children were obliged to be content—trusting to their new acquaintance for its fulfilment. But their new acquaintance either would not or could not fulfil it. He met the little Marks every day in their favorite place of resort; and every day they brought home more wonderful accounts of Felix's sayings and doings; but Felix himself never appeared.

And so the Indian summer came gradually to an end; the soft, blue haze faded from the landscape; a few fierce storms tore all the bright leaves from the trees; and Winter—at least as much of winter as the fair South ever knows—was seated on his throne. His first act of power was a nipping frost, accompanied by such a "freeze" as had not been known in that region of country for a fabulous number of years—a freeze which, to the amazement of everybody, spread a sheet of ice over a small mill-pond near the town, and put all the boys of Tallahoma figuratively on their heads, and literally on their backs.

In the new field of amusement thus opened, neither Jack nor Dick were behindhand; and one day they joined in begging Miss Tresham to come and witness their prowess. "Sara and Katy want to see some skating," said the boys, who were not bad brothers as boys go; "and mamma says they can't come out to the pond, 'less you'll come too, Miss Tresham. Please, do; it's such good fun."

"Is it?" said Miss Tresham. "But it is cold fun, too, for people who don't skate. Have you got a fire out there?"

"Oh, the biggest sort," cried both boys, in a breath. "And we'll make it up splendid, if you'll come, Miss Tresham."

Miss Tresham looked doubtfully out of the window. It was certainly cold; but the boys were anxious; Katy and Sara looked unutterable things; she herself felt that she needed exercise; and, then—the wind was not blowing! That is such a great point in a climate where still cold can never be very dreadful.

"Do you want to go very badly?" she asked, with a smile, of the two little girls.

And they—who knew by that smile how their cause was won—answered, eagerly: "Oh, yes'm; oh, Miss Tresham, indeed we do!"

"Very well, then; we will walk out after dinner. And as for you"—she shook her finger at the two young skaters—"if you deceive me about the fire, I will never trust either of you again."

They made the most effusive promises, the two young scamps, who were secretly burning to be off. "Never mind, Miss Tresham, I'll see about it," said Jack, grandly. "I'll make them bring heaps of pine-knots, and they shall all be put on when you come.—But, I say, Dick, look sharp—it's time we were off."

"Off!" echoed the governess. "Are you not going to wait for dinner?"

"We can't," said both in a breath. "But Mom Judy promised to have us a basket ready, and we'll eat it on the road." (They did not mean the basket, but its contents.) "Don't change your mind, Miss Tresham—we'll look for you."

"You shall see me," answered she. "I hope you will enjoy yourselves."

They had the grace to thank her; and then were off, running down the passage, leaping down the staircase, as if the fate of a nation depended on their speed; and filling the house with that stir and clatter, that healthful noise and pervading sense of vitality, which only the presence of boys can diffuse.

After they were gone, Miss Tresham and her two young charges drew near the school-room fire, and waited for the sound of the dinner-bell. It came at last, breaking in upon the oft-told story of the "Fair One with the Golden Locks;" and they went down together, the children claiming each a hand of their young teacher, and making quite a pretty picture when they entered the dining-room.

At least, so a gentleman thought who was standing before the fire with a paper in his hand, and at sight of whom Katy burst into an exclamation.

"Why, unky! I thought you never came to dinner."

"I have come to-day, at any rate," said he. "Do you mean to say you are not glad to see me?"

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

"Oh, yes, so glad—ain't we, Sara? But, unky—" Here a sudden pause, and a tiptoe peeping into "unky's" coat-pocket.

"Well?" said he, apparently unconscious of this fact.

But Katy was too busy for speech. She had detected a brown-paper parcel in that receptacle, and she was now intent on an abstraction of the same—a design very well favored by Mr. Warwick's deep interest in politics. Then came a shout.

"Oh, Sara, look! Mamma—Miss Tresham—look!"

"French candy, I declare!" said Mrs. Marks. "John, you really ought not to be so extravagant. You ruin these children."

"Oh, mamma, it's so nice!" said Katy, with a crystallized fig in one hand, and a rose-flavored triumph of confectionery in the other.

"So nice, is it?" said her mother, severely. "And pray, where are your manners? Have you offered Miss Tresham any?—or even your uncle? No; you need not do it now" (as Katy penitently gathered up the paper in her two little hands), "I hear your father's step on the piazza, and dinner is ready.—Tom, put that candy on the mantel-piece."

"May I have it as soon as dinner's over, mamma?" asked Katy, watching, with regretful eyes, the elevation of the candy.

"Yes, you may have it; and I hope you will offer the rest of us some," said Mrs. Marks, taking her seat at the head of the table. "I am fond of candy myself.—Well, my dear, it is cold out—is it not?"

This was addressed to Mr. Marks, who, coming in from the outer world with the state of the thermometer written legibly on his nose, made straight for the fireplace.

"Cold! I should think so, indeed," he answered. "Almost cold enough to nip a man's ears. I never saw such a spell of weather but once before in my life."

"And that was not in December, I am sure," said Mr. Warwick, surrendering possession of the hearth-rug.

"No; I never saw any thing like it in December before," answered Mr. Marks, standing with his back to the fire, and critically scanning the table over his wife's head. "Our mild weather always lasts until after New-Year."

"Last Christmas we had garden roses on the dinner-table," said Katharine; "but the poor bushes are melancholy sights now. Did you notice them as you came through the garden, Mr. Warwick?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Warwick. "Your cloth-of-gold buds, especially. The frost did not spare you even one."

"Mr. Annesley'll send her some prettier flowers," remarked Katy. "He always does; and I like them better than ours."

"No doubt of that, you true daughter of Eve!" said Mr. Warwick, who had sufficient discretion to remove his eyes from Katharine's face, and transfer them to the saucy little speaker. "It would be all the same, too, if we had the japonicas, and Mr. Annesley sent the roses.—What is it, Bessie?"

"Do come to dinner," said Mrs. Marks, who had finished piling the ham before her with well-cut slices, and was at leisure to observe that the leg of mutton, at the other end of the table, had ceased to steam. "Richard, you are surely warm by this time?"

"Moderately," said Mr. Marks, as he left the fire with a regretful sigh and went round to his seat, which had two comfortable sluices of air blowing upon it from two ill-fitting windows. After his short grace was finished, and he began to carve the leg of mutton, he observed the absence of Jack and Dick.

"So those young scamps are off to the pond again!" he said. "I wonder they don't kill themselves. Everybody seems pond-crazy! All Tallahoma has gone out on a general jollification."

"We are going, too, papa," cried Katy, eagerly. "Miss Tresham is going to take us this evening."

"Is she? Well, I'm sorry for Miss Tresham, then. I know you little ones have tormented her into it."

"No," said Miss Tresham, speaking for herself, "I shall really enjoy the walk. How far is it to the pond?"

"A good two miles," said Mr. Warwick. "Rough miles, too; so I would advise thick shoes and warm wrappings."

Dinner went off in short order; and, when it was over, the children ran for their cloaks and hoods without demanding the candy, which Mrs. Marks suggested should be taken along and feasted on beside the pond.

"Wrap up your best," said Mr. Warwick, with a smile, as the young governess rose to follow. "I shall stay here to see—and ad-

miere," he added, when the door had closed on her.—"What a pretty creature she is, Bessie!"

"And as good as she is pretty," said Mrs. Marks, enthusiastically. "The children love the very ground she walks on; and, if ever I had a lucky day in my life, it was the day I met Katharine Tresham."

The table was cleared off, draped with its bright-crimson cover, and wheeled into its accustomed corner; the last plate and goblet whisked away to the pantry, the fire replenished, the hearth swept, the cheery dining-room looking the cheeriest, when Katharine came in again.

She found Mr. Warwick the only occupant of the room—Mr. Marks having gone into town, and Mrs. Marks into the kitchen. It was that important era in housekeeping known as "hog-killing time," and the lard and the sausages absorbed Mrs. Marks almost as much as the pigtales and the roasting thereof distracted the children. Katharine was not surprised to find her gone, but she was surprised to see Mr. Warwick, who looked up from his newspaper as she entered.

"Ready?" said he. "I gave you thirty minutes, and you have only taken fifteen. Well—" with an amused glance from her bonnet to her shoes—"I think you can safely defy the weather."

"I think I am ridiculously wrapped up," answered she; "but panics are infectious. You have all been talking about the cold till I deluded myself into a belief that it must be Siberia; while the truth is, that I opened my window just before I came down, and it is absolutely pleasant."

"So much the better for your walk, then. But I think you'll change your mind when you are once out-of-doors."

Just here there was a rush in the passage outside, and the two little girls flashed into the room in their warm cloaks and bright-crimson hoods. Then came an outcry.

"Why, Miss Tresham's all ready, and we don't have to wait—how nice!"

"Katy, don't forget about the candy."

"Unky, please hand me down the candy."

"Do it up tight."

"Miss Tresham, please tie this knot. I can't get my gloves off."

"You little torment!" said Miss Tresham. "How can I do it when I have my own gloves on? Ask Mr. Warwick."

"Unky, please."

"I suspect Miss Tresham could do it better with gloves than I can without," said "unky."

But he tied the knot very deftly, nevertheless; and then slipped the package into his pocket, much to the astonishment of Katy and Sara, who raised a frightened cry of expostulation.

"Unky!"

"Oh, that's Indian-gift!"

But the Indian-giver turned quietly to the governess.

"May I go along, if I promise to show you the best road, and not to promote any disturbances?"

Katharine looked surprised.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Warwick?"

"To be sure I am in earnest," said Mr. Warwick. "I came home for the purpose of taking these little ones out; but they will enjoy your company more than mine. Only, as I don't like to break up my day for nothing, may I go, too?"

"Of course, you may.—Children, do you hear? Your uncle is going with us."

The afternoon was dazzlingly bright when they went out into it; and Mr. Warwick was soon forced to acknowledge that Katharine's judgment of the temperature was better than his own. Being bright and still, the atmosphere had softened very much, and seemed to them almost mild as they walked in the full glow of the winter sun.

"This will be the last day of skating," said Mr. Warwick. "Indeed, I doubt if the ice is safe now. I think I shall stop Jack and Dick as soon as we get there."

"Even if the ice broke, is the water deep enough to drown anybody?" asked Katharine, to whom a mill-pond did not suggest any thing much to be feared.

"It is not less than twelve or fifteen feet in depth," said her companion. "I used to swim in it when I was a boy, and I know it well—besides, the waters are very full just now. On the whole, I think those young gentlemen had better rest on their laurels."

"If there is any danger, yes, indeed. But we can't stop them now; so please don't let us talk about it and make ourselves uncomfortable."

They did not. On the contrary, they talked of other things much more agreeable. Mr. Warwick could not help feeling that many a man might have envied him his position, and that there had seldom been a lighter form or a brighter face than the one now walking beside and smiling upon him; while Katharine, for her part, had never been one of the girls who can find little or nothing to say to a man who is not young enough or foolish enough to be converted into an admirer. Indeed, these two had been friends in a certain reserved but sincere fashion ever since the young governess entered the Marks household. She was often more nearly approaching the confidential with him than with any one else; and they fell into something of a personal strain now as they walked along the rough foot-path, and troubled themselves no more about the children than just to keep their crimson hoods in sight.

"Yes, I pity you," Mr. Warwick was saying, "and all the more because you don't seem to pity yourself. If you were discontented, probably I should not trouble myself to sympathize with you. But, as it is, I think very often that you have a hard lot for such a young person."

"Many people younger than I am have a much harder one," said Katharine, quietly. "Does that never occur to you? It always does to me."

"But not people who seem so essentially born and fitted for other things."

"What sort of things do you mean?"

"I think you know. Wealth, luxury, the appliances of refinement, the power of being generous—for I think you would be generous if you had the power—and of putting your talents to some better use than their present one."

A flush came over the girl's face as he spoke, but died away before he finished.

"That is the way my own vanity speaks to me sometimes," she said; "but I never listen to such suggestions. I go and get Dick's sum, or Sara's exercise, and drum away the phantom with the rule of three or the vocative case."

"But it comes back?"

"Yes, sometimes. Then there is nothing to be done but to face it boldly, and ask myself if I am really so weak and vain as to think myself better than the millions who have toiled to their lives' ends, more humble and more unknown than I am; if better talents than any of mine have not gone down into the dust soundless; and if"—her voice sank slightly here—"I am wiser than He who orders our lives for us from their beginning even to their end."

"And then?"

"And then I think that I cannot be sufficiently grateful for all the blessings my life has known; and I try to crush down the vanity and self-love which—let us disguise it as we may, is, after all, the root of most of our discontent. We think too highly of ourselves and our own deserts. If we would only try to recognize ourselves as we really are, we should feel so ashamed of our repining that I think we would be content ever afterward to take whatever God is good enough to give us, and leave the choice of good or bad fortune to Him."

"Do you speak from experience?"

She smiled a little.

"Can't you tell that? One reads such things in books, but one only learns them in one's own heart. It seems to me it is always easy to tell whether it has been read or learned."

Mr. Warwick did not reply; and they walked on silently for some time, no sound breaking the stillness save the echo of their own tread and the children's merry tones floating back through the clear air. Just here their road was through a pine-forest; the tall, straight trunks rose on every side; the deep, sombre green stretched away far as the eye could view; the golden sunshine streamed with a mellow brightness through the stately arcades; and, although there was only a slight breeze stirring the tree-tops, the sound above their heads was like the distant murmur of the sea. It put Katharine strangely in mind of the ocean; and, together with the soft carpet of pine-straw under their feet, and the aromatic fragrance of the forest around, came back to her afterward—recalling that afternoon, and giving its events a picture-like distinctness in her memory. At last Mr. Warwick said, thoughtfully:

"It is not even as if you had been born to this sort of thing."

"But I was born to it," she answered, quickly. "All my life I knew that some day I must earn my own bread. That was the reason why my aunt—my dear, kind aunt—was so careful to educate me thoroughly. She could give me nothing besides an education."

Almost before he had time to consider the incivility of the question, Mr. Warwick had asked "Why?"

"Because she was an officer's widow, and her pension ended with her life," Katharine answered. "But, while she lived, I had a very happy time—and, after that, it did not matter."

Her voice choked, as she uttered the last words; and her companion did not need to glance at her, to know why she drew down her veil so hastily. He gave her time to recover herself, and then said, kindly:

"Courage. Remember how young you are. Happiness may come to you yet, in the form you like best."

"And what is that form?"

He shrugged his shoulders slightly, as he had a habit of doing over any knotty point of legal evidence.

"I may be mistaken, but it seems to me you would like best the happiness that could give you all those things of which you have so keen an appreciation—pictures, music, amusement, and the admiration which all women value so highly."

"I certainly like all those things," said Katharine, with a little sigh; "but I assure you, I can live without them and be happy too. No, Mr. Warwick, you have not hit upon the one great gift which Happiness must bring in her hand when she comes to me—or else not be happiness at all."

Mr. Warwick looked at her intently. Did she mean Morton Annesley's love, he wondered. If so, why did she speak of it thus frankly to him? It was not like Katharine Tresham to do so. "Tell me what it is?" he asked.

The clear, gray eyes—pure and truthful as God's noonday—met his own, as she answered, quietly: "It is the gift of peace."

After that, nothing was said for several minutes. Katy came dancing back with a spray of holly which was duly admired, and which, at her request, Katharine fastened in her brooch. Then, after she ran forward again, Mr. Warwick spoke:

"Miss Tresham, I am going to say something which may seem impertinent, but which, I trust, you will take as it is meant—in simple kindness. I have noticed, for some time past, that you have not been quite yourself, that you have grown thin, that your spirits are less even than heretofore, and that some trouble is evidently preying upon you. Is not this so?"

Katharine caught her breath, paling perceptibly. "I hoped no one had noticed it," she said.

"I am sure I may safely say that no one but myself has done so," he answered. "I am a very close observer—Nature gave me the habit, and my profession has taught me its importance—but you are a very good dissembler. The trifles in which you have betrayed yourself were light as air; but the driftwood shows the direction of the current, you know. I did not need to hear what you said a moment ago, to convince me that something is wrong with you. If it is any thing ideal, I can do nothing for you; but if it is any practical trouble, such as comes to us all sooner or later, why, I trust you believe me to be your friend."

"Yes," she said, simply; "I am glad to believe it."

"And I am glad to hear you say so; for I have watched you closely, ever since you entered my sister's house, and I have never yet known you to trifle with truth. That, first, made me like you, I think—for, of all virtues, it is at once the greatest and the rarest. If you believe me to be your friend, there is not much more to add. A woman—even a woman as brave as you are—is such a helpless creature in the world, that she is often made to suffer acutely through her weakness and her ignorance. In any emergency, therefore, I hope you will remember that my services are at your command."

"Thank you," said Katharine, lifting her face toward him, with a grateful light shining over it. "You are very kind, and there is no one to whom I would as soon go. But—" she paused a moment, and added, slowly—"I must bear my burden alone."

He turned and looked at her. The light had faded, and the young face seemed to have hardened into a self-contained power of endurance. The mouth was set, the eyes were resolute, and, as she met his glance, she repeated her words in the same tone:

"I must bear my burden alone."

"I cannot help you?"

"No. You are very good; but only He who laid it on me can take it away."

Again they walked on silently; and the lawyer felt half inclined to indulge in his quiet, cynical shrug. "It is Annesley, after all," he thought. "What a fool I was to suppose it could be any thing else—and a still greater fool to make such an offer! The very pine-trees might afford to laugh at the idea of my playing *confidant* and consoler in a love-affair!"

Then he glanced at the face beside him, and felt again a sudden conviction that it was *not* Annesley—not any cross in love, or ordinary heart-disaster—which brought such a look of suffering and resolve to those earnest eyes. An impulse hardly to be accounted for, and not at all to be analyzed, made him suddenly extend his hand, and place it on Katharine's arm.

"One word more," he said. "You are entirely unprotected by any friend or relative; this fact must excuse the request I am about to make. Will you promise to come to me if you ever stand in greater need than you do at present of service or advice?"

Katharine paused and looked at him wistfully. "Mr. Warwick," she said at last, "I cannot promise what I am never likely to perform."

"You mean—?"

"I mean what I said before—that I can only carry my burden to God, and He only can release me from it."

The keen lawyer-glance regarded her earnestly—searching, perhaps, for some shadow of shame or fear—but it only found a steady dignity on the pale face, and an open candor in the eyes that looked brave enough to face death itself unflinchingly.

"You are strong—for a woman," he said, after a while; "but your hour of weakness may come. I hope you will remember, then, that my offer still holds good."

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "I will remember it with gratitude."

There was nothing more to be said. They resumed their walk, and, after a minute, fell into other topics—talking until they caught a glimpse of frozen water shining through the trees, and Katy called out, joyfully:

"Here we are! here's the pond!"

"Here is the pond, certainly; but here are not the skaters," said Mr. Warwick, glancing over the sheet of water which lay all silent and glittering before them. "They must be lower down—ah! yes, I see them now. This way, Miss Tresham."

He led the way around a small headland, for the outline of the pond was very irregular, and a picturesque scene burst suddenly upon them—a scene vivid with color, and bright with animated motion, set in the midst of the winter landscape. This portion of the pond was alive with skaters in every stage of proficiency and non-proficiency. One or two seemed at home on their skates, a few managed to keep their feet and move with a tolerable degree of ease; but the vast majority were hopelessly sliding about, and ignominiously falling down every other minute, to their own discomfort and the immense amusement of the spectators on the shore. These spectators were not by any means contemptible in point of numbers, for three large fires were blazing as only lightwood can blaze, and grouped around and about each were knots of young people, children, and servants. In the background stood several empty carriages, and quite a goodly array of horses. Camp-stools and baskets abounded, bright shawls were laid over the roots of trees to form impromptu easy-chairs, gay scarfs and hoods dangled from the boughs, the golden sunshine streamed over all with a glory and beauty entirely its own, and the majestic forest stretched around in its solemn grandeur.

Katy and Sara darted forward, while Miss Tresham and Mr. Warwick followed more slowly toward the nearest fire. As they approached, two ladies and two gentlemen, who were standing directly in front of it, drew back, and Katharine found herself facing Mrs. French, Miss Vernon, Mr. Annesley, and a stranger whom she had never seen. Neither of the ladies noticed her, excepting by a stare—well-bred on Miss Vernon's part, ill-bred on Mrs. French's—but Morton bowed as if to a *grande dame*, and the other gentleman gave a glance of the most undisguised admiration.

"What a pretty woman, Annesley!" Katharine heard him say, after she had passed. "It can't possibly be one of the Tallahoma belles."

Annesley's reply was inaudible; but its tenor was easily to be surmised, from the long "Whew!" which was his companion's comment, and which, evidently, would not have been the only one if Mrs. French had not broken in.

"Quite a nice person, too, I have heard—that is, for her position. She has something of good style about her, don't you think so, Irene? I wonder where she got that pelisse—the cut of it is excellent. But look at the fur on it—real sable, my dear, as sure as you live. What very bad taste—for her!"

"Why for her, Adela?" asked the bluff, frank tones that were certainly not Morton's. "Why shouldn't she wear a pretty thing as well as other women? I suspect she needs all the consolation that pelisses and furs can give her."

"Don't talk so loud, Frank, and don't be so silly," was the unceremonious reply. "People ought to dress according to their rank in life, or else what's the good of there being ranks in life? For my part, when I see anybody dressed so absurdly, I feel as if I never wanted to put on a handsome thing again."

"I wish you would stay of that mind," laughed the gentleman. And Katharine felt certain that he was the legal possessor of all Mrs. French's pretty toilets, and all Mrs. French's long bills!

"Shall we go over to the next fire?" asked Mr. Warwick, whose face looked amused and contemptuous both at once. "I think it is better than this."

Katharine assented, and they moved away, just as Miss Vernon's clear tones sounded with quite a bell-like distinctness.

"I think a pretty woman has a right to adorn her beauty to the utmost of her power, wherever she may be placed. That is one right of the sex for which I shall always be an advocate, Adela."

"But the working-classes, Irene—"

"We are not speaking of the working-classes," interrupted the other, with a very cool disdain in her voice. "We are speaking of a member of a liberal profession, I thought. I hear that Miss Tresham is very charming, and for a long time I have had a fancy to know her.—Mr. Annesley, you are a friend of hers; will you introduce me?"

"With pleasure, Miss Vernon," said Morton, coloring quickly. "I shall be very glad to do so, if you are in earnest."

"Of course I am in earnest.—Adela, won't you come also?"

"I?" Mrs. French drew back in astonishment. "Irene, you are surely jesting—you are surely not going to be introduced to Mrs. Marks's governess?"

"You will see," said Irene, with a slight nod and a merry laugh. "Carry her to the carriage if she faints, Frank.—Mr. Annesley, may I take your arm?"

CHAPTER X.—THE GORDON PLAID.

The latter part of this conversation Katharine had not heard. She had moved away to the other fire, and was talking to Mr. Warwick about Jack's skating. So her surprise was entirely unaffected when Annesley's voice spoke her name, and, turning, she saw him standing close beside her, with a beautiful, golden-haired vision leaning on his arm.

"Miss Tresham," he said, hurriedly, "allow me to present Miss Vernon. She is anxious to make your acquaintance, and—"

"Hopes you do not object to having it taken by storm," interrupted Miss Vernon, offering her hand. "You must excuse me, if this is an unceremonious proceeding, Miss Tresham; but I am very anxious to know you, and I hope you do not object to knowing me."

It would have been hard to do so under the influence of that gracious smile—for Irene Vernon could be very gracious when she chose—and Katharine answered, with her usual simplicity of word and tone:

"You do me too much honor, Miss Vernon. I am very glad to know you."

"Are you?" asked Miss Vernon. "Is not that speech a mere effort of courtesy?"

"It may be an effort of courtesy," answered Katharine, smiling; "but it is true, also."

"Then I may congratulate myself upon making a favorable impression for once in my life," said the young lady. "People don't usually like me when they first know me; in fact, some of them don't ever like me at all."

"Don't they?" said Katharine, amused at this frank confession. "That is strange; for I should think you would always be liked."

"Are you always liked?"

"Well—really, I don't know. But I think I am rather popular—at least with these." And she laid her hand on Katy's curly head.

"Their good-will is not worth much," said Miss Vernon, carelessly. "It is so cheap—a few sugar-plums will buy it."

"And won't different sugar-plums buy the good-will of older people just as easily?" asked Morton, abruptly.

"So you have turned cynic!" said Miss Vernon, glancing round at him. "I thought you left that to me."

"Don't slander my favorite objects of trust, then," answered he, laughing. "I must believe in children, or in nobody.—Katy, don't you mean to come and kiss me?"

While Katy, nowise loath, went to bestow this favor, Miss Vernon turned with a shrug to her new acquaintance.

"I wonder if he thinks that child would like him if he were poor and ugly?"

"She likes me," said Katharine, smiling, "and I am neither rich nor beautiful."

"You are lovable, though, and that is better than either," said Miss Vernon, with a slight sigh.

Katharine looked up in surprise; but, before she could answer this unexpected compliment, the young lady had turned to Mr. Warwick, and was asking him if he meant to skate.

"I?" he said, laughing. "What have I done, Miss Vernon, that you should suspect me of such an indiscretion?"

"You have worn a pair of skates, Mr. Warwick; for I heard Mrs. Raynor say this morning that John Warwick—isn't your name John?—was the only person she ever saw who seemed at home on the ice."

"Twenty-five years ago, the compliment may have been merited; but I hardly think I need blush for it now."

"Have you forgotten how to skate?"

"I don't know. I have not attempted it since I was a boy."

"Ah, pray try!" said the young lady, with the air of one who was not accustomed to ask favors in vain. "I never saw skating before, and I am so anxious to see at least one good skater!"

"You would see a very poor one, if I were so foolish as to expose my awkwardness," said Mr. Warwick, smiling.

"Who can skate, then? None of those people out yonder can, unless skating is a very ugly thing."

"Annesley ought to," said Mr. Warwick, glancing at that gentleman, who had drawn near and was talking to Katharine. "He spent four years at a German university, and they learn skating as well as metaphysics there."

Miss Vernon turned to Morton, as if intending to speak, and then as hastily turned back again.

"He would not thank us for disturbing him now," she said. "Look at those people out yonder, and tell me who you think gives most promise of learning to skate."

Her companion looked as she directed, and at once singled out a child with floating, blond curls and a plaid scarf, the fringed ends of which fluttered in the wind as he skimmed along the ice.

"I cannot tell from here who it is, but there is no one else to compare with him," answered Mr. Warwick. "He skates as if he had been born in Russia."

"And don't you know who he is?" cried his companion, eagerly. "Why, I thought everybody knew him! That is the little Gordon—don't you see? He looks as if he might have been born in the purple."

Mr. Warwick said, "Indeed!" And then they both watched the elfin skater, who only a few minutes before had made his appearance on the ice. He was, indeed, without peer; the very spirit of grace seemed to animate his motions, and his skating was such as is never seen out of a northern latitude, and of which the inhabitants of southern latitudes can form, at best, but a faint conception. The lithe young figure was so slenderly fashioned, and every movement of every limb was so harmonious with the spirit of the whole, that, aided by the floating curls and waving scarf, it almost looked as if the wind wafted him over the ice. He soon became fully aware of his own skill, and began to indulge in vagaries quite impossible to the novice in this slippery amusement. He made wide circles, then swooped suddenly upon some knot of inexperienced amateurs, scattering them to the right and left out of his path, and generally leaving two or

three prostrate behind him; he seized the hand of some unlucky trembler, and carried him forward at a rate which soon left him breathless in a waste of ice, with no hope of return, his malicious guide having taken flight to another quarter; he snatched some half-dozen hats, and made for the centre of the pond, scattering them broadcast on his way; he indulged in solitary waltzes and ballet-like *pirouettes*; he played a thousand antics for his own amusement and that of the many eyes watching him; and then he suddenly darted away down the pond.

"Oh, I hope he is not going out of sight!" said Miss Vernon, with a very genuine tone of regret. "I never saw any thing more beautiful. Do, somebody, make him come back. Mr. Annesley, I believe he is under your charge—please speak to him."

"Speak—to whom?" asked Mr. Annesley, turning. "I beg your pardon, Miss Vernon, but I did not hear—has Felix been doing any thing?"

Miss Vernon replied by pointing to the slender figure and floating scarf which were already vanishing round the headland. "You are the only person whom he has not been entertaining," she said.

"Good Heavens!" cried Annesley, "and I promised his mother that he should not venture on the ice! How could I have been so careless!—Felix, come back! Felix!—don't you hear?"

Felix paused a moment, as the clear voice came ringing over the ice; showed that he heard, by waving his hand with a gesture of gay defiance, and then showed that he did not mean to heed, by coolly continuing his onward course. In another moment he had vanished from sight around the jutting point of land.

Miss Vernon laughed—she evidently sympathized with the bravery of this open rebellion—while Mrs. French, who was standing by, shrugged her shoulders significantly.

"People can't manage to conduct a flirtation and take care of a child at the same time," she said to her husband, in a tone sufficiently audible for Morton to hear.

But Morton took no notice of the remark. He only turned round to the by-standers, and asked if anybody could lend him a pair of skates.

Unfortunately, nobody was able to do so. Skates were very scarce articles, and whoever was so fortunate as to own a pair, lent them to his friends by turns—an arrangement which resulted in the temporary possessor being worried out of all his enjoyment by two or three impatient candidates who wanted to know "if he meant to keep agoing all day, or if he didn't mean to give anybody else a chance to do some skating?" Therefore, all shook their heads when Morton made his request, and several voices replied that Tom Jones had a pair of skates, but that Frank Smith was using them.

"What do you want to do, Mr. Annesley?" Katharine asked.

"I want to go after the little scamp," Annesley replied. "I ought to have paid more attention to him; but how could I think of his playing me such a trick, when he knew, too, that only my persuasion induced his mother to let him come?"

"This is very ungrateful conduct, then."

"Is it not?—Katy, run yonder to that knoll, and see if he is coming back."

Katy obeyed, bounding up on the rising ground at the headland, where a stately group of young pines stood like sentinels; and, in a few minutes, returned with the intelligence that he was coming back.

"You will not need to go, after all," said Miss Vernon to Annesley.

"That remains to be seen," he answered. "I don't much think he will come to shore of his own accord.—Thank you, Price." This to a young man who handed him a pair of skates over two or three intervening shoulders. Then, while he sat down to buckle them on, Felix came bearing back into sight—a more beautiful picture than ever, all alone in his childish grace on the glittering expanse of ice.

"Oh, the little darling!" cried several enthusiastic young ladies; while the boys of all ages stared in open-mouthed, admiring wonder of his skill.

"Is he coming to shore?" asked Morton, who could not see, partly because he was sitting on the ground, and partly because several people were standing before him. Two or three voices answered the question—not very satisfactorily.

"I think so."

"No, he isn't."

"There he goes—he's off again."

"That's splendid! That is skating!"

"He's bound up the pond this time."

"Yes," said Katharine, to whom Morton looked inquiringly. "He certainly has no intention of coming to the shore. He is going up the pond at a rapid rate."

"It's a pity somebody can't make him come back," said a man's voice near. "All skating is something of a risk to-day; but the ice is very unsafe in that direction."

"Are you sure of that, Mr. Mills?" asked Morton, starting to his feet.

"Very sure, sir," answered Mr. Mills, gravely. "My wagon was sailing ice from there this morning, and I don't think it would have borne the weight of a man then."

Morton made no answer, but Katharine saw that he changed color, and immediately swung himself down the bank, which happened to be quite high just there. The next minute he was gliding over the ice with a swift, steady ease of movement which proved his own proficiency quite equal to that of Felix. A chorus of admiration followed him; but the young man evidently heard none of it. He was bending every nerve in pursuit of the gay little will-o'-the-wisp who floated forward all the faster when he perceived that a chase had been instituted. Away went the two figures up the pond, the pursuer steadily gaining on the pursued, and both nearing fast the dangerous ice of which Mr. Mills had spoken. Once Annesley paused and uttered something half-warning, half-command; but the young insurgent paid no attention to it, and the only result was that it lost Morton several yards of distance. When he started again, however, he seemed scarcely to touch the ice, and the interest of the spectators had reached a very exciting point when a cry of mingled dismay and triumph rose from a knot of boys on the water's edge.

"He's got him!"

"No, he hasn't!"

"Hurrah! He's slipped away!"

"Well done, little one!"

And Katharine looked in time to see Felix dart out of the grasp Morton laid on him, and, shooting under the outstretched arm, skate away faster than ever, leaving only his scarf as trophy in the disappointed captor's hands.

"Well done, indeed!" cried Miss Vernon, with a ringing laugh of enjoyment. "I am so glad he got away. I should be so sorry if it ended. It is better than horse-racing, and I adore that! Who will make a bet?—Adela, will you?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. French, severely. "I think it is disgusting. Morton ought to have more dignity than to make such an exhibition of himself. I really think—"

But Miss Vernon was already speaking to Katharine.

"Miss Tresham, will you? As many pairs of gloves as you please on the Gordon plaid."

"Do you mean Mr. Annesley?" asked Katharine, laughing. "He has the Gordon plaid at present."

"No, indeed; I mean on the rightful owner of the Gordon plaid. Bless his brave little heart! Where is he now?"

"Yonder he is," said Mr. Warwick, who was standing by, a quiet and much-interested spectator. "But Annesley is gaining very fast upon him; so perhaps you had better not register your bet just at present. See! he almost laid hold of him. There, now he has doubled again. After all, you may—my God!"

A sudden wild cry from Mrs. French—a murmur of horror from the crowd—and out on the ice, where there had been two figures a moment before, only one.

This was a terror-stricken child, while, where the ice had broken through, there still floated one fringed end of the Gordon plaid. On the shore, a rush, a commotion, a sound of many voices, and a lady in violent hysterics.

Katharine never knew much of what ensued. She heard Mr. Warwick's tones take the lead, and bring some quiet out of the uproar; she saw a confused mass of men and boys dash across the ice with a reckless disregard of danger, and she sat down sick and shuddering to await the result.

Miss Vernon sat down by her. Neither said anything, yet there is no doubt that each was conscious of the presence of the other. Mr. French, meanwhile, had left his wife to get out of her hysterics as best she could, and had gone to the rescue with the rest; so, finding

nobody to take any notice of her, she somewhat subsided, and stood sobbing and asking questions which it was impossible for any one to answer yet.

To those watchers on the shore it seemed hours, but it was in reality only a short time before the many strong arms which broke up the ice and buffeted the water so bravely gained their reward—before they raised to the surface and bore shoreward, with a rush of triumph, that which seemed so awfully still and white when they laid it down at Katharine Tresham's feet.

They said it was not Death, but she could scarcely believe it was Life, when she looked at the pale face with the wet hair clinging round it, and at those rigid hands which still grasped the silken scarf.

But, even while she looked, there came a long, gurgling sigh through the half-parted lips—the lids slowly lifted—the dark eyes gazed up at her pitying countenance as if in a bewildered dream—and her name was spoken with that tender, yearning accent which would make any name of earth beautiful.

"Katharine!"

Then, before she could utter one word, they closed again, and Mr. Warwick said:

"He has fainted!"

A little while later, after Mr. Annesley was sufficiently recovered to thank his rescuers, to answer all the inquiries of his friends, to enter his carriage, and be driven home, Mr. Warwick came up to Katharine, and asked her if she felt inclined to perform a deed of charity.

"It depends a good deal upon the amount of exertion required," she answered, with a smile. "I am a little tired. But let me hear what it is."

He pointed to Felix, who stood at a little distance the centre of an admiring group, and quite as nonchalant as ever.

"I promised Morton to take that young gentleman home, and to give as mild a rendering of his exploit as is at all consistent with truth. But I begin to doubt my diplomatic ability. I think you could do him more service than I; and, in short, I want you to take the matter off my hands. Will you?"

Katharine looked slightly aghast.

"Mr. Warwick, I would be glad to oblige you, but—but I am a mere stranger—and *Morton House*!"

"That is the very reason why I ask you," said Mr. Warwick, coolly. "Considering all things, I think a mere stranger might be more welcome in Morton House than an old acquaintance like myself. Will you go?"

She hesitated a minute longer. Then, remembering what might be his reason for wishing to avoid Mrs. Gordon, answered quickly:

"Yes, if you think I can do any good, I will go."

"If you cannot, I am sure it will be for the first time," he answered, smiling. "Yonder comes the carriage which Annesley promised to send back, so you see you have no time to change your mind. Let me put you in, and see you off. Then I will take the children home."

He put her in, called Felix and presented him, closed the door, watched them drive away, and never thought, until long afterward, that he was the direct means of first bringing Katharine Tresham under the roof of Morton House.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DUCHESS DE BERRI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEORGE HILTL.

THE sun struggled vainly through the rising vapors of a misty summer morning, and the sky wore that dull-red tint which always foretells intense heat.

Peasants in their *sabots* hurried along the road from Paimboeuf to Nantes, in the more endurable early hours, thus trying to avoid the later heat so surely foretold.

Men, women, and children, gayly travelled onward, but among the laughing, merry crowd were two young girls, who seemed to give more than careless glances to the passing throng.

They wore the costume of the country, consisting of a wool-len petticoat, high blue apron, and jacket with loose sleeves.

But even a passing look at the graceful contour, delicate hands, and small feet of the young women, showed them to be very different from their companions. And, though even the sabots were not wanting to complete their costume, yet despite their efforts to appear accustomed to them, one could easily perceive that the girls were not used to walk in such clogs.

"Stella"—at last one of them softly said—"I cannot walk; these clumps on my feet hinder me;" and, without waiting for a reply, she sat on a little mound near by, and pulled off her heavy shoes and coarse stockings.

"Do you intend to walk barefooted?" inquired her companion.

"Certainly, for I have known worse roads," she answered, sadly, "and they have not given me an easy life, I assure you."

Then both walked on in silence for some time, though they heard many a rude word and gay jest spoken at their expense.

At last an old man laughingly said, "Well, I will swear that yonder girl never worked much in the field—for just look at her feet!"

"Silver-foot—silver-foot!" shouted the young men in chorus.

"God help us—we have betrayed ourselves!" said the one to whom the words were addressed.

"I fear that we are in some trouble," replied her companion, "for no peasant ever owned such white feet."

"That is true—but come with me," said the girl, and she walked swiftly to the river-bank, where she grimed her feet with mud.

"They will think them sunburnt," she added, as she again commenced her journey.

Thus the day wore on, the heat steadily increasing, and several miles yet to traverse ere Nantes is reached. But our peasants bravely trudge on, for no clumsy sabots impede their light, graceful steps. They laugh and chat with the women, for they are interested in the talk of the crowd. To-day is the great fair in the city, and, as the distant spires appear, the throng grows denser; and here the girl shrinks again, for about this part of the road the pavement commences, and the sharp stones hurt her bare little feet.

Then she sits down, and once more puts on the woollen stockings and heavy shoes. An old peasant-woman, seeing her, cried:

"Look! that's a smart girl! And, see, Fanchon," she said, turning to her daughter, "the good child wanted to save her shoes and stockings, so she walked without them, and now, before entering the city, she puts them on again.—You have done well, child!" and the old woman smiled approvingly.

The girl laughed as she met her companion's eyes, and they both walked on.

As they approach the bridge, they hear the sound of drums, and a detachment of infantry comes from the city. An officer on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant staff, leads the troops, and, as he glances around, suddenly reins in his horse, for he remarks the girls.

Again he observes them, and not with the careless tribute to beauty—for his face is stern, as he shakes his head, and spurs on his steed, never once looking back.

One of the girls pauses here, for she has met that gaze with daring, defying eyes that seemed to say:

"Here I am; arrest me if you are brave enough!"

But, when the officer passed, she breathed a long sigh of relief, and whispered to her companion: "He has recognized me, but did not betray me—I will not forget it." Then she crossed the bridge—but what can it mean?—for here are sentinels at the gate, patrols in the streets, soldiers at the end of the bridge!

"Come, children!" calls an old woman, tugging at a heavy basket of apples. "Here, lend me a hand!"

The two girls help her to raise the basket to her shoulder.

"Well, mother," said one, "I think that you might at least give us two apples!"

The old woman gave to each an apple. "Oh! how refreshing after this long walk!" said one, as she bit the nice fruit.

She was standing inside the gate, and, as she looked up, saw a large placard: "État de Siège!" is written in huge letters, and now they know that martial law is declared in Nantes—therefore the sentinels, the soldiers, and the oppressive quiet.

"For my sake," said one of the girls, with tears in her eyes, "for the sake of the oppressed, do not stop here."

Vendée, Maine, Loire, and Deux-sevres, are under martial law.

She looks up at the placard, and frowns.

Again her companion entreats her to leave. "Every moment you are in danger!" she urged; but the girl will not stir till she has read the proclamation to the end.

Then she puts her hand in her companion's arm, and goes bravely on—on through the streets and by-ways till they reach the "Haute du Château."

A solitary house at last ends their journey; they ring the bell, the door opens, and they enter the hall.

Two ladies and several gentlemen meet them—the ladies kneel as they murmur: "May God bless your advent! We are happy to welcome your royal highness here."

Then Marie Caroline, Duchess de Berri, extends her hands to raise her friends, and, after embracing them, proceeds with her faithful companion of the morning, Stella of Kersabiec, to a comfortable chamber prepared for her reception. At last she is rescued—saved! For the peasant who trod the dusty road, through all the scorching heat of that morning, was the wife of that idolized Duc de Berri, who was cruelly slain by Louvel in the lobby of the Grand Opera. The life of the duchess was now completely changed, for the excitement of continued danger gave place to the peace and rest most refreshing to her.

The house was stanch and comfortable, and, though simple, appeared homelike to the poor, tired wanderer. High windows looked down upon the castle gardens, and in the distance the shining Loire wound through rich meadows.

Among the rooms appropriated to the duchess, was one on the third floor, which seemed especially intended for those in trouble. This little apartment was literally only an attic closet; but its location and construction marked it as a resort in times of danger. And this had in reality been its glorious use in 1793, when the butcher Carrier held his bloody rule in Nantes.

The chimney of this small room formed, or rather compassed, an interior apartment, which was separated from the little chamber by an iron mantel. This mantel could be pushed aside by means of a spring, which also closed it; and, concealing the chimney-piece still more successfully, hung a curtain which apparently fell only in front of rubbish.

The inner apartment was five feet square, admitting neither air nor light, and, as it was known to but few, would afford safety in time of danger.

During her residence here, Marie Caroline was not idle; for she felt the necessity of continued exertion. Her correspondence with the legitimists was very extensive, and she looked with longing eyes to a great European war.

Antwerp might possibly become the apple of discord, and in imagination she saw the enemies of France approach her frontiers. Enthusiastic Vendéans and Bretons surrounded her, waving the white banner and defeating her foes.

For this dream she toiled incessantly, and nine hundred letters to all parts of Europe, written by her own hand, attest her tireless energy. She used twenty-five different ciphers, and the white ink with which she wrote hurt her eyes. Though obliged to remain a prisoner in her asylum, yet in thought she was everywhere, for her active mind chafed at the inactivity to which she was condemned. Love for her son inspired her with strength, nerving every effort; for, despite her apparent security, she frequently felt an anxiety that amounted almost to presentiment. At such times she would leave her own apartments, and seek her kind, faithful friends, the ladies Duguigney; but, even when among them, the slightest noise alarmed her, and the mere approach of soldiers made her fear attack. But at length she felt that her enemies must be tired of persecuting her, for the last smouldering of domestic strife had been extinguished in La Vendée, the last of the revolutionists had been quelled, and the troops of the government were now in possession of all suspected places. The ministry were, however, still watchful, for they looked to the future.

Notwithstanding the strictest search, the police had lost track of the royal fugitive, and she could not in any way be traced. In France she certainly was, perhaps even in La Vendée. The Paris detectives suspected that she was in Nantes; but here she eluded their endeavors, and they were puzzled what to do. At this time Maurice Duval was talked of as Prefect of Nantes, and a man called on him, offering his services. This person had been sent on a secret mission to Portugal, and his name was Simon Deutz. Born a Jew, he had materially injured himself by abjuring the old faith of his fathers at Rome, be-

cause the change seemed only impelled by selfish motives. Cappelletti was his patron at this period, and, as this Italian looked forward to the chair of St. Peter, Deutz felt that as a Catholic his future was assured.

At Turin, on his way to Rome, he made the acquaintance of De Cady, by whom he was invited to Massa, and there, in February, 1832, was this adventurer presented to the Duchess de Berri. Fatal acquaintance!

At this time Deutz was also introduced to the principal legitimists—Bourmond, Mesnard, Saint-Priest, and Kergolay. Seeming to favor their cause, he became an enthusiastic admirer of the duchess, and was at once admitted to her confidence. Also without means, and appearing to need assistance, the duchess sold a costly ring in order to help him, for she had no ready cash. Receiving six thousand livres for this jewel, she at once placed the money at his disposal, and, accepting the princely alms, Deutz embarked for Spain.

M. de Montalivet's private office is on the first floor of the Department of the Interior. He has finished his daily work, and is reading from the *Moniteur* the usual articles in favor of the administration, when he is interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who hands him a card.

"Show the gentleman in," said Montalivet.

And a man in black entered. His face was gloomy and repulsive, and his manner so painfully shy that his friends in Massa liked to excuse his embarrassment by attributing it to the awkwardness of the scholar. But Montalivet did not trouble himself about such trifles, if the person could be made useful; so he drew a chair for the stranger, saying:

"You have already spoken to M. Duval, and written to me, M. Deutz."

"I prefer to treat with ministers, your excellency, and not with former excise-officers."

The minister bowed.

"This is quite natural; but what can you do for us?"

"Did you receive my letter?"

"I did. But you speak very generally of the plans of the legitimists, and also of the necessity of preserving France from the horrors of civil war. All this is very fine; but it has been repeated so often!"

"Hem!" said Deutz. "Do you not think that I know a great deal about the plans of the legitimists?"

"Of course, you were at the court at Massa. You have been sent to Dom Miguel to conclude a loan for the party of the young prince."

Deutz appeared perfectly unconcerned.

"Therefore, I know every thing," he said. "I know la Berri very well."

Montalivet started.

"How—" he exclaimed.

"Excellency," interrupted Deutz, "do not hesitate with me, for I intend to deliver the duchess into your hands."

Montalivet jumped from his chair.

"How—you?"

"I intend to deliver the duchess into your hands," repeated Deutz.

Montalivet now grew more controlled and communicative, and after half an hour's conversation Deutz obtained his entire confidence. The minister then thought the whole affair settled; but he reckoned without his host, for his associates, even including the king, were not inclined to consent to the arrest of the duchess. Would not such an act cause great embarrassment?

The rebellion was suppressed; therefore, what could they do with her? If she were not tried, they would be exposed to the most odious suspicions and attacks. Then, again, before what court could she be arraigned? Of whom must it be composed? Of the peers of France. The widow of the man whom France adored before the same court that had condemned his murderer, Louvel!

If brought before a jury, what then? Legitimists would acquit, republicans condemn. How was the government to act? Both alternatives were perplexing; therefore it was better for her to remain where she was till a more favorable occasion presented itself.

That opportunity soon arrived. On the 11th of October the ministry was changed, and Thiers, who replaced Montalivet, was very desirous of arranging the interior affairs of the kingdom satisfactorily,

for the foreign relations of France were most threatening on account of the siege of Antwerp.

There was some danger of a second restoration rising from behind the walls of that fortress defended by Chassé; and, if the Dutch were victors, then Marie Caroline might leave her retreat, and wave again the red torch of war.

Thiers felt that he had a mission to accomplish, and it was the arrest of this woman. He therefore sought to reopen communications with Deutz; but the latter was unwilling to treat with Thiers, whose manners were decidedly less agreeable to him than those of Montalivet.

But the ex-minister was generous, and he brought Deutz in his own carriage to Thiers.

The next step was to give Duval the prefecture of Nantes. Deutz followed him under the name of Monsieur Hyacinthe, accompanied by the detective Joly, invested with full power from the minister. Thiers was shrewd, and wisely concluded that if a man could renounce his religion from selfish motives, and could betray his benefactress for a consideration, of course he required the closest attention, for such a person was quite capable of cheating a minister; therefore Joly was constituted his shadow.

A dark night settled over Nantes; the streets were deserted, and quiet reigned, excepting when the cry of the sentinel echoed in the distance.

The drawing-room on the first floor in the rue Haute du Château was prepared for visitors. Two large lamps burned on the table, and a cheerful fire crackled in the chimney. The curtains were drawn, the shutters closed, and a pleasant warmth pervaded the room. But two persons occupied this apartment, and these were the Duchess de Berri and Count Mesnard. They were conversing in an animated tone, when the clock upon the mantel struck. The duchess started at the sound. "This is the hour," she said; "will he deceive us?"

"Indeed, I do not think an interview prudent—for, what Bourmond objects, I subscribe. It is not at all impossible for an agent of Maurice Duval to assume the name of our friend Deutz, and thus gain access to your presence."

"I am sure," said Marie Caroline, "that we have used every precaution, for I am dressed as though I had just arrived from a journey; therefore the feigned Deutz will not suspect that here is my refuge. Besides, I intend to step behind yonder screen when the stranger enters, and I shall expect you to receive him. If we discover that he is not Deutz, then I will not appear; but you can speak to him alone."

At that moment the door-bell rung. "It is he!" they whispered.

Steps were now heard in the adjoining room, and the duchess had barely time to conceal herself, when Simon Deutz entered.

Count Mesnard received him, saying: "It is indeed yourself, Deutz—and my fears were groundless."

"Did you really fear?"

"Certainly; for, could not a traitor use your name? In fact, I did not think it impossible for the letters to be stolen."

Deutz smiled. "Experience has made you suspicious, and I cannot blame you."

At this moment a noise was heard behind the screen, and the duchess approached.

"Here I am, dear Deutz," she said, giving him her hand.

The traitor could not conceal his embarrassment, and visibly trembled as he held her hand within his own. Then her frank, kindly voice pierced his heart, and, traitor as he was, he hesitated. His brain reeled, and he turned to a chair for support.

"Sit down," she said, pitying his agitation—"sit down, my friend, and recover yourself; for this interview marks indeed a solemn hour for all."

Deutz soon regained his self-control, and, once more himself, felt that the greatest coolness was required.

In one particular he had failed, and this was in learning whether the duchess had provided herself with a place of concealment.

"Go first," she said to him, "for I must wait some moments before I leave the house, or we might be seen together."

With these words she ended the interview, and Deutz was forced to leave; so he kissed her hand and departed.

But he did not go very far from the house, for he wished to be

sure of her exit; therefore he loitered within the shadows of the opposite building.

She did not appear, and he was puzzled. Had she slipped out by a back door, or was she still in the house?—But time sped, and Deutz walked away, for Duval was eagerly awaiting his news.

The 6th of November arrived, and Deutz again wended his way to the street "*Haute du Château*." His step is hurried, and he looks neither to the right nor to the left, but directly toward the house, which marks his grand aim. He trembles lest some mischance may deprive him of his prey. For days he has lived in an excitement so feverish, that the hope of success has made him imprudent.

"In a week they will speak much of me," he boasted at his *table d'hôte*.

The day before, two letters from the duchess came to him, and these formed a good pretext for his present visit. This time he is shown into a small room, where he finds the duchess alone.

She sits in a *fauteuil*, and Deutz stands before her. He tries to appear unconcerned, as he leans on the back of a chair, and, taking the letters from his pocket, hands them to her, saying:

"Here are letters for your highness."

The duchess took them in silence, and opened one—no writing was visible. Then she went to a shelf, upon which several small phials were standing, and, unclosing one, wets the paper with a small sponge attached to the cork. The writing immediately appears, and Deutz involuntarily asks, "A secret letter—?"

"No secret from you, my friend," she replies; "it is only an account of money, sent me from Spain; but, it is very long—look!" And the more she dampened the paper, the more characters came to light. Then she opened the second letter, and, by the same assistance, made it legible. This was short, and, as she read, Deutz observed her countenance change. He grew anxious—what did that letter contain?—At length she dropped it, and, looking steadily at him, said:

"My friend, in this letter I am warned against a man who possesses my entire confidence. Are you that traitor?"

A pause followed. Deutz was agonized!

If her friends were near—if they had received a hint, he would not be allowed to leave the house alive.

"Madame," he replied, forcing a smile upon his quivering lips, "the suspicion does not wound me, for you surely jest. Is it possible for Simon Deutz to betray Marie Caroline?"

Again the duchess paused for reflection. Deutz looked toward the door, when suddenly she threw the letter upon her writing-table, exclaiming:

"This is all folly!"

Once more he breathed freely, for he felt that his victim was safe.

For almost an hour the interview was prolonged, and during this time the traitor endured torture. Every sound made him tremble, as he continually feared some evil mischance.

The duchess had adherents, and moments now seemed hours; for how easily might his whole scheme fail!

At last she rose, and said:

"We shall not meet again in this house." Then, giving her hand to her faithless friend, she added: "Farewell! Return to your post, and remember that the first gun near the Scheldt shall be the signal of our triumph."

She disappeared in the next room, and Deutz, descending the stairs, passed through the hall.

All was quiet in the house, and he had still a few moments left, so he quickly glanced through a half-open door. Here was the parlor where he was first received, and now he was careful to observe every thing. He saw a table laid for seven, and knew that the Misses Duguigney lived alone in the house. If the covers were for seven, then the duchess would be among the guests. Was it possible for her to be concealed in the house?

But, if Duval's police arrived at the right moment, they could seize the long-hoped-for prey at the table of her hostess, and thus easily secure her.

Full and clear the moon rose in a cloudless sky, and noiselessly the spy travelled through the deserted streets, his shadow gliding over the ground and along the walls in spectral ghostliness.

He soon arrived at the prefecture, where Duval at once received

him, for, after that first meeting, Deutz had always found him attentive and quiet as a well-trained hound.

"Quick! quick! We have her! She is at Duguigney's. Hasten!"

Instantly the prefecture was all excitement, for since daybreak the troops had orders to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency. In fact, police and military had united to arrest *one woman*!

Twelve hundred infantry had been ready for twenty-four hours, because the government feared a revolt in the event of her arrest, and these could only surround half a quarter of the town.

The residence of the duchess at Duguigney's was entirely ignored for might she not escape into one of the neighboring houses? Orders are now issued from the prefecture, and Duval goes to the commanding officer to ask his assistance. D'Erlon frowns at the request, but his duty is imperative; therefore, he orders General Dermoncourt to undertake the unpleasant task. Simon Laurrière, commandant of Nantes, is the third soldier forced into the service.

And Deutz! Where is Deutz the traitor?

Duval had locked him in a remote apartment with an officer of the police as companion. It was not wise to trust him now, but he must be held as hostage for his report. He hears the noise, listens to orders—but what will happen if Marie Caroline is not found? And now the last preparation is complete, and the soldiers take up their line of march in three columns for the street *Haute du Château*.

At Duguigney's the meal is over, and from a window Marie Caroline watched the soft moonlight silvering the towers of the castle. The solemn stillness oppressed her, and the warning letter haunted her imagination.

Guibary, one of her friends, stood near, enjoying with her the beautiful scene—when see, hark! arms glitter in the moonlit streets, the clink of musketry breaks the evening quiet, and the heavy, regular tread of soldiery echoes over the pavement as they approach and halt before the house.

"Treason! treason!" cries Guibary; "conceal yourself, madame."

In a moment the house is in confusion, and the sudden, unexpected danger makes her friends lose all self-control.

But, cool herself, the duchess soon reassures them. She hastens to her refuge in the attic, Mesnard, Guibary, and Mademoiselle Kersabiec following. The small apartment can hold four persons if the search is not obstinately prolonged.

The raps of the soldiers now resound on the door; it is opened, and the police, commanded by Joly, enter. At the same moment the spring in the small chamber closes the mantel, and the fugitives are beyond pursuit.

Joly tramps rapidly through the house. Every room seems familiar, for Deutz has faithfully described them.

Police are scattered everywhere; all are armed with pistols, and one of them handles his so awkwardly that it explodes, and the man is wounded in the hand.

This troubles the party within.

"They shoot at our friends," said the duchess.

"Aha!" exclaims Joly, entering the dining-room. "So there is supper for seven, and only four ladies—the sisters Duguigney, Madame de Charette, and Alceste Kersabiec."

Joly ascends higher; full well he knows the stairs.

"Here is the reception-room," he remarks, aloud.

"It is true. Deutz is the traitor!" the duchess whispers to Mesnard.

She was angry, yet also deeply pained, for she had distinctly heard the words of the detective.

Joly searched the room, and behold! on the table lies the letter warning the duchess of her false friend.

She is doubtless still in the house and must be found; so Joly posts the gendarmes in all the rooms; the approaches to the house are guarded; crowds gather on the outskirts; and half of Nantes is astir.

A search now commenced that seemed almost like pillage; for closets were broken open, furniture overturned, while workmen were busy examining the walls. Masons and carpenters were called upon to advance opinions as to whether hiding-places could exist, and all during this time the noise and confusion were distinctly heard by the poor prisoners.

Nearer the danger threatened, the little chamber was entered, and

but a thin partition separated them from their pursuers. Closer they gather in their dark hiding-place, while the heat momentarily becomes more intolerable.

"A secret place here is impossible!" the carpenters exclaim.

Can this be ignorance or generosity?

The soldiers seem satisfied and leave the room; therefore, the prisoners begin to have some hope.

Confusion still reigns on all sides—heavy raps resound before, behind, in every direction; even the walls of the adjoining house are so struck and bored that masses of brick and mortar fall upon the prisoners in their small room. Only four feet beyond the workmen steadily continue their efforts, while the dust becomes stifling. The wall cannot stand much longer, and, to add to these horrors, they hear now the clang of heavy arms mingling with the threats and curses of tired soldiers and workmen.

During this period the ladies guarded below behave like heroines. They calmly take their supper, though all the while closely watched by the police. Charlotte Moreau, the maid of the duchess, and represented by Deutz as possessing important information, and Marie Boisé, the cook, are both firm, even against three thousand francs. The night grows late, and the men are less eager. The houses in the neighborhood have been searched, but without result. The duchess has escaped, and Duval gives orders to retire. But sentinels still remain in the rooms, and at the door the National Guard replace the tired gendarmes. Anxiously the prisoners listen, and they are just about to draw aside the metal plate that the air may refresh them, when, bark! the door opens, and two soldiers enter.

The duchess can distinctly see them through a crack, as they settle themselves comfortably in the room. So there is no hope for those in the little cell. The ceiling in the outer room is so low that the men can scarcely stand upright, and, the feverish excitement of the past few hours over, they begin to shiver with cold. The duchess realizes this as her own icy hand touches her companions. And see—one of them leaves the room, and returns with an armful of turf. The prisoners are in despair, for a fire will be lighted, the iron plate quickly grows red hot, and the duchess stands but six inches removed from this. No escape from suffocation seems possible. Already the flames crackle, fire gleams through the chinks in the plate, but as yet the heat only serves to warm the half-frozen prisoners. "Look!—look!" whispers the duchess. The plate is red, the iron glows, even the walls are becoming hot, and a suffocating smoke fills the place. At the same time the work in the adjoining house recommences, the flames brighten, and hope revives as the duchess remarks that one of the gendarmes has fallen asleep, notwithstanding the noise—while the other only carelessly attends to the fire.

Mesnard has succeeded in breaking out a few tiles—fresh air fills the room, and the noise of the workmen gradually grows less, at length entirely ceasing.

"Saved!" softly whispers the duchess.

"Saved!" repeat her companions.

But the gendarme is weary himself, and also needs rest; therefore he rouses his sleeping comrade, who yawns while he stretches himself, and stands up shaking with cold. Then he looks around for something to kindle the fire, and, by a sad mischance, his eyes fall upon a bundle of papers lying under the table. At once he pulls these toward him, and relights the fire.

In a moment the little interior apartment is filled with smoke—the prisoners can scarcely breathe—and they press their mouths against an opening in the roof, from which they greedily draw in the fresh air.

The iron now glows with heat, white stripes appear, while the smoke grows dense and more suffocating. Rats scramble over the floor, driven from their holes by the smoke, and troops of lizards glide over the beams and rafters.

The duchess is nearest the glowing metal, the bands crack, for the old chimney has never known such heat before. A fearful dread seizes upon the prisoners—they feel all the horrors of the death impending.

Twice the dress of the duchess caught, and twice her own hands smothered the flames—and long years after did those brave hands bear testimony of the agony of that night.

Each moment adds to the intensity of the fire—they can scarcely breathe, and in low tones entreat the duchess to surrender, but still she firmly refuses. For the third time her dress burns, and, in extinguishing it, her hand accidentally touches the spring, and the iron mantel parts. Mademoiselle Kersabiec instantly attempts to close it,

but her hand comes in contact with the hot iron, and she gives a suppressed cry of pain.

"Oh, there are rats!" said the gendarme, who has been busy reading the papers. The turf has fallen together, and he awakens his companion, when both draw their swords for a rat-hunt. The heat grows more fiery, and, as the clashing swords fall upon their ears, the duchess consents, and Mademoiselle Kersabiec totters, as she raps against the iron. "Who is there?" cries the gendarme.

"We surrender—open—extinguish the fire!" replies mademoiselle. The gendarmes start affrighted—are human beings here?

Hastily they put out the fire, but no one is yet seen, and, not suspecting the spring, they are startled as the wall opens and a lady appears, followed by a young girl and two gentlemen.

"My friend," says the lady, turning to the astonished soldier, "I am the Duchess de Berri."

The other gendarme had gone for the commissaire, who arrives with the order for arrest, which he at once reads, and then begins to question her.

"Sir," said Marie Caroline, interrupting him, "I do not intend to answer you—I wish to see General Dermancourt."

A few moments later the general entered, accompanied by the procureur, General Bandot.

Faint from excitement, the duchess had fallen into a chair, and, with Mesnard's help, manages to drag herself into an adjoining chamber, for the staircase and rooms are filled with curious people.

"General," she said, "I confide myself to your honor."

"Madame," he replied, bowing low, "you are under the protection of French soldiers."

She was very pale, and nervous with agitation—the agony of the last few hours, not fear, makes her faint—and again he leads her to a chair.

"General," she continues, "I have but fulfilled a mother's duty—I only desired to regain the inheritance of my son!"

As she utters these words, all her firmness, her self-control, leave her—and, with difficulty, she collects herself sufficiently to plead for her friends.

In a few moments Duval approaches her; he does not even uncover his head; but, staring impertinently, says, "All right—she is the one!" then leaves the room.

The house is now searched for papers, and, when the duchess calls her friends to say farewell, a scene of great excitement ensues.

The streets are thronged, for the sympathy for Marie Caroline is universal. Nantes looks upon her as a martyr. The general offers his arm.

"We must leave the house, your highness," he tells her.

"Where do you take me?"

"First to the castle, then—"

"To Blaye?—in prison?"

Dermancourt is silent.

"My friends," she exclaims, "let us go!"

As she crosses the attic room, she glances toward the chimney.

The fire is extinguished, and the plate forming the entrance open.

"General," she says, smiling, "if I had not feared the fate of St. Laurence, you would not now lead me thus away."

In the streets the soldiers present arms, and a murmur of pitying sympathy sounds through the crowd.

The distance to the castle is short, and the whole party arrive there by eleven the next morning. Nobly the duchess deported herself during her prison-life, for the confinement did not pain her nearly as intensely as the treachery of one who had only received kindness from her.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE lives of men of letters, however interesting to their admirers, seldom commend themselves to the attention of the biographer on account of the adventures by which they are characterized. Literary biography is the most delightful of all reading; but, in most cases, it is the reading which is most difficult to write. Never ready-made, like military or naval biography, it must be sought out—a little here, and a little there—and, when found, made the most of by the skillfulness of its arrangement and presentation. Confined to the inner life of the subject, it necessitates the possession of a certain

amount of psychological knowledge on the part of the biographer, who must be able to put himself in the place of his hero, so far, at least, as to write "from within, outward." The lack of this knowledge has rendered many writers, able enough in other respects, unfit to be biographers—a notable instance of late being Mr. John Forster, whose life of Walter Savage Landor is the most tantalizing and unsatisfactory of literary biographies. We make these remarks the text of what follows, not so much to excuse any shortcomings of our own, real or imaginary, as to account for the apparent paucity of our knowledge in regard to Mr. Whittier. He has lived upward of sixty years, but his life is not of a kind to interest the world at large. In this he resembles many of his brotherhood of thinkers and poets, of whom it may be said, with more truth than of any other class—

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

JOHN GREENLEAF

WHITTIER was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in December, 1807. His family were Quakers, who had succeeded in establishing themselves on the banks of the Merrimac, in spite of the persecutions to which they were subjected by their Puritan neighbors, to whom the Friend, in his drab coat, was as great an abomination as the foe in his war-paint and feathers. He lived on the homestead, which is still standing, or was recently, until his twentieth year, dividing his time between the old farm, upon which he worked, and poetry, which he occasionally contributed to the *Haverhill Gazette*, not forgetting shoemaking, which he pursued at intervals, as was the custom forty or fifty years ago among the thrifty sons of Massachusetts. The "gentle craft of leather"

numbered its poets and thinkers in past times, as Mr. Whittier reminds us in his poem "The Shoemakers":

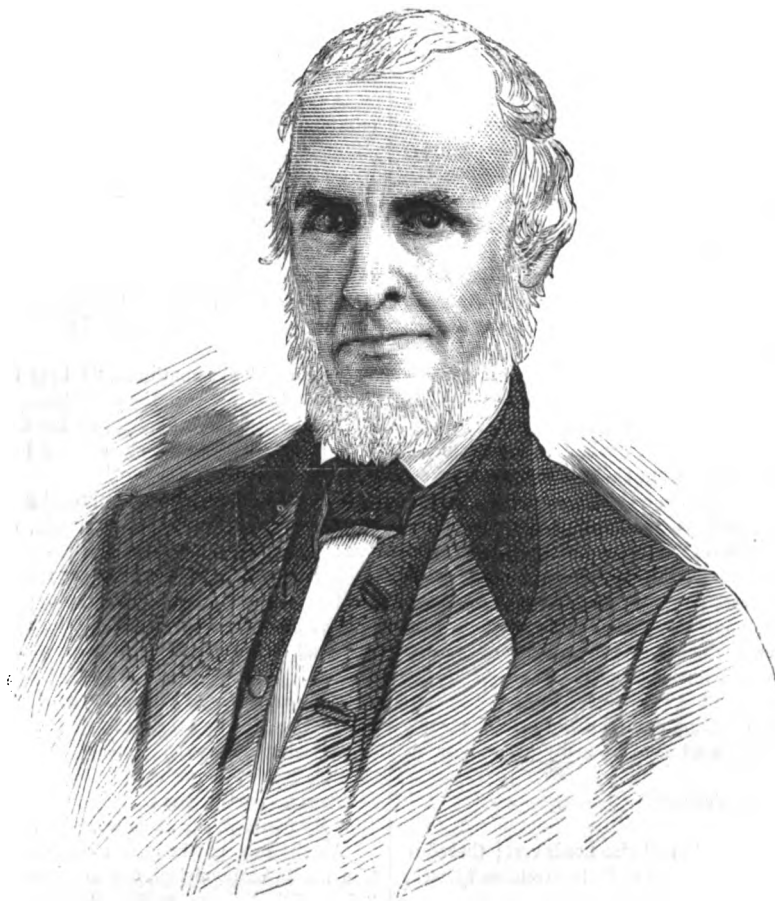
"Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet
In strong and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
And patriot fame of Sherman.
Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behmen teaches,
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches."

Mr. Whittier cannot be said to be one of the guild, however, if it be true, as one of his biographers has insinuated, that the world would go barefooted if St. Crispin had never had a more devoted disciple.

After one year of academy-life elsewhere, we find Mr. Whittier, in 1829, the editor of the *American Manufacturer*, a journal published in Boston in the tariff interest, and, it is to be presumed, on the side of protection. He must by this time have acquired a local reputation

as a writer of prose, for the proprietors of newspapers, however humble, are not in the habit of intrusting their enterprises to the hands of those who are only known through verse. We are strengthened in this belief by the fact that during the next year Mr. Whittier became the editor of the *New-England Weekly Review*, a Hartford journal, which the poet Brainerd had at one time conducted, as well as the late George D. Prentice, whom Mr. Whittier succeeded. In 1831 he published his first volume of prose—"Legends of New England"—a series of sketches devoted to Indian and Colonial traditions and superstitions, a by-path of literature to which he was early drawn, and in which he still delights to walk at intervals. We find mention of an earlier work in verse, entitled "Moll Pitcher," the tale of a witch of Nahant, but we have never seen it. In 1832 he published a memoir of Brainerd, prefixed to the second edition of his "Literary

Remains;" and, in 1833, an essay, the purport of which may be gathered from its title, "Justice and Expediency; or, Slavery considered with a View to its Abolition." A little later he was at work on the old farm again, advanced (if the reader chooses) from the chair of the editor to that of the law-maker, by representing his town in the State Legislature. In 1835 he published "Mogg Megone," a metrical romance, the hero of which was a chief of the Saco Indians in the war of 1677. He edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, an antislavery journal published in Philadelphia, in 1838-'39, during which time his office was sacked and burned by a mob. Afterward he acted as one of the secretaries of the Antislavery Society, and edited the "Antislavery Reports" and the *Lowell Standard*. In 1840



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

he removed to Amesbury, Mass., where he has ever since resided, satisfied, it would seem, with his few years' experience of editorial life. For a time connected, as corresponding editor, with the *National Era*, the last thirty years of his life may be said to have been devoted to literature exclusively. In 1847 he published "Margaret Smith's Journal," and "Supernaturalism in New England;" in 1848, "The Bridal of Pennacook," an Indian poem, and "Voices of Freedom," a collection of antislavery poems extending over a period of fifteen years; and, in 1850, "Songs of Labor," and "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," the last being a series of prose-papers on Bunyan, Baxter, Ellwood, Naylor, Andrew Marvell, John Roberts, William Leggett, and Robert Densmore, a Scottish poet who tuned his rustic pipe at Haverhill at the close of the last and beginning of the present century. These volumes were followed by "The Chapel of the Hermits, and other Poems," in 1852; "Literary Recreations," in 1854; "The Panorama, and other Poems," in 1856; "Home Ballads," in 1860; "In War Time," in 1863; "Snow Bound, a Winter Idyl," in 1865;

"The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems," in 1867; "Among the Hills," 1869; and "Miriam, and other Poems," in 1871.

Such, in brief, has been the outward life of John Greenleaf Whittier.

Mr. Whittier is, in some respects, the most American of all our poets. From the beginning two elements were prominent in his poetry, either of which proved him to be a good patriot, if not a good poet. We mean his belief in a poetical side to Indian life, something therein capable of being made poetical, if not of itself inherently so, and a similar belief in the early colonial life of the white race in this country, its adventures, its trials, and its triumphs. We respect and agree with the latter; the former we consider a delusion.

It has been a fashion among poets, time out of mind, to admire the ages and peoples that were, rather than the age and men that are; and the more remote and primitive the former, the greater their admiration. To the poetic mind there may be some apparent ground for this belief, but to the saner, practical mind, there is none whatever—the age in which we live being the best age, as the better age will be the age in which we are to live. Be this, however, as it may, and admitting the possibility of a poetic side to the life of a pastoral people, we deny that there is any poetry in the life of a race of savages. "The noble savage" is a myth which never had any existence outside of books. Mr. Whittier thinks otherwise, or thought so in his younger years. It would be interesting to trace the origin and progress of Indianism in American literature; but we must not be tempted into it now: enough, that it has been shared, at one time or another, by most American poets. It would be safe to say that, twenty or thirty years ago, one could not open a volume of American verse into which this tiresome old aborigine was not thrust. He was everywhere. His peaceful manners and innocent customs were served up in pretty little lyrics and idyls, and dirges were sung because he was melting away like snow before the fierce sun of civilization. He was glorified in epics, as in "Yamoyden," for example, and "Frontenac," and "The Song of Hiawatha"—the last the nearest approach to poetry possible in Indianism. We shall not compare Mr. Whittier's Indian poetry with that of any other poet, but dismiss it as being as good as the average. The story of "Mogg Megone," what little there is of it, is painful rather than tragic, reminding us somewhat in its handling of the metrical romances of Scott. Scattered through it, as through "The Bridal of Pennacook," is a wealth of allusion to and knowledge of Indianism, mostly in the shape of descriptive items, which are not very well fused, and which rather retard than advance the interest. Description is a strong point with Mr. Whittier generally, but it is a weak one in these poems, where it often runs into excess. He has succeeded much better, we think, with the colonial portion of our history, the poems which these have inspired ranking among his happiest efforts. His earliest reading seems to have lain among these dusky old records, which have exercised a greater charm over him than over any other American singer. How powerful this charm is, may be seen in such poems as "Cassandra Southwick," a story of Puritan persecution of the Quakers, in 1658; "The Exiles," another story of persecution, the victims of which were a sturdy Puritan family who were forced to expatriate themselves to Nantucket for the heinous crime of sheltering a fugitive Quaker; and "St. John," a spirited Huguenot ballad, worthy of Macaulay in his best days. Excellent as these are, however, they will not compare with his later poems of the same character, of which the best are, perhaps, "The Witch's Daughter," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," and "The Truce of Piscataqua." Akin to these in spirit, but less happy in execution, are the poems in which Mr. Whittier has celebrated various localities in New England, some hallowed in his recollection by childish feelings, while others are distinguished for the historical associations which attach to them. It is due to Mr. Whittier to say, that his want of success in some of these poems is not the result of any shortcoming of his own, but inheres in the barbaric names which he felt it to be his poetic duty to retain and perpetuate. That there is often poetry in mere names, Milton and others of the English poets have shown; but these names are not such as prevail in our so-called Indian poetry; not the aboriginal names of insignificant rivers, petty mountains, and savage chiefs, but the classic names of old battle-fields, cities, kingdoms—Trojan, Greek, Roman—the names of sages, kings, heroes. We should ransack all the Indian names in vain for such a sounding passage as this:

"And what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,

Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Blerta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia."

Another characteristic of his poetry not yet mentioned, stamps Mr. Whittier as the most thoroughly American of all the American poets. We allude to its antislavery element—an element which we cannot but feel struck its roots early in the most serious part of his nature, and which has always ranked among his profoundest convictions. It may be said, indeed, to have dominated over him during the greater part of his life. We may like it, or we may not; but there it is, and there it was, and there it will be to the end. It shows the man more strongly, we are inclined to think, than any thing else that he has written; but, except at rare intervals, it does not show him at his best. We mean his best as a poet. We do not believe in the poetry which is inspired by morals or politics. It is not poetry; it is politics and morals in verse. Mr. Whittier's antislavery verse, which is now happily antiquated, except as literature, appeals to our sympathies most strongly when it touches the pathetic aspects of slavery, as in "The Farewell of a Virginia Slave-Mother," and "Song of Slaves in the Desert." We must quote a stanza or two from the last:

"Where are we going? where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?"

"Lord of peoples, lord of lands,
Look across these shining sands,
Through the furnace of the noon,
Through the white light of the moon.
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing!
Speak, and tell us where we are going,
Where are we going, Rubee?"

"When we went from Bornon land,
We were like the leaves and sand,
We were many, we are few;
Life has one, and death has two:
Whitened bones our path are showing,
Thou All-seeing, Thou All-knowing!
Hear us, tell us, where we are going,
Where are we going, Rubee?"

A peculiarity among American poets, as compared with their fellow-singers in England, is the habit which they appear to cherish of celebrating in verse their personal friends, and those who share their views in regard to morals and moral ideas. Ready as they are at all times to manifest their personal love or admiration, the foremost lag far behind Mr. Whittier, who has sung of nearly every person that was worth singing about in the ranks of antislavery and reform, generally in excellent taste, often exquisitely. He has also overcome the difficulties which attend the writing of obituary poems, to which he imparts a sincerity and earnestness seldom found in writings of this kind. His grief is never commonplace, his reflections are never trite. How admirable are these stanzas, addressed to Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, on the death of his sister:

"Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought:
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
The good die not!"

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given:
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven."

And this from the poem entitled "Gone:"

"And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One
Who walked an angel here.

"Fold her, O Father! in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love, between
Our human hearts and Thee.

"Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong."

"And grant that she who, trembling here,
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours."

Mr. Whittier is fortunate in portraying what he conceives to be the mental character of those whom he celebrates, particularly so in the case of Follen, John Woolman, whose writings Lamb advised one of his correspondents to get by heart, Channing, Webster, and Randolph. Our estimate of Webster differs from his, but we recognize the great excellence of his "Ichabod," considered as a poem simply, and the nobility of feeling which prompted it, mistaken as we consider the judgment which it renders. "Randolph of Roanoke" is a manly tribute to one of the most marked characters in our political history:

"He held his slaves, yet kept the while
His reverence for the human:
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but Man and Woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke Valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured."

Another characteristic of Mr. Whittier's poetry is its continual reference to the personages mentioned and the incidents described in the sacred writings. The Hebraic element is a marked feature in his genius. That it is capable of being turned to the grandest poetical account, Milton has shown us; that it is powerful, even in lesser hands, every reader of English poetry knows. If the Bible has no other effect upon those who read it, it has the effect which the best English ever written or spoken cannot fail to produce in thoughtful minds—the sense of satisfaction in simple and noble thoughts, expressed in simple and noble words. Mr. Whittier has his Bible at his finger-ends, and is as familiar with its history as with that of his native land. He has walked and talked with seers and prophets, has seen the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, and has heard the thunder and the still, small voice which followed it:

"In sudden whirlwind, cloud, and flame,
The Spirit of the Highest came!
Before mine eyes a vision passed.
A glory terrible and vast;
With dreadful eyes of living things,
And sounding sweep of angel-wings:
With circling light and sapphire throne,
And flame-like form of One thereon,
And voice of that dread Likeness sent
Down from the crystal firmament."

The Hebraic cast of Mr. Whittier's mind, joined, perhaps, to his descent from a once persecuted sect, accounts for the serious character of his poetry in general, and particularly for the indignant, fiery spirit which burns at a white heat in his antislavery verse. Being the man he is, he could not have written other than he has. For our own part, we wish he could have persuaded himself to let others do the moral work he had in hand so long; for we are sure that he would have gathered for us a riper and more abundant harvest of poetry. He is never so much a poet as when he gives himself up to the contemplation of imaginative themes, as, for example, in "The Wife of Manoah to her Husband," "A Dream of Summer," "Hampton Beach," "Memories," "Questions of Life," "To my Old Schoolmaster," "Tavler," "The Barefoot Boy," most of the "Home Ballads," and all the "Songs of Labor." At first sight, the object proposed in some of these appears to be realistic; but the spirit in which they are conceived, and the style in which they are wrought out, are so poetical that the final effect is such as imagination alone can leave. Our favorites are in the "Songs of Labor," which only an American poet could have written, and no American poet except Mr. Whittier. They are admirable.

The more we think of it, the firmer becomes our conviction that Mr. Whittier has not done his genius justice. The Hebraic element is strong within him, as we have noted; but quite as strong are other elements, among which are perfect freedom of thought in theological matters—the outgrowth, probably, of his Quaker descent and associations—and his supreme love of and satisfaction in Nature. Without being a freethinker, in the old and abused sense of the term, he is one of the freest of our thinkers, following in this habit of mind the example of Mr. Emerson, whose influence his poetry at times reflects, as in his "Questions of Life." Witness this passage:

"Through the vastness, arching all,
I see the great stars rise and fall,

The rounding seasons come and go.
The tided oceans ebb and flow;
The tokens of a central force,
Whose circles, in their widening force,
O'erlap and move the universe;
The workings of the law whence springs
The rhythmic harmony of things,
Which shapes in earth the darkling spair,
And orbs in heaven the morning star.
Of all I see, in earth and sky—
Star, flower, beast, bird—what part have I?
This conscious life—is that the same
Which thrills the universal frame,
Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,
And mounts the sap from forest-roots,
Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells
When spring makes green her native dells?
How feels the stone the pang of birth
Which brings its sparkling prism forth?
The forest-tree the throb which gives
The life-blood to its new-born leaves?
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,
Life's many-folded mystery—
The wonder which is yet to be?
Or stand I severed and distinct,
From Nature's chain of life unlinked?
Allied to all, yet not the less
Prisoned in separate consciousness,
Alone overburdened with a sense
Of life, and cause, and consequence?"

Mr. Whittier's love of Nature is so strong that it cannot escape the notice of even his most careless readers. Early and late it has distinguished all his poems, especially "Snow Bound," which contains, besides its dainty little collection of wintry pictures, portraits of various members of the poet's family, painted with a masterly hand.

Not to dwell longer, however, on what we conceive to be the excellences and defects of Mr. Whittier's genius, we close our imperfect remarks with a bit of verse with which we entirely concur. It is the poet's judgment upon himself and his poetry:

"Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or soften shades on Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes
"Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind:
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

"Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown:
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

"O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still, with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!"

R. H. STODDARD.

THE SCENERY OF THE MOON.

PREVIOUS to the invention of the telescope, the dark regions of the moon were supposed to be seas; their titles are therefore of ancient origin, with the exception of a few dark spots of recent discovery, and which have also been named seas, in order to leave undisturbed the primitive classification.

The telescope has revealed the fact that the dark plains of the moon are but the most ancient surface formations more or less abraded and smoothed, and which, from some cause, have lost their original brilliancy. The bright portions, from the sharpness of outline and fresh appearance of their details, are considered to be of the most recent origin.

The telescope has also shown that the lunar surface is studded with mountain-ranges in the form of rings which enclose circular plains of all dimensions, from a hundred and fifty miles in diameter downward, until from their mere minuteness they become invisible in the most powerful telescopes.

The "rampart rims" of the larger basins present a wonderful variety of turret and terrace, and are not surpassed in rugged moun-

tain magnificence by the Alps or the Andes, while the decrease in size seems, as a rule, to bring with it a certain character of modification which eventually gives to the smaller-sized basins the appearance of cup-shaped fountains, whose regular rims lose all the roughness which characterize the massive boundaries of their predecessors.

Many of those basins of all sizes have bright streaks radiating from them, which, in some cases, may be traced to over a thousand miles from their sources, but the nature of which is still considered obscure. Other classes of lunar mountains are not so unlike those of our earth. Far to the northward, upon the verge of the evening crescent, for instance, the dark outline of *Mare Humboldtianum*, or the Sea of Humboldt, with its bold boundary of mountains limiting the range of telescopic vision and gaining an altitude of sixteen thousand feet, would almost make us forget that we are not wandering among the scenery of our native world.

About one hundred and fifty miles eastward of the Sea of Humboldt, there rises an annular mountain, enclosing a basin of about fifteen miles in diameter, named *Thales*. If we suppose ourselves to commence a lunar journey from this point, we may begin by tracing upon every hand the mighty effects produced by the strange causes which have fashioned the scenery of the moon.

Away to the northward stretches a mountain-ray of *Thales*, until it disappears over the distant horizon, its eastern face descending abruptly to the valley, while its opposite slope is much more gradual. Like all other ray-ridges which radiate from basins, it is highest at its source, decreasing in altitude as it recedes, until all trace of its existence is finally lost in the common level.

Leaving behind us a variety of other ridges which radiate from the same basin, we turn our faces to the west and traverse the apex of a massive continuous highland for five hundred miles, until it is intercepted by a rampart mountain, which encloses a plain of a hundred and ten miles in diameter, about the base of which the ridge is dispersed and lost in the common level, like the sedimentary remains of a great stream. As the slowly-rising sun illuminates the peaks and ridges which compose the rampart of this mighty amphitheatre, we can easily understand that an observer, situated upon one of the peaks of a grand mountain-mass which rises from the centre of the plain, might see its rim as a brilliant but broken thread of light encircling his horizon forty miles away, while himself and the enclosed plain would still be obscured in the deep gloom of a lunar light. The pale orb of our earth, too, four times as great in apparent diameter as the sun, ever and anon slowly rising and setting across a point upon the southeastward verge of the horizon, never ascending or descending but a few degrees above or below it, altogether composes a scene so unlike any which occurs upon our earth, that we can almost sympathize with the ancient poetic superstition which assigns to our satellite the position of an "enchanted world," and can even half forgive the modern scientific speculator who, for the want of a better interpretation, pronounces it a "dead star," or a "worn-out planet," forgetful that a "dead star," a "worn-out planet," or an "enchanted world" are all equally unintelligible to us.

Making our way to the southeast for several hundred miles through a country studded upon every side with strange, unearthly mountain-formations, but leaving to our right a lofty range not so unearthly, named *Mount Taurus*, we toil up the steep slopes of *Proclus*, and ascend to the apex of its narrow circular rim, which encloses a deep basin of about fifteen miles in diameter.

Perhaps no point upon the visible hemisphere of the moon commands a grander view than this. From almost beneath our feet, but far below, at a dizzying distance, stretches out to the westward the beautiful *Mare Crisium*, with its well-defined and abrupt mountain-boundaries, towering in places to sixteen thousand feet above the plains, and enclosing an area of seventy-eight thousand square miles, or more than half as large again as the State of New York. In some stages of illumination it has been seen speckled with minute points and streaks of light, from which may, perhaps, have been derived its glittering title, and which, we shall see, are in all probability small sheets of water.

The surface of this plain seems to be somewhat depressed below the general level of the moon; but that bold promontory, jutting far into the southwest region, rises above the lowlands eleven thousand feet; while another peak gains an altitude of nearly three miles, from which the rising sun projects a long, dark shadow over the plain below.

Along the slope of one of the mountains which stand like sentinels in the sea, long, white ridges, resembling ramparts, have been seen by many observers, and from behind which some lunar patriots may, perchance, have defended their beautiful valley against the aggressions of ambitious neighbors.

The mountain-ridges, formed by the flow from the basin upon whose verge we suppose ourselves standing, trend north and south, forming the eastern boundary of *Mare Crisium*. The descent from the apex of the rim to the general level of the surface is more precipitous than is usually the case with mountains of this character; the ridge, however, though forming but a single range, as it were, is cut into various lesser ranges as their distance increases from the parent-basin, assuming the usual character of radiates.

Turning our faces now toward the southeast, we see far below us the rugged *Palus Somni* jutting its grand promontory a hundred miles away into the dark plain of *Mare Tranquillitatis*, which stretches in infinite variety to the east and south, forming islands and bays and headlands, which, by contrast with the dark plain, sparkle in lunar splendor. From this sea rises the small range of *Mount Argeus*, ascending gradually from its western base to a summit which rivals the most lofty peaks of our Pyrenees, then abruptly breaks into a tremendous precipice which, in the sunrise, casts a long spire-like shadow over the dark expanse below. Near this, and rising from the same sombre field, is the finely-terraced ring-mountain *Plinius*, enclosing a circle of thirty-two miles in diameter, filled with hillocks of every variety, which glitter in their mighty setting like the jewel of some gorgeous diadem.

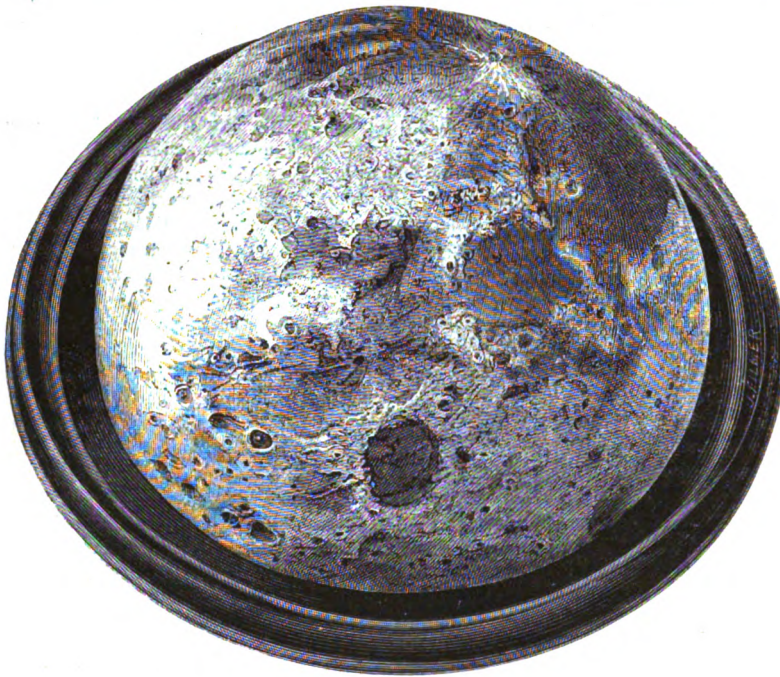
To the southward of *Mare Tranquillitatis* and connected with it, lies that of *Mare Nectaris* and of *Fecunditatis*, divided from each other by a great peninsula and the mountains of the Pyrenees, from which we enter upon a region to the southward, where the forces which modelled the surface seem to have been not only comparatively modern, but everywhere active; for, spread out before us lies a vast extent of country whose "ring-mountains" of all magnitudes, terraced, turreted, and grooved, are to be found in every direction; ridges and valleys, too, complicate the heterogeneous variety, until we find ourselves in a labyrinth of wild mountain magnificence so utterly unlike any thing to be found upon the surface of our world, that, failing to realize that the causes and forces which fashioned the topography of this world and that must be wholly distinct and different, is simply to misunderstand the nature of the subject.

Nowhere upon the surface of our world does there exist such a structure as a ring-mountain, while upon the moon they are the prevailing forms, up to the present over thirty thousand having been discovered upon the visible hemisphere, and, though they are said by astronomers to be of volcanic origin, I confess my own inability to discover the slightest analogy between *Mount Vesuvius* and a circular walled plain equal in extent to the quarter of Italy, or which would enclose three such States as Massachusetts, especially as the volcano is a mere cone projecting above the surface of the earth, its crater forming but a slight depression at the top, while the lunar basin has its interior plain three times as much depressed below the apex of its mountain-rim as that apex rises above the general level of the moon's surface upon the outside.

Pausing to look about us, as we enter this region from the north, we see behind us the wide and variegated plain of *Mare Fecunditatis*, with its dark, prairie-like expanse studded with "butes," small ring-basins, and the curious comet-like structure projecting from its centre toward its western boundary, and having for its double nucleus two small but beautifully-defined basins.

To our right lie the mountain-masses of the Pyrenees; to our left, several magnificent walled plains—*Langrenius*, seventy miles in diameter, with its multiple ring rising ten thousand feet above the floor of the basin, and looking, in the rays of the rising or setting sun, like concentric threads of silvery light, its brilliant central mountain gleaming like a star of the first magnitude above the deluge of darkness which obscures the encircling plain for forty miles away; *Vendelius*, too, and *Pitavius*, on a scale of rival splendor, but differing in variety of details; while far away to the westward, through a region abounding in curiosities, stretches for hundreds of miles a narrow and almost straight valley, clearing to its bottom every obstruction which lies in its path.

Already we encounter the mysterious lines of light which are so distinctly seen to radiate from *Tycho* in the full-moon photograph,



MR. BOYLE'S MODEL OF THE MOON.

although that most remarkable of lunar basins is yet more than eight hundred miles away. Yonder, to the right, is one of those curious rays cutting nearly through the middle of the Mare Nectaris, where it encounters a small ring-mountain whose slender rampart it has not destroyed, though the flow which formed the same ray has borne a conspicuous part in the destruction of more formidable mountain-masses nearer to its source, as may be seen by examining the ruined ramparts of what were once fine examples of the ring-mountain formations.

In the region marked by two walled plains, known as Stoffer and Fernelius, whole sections of rampart-mountains, once formidable in extent and structure, have yielded to the flow directed from Tycho, though two hundred miles distant from the source. Behind the masses which survived destruction, long drift-like ridges have been formed, such as are commonly to be found behind obstructions in the beds of rivers. The ray which crosses Mare Nectaris is evidently a structure of this kind, where the flow at so great a distance from its source, not being in sufficient volume to overwhelm the obstruction, merely swept round its base, forming behind it the characteristic drift, the prototype of which may be found as frequently upon our own earth as upon her satellite.

A careful examination of even the lunar photographs already in our possession will also show that most of the main rays which surround Tycho, as well as those of other centres of radiation, are channelled, and have consequently two or more embankments, frequently extending throughout their entire length, and disappearing only when the ray itself ceases to be distinguishable from the ordinary *débris* of the surface, thus demonstrating that they have been constructed in a similar manner to the banks of rivers which flow through the delta they deposit.

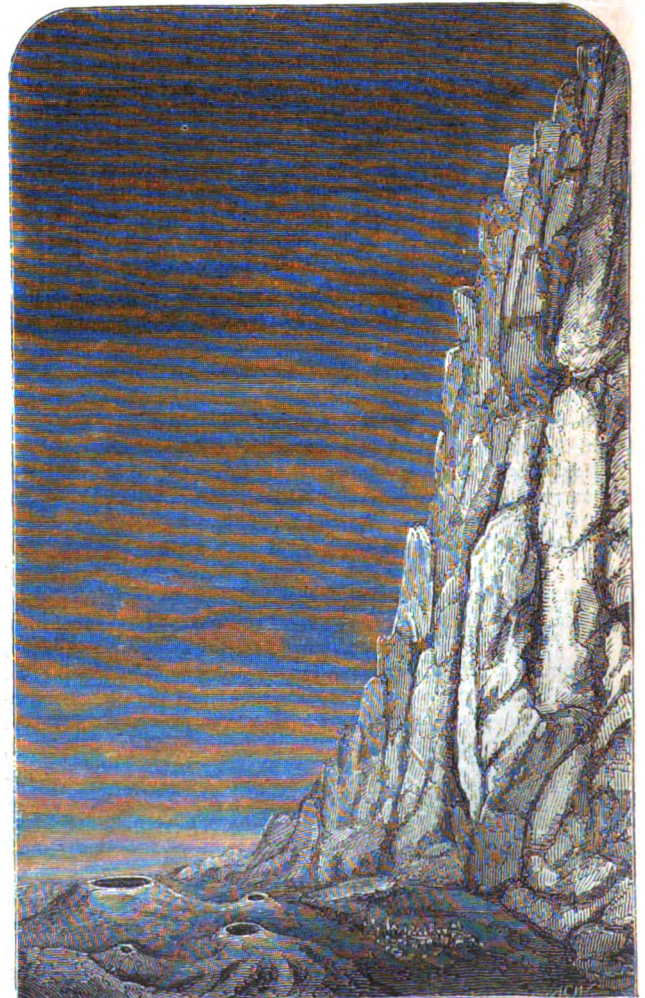
The remains of a great ray, with two massive parallel embankments which take a northeasterly direction from Tycho, furnish so striking an example of the delta-structure that, were we to imagine a few miles of the Nile, the Ganges, or the Mississippi, abandoned by their waters anywhere in their deltas, we would have a very fair miniature representation of this great lunar relic of subsided forces. The lunar chasm, however, would be somewhat the most rugged, owing partly to the roughness of the surface over which it was originally directed, as well as fresh eruptions which broke out in its course at an early period of its history, intercepting and turning the flow in another direction, thereby preserving the early form of the channel and its embankments as well as saving from submergence the ancient surface formations upon that side of Tycho, which from this direction

approach the great modern basin within about two hundred miles, while the country upon every other side has been overlaid by the evolved sediment for over seven hundred miles away from the centre.

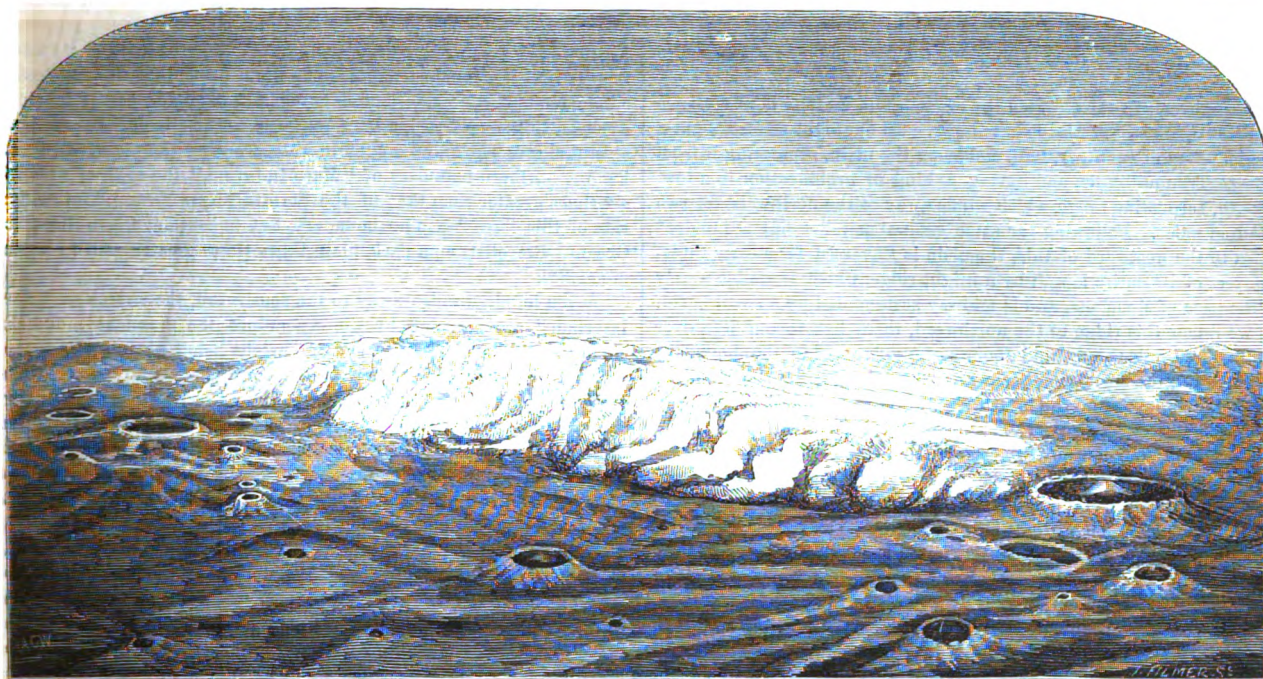
As the decrease in the amount of water evolved from those sources was gradual, the depressions and channels would be slowly filled by the subsiding sediment; hence the early form of this great northeastern ray has been preserved by the interception of the flow previous to the period of its decline.

As if to contrast the long, slender drift of the ray from Tycho, there projects also into Mare Nectaris a curious headland, which rises with a gradual slope to a considerable elevation; it takes the form of the "stock" of a hunter's rifle, and is surmounted by a ring-basin of twelve or fifteen miles in diameter; the boundary which assumes the outline of the upper edge of the weapon supports the rampart-walls of three fine enclosed plains, each about fifty miles in diameter; they present a magnificent landscape when illuminated by the slanting rays of the sun. A portion of the rampart of one towers above the plain within to the height of eighteen thousand feet.

Crossing, now, the range of the Altai Mountains, we find ourselves in a region fairly honey-combed with circular depressions, walled in by all sorts of battlements, whose multiform tops glitter in the rays of a slanting sunlight, like an



A CLIFF IN THE MOON.



A MOUNTAIN-RANGE IN THE MOON.

unfinished galaxy whose infinite variety of forms had not yet crystallized into mere points of dazzling brilliancy.

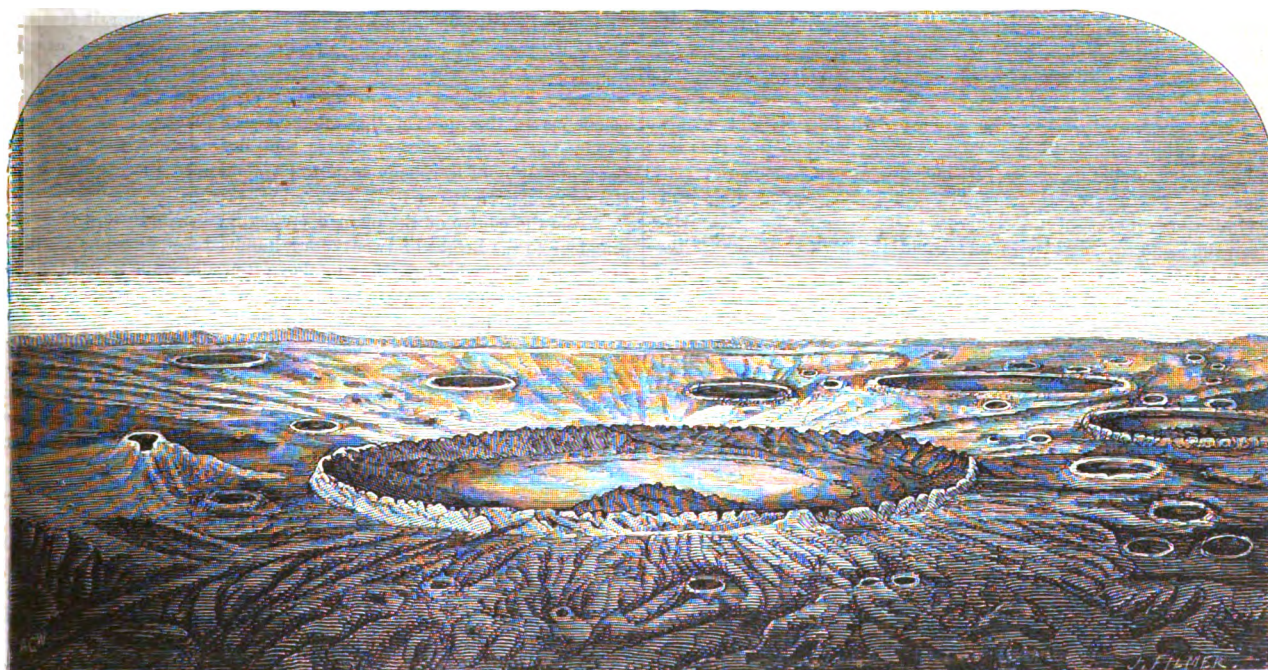
Continuing our journey eastward for a hundred and fifty miles, we arrive at two fine walled plains, remarkable for their depth and freshness of outline. Werner is about thirty-seven miles in diameter, its narrow rim rising above the plain thirteen thousand feet; but upon its eastern side some of the turrets would overtop Mont Blanc by one thousand feet. Aliacensis is similar to its companion, but fifty miles in diameter.

Northward of this is a group of fine "walled plains," varying in size from sixteen miles in diameter up to one hundred and fifteen. Ptolemæus is the largest, and under proper illumination presents a surface all roughened with wavy ridges interspersed with not less than

forty-six of the smallest-sized basins, making it a very attractive locality for the telescopic traveller, though the rapidly-changing light unpleasantly shortens the period of his wanderings.

From this we enter a country remarkable for clefts, or long, narrow valleys, which, as is usual with this class of lunar formations, cleave to their bottom every object which happens to lie in their track.

Skirting now the Mare Vaporum, and leaving to our right the dark hollow of "Julius Cæsar," we arrive at Manilius, twenty-five miles in diameter, with its broad and peak-decorated rim, so brilliant even upon the night-side of the moon as to have been mistaken by the first Herschel for a volcano in action. Diverging a little to the right, we ascend the sloping sides of Menelaus, which, owing to its brightness, has also



A BASIN IN THE MOON.

been mistaken for a volcano in action, although its basin is about twenty miles in diameter and seven thousand feet deep. Several bright ridges radiate from it, marking the sedimentary remains of its former activity.

Standing upon the elevated rim of Menelaus, we take in at a glance the beautiful plain of Mare Serenitatis. To our right stretches out a long, slender promontory, half embaying the plain, separating it from that of Tranquillitatis, and having a kind of prolongation in a low smooth, serpentine range, which winds away to the northward for two hundred miles. Following the same general parallel but a hundred miles to the westward of this, the plain is traversed for nearly three-quarters of its entire length by a bright ridge, which is visible nearly to the base of Menelaus, and is midway surmounted by a small basin. As we follow this ridge to the northward, there lies to our left, over one hundred miles away, and about seventy-five within the boundary of the plain, the small ring-basin Linne, remarkable for the frequent appearance above it of the mystical white cloud which has so often perplexed astronomers.

Continuing our journey, we emerge from this plain through a rugged mountain-pass, leaving to our left the grand masses of the Caucasian Mountains, and upon our right the fine walled plain of Pusanianus, which contains a bright but minute little basin, over which has also appeared the mysterious white cloud.

Skirting along the eastern shore of the Mare Somnorum, rich in the wild scenery of mountain and valley, where the outlying spurs of the Caucasian Range break into bold promontories and deep inlets, we at length emerge from its rough but picturesque surroundings by winding through another intricate mountain-pass, from which we enter the "Lake of Death," a beautiful mountain-bound valley, one hundred and fifty miles long by about one hundred broad, surmounted near its centre by a very fine though not large ring-basin.

It is difficult to understand why this melancholy title should have been given to a spot so lovely. The King of Terrors could never have chosen this place for his abode, unless his tastes are preëminently artistic; for in the lake, and about it on every hand, the scenery is superb. Not far to the westward of its boundary are a pair of fine ring-plains—Eudoxus and Aristoteles, situated in a country having the appearance, at times, of being sprinkled with innumerable stars.

The wall of Eudoxus is finely terraced on the interior, and rises eleven thousand feet above the floor of the basin; upon the west its rampart is crowned by two peaks, of fifteen thousand feet each. Mount Etna, standing upon the plain, would be overtopped by its rampart, and dwarfed by its turrets.

Aristoteles is remarkable for the great variety of peak and terrace which compose its massive rim, and for minute hillocks which lie about it in rows, radiating from the centre; indeed, the whole country, between those plains and the Lacus Mortis, or Lake of Death, southward to the Caucasian Mountains, is luminous at times with brilliant points.

To the northward of the lake are also two fine circular plains, whose mountain boundaries are elaborately terraced and turreted; the wall of one is double in places, and includes a small basin of recent formation. Northward, still spreads out the "the walled plain" of Endymion, seventy-eight miles across; its massive ramparts rise fifteen thousand feet, and its turrets equal the highest peaks of the terrestrial Alps.

Journeying now to the southeast for five hundred miles, through a country abounding in mountain, plain, and valley, we at length arrive upon the northern bank of the great cleft of the Alps. This singular valley is about eighty-three miles long, varying in breadth from three and a half to five and a half miles, with a depth of twelve thousand feet. It breaks so direct through the highest of the Alps, as to suggest the idea that some mighty meteor had cloven the lunar world, plunging its resistless course in a straight line through the convex surface; though, doubtless, it is the relic of some internal convulsion long since forgotten.

Holding our course along the verge of the cleft, and making our way, as best we can, over and among the Alpine masses, we finally arrive upon the shores of the most remarkable of lunar "seas," "Mare Imbrium."

Before us, to the eastward, and breaking the long level line of the distant sea-like horizon, rises to the altitude of eight thousand feet, the pyramid-shaped outline of Pico, whose slender shadow, waxing

and waning in the rising and setting sun, forms a singularly effective picture from any point of view.

From the northern verge of the sea, the mountain-rim of "Plato" frowns like the battlements of some gigantic fortification, enclosing a very level, circular track, of sixty miles in diameter, and from which extends, to the eastward, a long reach of headlands and bays, whose abrupt shores are grand mountain-walls fronting the plain, and forming the northern boundary of "Mare Imbrium," the area of which is six times greater than that of the State of New York. The eastern side of this "sea" has no boundary, but is continued into the great Oceanus Procellarum, a dark plain three times greater still in extent of surface.

Seven hundred miles away to the southward, the shores of "Mare Imbrium" are bounded by the Apennines, the grandest mountain-chain upon the moon; their average height being nineteen thousand feet, but the cliffs* of Huyghens, which form part of the range, gain an altitude of twenty-one thousand feet, or very nearly four miles above the beautiful valley at their base. This range extends for three hundred miles, presenting to the "sea" an almost perpendicular front; to the eastward, they terminate against the rampart of a circular plain, thirty-two miles in diameter; but their westward extremity forms lower ranges and isolated peaks.

The slope of the Apennines, upon the side away from the "sea," is gradual, but, unlike the mountains of our earth, it is composed of ridges which run transverse to the general direction of the range, forming mountain-passes from the plain to the country beyond. The savage aspects of lowering mountain, and narrow, precipitous defile, presented by those passes, have, in all likelihood, not their equal upon earth, and in comparison with which the Yosemite Valley would dwindle into insignificance.

From the foot of the Apennines runs out into the "sea" a low and rugged plateau, surmounted here and there with masses of considerable magnitude, and, as if a sentient creative cause had loved to dally in and to decorate this beautiful region of the lunar world, three fine ring-basins, differing in size, just enough to give variety, are conspicuously grouped upon the western extension of the plateau, themselves flanked by jutting promontories and outlying mountains, from the bases of which spreads away such an infinite variety of brilliantly-sparkling points as to resemble at times a resolved nebula, and from which, in all probability, was derived its title of Palus Nebularum.

The valley below the range, deep, dark, and impressive, is so suggestive of life and animation, as to lure, at times, the telescopic traveller into dreamy wanderings among its scenery, until the long shadows of the setting sun admonish him that he is forgetting the sterner duties of the scientific observer.

Ascending one of the curious ridges which skirt the valley of the Apennines, and travelling to the eastward along its summit for a few hundred miles, we are conducted to the annular range of another grand basin, fifty six miles in diameter, and worthily named after the great philosopher Copernicus. An ascent of five thousand feet brings us to the apex of this mountain-ring, from which a view is obtained of so marked a character that the causes which fashioned the topography of the moon seem to have mapped themselves into a simple revelation at our feet.

From the centre of the plain a craggy mountain towers in savage grandeur to the height of twenty-four hundred feet, sending aloft six different peaks, which, jutting as they often do, from a field of impenetrable darkness, sparkle in the rays of the rising or setting sun like a star-group encircled far away by the points and threads of light which compose the summit of the rampart range, producing altogether a scene so strange as to recall us, from the contemplation of its splendor, to the realization of the fact that we are wandering among the vestiges of another and very different creation from those of our native world, and he who can perceive an analogy between such a structure and the puny crater of even the proudest terrestrial volcano, must be endowed with a poetic imagination richer far in its wild fancies than even the weird unearthly reality before us.

As the sun ascends above the horizon, we perceive that its rays illuminate long and intricate mountain-ridges, radiating in every direction away from the basin, in the immediate vicinity of which their converging mass forms an encircling table-land about the foot of the

* The small white dots at the foot of the cliffs show what some of our largest buildings would look like by comparison.

mountain-rim. Upon close inspection of those ridges we find that their forms undergo modifications by every obstruction which they encounter, and such as could only result from depositions by water flowing from the basin at their centre. About two hundred and fifty miles to the eastward, there rises from the same dark plain a basin of about twenty-two miles in diameter, named Kepler; two hundred miles to the northward of which rises still a third, somewhat larger, and which is named Aristarchus; those three basins form with each other a triangle, and have evidently been active during the same epoch, for the mountain-ridges which radiate from each are all equally smoothed, and overspread by the same dark tint which pervades all the ancient surface formations of the moon.

Where the ridges which project from the two lesser basins have met about half-way between their respective sources, a continuous embankment is thrown up by the opposing currents along the line of their encounter, and a section of which would be very well represented upon a small scale by the bars formed by the conflict of the waves and streams at the mouths of rivers which empty into the sea.

Where the flows from Aristarchus and Kepler encounter the greater volume from Copernicus, an embankment of not less than three hun-

The shadows of the rampart-wall cast upon the floor of the basin show those traces to be mere sedimentary drift, very little elevated above the surface; it is evident, therefore, that the flow, after finding its way through the fissures and passes of the mountain-rim, filled the basin up, and issued at the opposite side in obedience to the impulse impressed upon it from the direction of its source. A basin under such circumstances would exist as a deep lake, hence the sediment deposited would form a low, broad drift, such as characterizes those found upon the floors of walled plains.

The rays are but little higher at their source than at their termination, although those two extremes may be one thousand miles apart, and, as very slight frosts would prevent water from flowing over such gentle grades to such great distances throughout long-protracted epochs, it follows that the moon is not the frozen world that some philosophers suppose it to be, nor can it possess the insufferably hot climate attributed to it by others, as in that case the waters would have been dissipated by evaporation long before reaching the distance of one hundred miles from their source. It is well known that upon our earth the oppressive effects of solar heat are greatly modified by a dry atmosphere, like that of Australia; therefore, the absence of ex-



A CLEFT IN THE MOON.

dred miles long has been erected, forming a range which connects the table-lands of the two smaller basins, the superior flow having forced the inferior volumes back toward their sources in the relative proportion of the contending forces, leaving unmistakable records of the manner of their formation.

The regions overspread by those markings occupy the greater portion of a continuous system of dark plains, so extensive that it would require twelve hundred miles of travel to cross through the centre in any direction. The shores abound in wild and variegated scenery, and, everywhere upon the surface, hill and valley spread out before the traveller in bewildering variety.

The tops of those ridges appear as lines of light, which deepen into shade as we descend into the valleys. A telescopic observer, situated upon the moon, would see our own mountain-ranges presenting the same aspect. The tops, being more or less bare or abrupt, would glisten in the sunlight, deepening into shade as the vision descended into the valleys, for the increasing density of the foliage would absorb the light in the proportion of its luxuriance.

There are many examples to be found, especially in the fresh tracings of the more recently-formed surface, where rays traverse circular basins of many miles in diameter, proceeding for hundreds of miles beyond the walled plain without changing the original direction.

cessive evaporation upon the moon would imply a correspondingly temperate climate.

Under the impression that all is lifeless upon the moon, her dark plains have been classed as "desert wastes," in order to imply that they are merely the original soil smoothed down into a condition resembling the sands of our deserts, but the smoother any material is made the more light it will reflect, consequently those regions should be the brightest if they are mere wastes of lunar earth, and, as they are the smoothest as well as the darkest, it follows that the original surface-soil must have been overspread by something which has the power of absorbing light. Within the scope of our knowledge nothing could accomplish this result more effectually than vegetation, and even observers who have been almost bitterly opposed to the idea of life existing upon our associate planet have nevertheless placed upon record the fact that at times they have received through powerful telescopes distinct impressions of green color from those dark portions of the surface, and even periodical changes in different localities, which they have reluctantly admitted might possibly be due to alternations of seasons.

The impressions of color made upon the eye by those so-called seas is bluish-gray, which in the photograph always takes lighter than it appears, yet all lunar photographs represent them much darker

than they are seen by the eye, and, as this is exactly what occurs in photographing our own vegetation, it follows that their actual color is not bluish-gray, and that in all probability it is green.

The question occurs, however, What has become of the water which has left such unmistakable evidence of its former presence? The waters of our earth, in the form of vapor, ascend only a short distance above its surface and fall back again. If the moon has no atmosphere, as astronomers assert, then even the most attenuated vapor could not ascend an inch above its surface; therefore, whether that body has an atmosphere or not, water once there could never escape from it, hence there is water still upon the moon.

As a rule, the abraded condition of the larger ring-mountains implies remoteness of origin, while the regularity and sharpness of the smaller basins indicate their more recent formation. As the basins decrease in size, they also increase in numbers in a relative proportion, from which it appears that a progressive modification of the forces was brought about by the water ceasing to act in large masses and at a few points, thereby becoming gradually distributed so as to issue from an infinite number of points, and, therefore, in small quantities, and without violence; consequently, if we hope to find water upon the moon at all, we must look for it in small sheets and fountain-like basins.

Now, there are several classes of observations made upon the moon which still remain an enigma to the astronomer: for example, bright, sparkling, *starlike* points are sometimes observed for a few minutes only, disappearing, to be lost for years, until caught sight of again by some fortunate observer, only to be again lost for another indefinite period of time, though the locality may be surveyed with the most scrupulous care. Those spots never occupy a space of over four or five miles in diameter; they are not elevations, for they cast no shadows, and, if they were, they would be visible to us whenever the sun shone upon them—the same as a hemisphere would present a bright point when viewed from any direction, hence the question of their solution resolves itself into an optical problem.

Now, all light reflected from polished surfaces, such as glass, water, etc., has the appearance of starlight. If they are sheets of water, they will have their surfaces horizontal, and could only be seen by an observer at the earth when the sun was in such a position that its ray would be directed by the surface on to the particular spot occupied by the observer, and at the exact moment of his observation. Owing to the rapidly-changing position of the three bodies, the reflected ray could only remain in the telescope for a few minutes when the spot, though still in the telescope and steadily watched by the observer, would cease to sparkle, because the surface of the lunar lake had ceased to subtend to the position of the sun and the observer the required angle of incidence and reflection, and, though that point upon the moon's surface may be watched with the greatest care during every subsequent lunation, yet it may never again be seen to sparkle by an observer situated at the same place, because the track of the spark across the earth might never again pass through that point of observation.

When these sparkles pass out of the telescope, the spots which emit them turn dark, and are usually described as "shadows," which they cannot be, as there are no corresponding elevations to cast shadows, therefore the changes must be due to the fact that they reflect the dark field of the sky, which takes the place of the sun as soon as that body moves from the particular position from which its light was reflected into the telescope.

The plain of Mare Crisium is sometimes seen to sparkle with minute spots and streaks of light. Now, if it were a sheet of water, we would have a broad reflection from its surface whenever the sun and some fortunate observer sustained to each other and to the reflecting surface the required angles of incidence and reflection. Small sheets of water distributed over the plain would represent sections of a broad sheet, because the surface of all would be alike horizontal, and would, therefore, make their appearance to an observer upon the earth all at the same time, just as they would have done with the rest of the surface had they been portions of a great sheet; hence their appearance and disappearance all together demonstrates that they are horizontal reflecting surfaces. "It would be difficult to say," observes Webb, "why, if these are permanent, they are so seldom visible." Their permanency is established by the fact that they always reappear in the same places, but their reappearance at the same points upon the earth's surface is no more to be expected than that

of a total eclipse; indeed, not so much, because in the latter case the great size of the moon would make a small error imperceptible, but, in calculating the path of a mere spark across the earth, a very small error would be fatal to the success of the reobservation. The realization of the calculated reappearance of those starlike points of light at certain periods and certain places will open a new chapter which may teem with important revelations to the science of astronomy.

The assertion that spectroscopic analysis demonstrates the absence of water from the lunar surface merely proves that the functions of the spectroscope are sometimes misunderstood, as it is not moonlight but reflected sunlight which comes to us from that body, hence the impossibility of gaining any knowledge of the physical nature of our satellite by the aid of that instrument.

No vapor could ascend an inch above the surface of our own earth if there were no atmosphere; therefore, the white clouds which have so often been observed above the small lunar basins, demonstrate the existence of a lunar atmosphere, and all photographs of solar eclipses show a very distinct halo projecting from the dark disk of the moon over the luminous surface of the sun, and, as no such halo projects in upon the disk of the sun from the dark field of the surrounding sky, it follows that the halo is due to some refracting medium surrounding the moon, which must be substantially an atmosphere.

CHARLES B. BOYLE.

OUR BOY.

WILLIE has had eleven years' experience of life, and has been allowed to develop according to Nature. This good dame is said to be bountiful in her law of compensation, and will probably bring to our boy some great good later in life, to balance the numberless ills to which all boy-flesh is heir. I have adhered to the theory, that much government of youngsters is hurtful, unless they happen to come of a bad stock, and I have been content to lay no other burden upon Willie than the prohibition of lying, which law is understood to be inflexible and eternal. Of course I am obliged to expostulate, ever and anon, as some new and startling development of boy-nature is manifested, but I have never had to inflict punishment, and do not often administer reproof. I paid him fifty cents in silver, some years ago, for his promise "not to shoot off matches in the house," and I keep my powder-horn locked up. I think he groans inwardly, under the sense of disability he bought with that half-dollar, but he adheres to the contract manfully. The powder-horn was locked up, because I found him, on the last national anniversary, behind the kitchen, trying pyrotechnical experiments. He had abstracted a coal from the range, and was pouring a steady stream of powder upon it. The experiment failed, because the coal was extinct. There is certainly a special Providence hedging about a boy's life, whatever may be the truth of the doctrine beyond the adolescent period.

I spent an entire day at home, recently, and, it being Saturday, Willie was at home also. It occurred to me that a good opportunity was here presented to investigate the manners and customs of the animal boy in his native state. He had conquered his lessons on Friday night. I overheard him reciting to himself his geographical studies, which appeared to be a list of provinces in Hindostan. He covered the page with his hand, while he sung out his "jography" in this fashion: "Scinde, Agimeer, Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Dicksloo, Allogoslum, Hulker, Pulker, Peelersgum, Francis!" In looking over the book afterward, I could not find all these provinces set down. He was equally accurate in his task in syntax, making strange confusion with the rule and the example. He rattled the grammar-lesson off glibly, thus: "A word is a verb which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer—as—(Example) a woman, a duck, a hen!" However, he went to bed satisfied, and slept the sleep of the just.

At breakfast on Saturday the young gentleman appeared with his ordinary shining morning face. I am not entirely satisfied that the rigid adherence to our rule of matutinal ablutions is according to Nature. Willie goes through the ceremony every day, but he has once or twice plaintively wished that he were a horse, so that he could be "cleaned off with a curry-comb, like pony." Perhaps there is in boys a latent hydrophobia, which is checked and controlled by these diurnal inflictions. Anyhow, the custom is time-honored, and I do not like to introduce innovations, so Willie has to submit to the daily scouring. With carefully-arranged hair, polished face, and

clean attire, our boy is pretty well disguised when he appears at the morning meal, but he grows into his normal condition before the day is old.

He commenced the day's regular operations by falling, head-foremost, down the main staircase, starting with a pitcher of water, and reaching the bottom with the pitcher-handle in his grasp. He turned over twice or thrice during the transit, striking his head against the wall and balustrades with violence sufficient to brain half a dozen men, and when he got to the bottom howled dismally. He was dried and comforted (I gave him a greenbacked dollar, and promised him a new four-bladed knife), and I think he was a good deal refreshed by the exercise. He felt that the day was begun. The fragments of the shattered crockery were gathered up, and the innocent little darling was once more turned loose upon the world. There were two or three new phrenological developments on the surface of his cranium, but no new manifestations of character. The organ of benevolence was very materially enlarged by the contact with a thick oaken baluster, for I saw him ten minutes later twisting the cat's tail until she sneezed and yelled hideously. She escaped at last, and took refuge in the cherry-tree. Of course, this could only be a temporary relief. In half an hour she was stoned out, and fled across the yard, and over the fence, with her ordinary tail multiplied by three, in diameter, and with a back that surpassed the most astounding Grecian bend I ever saw on Broadway.

From the window of my library is visible the larger part of Willie's usual *habitat*, and during the day he furnished me many opportunities for investigating his habits. He is proprietor of the most extraordinary "dorg" that I have yet encountered, and, in the present condition of the quadruped, it would be difficult to assign him his proper place in the canine family. His ears have been scalloped on one side, and cut into points on the other. His caudal appendage has been shortened to an inch. This curtailment was effected under Willie's directions, when Sneak, that is, the dorg, was caught in the act of egg-sucking. Thus shorn of his fair proportions, Sneak is still a dog of parts. His master has taught him to go lame in one leg, to sit up on end and "beg," and to haul his wagon about the yard. So, when I heard the clatter of Willie's wagon under my window, and his stentorian orders to his "team," I peeped through the blind to study his equipage. To my intense astonishment he was driving double. Sneak was on the off-side of the pole, and a pet Berkshire pig on the other. They were harnessed with twine, eked out by bits of old bridles for traces. It was evident, at the first glance, that the porker was not well broken. He was balky and obstinate, and Willie had his hands full. The dorg-horse was kind and gentle, and wagged his absurd stump of a tail vigorously, even while sorely perplexed by the erratic course of his "match." I foresaw the catastrophe, which came in due time. Piggy bolted, tore himself and the vehicle clear of Sneak, and galloped off to the stable, scattering the fragments of the wagon to the right and left. It was a regular smash-up.

At noon, Willie came in to luncheon. The regulations at this repast only require clean hands and face, and large liberty in the matter of attire is granted. Our boy's habiliments were somewhat the worse for wear and tear, but his digestive powers were unimpaired. The quantity of bread and butter, cold beef, and cake, that he put out of sight would have kept a small family of adults a week. I inquired into the results of the "runaway," expecting a doleful complaint of loss; but Willie assured me that the damage was inconsiderable. "I got that wagon last Christmas, pa," he observed, "and it was 'most broke anyhow." I then asked if he was satisfied with the result of his attempt to train piggy, and received a reply in the negative, very promptly. "I'll fix piggy," he remarked, "after lunch." The young gentleman did not seem at all disconcerted, and I felt that he might be safely left to his own resources.

My neighbor is a very enterprising market-gardener, and probably a valuable member of society, but our intercourse is limited to purely business transactions. He also is the possessor of a boy, a few years older than Willie, and far more advanced in worldly knowledge. I have had a lurking suspicion, for some time, that this youth, whose name is Dicky, is not precisely the associate I would select for Willie, and have consequently rather discouraged their intercourse. Dicky does not trespass on my premises very frequently, and the colloquies betwixt the boys are usually conducted through the partition fence. When I saw them together at the stable, after luncheon, I was tempted to call my boy into the library, and sacrifice an illustrated

volume to his entertainment. Before I acted upon this impulse, the *dénouement* arrived.

An unusual uproar, a mixture of yells, squeals, and grunts, drew me to the window, and I saw Willy astride of piggy, who was goaded into a gallop by Dicky and a sharp stick. Piggy had been indulging in a luxurious wallow, and his coat was not at all nice, but Willie was not particular. He sat his gallant steed with the air of a centaur, his knees claspings the reeking sides, one hand grasping the off ear, and the other waving in triumph over his head. Dicky faithfully performed his duties, and poked his stick into ham and shoulder industriously and mercilessly. The porker doubled at short angles, evidently trying to unseat his rider, who clung to him with the tenacity of death. At last, the trio came down the path by the garden, with the sweep of a tornado. Willie was dashed against the palings, and the tortured pig escaped. The last I saw of him was the curl in his tail, as he tore out into the main road, hotly pursued by Dicky.

No bones were broken. Our boy was bathed and dressed for dinner in due time. I looked at him that night, as he lay in his crib, rosy and serene in peaceful slumber, and marvelled that his small body could contain so large a quantity of what is commonly called the devil.

A. JONES.

UNDERSONG.

LATE—soon or late,
The longest day hath end;
If the summer wait,

The winter still must wend
With sad steps and slow unto the fields of Fate.

In the frozen wail
Of the wintry wind,
Like a joyous tale
From fair lips and kind,
Sound the sweet forebodings of the summer gale.

Though the wasteful snow
Lieth wide and deep,
Spring shall come and go;
Night is more than sleep—
From the night and winter brighter things shall grow.

Storm and sun are born
Of an equal birth;
Day that knew no morn,
Joy that hath no dearth,
Were but things to make our sweetest thoughts forlorn.

Starry wonders swing
In their ceaseless round—
Were the night a thing
Thought had never found,
Vain were all the songs the stars of morning sing.

Tears were made for men,
Joy was made for tears;
Hope is hopeless, when
It hath no human fears—
Love is dead that lieth all within our ken.

Nations are but things
Born from death of nations;
Great rejoicing springs
Best from lamentations—
Death is Life, if there a new creation clings.

Peace hath root in wars—
Its ripe fruits are battles;
Desolation mars—
The loud thunder rattles,
But the bow of peace still sits among the stars.

L. BRUCE MOORE.

TABLE-TALK.

ONE of our city journals, which habitually pays much attention to the leading topics of scientific and intellectual discussion, lately gave its readers a lively sketch of the last results of Darwinism in an account of the coming man, that is to say, of man as he will be in the future when the great Darwinian principle of natural selection has perfected its work, and the process of evolution, or development, has been carried on for a million years or so. The account professes to be based on disclosures of Mr. Darwin's private views and speculations made by an intimate friend of the philosopher now in this country on the staff of the English High Commission. This imaginary disciple of the great master is made to represent that the chief agent in modifying the coming man will be his diet. Heretofore man has lived upon the vegetable and animal organisms by which he was surrounded. Fruits, plants, and animals, have been his diet. But is this necessary? Is it not possible that a food may yet be discovered which, while organic and susceptible of sustaining life, need not necessarily be embodied in any form of vegetable or animal life? In other words, may not synthetic chemistry come to our aid in supplying concentrated food which will replace the bulkier and grosser forms of vegetable and animal aliment? In fact, this is already being done. Immense strides have been made of late years in this direction. Even your grocer deals in extracts of beef and condensed milk and concentrated coffee, and the druggists are selling chemical food already in the shape of the syrup of hypophosphites. We now are beginning to learn of what chemical constituents our bodies are composed. This has been discovered for us by analytic chemistry, and, indeed, nearly all chemistry so far has been analytic. It has disintegrated—it has taken apart nearly if not quite all the materials of the universe about us. We now know pretty nearly of what every thing about us is composed, but synthetic chemistry is of comparatively recent origin, and consists of the putting together of the particles of matter about us and forming new combinations. It is now discovered that chemistry can give us organic matter without the necessity for its having gone through any form of organic life. Urea and a host of other organic materials can be made by chemists. There is no end to the possibilities of synthetic chemistry. Now, if in the waste of the human body we can find out the material necessary to repair that waste, clearly we are on the road to getting rid of animal and vegetable food. If the disintegration of our bodies is a matter of pure chemical decomposition, which is discoverable, and if it is possible to put materials together which will repair the waste of our bodies, why may not the chemist take from the inorganic earth about us such material as he needs, and supply what is required to the reformation of our systems? The German scientists have discovered that there is no thought without phosphorus, and so of all the material which goes to compose our muscles, nerves, bones, fat, etc., we are aware that they are built up

from certain constituents about us, and the supplying of those constituents will give us a food which will render unnecessary the slaughter of innocent animals and the eating of gross vegetable products. Eating will then be one perpetual delight, and there will be no more dyspepsia, because nothing will be taken into the system which the system may not appropriate. This will gradually work an important change in the human form. The man of the future, eating a food in which there will be no waste, will have less strain upon his abdominal regions. In time the stomach will shrink, the liver will become smaller, the intestinal canal will diminish and shorten, the kidneys will not be so active or so much used, and will hence decrease in size. The race of "pot-bellied" men, men of huge round paunches, will decrease and pass away, while a race with small abdominal regions, and with their organs of digestion reduced to a minimum, will take their place. At the same time the superior regions of the body—the lungs, and especially the brain—under the improved conditions which will exist when this food is being eaten, will enlarge very greatly. Whatever is used most will acquire a constant tendency to increase. As the powerful jaw and terrible neck of the lion are increased, generation by generation, while his stomach decreases by his habit of life, so, too, will the tremendous brain of the man, and his vast nervous energy, called into being by this new food, give us a race with huge lungs and of mighty brain-space. The brain will need great blood-vessels to give it strength, and these will create a necessity for deriving an unusual amount of oxygen from the air. In short, the man of the future will have a shrunken belly, a great breast and neck, and a mighty head surmounting all. He will also be without teeth, because he will have no use for them. And, as the infant of the future will be fed on artificial food chemically prepared for its best nourishment, great changes will take place in the female form, which it is not necessary to specify. It will be seen by those who have read "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man," and have mastered the principles of Darwinism, that these speculations as to the man of the future are far more reasonable and plausible, and have much more of a real scientific basis, than Mr. Darwin's theories as to the man of the past. It is but the first step that costs, and, if we admit at all the theory that natural selection rules the universe instead of God, we need not be startled or shocked at any lengths to which it may carry us.

— Lord Brougham's autobiography, written at the age of ninety, has just begun to be published, the first of the three large volumes of which it consists having been issued in England. So far, the work is kindly and modest in tone, without any trace of the asperity which Brougham was wont to exhibit toward his opponents, and with little of his characteristic egotism. As the work of a man of such great age, it is surprisingly vigorous in thought and style. It contains some curious anecdotes of life in Scotland at the close of the last century. Among others, for instance, he quotes a letter which he wrote

from Stornoway, in 1799, in which he states that he and his companions are uniformly dead drunk at night. On one occasion, four of them drank twelve bottles of port at a single sitting, of which Brougham drank four and a half bottles. During his university life at Edinburgh, after working hard at their studies all day, he and some of his fellow-students—all of them youths of good families—would assemble at what we should call an oyster-saloon, or at the Apollo Club, where the orgies were more of the "high jinks" than of the calm or philosophical debating order. "Sometimes," he says, "these nocturnal meetings had endings that in no small degree disturbed the tranquillity of the good town of Edinburgh. I cannot tell how the fancy originated, but one of our constant exploits, after an evening at the Apollo, or at Johnny's, was to parade the streets of the New Town, and wrench the brass knockers off the doors, or tear out the brass handles of the bells! No such ornaments existed in the Old Town; but the New Town, lately built, abounded in sea-green doors and huge brazen devices, which were more than our youthful hands could resist. The number we tore off must have been prodigious, for I remember a large dark closet in my father's house, of which I kept the key, and which was literally filled with our *spolia opima*. We had no choice but to hoard them, for it is pretty obvious we could not exhibit or otherwise dispose of them. It was a strange fancy, and must have possessed some extraordinary fascination; for it will be scarcely credited, and yet it is as true as gospel, that so late as March, 1803, when we gave a farewell-banquet (I think at Fortune's Hotel) to Horner, on his leaving Edinburgh forever to settle in London, we, accompanied by the grave and most sedate Horner (*ætat.* twenty-five, or, to speak quite correctly, twenty-four years and seven months), sallied forth to the North Bridge, and then halted in front of Mr. Manderson the druggist's shop, where I, hoisted on the shoulders of the tallest of the company, placed myself on the top of the doorway, held on by the sign, and twisted off the enormous brazen serpent which formed the explanatory announcement of the business that was carried on within. I forget the end of the adventure; but I rather think the city-guard exhibited unusual activity on that occasion, and that we had a hard run for it." Lord Brougham says that his father was very fond of telling the following ghost-story: "He had been dining in Dean's Yard, Westminster, with a party of young men, one of whom was his intimate friend, Mr. Calmel. There was some talk about the death of a Mrs. Nightingale, who had recently died under some melancholy circumstances, and had been buried in the abbey. Some one offered to bet that no one of those present would go down into the grave and drive a nail into the coffin. Calmel accepted the wager, only stipulating that he might have a lantern. He was accordingly let into the cathedral by a door out of the cloisters, and there left to himself. The dinner-party, after waiting an hour or more for Calmel, began to think something must have happened to him, and that he ought to be looked after. So my father and

two or three more got a light, and went to the grave, at the bottom of which lay the apparently dead body of Mr. Calmel. He was quickly transported to the prebend's dining-room, and recovered out of his fainting-fit. As soon as he could find his tongue, he said: 'Well, I have won my wager, and you'll find the nail in the coffin; but, by Jove! the lady rose up, laid hold of me, and pulled me down before I could scramble out of the grave.' Calmel stuck to his story, in spite of all the scoffing of his friends; and the ghost of Mrs. Nightingale would have been all over the town but for my father's obstinate incredulity. Nothing would satisfy him but an ocular inspection of the grave and coffin; and so, getting a light, he and some of the party returned to the grave. There, sure enough, was the nail, well driven into the coffin; but hard fixed by it was a bit of Mr. Calmel's coat-tail! So there was an end of Mrs. Nightingale's ghost. This grave afterward became remarkable for a very beautiful piece of sculpture, by some celebrated artist, representing Mr. Nightingale vainly attempting to ward from his dying wife the dart of death."

— A correspondent sends us the following note, the correctness of which we see no reason to doubt: "Among the miscellaneous articles of the last number of the JOURNAL you speak of the great gun recently cast at the Royal Arsenal in England as being the largest in the world. This is a mistake. There is a gun at Fort Hamilton, Long Island, that far exceeds the English gun in size and weight. It weighs one hundred and sixteen thousand five hundred and forty-nine pounds, which is over fifty-eight and a quarter tons, while the English gun weighs but thirty-five tons. It carries a ball of one thousand pounds' weight; the English gun, a shot weighing but seven hundred pounds. Its service-charge is one hundred pounds of powder, which can be increased to one hundred and fifty. It is twenty feet in length, and is capable of propelling a ball to a distance of three miles. I think this beats the Englishman considerably." There is, however, still a larger gun, of Krupp manufacture, owned by the Prussian Government, which was at the French Exhibition, and which, according to a recent article in the *Gartenlaube*, throws a solid steel shot weighing eleven hundred Prussian pounds, encased in two hundred pounds of lead.

— The article on "The Scenery of the Moon," in our present number, is by a scientific gentleman of this city, who has made our satellite a special study for many years, with the aid of a good telescope. It will be seen that he comes to conclusions very different from those entertained by the astronomers who regard the moon as a "dead planet," utterly devoid of air and water—the great essentials of life. He thinks there is evidence of the presence of water, and also of air, though the atmosphere is undoubtedly scanty, compared with that of the earth. He is also confident that signs of vegetation can be discerned. We have much confidence in the sagacity of our contributor, whose views, we know, are based on long and careful observation, and whose descriptions of lunar scenery are not at all imaginary nor conjectural.

Literary Notes.

SOME excitement has been created in literary circles in Spain, by the announcement that a learned bibliophile, Don Fabian Hernandez of Santander, proposes to publish a new edition of "Don Quixote." Señor Hernandez, states that he "has discovered the original of this immortal work, and avails himself of such discovery to reproduce it as Cervantes penned it, freed from the corruptions of copyists, commentators, and printers." The specimens given by Señor Hernandez of his emendations, display much study and ingenuity, and indicate that the Santander edition will be one to raise the curiosity of all students of "the great book of the one-handed hero of Lepanto."

At the sitting of the 30th of January, the French Academy learned the death of M. Gustav Lambert, who was engaged in preparing an expedition to the North Pole when the war broke out, and who had been badly wounded at Montretaut when fighting at the head of a company of National Guards which he commanded. M. Elie de Beaumont read a memoir sent four years ago by the enterprising intended explorer. Before leaving Paris for his last fight, he had sent to the *Défense Nationale* a memoir on the means of communications between Paris and the Provinces.

Prince Pueckler-Muskau, who died the other day at the ripe age of eighty-six, at his splendid estate near Cottbus, left a very singular will, in which occurs the following passage: "As for my cash, I believe there is little left of the millions which I received during my long life. My steward knows more about it than I. My heirs will confer a favor on me if they will use part of that money for buying up all the copies of my works which they can find, and destroying them."

The *North British Review*, after a checkered existence of five-and-twenty years, ends with the current number. It was started by the Free Kirk, and died in the hands of the liberal Roman Catholics who conducted the *Home and Foreign Review* and the weekly newspaper, the *Chronicle*. Like the latter, it is said to have been killed by the hieroglyphs which adorned its pages.

"Recollections of the Public Career and Private Life of the late John Adolphus," the well-known barrister and historian, with extracts from his diaries, by his daughter, Mrs. Henderson, widow of the late Captain Andrew Henderson, is announced for publication in London.

The literature of the war will be voluminous, and let us hope that much of it may have a title to permanent interest. Among volumes forthcoming are "A Journal of the Siege of Paris," by the Hon. O. Bingham, and "Lucie's Diary of the Siege of Strasbourg," by a young lady of Alsace.

Goldschmidt, the Danish literary critic, says, in the last number of his review, that few Danish authors have ever received two hundred dollars for any book of theirs. So limited is the sale of Danish books that the first edition of any work rarely exceeds five hundred copies.

Scribe's widow is very wealthy. She receives over thirty thousand francs a year on the copyrights of her husband's plays. The *libretto* of "L'Africaine" alone has hitherto yielded her nine thousand francs.

In July next the Crown-princess of Prussia will publish her book on "Female Labor," which has been in print for several years, but for some reason or other withheld from publication.

Alphonse Karr, the famous French author, has lost his whole fortune by unsuccessful horticultural speculations, and now ekes out a somewhat precarious living by writing articles for the newspapers.

Maurice Sand, George Sand's son, has nearly completed a book entitled "La Honte de la France," which is said to contain highly-interesting disclosures about the secret history of the second empire.

Thiers's works have suddenly become more popular than ever in Europe. New editions of them are advertised in Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Spain.

A life of Washington Irving, in German, by Adolph Laun, a popular writer, has been published in Berlin.

Mr. Arthur Helps has collected and revised his "Conversations on War and General Culture," for immediate publication.

The death is announced of Jacob Venedey, well known in Germany as a writer on political and historical subjects.

Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, has a volume of sermons on "Modern Infidelity" in preparation for the press.

Among recently-published translations from the English into Russian, we notice one of the "Leviathan" of Hobbes, by Seraphin.

In the year 1870 eight hundred and forty-one novels were published in Germany, over half of which were written by ladies.

A complete translation of Shakespeare's plays into modern Greek, in twenty small volumes, has recently been published in Athens.

Holme Lee and Hamilton Aidé have each a novel in the press.

Dumas left the unpublished manuscripts of twenty-three novels and fourteen plays.

Edmond About has been engaged to write for the London *Telegraph*.

Scientific Notes.

The Fuel of the Sun.

A RECENT English writer, W. M. Williams, in an astronomical work on the fuel of the sun, argues that all space is filled with an ether or atmosphere of which what we breathe is only a condensation produced by the attraction of the earth. All the planets and stars attract their own atmospheres from this general atmosphere in which the globes float and move like fish in the ocean.

Mr. Williams calculates the pressure of the sun's atmosphere upon any given area of his surface as equal to the pressure of fifteen thousand two hundred and thirty-three earthly atmospheres. Those figures are only approximate, but are under rather than overstated, because any estimate of the diameter of the body of the sun must be of a most hypothetical and doubtful character. Putting together and comparing the various descriptions of different observers, there are good grounds for concluding that the real body of the sun has never been seen at all.

The most important result, our author infers, of such a vast accumulation of solar atmosphere, is the evolution of heat which must be produced by the compression of the lower strata. If the pressure that can be exerted by the human hand upon the piston of a condensing syringe is capable, in spite of the surrounding conductors, of producing sufficient heat to ignite a piece of German tinder, what must be the consequence of the enormous pressure of this vast atmosphere!

Now, all the records of human observation indicate that, during the historical period, no sensible increase or diminution of the solar light and heat has occurred; and the incomparably older records of geological history point to the same conclusion. No theory of the sources of solar heat and light can be sound which fails to explain this degree of permanency. There also exists in the human mind an almost irresistible *a priori* belief in the permanency of the universe, which is usually strongest in those who have the most deeply studied its mechanism. A further examination shows that no extinction of the sun—even at the remotest conceivable period—no gradual diminution of his energies, need be feared; but that when once a certain normal amount of radiation has been attained, it will be maintained eternally both by our sun and by all the other suns that are surrounded by dependent planets. The fresh supply of fuel is supplied by the progressive motion of the greater orbs and the reacting gravitation of their attendant worlds. The process is assumed to take place in this wise:

Our sun is travelling through space with a velocity which has been computed at from four to five hundred thousand miles per day. Now, if the hypothesis of a universal atmosphere is correct, the sun must, of necessity, encounter some resistance in his passage through it. This resistance will obviously be applied to the outer regions of his atmosphere, which, being fluid, will yield to such resistance, and a portion will be left behind. But the sun will obtain his share of the general medium, which of course will be obtained from that portion of space into which he is progressing.

Let us now see what will be the amount of the fresh fuel thus supplied to the sun. The daily supply will be equal in bulk to the contents of a cylinder having a diameter equal to that of the sun and his attendant atmosphere, and whose length is four or five hundred thousand miles. Taking this diameter at nine hundred thousand miles, and the length of the cylinder at four hundred and fifty thousand miles, its cubic contents will be 286,278,300,000,000,000 cubic miles. Mr. Williams assumes that the inter-stellar atmosphere has a density of only one hundred-thousandth part of that of our atmosphere at the level of the sea. A cubic mile of such rarefied air would weigh rather more than fifty tons. The total weight of the daily cylinder of fresh fuel will thus be in round numbers one hundred and sixty-five millions of millions of tons per second.

But the furnace of the sun, like our humble furnaces on earth, requires not only a continuous supply of fuel, but a stoker to feed and stir it. Now, the planetary attendants of the sun perform this duty with untiring vigilance and efficiency. The actual effect of planetary gravitation on the sun is to produce a disturbance of the kind required, although in a most irregular manner. The planetary motions are so complex, and their relative positions are so perpetually changing, that the position of the general centre of gravity, in relation to the mass of the sun, is never the same for two consecutive seconds. In all probability, the greater portion of the bulk of the sun consists of gase-

ous matter, and the "nucleus" is only a comparatively small kernel in the midst of the gaseous mass. These forces, therefore, are quite sufficient to produce an enormous amount of disturbance in the solar atmosphere—a complication of clashing tides, and the consequent formation of mighty maelstroms, vortices and cyclones, hurricanes and tornadoes, of fury inconceivable to the dwellers upon this comparatively tranquil earth. Whether we regard the nucleus of the sun as reeling irregularly in the midst of his profound fluid envelope, or his atmosphere as dragged here by Jupiter, there by Venus, hither by the Earth, thither by Saturn, and everywhere in the mean time by the vivacious Mercury, we cannot fail to perceive in planetary attraction an agent for perpetually stirring up and mingling together the various strata of the solar atmosphere. By means of this agency, the vigorous and newly-arriving fuel must be whirled into the midst of the sun's photosphere, while huge upheavals of thermally-exhausted matter must find their way again to the upper regions of the rarefied atmosphere, where that matter will be cooled by re-expansion below the general temperature of the inter-planetary medium, and then swept round and carried into the wake of the sun.

That an actual connection between the disturbances of the solar atmosphere and the position of the planets does exist, is shown by the observations of Mr. Carrington, who finds that the varying distances of Jupiter affect the development of spots, which are more abundant when this planet is farthest from the sun. M. Rudolph Wolf, of Bern, has observed that, besides the well-known period of a little more than eleven years, there is also another period of maximum spot-development of about fifty-six years, which Mr. Balfour Stewart has shown to correspond very nearly with the epoch at which Jupiter and Saturn come to aphelion together.

Mr. Grove, in his inaugural address to the British Association, 1866, propounded the following questions: "Our sun, our earth, and planets are constantly radiating heat into space; so in all probability are the other suns, the stars, and their attendant planets. What becomes of the heat thus radiated into space? If the universe has no limit—and it is difficult to conceive one—there is a constant evolution of heat and light; and yet more is given off than is received by each cosmical body, for otherwise night would be as light and as warm as day. What becomes of the enormous force thus apparently non-recurrent in the same form? Does it return as palpable motion? Does it move, or contribute to move, suns and planets?"

Mr. Williams thinks he may venture to answer those questions, having shown that the heat thus radiated in space is received by the general atmospheric medium; is gathered again by the breathing of wandering suns, who inspire, as they advance, the breath of universal heat, and light, and life; then by impact, compression, and radiation, they concentrate and redistribute its vitalizing power; and after its work is done, expire it in the broad wake of their retreat, leaving a track of cool exhausted ether—the ash-pits of the solar furnaces—to reabsorb the general radiations, and thus maintain the eternal round of life.

high honors in 1844. After the February revolution in 1848, he became Lamartine's secretary in the Department of Foreign Affairs. Bastide, some time afterward, offered him the mission to Rio de Janeiro; but he preferred to remain in Paris as assistant editor of the *Evenement*, a journal founded by his father. For an article on the death-penalty, which created a great sensation at the time, he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. Following his father into exile after the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, he lived most of the time in Brussels, where he wrote a number of pamphlets, and corresponded with several leading radical papers. His journalistic ability was very great. Thus, for instance, after Rochefort had fled with his *Lanterne* from Paris to Brussels, Charles Hugo, one day, when Rochefort was sick, wrote the whole paper, cleverly imitating Rochefort's style, and producing a better issue than the latter. In 1869 he returned with his brother François to Paris, and began the publication of the daily *Rappel*.

The Duke de Rivoli, grandson of Napoleon's celebrated marshal, was elected commander of a battalion of Franc-tireurs, formed at Nice, and sent with his men to the Army of the Vosges. When Garibaldi was appointed commander-in-chief of that army, the duke became very indignant, and declared at a coffee-house in Dole that he would not fight under Garibaldi. Several officers went to the latter, and urged him to send the duke before a court-martial. "Oh, no," replied Garibaldi; "if the Duke de Rivoli does not want to fight, let him go home." The duke's men, upon hearing this, immediately elected another commander, and he himself had to leave the town very precipitately, in order to escape personal violence.

A correspondent of the *Berlin Exchange Gazette*, writing from Coburg, asserted, some time ago, that Queen Victoria had been systematically deceived by people living in Coburg, who had solicited favors from her on the ground that they had been intimately acquainted with Prince Albert during his youth, and that most of her charities there had been bestowed upon unworthy persons. Some time afterward, the correspondent in question received a letter from the queen's secretary, in which he was requested to send specifications of his charges, so that the impostors might be prosecuted.

Jean-Jacques Offenbach, who has lost at least one hundred thousand francs by the war between France and Germany, has recently found out that misfortunes never come alone. His operettes are no longer performed in Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, where they were formerly very popular; and now the Turkish police, for some reason or other, has prohibited the representation of his "*Grande-Duchesse*" and "*Belle Hélène*" at Constantinople, Pera, and Smyrna.

A hundred thousand copies of the "Secret Correspondence of the Second Empire, found in the Tuileries," have thus far been sold in Paris. A curious fact is, that the seven letters written by the Empress Eugénie, which this collection contains, are full of gross orthographical blunders.

Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, Victor Emmanuel's daughter, it is said, intends to leave her royal husband and return to her father. It has been generally known at Lisbon, for some time past, that the king treats her with brutality, and has even frequently struck her with his cane.

Foreign Items.

CHARLES VICTOR HUGO, Victor Hugo's son, who died the other day in Paris, was born in the year 1826, and educated at the Charlemagne College, where he graduated with

It is now authoritatively stated that neither Prince Richard de Metternich nor M. de Lesseps, as was at first reported, assisted the Empress Eugénie in her flight from the Tuileries. The only person who helped her to escape from Paris was Dr. Evans, the American dentist.

All the statues erected to the heroes of the second empire in France have been destroyed. The metal of the equestrian statue of Napoleon III. was used at the cannon-foundry in Paris; and Morny's statue at Trouville, and Billaud's statue at Nantes, were simply destroyed.

Every German family whose head was killed during the war with France will receive, out of the indemnity-fund paid by France, the sum of one thousand thalers, besides the regular military pension.

The last descendant of the celebrated Thérèse Cabarrus, who played so conspicuous a part in the first French Revolution after she had married Tallien, died, a few weeks ago, of wounds received at the battle of Beaumont.

Verdi, the Italian composer, is such a spendthrift that, despite the large copyrights which he has received for his operas during the past twenty years, he is said to be quite poor.

The city in Europe which has the smallest number of daily papers in proportion to its population is Moscow. Only four dailies are published there, and only one of these four has a respectable circulation.

The Empress Augusta and the Crown-princess Victoria, during the war, broke to nearly one thousand persons the sad news that relatives of theirs had been either killed or dangerously wounded in France.

The famous publishing-house of Mame & Co., at Tours, has lost upward of a million francs by the suspension of its operations for about five months.

Jules Valles, who formerly defended the *coup d'état*, and was one of the most abject flatterers of Napoleon III., is now editor-in-chief of an ultra red-republican journal.

Five sonatas, written by Mozart, and which have never been published before, were found, the other day, at the Episcopal Library in Salzburg.

All of Mazzini's relatives are in very humble circumstances. His niece keeps a small fruit-store in Genoa, and one of his nephews has a private school in Syracuse.

Urbano Rattazzi received, the other day, for conducting an important lawsuit, a fee of fifty thousand lire, said to be the largest paid to an Italian lawyer for many years past.

One hundred ladies of Colmar have signed a pledge to wear mourning until Alsace is restored to France.

They say, in Madrid, that King Amadeo's favorite amusement is playing whist with his three Italian adjutants.

The last balloon sent from Paris, previous to the capitulation, was, strangely enough, named Cambronne.

Eckmann-Chatrion lost part of their library during the bombardment of Phalsbourg.

Miscellany.

Japan.

THE three thousand eight hundred and fifty islands that make up Japan bear a population of about thirty-four millions; the greater portion is a simple peasantry, whose principal occupations are agriculture and fishing, and who are no better than serfs. They subsist on the mere necessities of life; every thing else they produce being the right of their lords the daimios, the wealthiest of whom is said to have a revenue of three or four million dollars a year. There is no middle class in the country districts, and feudal Europe may be seen over again in the castles and the miserable towns and villages that cluster around them at a respectful distance. The lowest outcasts of Japan are the "Christians," the tolerated descendants of the native Christian families who were not quite destroyed in the great persecutions of the seventeenth century. They are condemned to the extreme degree of legal infamy, penned within walled towns in a quarter like the Jews' Ghetto of the middle ages, even in a prison when they are not numerous. The police watch them till their last sigh is drawn, and remove and secretly dispose of their bodies, lest Christian rites should be held over their remains. It is at least a curious fact that the Japanese Genesis admits a Trinity and incommensurable periods of millions and millions of years during which the generation of the world proceeded. The historical era commences in mist about six hundred and sixty years before the Christian era. It is impossible here to enter into Japanese history, but we may give a few of the dates. In the third century of our reckoning posting was established, and saki (rice-beer) introduced; in the fifth, silk was first made; in 543 "the wheel which shows the south" was sent to the Mikado from the court of Petsi in Corea, and in the seventh century coal was found.

M. Humbert, Swiss ambassador to Japan, says that the Japanese scenery frequently recalls the Swiss, and adds that the Japanese who travel tell him that no country reminds them so forcibly of their own as Switzerland. In some of the narrower channels between the numerous islands there is a great resemblance to the Rhine above Boppard; but there is one large engraving of a landscape in Southern Nippon which is exceedingly like hundreds in middle Germany, while another in the same district is quite an English woodland scene. As to the climate, the atmosphere is perhaps the most transparent in the world; the brilliancy of the sky is incomparable, and the air is pure and fortifying. Of all the countries of the extreme East, Japan, in its middle region, the south of Nippon, Sikoff, and Kiouliou, is the country which pleases and suits Europeans best. Earthquakes are frequent in the hot season, but they cause no disasters.

Although the first Europeans that landed in Japan (in 1542 and 1545) were the Portuguese, who had a factory in 1611 at Firado, the Dutch have had most influence. In 1611 the Netherlands East India Company obtained a concession, and soon after discussions between the colonists arose, and the Japanese began anew to persecute the Christians. The Portuguese were ejected between 1635 and 1639 with the aid of the Dutch, who were established in their place after the massacre of thirty-seven thousand "Japanese martyrs." From that time until 1854, Japan was closed to all other Westerns. Dutch is the language of diplomatic relations with strangers, and, more ex-

traordinary still, is the tongue in which military drill is carried on.

One of the fundamental differences between our ways and those of the Japanese is that their domestic life is passed on the floor. We stand and walk on it at intervals, while the greater portion of our indoor time is passed on furniture. But the Japanese sit, and eat, and lie on the floor, and their furniture, both as to height and amount, is toned down to this habit; their tables are enlarged stools; their fires are not fixed, but are taken about in braziers; the eternal tea-kettle rests in a little *papier-maché* vehicle like a housemaid's box, somewhat larger than the similar one (all over drawers and nooks) which forms the *nécessaire* of these ceaseless smokers of microscopical metallic pipes. This also explains the leaving of the shoes at the door; the place, if not holy, must be kept clean, and besides, is luxuriously soft, the floor being constantly covered with yielding mats of rice-straw four inches thick and very carefully made. Besides being a carpet, a tablecloth, and a sofa, this mat is also the mattress on which the bourgeois passes the night, wrapped in an ample bedgown and a large wadded quilt, with most frequently only a billet of wood under his head. This system is, however, very favorable in the struggle for existence to what the French euphoniously call the domestic kangaroo. But all this applies only to the bourgeoisie. The manners of the nobles are not seen by Westerns. In fact, in Yeddo there are two distinct societies in presence of each other; the nobles, armed and privileged, are secret and retired, being almost self-imprisoned, as in immense citadels, while the lower classes, open as day, full of *bonhomie* and cordiality, appear to enjoy perfect liberty while completely subject to the iron rule of the nobles.

Every man carries about writing-materials, a brush, a stick of Indian ink, and a roll of mulberry paper, side by side with his pipe and tobacco. Men and women employ different styles of writing, but the men can read the women's (*hirakana*) while the women cannot read the men's (*katakana*). The "callisthenics" of the ladies take the form of fencing with bent iron lances, but they do not know what needlework is. Books are respected equally with the monuments of ancestors. They are fond of periodically applying moxas, which parallels the former use of bleeding in this country. For this and for acupuncture, which is also a popular habit, there is a special class of surgeons. The bath, hot or cold, is universal, and the shampooers, who are in great request, are all blind. The ragmen in the streets pick up the waifs with long chopsticks. The wrestlers—some of whom are monsters—form a kind of tribe apart who improve in strength from generation to generation.

The House of Montmorency.

The sons of the house were fierce in battle, careless of life, indifferent to suffering, contemptuous toward the *canaille*, proud of bearing even toward their equals, ferocious persecutors, and superstitious in religion. But they were loyal and true, in word and deed; they ever held honor above all other considerations; they accepted the highest responsibilities as their right, and were only not ambitious because, from father to son, the highest honors were conferred upon them, almost as a matter of course. These qualities were handed down from one to the other, almost without change or diminution; and there was not one who can be called, in any sense, a *labes generis*. Some were unlettered; some more sanguinary than others; some of less ability; but, during all

their twenty generations, the same pride distinguished every one; the same contempt of things petty and mean; the same personal prowess; the same nobility; and the same "masterfulness."

The only noble house that can at all compare with them, in continued prosperity and personal distinction, is that of Douglas. No other can show any thing like the long list of honors boasted by the Montmorencys. From them have come six Constables of France, twelve marshals, and eight admirals. They have been grand-masters and knights of all the orders, grand-chamberlains and officers of the crown, and were for seven hundred years premier barons of France. Henry IV. declared that, in antiquity of descent, next to the house of Bourbon, must be placed that of Montmorency; their earliest known maternal ancestor was sister to an English king, their wives have been of royal blood, and their daughters have married into royal lines.

They have been a great fighting family. From father to son, they are all soldiers. In later times, when fighting was harder to get at, a few of them entered the church, of course with a view to becoming cardinals, for every thing done by a Montmorency must be conducted in the grand style, and with an eye to the dignity of history. And even in days, so sad for the historian of the grand style, when no nobleman was safe from the collector and retailer of gossip, very little was found to be told of a Montmorency which even a Robertson would be ashamed to repeat. It would almost appear as if every one of these great seigneurs was not only a hero on his horse, and with his marshal's *bâton* in his hand, but that he posed for posterity in *mufti*, and even, judging from the scanty records which remain of the family at bedtime, in his night-shirt. Some of the members of cadet branches, it is true, allowed themselves occasionally to relax from these sterner virtues; notably Gilles, of the Laval branch, one of the defenders in the famous siege of Orleans, who was made a Marshal of France for his valor, but was such a notorious criminal that they were obliged to hang him as an example. But these cases are rare.

Colonel Corvin.

Colonel Corvin, a German gentleman who has led a very stirring and adventurous life, has just published his memoirs, which are very entertaining. Here is one of his adventures: He was educated at the Prussian Military Academy, but, though he became an officer of the army, he was at heart a democrat, and in 1848 took part in a revolutionary movement against the Government of Baden. It failed, and he was compelled to surrender at discretion, and was at once arrested and put in prison as a traitor. Corvin's wife, a brave woman, had accompanied him, as many other wives had accompanied their husbands, on this expedition. Madame Corvin worked heaven and earth, as the phrase goes, forced her way into the presence of the Princess of Prussia, attacked Count Groeben, and was thrust aside as importunate. Before the surrender she was heroic enough to bid her husband "blow out his brains sooner than surrender to the Prussians." But she rejoiced that her advice had not been followed. When she saw him in his prison, she said: "If you must die, I know you will die like a man." At last his long-deferred trial came round. The Baden Government was dealing with him, yet the court was composed of Prussian officers and sergeants. Colonel Corvin made an eloquent speech of two hours in his own defence, but it was a foregone conclusion. He was found guilty, "by five voices to one,

condemned to be shot, and to pay the costs." As they drove away past the hotel of the place he heard a cry from a window, and a white hand was waved to him. He was thrust into the condemned cell. It was Saturday; and as no executions were allowed on Sundays, and Monday would be too long a grace, he knew he would be shot that night. About four hours then remained to him. Beside him was a little tumbled litter, from which poor Lieutenant Schad had risen that morning for his sentence. The jailer asked with a sepulchral voice:

"Would he have any thing, or see a clergyman?"

The reply was an order for a good dinner, a good bottle of wine, a dozen cigars, and writing-paper. His gallant wife now arrived. She had forced her way into the grand-duke's palace, but he would not see her. With an ingenious cruelty, all the princes, before the insurrection was put down, had divested themselves formally of the prerogative of mercy, and relegated it to the hands of the chief soldiers. When she got to the prison, they had the execution dinner served, which was furnished at the expense of the city. She had a little plan for his escape, but he refused to avail himself of it. They were then told that the execution was put off until Monday. So here was a grateful respite. Late at night, however, came the sound of many tramping feet, and two officers called him out to speak to him. She heard their whisperings. It was to tell him that all had been changed, and that he must be ready to be shot at half-past four in the morning.

She heard every word. They were to come for her at three. The agony of the interval may be conceived. The brave woman, however, knew that if she gave way, she would only unnerve him. He held her in his arms all the time: and the only thought that came upon her was, that what she felt so warm and living, would by five o'clock be cold, dead, and inanimate.

At three she was taken away. She knocked at the house of some friendly citizens. "They opened to me. After these good people had lain down again at my request, I stood at the open window alone, despairingly watching the coming morning, and listening to every sound. I felt as cold as stone, but I did not lose consciousness. The clock struck one quarter—half—three quarters—four! He has only one half-hour left to him. Then I heard the report of some shots—the people in the house heard them also—and I fell senseless to the ground, as if they had pierced my heart also." What a terribly dramatic picture!

The prisoner was quite composed, having faced death very often. He made his little preparations. At dawn he heard footsteps, and the mayor and officers entered.

"I am quite prepared, gentlemen," he said. "No, my friend," said the voice of the counsel who had defended him, "we bring you better news."

The honest lawyer had worked hard through the night; had gone to Carlsruhe and obtained a reprieve. Corvin's sentence was commuted, and he passed six years in penal servitude of the most terrible kind. He was at last released, though his health was utterly shattered, and has lived to write these entertaining volumes.

Eotvos.

In Baron Joseph Eötvös, who died in Pesth in the first week of February, at the age of fifty-seven, Hungary has not only lost the greatest prose writer she ever had, but also one of her noblest statesmen and parliamentary leaders. As an author, he is one of the few Hun-

garians whose works have become widely known beyond the limits of their country. His masterpiece, "*A Falu Jegyzje*" ("The Village Notary"), a novel in which charming pictures of real life and most touching scenes alternate with pages of the keenest satire directed against political abuses, and which greatly contributed to the almost complete overthrow of the feudal institutions of his country in 1848, is alone sufficient to secure him immortality. The "*Carthausi*" ("Carthusian"), however, his earliest production in the same field, and the historical novel, "*Magyarország 1514-ben*" ("Hungary in 1514"), are hardly inferior in merit; while his great study, "*Der Einfluss der Ideen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts auf Staat und Gesellschaft*," published simultaneously in German and Hungarian, and a number of minor works on special reform questions, place him in the foremost rank of political writers. Nor was he less successful as a journalist and orator. Vying with Count Louis Batthyányi in the leadership of the liberal opposition in the Upper House of the Hungarian Diet before the Revolution of 1848, he at the same time, as a publicist, both defended and opposed Louis Kossuth, and subsequently became the colleague of both, as Minister of Public Instruction, in the cabinet of which they were the leading members. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, however, he resigned his position, and withdrew to Munich, where he was engaged in literary labors. After his return to his country, he was active in promoting its literary revival, aided by two distinguished friends, the historian Szalay, and the publicist Csengery. On the final restoration of the Hungarian Constitution, early in 1867, he became, in his former capacity of Minister of Public Instruction, a member of the Andrassy Cabinet, remaining till his death its strongest support, after Deák.

Change of Habits in Birds.

M. Pouchet says that the common swallow of Europe has modified the shape of its nest within fifty years. It is certain that many birds have changed their nest-building habits within an historical period. Some have learned to use thread in preference to grass. The common swallow and the chimney-swallow must have built differently before they had the use of eaves and chimneys. The old swallow-nests were globular with a very small rounded opening. The new nests are long and oval, and the opening is a long slit, four or five times as long as high, close to the top of the nest, where it meets the wall above it. This is an improvement on the old nest, as the young are not so crowded, and can reach out their heads for fresh air, while their presence does not impede the ingress of the parents.

What Women eat.

Another popular belief is that women eat nothing. It is, of course, conceded that they sustain life by the consumption of some article of nourishment; but eating, in the wholesale acceptance of the word, is supposed to be foreign to female nature. This fallacy is founded and sustained by women themselves, who, during the affected period of their lives, cultivate small appetites, as being *comme il faut*, and a sign of semi-angelic construction. When this pernicious nonsense is conscientiously carried out, the results upon the would-be angels are squalor, red noses, certain loss of vigor, general limpidity, and some other unpleasant *æquels*. But, as a rule, the smallest appetites at the fashionable tables are exhibited by those shrewd girls whose natural and healthy wants have been thoroughly appeased by secret stuffing. Need we refer our readers to the histori-

cal poem, concerning *Violante* in the pantry, gnawing of a mutton-bone, or remind them how she gnawed it, how she clawed it, when she found herself *alone*? All this is a direct deceit, however, practised upon unsophisticated old bachelors, who, when they have made the dainty creatures theirs, find out by the butcher's book and the ocular proof what sturdy trencher-women they have married. Watch a healthy girl at supper, during the intervals of dancing: she consumes by instalment four times as much as her partner, and seems, and is, none the worse for it. Our experience tells us that women eat, in proportion to their weight, as much as men, and are no more fairies in this respect than in the matter of weight.

Varieties.

THE reign of paper-money is now strangely wide. Russia, Austria, Italy, France, Spain, and the United States, six of the eight foremost nations in the world, have a legal-tender paper with a forced circulation. France and Spain are afflicted by numberless local currencies of no general acceptance. England and Germany alone, among the great powers, maintain a specie circulation, and recent events may well suggest a doubt whether, under disasters as trying as those which have lately befallen France, they, too, would not sacrifice their favorite theories to an apparent necessity or a temporary expediency.

It is worth while to bear in mind that if a person has swallowed poison, and no recognized antidote is at hand, the best thing to do is to give warm or cold water as fast as possible. Tepid water is the best, as that opens the pores of the skin, and causes vomiting, but, if that is not at hand, do not wait, but give cold until a physician arrives. While this will not cure all cases of poisoning, it will cure some, and benefit in all instances. But always produce vomiting as soon as possible.

An Irishman was sentenced to be hanged, and was just leaving the dock when the sheriff called him back and asked him his age. "Is it my age you want? Faith and I think I am about as old as I ever shall be," replied the doomed man. When the sheriff came to conduct him to execution, and his hands had been properly tied, he refused to walk. "Do you think that I'll assist at my own destruction? Do you think I'll walk to my death? If you want me, you'll have to carry me!"

An ignorant man, unable to read or write, has lately died in Cincinnati, leaving an estate of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in steamboats and things. What a lesson this circumstance is to those who will fritter away their time learning to read and write, when they might be laying up steamboats for their heirs and assigns!

A miser, worth twenty thousand dollars, died in Knoxville, Illinois, recently from unintentional generosity. He drew a check of five hundred dollars, instead of five, to present to a nephew, and, when he found what he had done, he cried, "I am a ruined man!" and died from the effects of the shock.

Gotham Court, a building in New-York City, two hundred and thirty-four feet long, thirty-four feet wide, and five stories high, has a population of two hundred and sixty families, numbering twelve hundred and eighteen people.

A Persian manuscript of great beauty, containing sixty full-page miniature illuminations, and profusely ornamented in gold and colors in the highest class of ancient art, was recently sold in London for ten hundred and twenty-five dollars.

It is five years since nitro-glycerine came into use. The seventeen hundred persons whom it has killed or maimed for life, and the millions of property which it has destroyed, may be styled recommendations of its efficiency.

Many of the Parisians made arsenals of their houses. Abandoned flower-pots, broken bottles, and paving-stones, were stored in their dwellings to be shied at the conquering Germans when they should enter the city.

A sea-captain, invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa, when asked "Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" replied: "Yes, and every thing else they can lay hands on."

In Indianapolis a charming lady-physician was called to administer to a gentleman down with a fever. "You need good nursing," said the lady. "Nurse me for life," replied the patient. "I will," was the soft answer.

There are, in round numbers, about fifty-seven miles of wooden-block pavement in Chicago, and that city is, without doubt, the most thoroughly-paved city of its size in the world.

The danger of too implicitly trusting general statements or "doctrines of averages" is taught by experience; and the speculations of scholars, however ingenious, are often exploded by the logic of statistics.

Punch wants to know whether the Germans will care so much for the "Watch on the Rhine" now that they have got the great Strasbourg clock; and *Judy* asks whether the aforesaid watch is made of German silver.

The colored race in South Carolina is represented by three Congressmen, one Lieutenant-Governor, eleven State Senators, eighty State Representatives, and one Judge of the Supreme Court.

Arrangements are being made in Edinburgh to celebrate the one-hundredth birthday of Sir Walter Scott in an appropriate manner. He was born August 12, 1771.

The whole length of the Hoosac Tunnel now opened is thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-two feet, which is little more than half through the mountain.

Of the forty-four professorships in Harvard University twenty-four bear the names of the individuals who founded them, or in whose honor they were designated.

In the five largest libraries in Paris are contained one million four hundred and fifty thousand volumes and eighty-seven thousand manuscripts.

A Bostonian visiting England, a short time ago, was inquired of in London "if the Indians in Boston worshipped at the same churches as the white residents?"

A writer in the *Christian Union* "fears that the pulpit does not get its fair proportion of the ablest men, as compared with the other professions."

A woman in Newark, New Jersey, supports a husband and five children on half an acre of land by raising roots and flowers, and has purchased two houses with the surplus profits.

Wyoming produces quantities of precious stones. The topaz, amethyst, agate, opal, jasper, chalcodony, garnet, and several others, abound there, of the very finest quality.

A California professor is writing essays on the fly's nose. A very ticklish place to write essays, we should say, though perhaps he knows it.

Jasper Morgan, of Middletown, Connecticut, never called a doctor until he was in his eighty-eighth year. Then he called one, and is gathered to his fathers.

A rich old citizen of Cologne, who died there during last month, ordered in his will that he should be buried in his fur coat, being probably afraid that he should catch cold in his grave.

Swinburne, the poet, although only twenty-five years old, is said to look over forty. His enemies ascribe his aged appearance to the excessive use of black coffee, brandy, and opium.

The annual rent of the Fifth-Avenue Hotel is two hundred thousand dollars. The lessees get back seventy-five thousand dollars from the rent of stores.

A Philadelphia man bought an elephant at auction, and she tore down five hundred dollars' worth of stable for him the first night.

"The good are taken first" does not apply at photograph-establishments or barber-shops. Each must take his or her turn, good or wicked.

Early in life Peter Cooper broke down in three different kinds of business, and then tried the manufacture of glue. That stuck.

Mr. Cobb has married Miss Webb. He knew that they were to be joined as soon as he spied her.

There are six thousand and ninety manufacturing establishments in Philadelphia according to the late census.

While gold is worth seventeen dollars per ounce, fine blond hair readily commands twenty-five.

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

It is a mistake to suppose the sun is supported in the skies by its beams.

A man who has tried it says that all the short-cuts to wealth are overcrowded.

There are four hundred and thirty-seven lakes in Oakland County, Michigan.

The census of Florida shows an Indian population of two hundred and two.

There are now more than a score of republics in the world.

A Chicago sausage-maker, with unusual candor, advertises his wares as "dog cheap."

Eight of the foreign diplomats at Washington are married to American wives.

Austria, according to late census returns, has a population of 35,943,592 souls.

Among ladies of fashion in New York the mania for skating seems to have died out.

Western adaptation of the words of the poet: "Lonnie the poor Indian."

Mr. Gladstone has reached his sixty-first birthday. Mr. Disraeli is sixty-five.

The Museum.

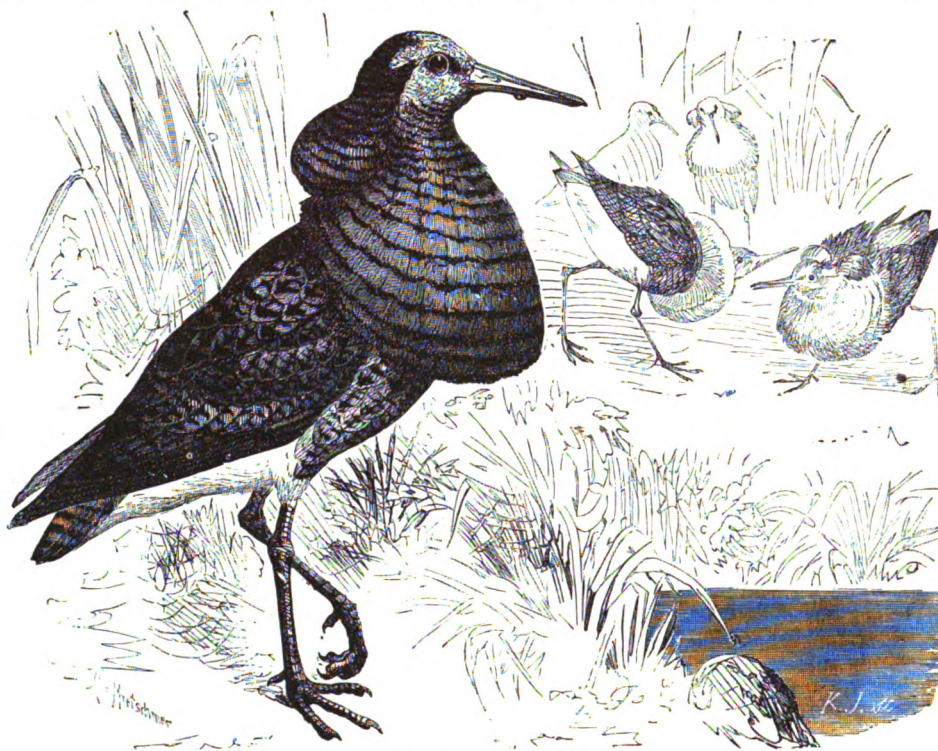
THE second volume of Mr. Darwin's great work on "The Descent of Man" relates chiefly to the interesting subject of sexual selection. He argues that the sexes have mutually a great influence on the development of each other. The desire of the males to please the females has produced among animals, and especially among birds, the superior beauty of the male; and his superior strength, size, courage, pugnacity, and his natural weapons, such as horns and spurs, are attributed to the same influence. Almost all male birds are extremely pugnacious, using their beaks, wings, and legs for fighting together. We see this every spring with our robins and sparrows. The smallest of all birds—namely, the humming-bird—is one of the most quarrelsome. Mr. Gosse describes a battle in which a pair of humming-birds seized hold of each other's beaks, and whirled round and round till they almost fell to the ground; and M. Montes de Oca, in speaking of another genus, says that two males rarely meet without a fierce aerial encounter. When kept in cages, "their fighting has mostly ended in the splitting of the tongue of one of the two, which then surely dies from being unable to feed." With waders, the males of the common water-hen, "when pairing, fight violently for the females; they stand nearly upright in the water, and strike with their feet." Two were seen to be thus engaged for half an hour, until one got hold of the head of the other, which would have been killed, had not the observer interfered; the female all the time looking on as a quiet spectator. The

males of an allied bird (*Gallinago cristatus*) are one-third larger than the females, and are so pugnacious during the breeding-season that they are kept by the natives of Eastern Bengal for the sake of fighting. Various other birds are kept in India for the same purpose—for instance, the bulbuls, which “fight with great spirit.”

The polygamous ruff, of which we give an illustration, is notorious for his extreme pugnacity; and in the spring the males, which are considerably larger than the females, congregate day after day at a particular spot, where the females propose to lay their eggs. The fowling discover these spots by the turf being

trampled somewhat bare. Here they fight very much like game-cocks, seizing each other with their beaks, and striking with their wings. The great ruff of feathers round the neck is

then erected, and, according to Colonel Montagu, “sweeps the ground as a shield to defend the more tender parts;” and this is the only instance known, in the case of birds, of any structure serving as a shield. The ruff of feathers, however, from its varied and rich colors, probably serves in chief part as an ornament. Like most pugnacious birds, they seem always ready to fight, and, when closely confined, often kill each other; but Montagu observed that their pugnacity becomes greater during the spring, when the long feathers on their necks are fully developed, and at this period the least movement by any one bird provokes a general battle.



The Ruff or Macraea Pugnax (from Brehm's "Thierleben.")

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RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

["RALPH THE HEIR." SUPPLEMENT NO. XX.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF APRIL 1.]

CHAPTER XLIX.—Continued.

He was delighted to welcome Ralph from Norfolk to all the pleasures of the metropolis. Should he put down Ralph's name at the famous Carlton, of which he had lately become a member? Ralph already belonged to an old-fashioned club, of which his father had been long a member, and declined the new honor. As for balls, evening crushes, and large dinner-parties, our Norfolk Ralph thought himself to be unsuited for them just at present, because of his father's death. It was not for the nephew of the dead man to tell the son that eight months of mourning for a father was more than the world now required. He could only take the excuse, and suggest the play, and a little dinner at Richmond, and a small party at Maidenhead as compromises. "I don't know that there is any good in a fellow being so heavy in hand because his father is dead," the squire said to his brother.

"They were so much to each other," pleaded Gregory in return. The squire accepted the excuse, and offered his namesake a horse for the park. Would he make one of the party for the moors in August? The squire asserted that he had room for another gun, without entailing any additional expense upon himself. This, indeed, was not strictly true, as it had been arranged that the cost should be paid per gun; but there was a vacancy still, and Ralph the heir, being quite willing to pay for his cousin, thought no harm to cover his generosity under a venial falsehood. The disinherited one, however, declined the offer, with many thanks. "There is nothing, old fellow, I wouldn't do for you, if I knew how," said the happy heir. Whereupon the Norfolk Ralph unconsciously resolved that he would accept nothing—or as little as possible—at the hands of the squire.

All this happened during the three or four first days of his sojourn in London, in which, he hardly knew why, he had gone neither to the villa nor to Sir Thomas in Southampton Buildings. He meant to do so, but from day to day he put it off. As regarded the ladies at the villa, the three young men now never spoke to each other respecting them. Gregory believed that his brother had failed, and, so believing, did not recur to the subject. Gregory himself had already been at Fulham once or twice since his arrival in town; but had nothing to say—or, at least, did say nothing—of what happened there. He intended to remain away from his parish for no more than

the parson's normal thirteen days, and was by no means sure that he would make any further formal offer. When at the villa, he found that Clarissa was sad and sober, and almost silent; and he knew that something was wrong. It hardly occurred to him to believe that after all he might perhaps cure the evil.

One morning, early, Gregory and Ralph from Norfolk were together at the Royal Academy. Although it was not yet ten when they entered the gallery, the rooms were already so crowded that it was difficult to get near the line, and almost impossible either to get into or to get out of a corner. Gregory had been there before, and knew the pictures. He also was supposed by his friends to understand something of the subject; whereas Ralph did not know a Cooke from a Hook, and possessed no more than a dim idea that Landseer painted all the wild beasts, and Milais all the little children. "That's a fine picture," he said, pointing up to an enormous portrait of the Master of the B. B., in a red coat, seated square on a seventeen-hand high horse, with his hat off, and the favorite hounds of his pack around him.

"That's by Grant," said Gregory. "I don't know that I care for that kind of thing."

"It's as like as it can stare," said Ralph, who appreciated the red coat, and the well-groomed horse, and the finely-shaped hounds. He backed a few steps to see the picture better, and found himself encroaching upon a lady's dress. He turned round and found that the lady was Mary Bonner. Together with her were both Clarissa and Patience Underwood.

The greetings between them all were pleasant, and the girls were unaffectedly pleased to find friends whom they knew well enough to accept as guides and monitors in the room. "Now we shall be told all about every thing," said Clarissa, as the young parson shook hands first with her sister and then with her. "Do take us round to the best dozen, Mr. Newton. That's the way I like to begin." Her tone was completely different from what it had been down at the villa.

"That gentleman in the red coat is my cousin's favorite," said Gregory.

"I don't care a bit about that," said Clarissa.

"That's because you don't hunt," said Ralph.

"I wish I hunted," said Mary Bonner.

Mary, when she first saw the man, of whom

she had once been told that he was to be her lover, and, when so told, had at least been proud that she was so chosen—felt that she was blushing slightly; but she recovered herself instantly, and greeted him as though there had been no cause whatever for disturbance. He was struck almost dumb at seeing her, and it was her tranquillity which restored him to composure. After the first greetings were over he found himself walking by her side without any effort on her part to avoid him, while Gregory and the two sisters went on in advance. Poor Ralph had not a word to say about the pictures. "Have you been long in London?" she asked.

"Just four days."

"We heard that you were coming, and did think that perhaps you and your cousin might find a morning to come down and see us—your Cousin Gregory, I mean."

"Of course, I shall come."

"My uncle will be so glad to see you—only, you know, you can't always find him at home. And so will Patience. You are a great favorite with Patience. You have gone down to live in Norfolk—haven't you?"

"Yes—in Norfolk."

"You have bought an estate there?"

"Just one farm that I look after myself. It's no estate, Miss Bonner—just a farm-house, with barns and stables, and a horse-pond, and the rest of it." This was by no means a fair account of the place, but it suited him so to speak of it. "My days for having an estate were quickly brought to a close—were they not?" This he said with a little laugh, and then hated himself for having spoken so foolishly.

"Does that make you unhappy, Mr. Newton?" she asked. He did not answer her at once, and she continued, "I should have thought that you were above being made unhappy by that."

"Such disappointments carry many things with them of which people outside see nothing."

"That is true, no doubt."

"A man may be separated from every friend he has in the world by such a change of circumstances."

"I had not thought of that. I beg your pardon," said she, looking into his face almost imploringly.

"And there may be worse than that," he said. Of course she knew what he meant, but he did not know how much she knew. "It is easy to say that a man should stand

up against reverses—but there are some reverses a man cannot bear without suffering." She had quite made up her mind that the one reverse of which she was thinking should be cured; but she could take no prominent step toward curing it yet. But that some step should be taken sooner or later she was resolved. It might be taken now, indeed, if he would only speak out. But she quite understood that he would not speak out now because that house down in Norfolk was no more than a farm. "But I didn't mean to trouble you with all that nonsense," he said.

"It doesn't trouble me at all. Of course you will tell us every thing when you come to see us."

"There is very little to tell—unless you care for cows and pigs, and sheep and horses."

"I do care for cows and pigs, and sheep and horses," she said.

"All the same, they are not pleasant subjects of conversation. A man may do as much good with a single farm as he can with a large estate; but he can't make his affairs as interesting to other people." There was present to his own mind the knowledge that he and his rich namesake were rivals in regard to the affections of this beautiful girl, and he could not avoid allusions to his own inferiority. And yet his own words, as soon as they were spoken and had sounded in his ear, were recognized by himself as being mean and pitiful—as whining words, and sorry complaints against the trick which Fortune had played him. He did not know how to tell her boldly that he lamented this change from the estate to the farm, because he had hoped that she would share the one with him, and did not dare even to ask her to share the other. She understood it all, down to the look of displeasure which crossed his face as he felt the possible effect of his own speech. She understood it all, but she could not give him much help—as yet. There might, perhaps, come a moment in which she could explain to him her own ideas about farms and estates, and the reasons in accordance with which these might be selected and those rejected. "Have you seen much of Ralph Newton lately?" asked the other Ralph.

"Of your cousin?"

"Yes—only I do not call him so. I have no right to call him my cousin."

"No; we do not see much of him." This was said in a tone of voice which ought to have sufficed for curing any anxiety in Ralph's bosom respecting his rival. Had he not been sore and nervous, and, as it must be admitted, almost stupid in the matter, he could not but have gathered from that tone that his namesake was at least no favorite with Miss Bonner.

"He used to be a great deal at Popham Villa," said Ralph.

"We do not see him often now. I fancy there has been some cause of displeasure between him and my uncle. His brother has been with us once or twice. I do like Mr. Gregory Newton."

"He is the best fellow that ever lived," exclaimed Ralph, with energy.

"So much nicer than his brother," said Mary—"though perhaps I ought not to say so to you."

This at any rate could not but be satisfactory to him. "I like them both," he said; "but I love Greg dearly. He and I have lived together like brothers for years, whereas it is only quite lately that I have known the other."

"It is only lately that I have known either—but they seem to me to be so different. Is not that a wonderfully beautiful picture, Mr. Newton? Can't you almost fancy yourself sitting down and throwing stones into the river, or dabbling your feet in it?"

"It is very pretty," said he, not caring a penny for the picture.

"Have you any river at Beamingham?"

"There's a muddy little brook that you could almost jump over. You wouldn't want to dabble in that."

"Has it got a name?"

"I think they call it the Wissey. It's not at all a river to be proud of—except in the way of eels and water-rats."

"Is there nothing to be proud of at Beamingham?"

"There's the church-tower—that's all."

"A church-tower is something—but I meant as to Beamingham Hall."

"That word Hall misleads people," said Ralph. "It's a kind of upper-class farmhouse with a lot of low rooms, and intricate passages, and chambers here and there, smelling of apples, and a huge kitchen, and an oven big enough for a small dinner-party."

"I should like the oven."

"And a laundry, and a dairy, and a cheese-house—only we never make any cheese; and a horse-pond, and a dunghill, and a cabbage-garden."

"Is that all you can say for your new purchase, Mr. Newton?"

"The house itself isn't ugly."

"Come—that's better."

"And it might be made fairly comfortable, if there were any use in doing it."

"Of course there will be use."

"I don't know that there will," said Ralph. "Sometimes I think one thing, and sometimes another. One week I'm full of a scheme about a new garden and a conservatory, and a bow-window to the drawing-room; and then, the next week, I think that the two rooms I live in at present will be enough for me."

"Stick to the conservatory, Mr. Newton. But here are the girls, and I suppose it is about time for us to go."

"Mary, where have you been?" said Clarissa.

"Looking at landscapes," said Mary.

"Mr. Newton has shown us every picture worth seeing, and described every thing, and we haven't had to look at the catalogue once. That's just what I like at the Academy. I don't know whether you've been as lucky."

"I've had a great deal described to me

too," said Mary; "but I'm afraid we've forgotten the particular duty that brought us here."

Then they parted, the two men promising that they would be at the villa before long, and the girls preparing themselves for their return home.

"That cousin of theirs is certainly very beautiful," said Gregory, after some short tribute to the merits of the two sisters.

"I think she is," said Ralph.

"I do not wonder that my brother has been struck with her."

"Nor do I." Then after a pause he continued: "She said something which made me think that she and your brother haven't quite hit it off together."

"I don't know that they have," said Gregory. "Ralph does change his mind sometimes. He hasn't said a word about her to me lately."

CHAPTER L.

ANOTHER FAILURE.

THE day after the meeting at the Academy, as Ralph, the young squire, was sitting alone in his room over a late breakfast, a maid-servant belonging to the house opened the door and introduced Mr. Neeft. It was now the middle of May, and Ralph had seen nothing of the breeches-maker since the morning on which he had made his appearance in the yard of the Moonbeam. There had been messages, and Mr. Carey had been very busy endeavoring to persuade the father that he could benefit neither himself nor his daughter by persistence in so extravagant a scheme. Money had been offered to Mr. Neeft—most unfortunately, and this offer had added to his wrongs. And he had been told by his wife that Polly had at last decided in regard to her own affections, and had accepted her old lover, Mr. Moggs. He had raved at Polly to her face. He had sworn at Moggs behind his back. He had called Mr. Carey very hard names—and now he forced himself once more upon the presence of the young squire.

"Captain," he said, as soon as he had carefully closed the door behind him, "are you going to be upon the square?"

Newton had given special orders that Neeft should not be admitted to his presence; but here he was, having made his way into the chamber in the temporary absence of the squire's own servant.

"Mr. Neeft," said Newton, "I cannot allow this."

"Not allow it, captain?"

"No—I cannot. I will not be persecuted. I have received favors from you—"

"Yes, you have, captain."

"And I will do any thing in reason to repay them."

"Will you come out and see our Polly?"

"No, I won't."

"You won't?"

"Certainly not. I don't believe your

daughter wants to see me. She is engaged to another man." So much Mr. Carey had learned from Mrs. Neeft. "I have a great regard for your daughter, but I will not go to see her."

"Engaged to another man—is she?"

"I am told so."

"Oh—that's your little game, is it? And you won't see me when I call—won't you? I won't stir out of this room unless you sends for the police, and so we'll get it all into one of the courts of law. I shall just like to see how you'll look when you're being cross-backed by one of them learned gents. There'll be a question or two about the old breeches-maker as the Squire of Newton mayn't like to see in the papers the next morning. I shall take the liberty of ringing the bell and ordering a bit of dinner here, if you don't mind. I sha'n't go when the police comes without a deal of a row, and then we shall have it all out in the courts."

This was monstrously absurd, but, at the same time, very annoying. Even though he should disregard that threat of being "cross-backed by a learned gent," and of being afterward made notorious in the newspapers—which, it must be confessed, he did not find himself able to disregard—still, independently of that feeling, he was very unwilling to call for brute force to remove Mr. Neeft from the arm-chair in which that worthy tradesman had seated himself. He had treated the man otherwise than as a tradesman. He had borrowed the man's money, and eaten the man's dinners; visited the man at Ramsgate, and twice offered his hand to the man's daughter. "You are very welcome to dine here," he said, "only I am sorry that I cannot dine here with you."

"I won't stir from the place for a week."

"That will be inconvenient," said Ralph.

"Uncommon inconvenient, I should say, to a gent like you—especially as I shall tell everybody that I'm on a visit to my son-in-law."

"I meant to yourself—and to the business."

"Never you mind the business, captain. There'll be enough left to give my girl all the money I promised her, and I don't think I shall have to ask you to keep your father-in-law neither. Sending an attorney to offer me a thousand pounds! It's my belief I could buy you out yet, captain, in regard to ready money."

"I dare say you could, Mr. Neeft."

"And I won't stir from here till you name a day to come and see me and my missus and Polly."

"This is sheer madness, Mr. Neeft."

"You think so—do you, captain? You'll find me madder nor you think for yet. I'm not a-going to be put down upon by you, and nothing come of it. I'll have it out of you in money or marbles, as the saying is. Just order me a glass of sherry-wine, will you? I'm a thirsty talking. When you came a visiting me, I always give you lashings of drink." This was so true that Ralph felt himself compelled to ring the bell, and order

up some wine. "Soda-and-brandy let it be, Jack," said Mr. Neeft, to Mr. Newton's own man. "It'll be more comfortable-like between near relations."

"Soda-water-and-brandy for Mr. Neeft," said the young squire, turning angrily to the man. "Mr. Neeft, you are perfectly welcome to as much brandy as you can drink, and my man will wait upon you while I'm away. Good-morning." Whereupon Newton took up his hat and left the room. He had not passed into the little back room in which he knew that the servant would be looking for soda-water, before he heard a sound as of smashed crockery, and he was convinced that Mr. Neeft was preparing himself for forcible eviction by breaking his ornaments. Let the ornaments go, and the mirror, and the clock on the chimney-piece, and the windows! It was a frightful nuisance, but any thing would be better than sending for the police to take away Mr. Neeft. "Keep your eye on that man in the front room," said he, to his Swiss valet.

"On Mr. Neeft, saar?"

"Yes; on Mr. Neeft. He wants me to marry his daughter, and I can't oblige him. Let him have what he wants to eat and drink. Get rid of him if you can, but don't send for the police. He's smashing all the things, and you must save as many as you can." So saying, he hurried down the stairs and out of the house. But what was he to do next? If Mr. Neeft chose to carry out his threat by staying in the rooms, Mr. Neeft must be allowed to have his own way. If he chose to amuse himself by breaking the things, the things must be broken. If he got very drunk, he might probably be taken home in a cab, and deposited at the cottage at Hendon. But what should Ralph do at this moment? He sauntered sadly down St. James's Street with his hands in his trousers-pockets, and, finding a crawling hansom at the palace-gate, he got into it and ordered the man to drive him down to Fulham. He had already made up his mind about "dear little Clary," and the thing might as well be done at once. None of the girls were at home. Miss Underwood and Miss Bonner had gone up to London to see Sir Thomas. Miss Clarissa was spending the day with Mrs. Brownlow. "That will just be right," said Ralph, to himself, as he ordered the cabman to drive him to the old lady's house on the Brompton Road.

Mrs. Brownlow had ever been a great admirer of the young squire, and did not admire him less now that he had come to his squireship. She had always hoped that Clary would marry the real heir, and was sounding his praises while Ralph was knocking at her door.

"He is not half so fine a fellow as his brother," said Clarissa.

"You did not use to think so," said Mrs. Brownlow. Then the door was opened and Ralph was announced.

With his usual easy manner—with that unabashed grace which Clarissa used to think so charming—he soon explained that he had been to Fulham, and had had himself driven back to Bolsover House because Clarissa was

there. Clarissa, as she heard this, felt the blood tingle in her cheeks. His manner now did not seem to her to be so full of grace. Was it not all selfishness? Mrs. Brownlow purred out her applause. It was not to be supposed that he came to see an old woman—but his coming to see a young woman, with adequate intentions, was quite the proper thing for such a young man to do! They were just going to take lunch. Of course, he would stop and lunch with them. He declared that he would like nothing better. Mrs. Brownlow rang the bell, and gave her little orders. Clarissa's thoughts referred quickly to various matters—to the scene on the lawn, to a certain evening on which she had walked home with him from this very house, to the confessions which she had made to her sister, to her confidence with her cousin—and then to the offer that had been made to Mary, now only a few weeks since. She looked at him, though she did not seem to be looking at him, and told herself that the man was nothing to her. He had caused her unutterable sorrow, with which her heart was still sore—but he was nothing to her. She would eat her lunch with him, and endeavor to talk to him; but the less she might see of him henceforth the better. He was selfish, heartless, weak, and unworthy.

The lunch was eaten, and, within three minutes afterward, Mrs. Brownlow was away. As they were returning to the little parlor in which they had been sitting during the morning, she contrived to escape, and Ralph found himself alone with his "dear, darling little Clary." In spite of his graceful ease, the task before him was not without difficulty. Clarissa, of course, knew that he had proposed to Mary, and probably knew that he had proposed to Polly. But Mary had told him that Clarissa was devoted to him—had told him at least that which amounted to almost as much. And then it was incumbent on him to do something that might put an end to the Neeft abomination. Clarissa would be contented to look back upon that episode with Mary Bonner, as a dream that meant nothing—just as he himself was already learning to look at it.

"Clary," he said, "I have hardly seen you to speak to you since the night we walked home together from this house."

"No, indeed, Mr. Newton," she said. Hitherto she had always called him Ralph. He did not observe the change, having too many things of his own to think of at the moment.

"How much has happened since that evening!"

"Very much, indeed, Mr. Newton."

"And yet it seems to be such a short time ago—almost yesterday. My poor uncle was alive then."

"Yes, he was."

He did not seem to be getting any nearer to his object by these references to past events.

"Clary," he said, "there are many things which I wish to have forgotten, and some perhaps which I would have forgiven."

"I suppose that is so with all of us," said Clarissa.

"Just so, though I don't know that any of us have ever been so absurdly foolish as I have—throwing away what was of the greatest value in the world for the sake of something that seemed to be precious, just for a moment."

It was very difficult, and he already began to feel that the nature of the girl was altered toward him. She had suddenly become hard, undemonstrative, and almost unkind. Hitherto he had always regarded her, without much conscious thought about it, as a soft, sweet, pleasant thing, that might at any moment be his for the asking. And Mary Bonner had told him that he ought to ask. Now he was willing to beseech her pardon, to be in very truth her lover, and to share with her all his prosperity. But she would give him no assistance in his difficulty. He was determined that she should speak, and, trusting to Mrs. Brownlow's absence, he sat still, waiting for her.

"I hope you have thrown away nothing that you ought to keep," she said at last. "It seems to me that you have got every thing."

"No—not as yet every thing. I do not know whether I shall ever get that which I desire the most."

Of course she understood him now; but she sat hard, and fixed, and stern—so absolutely unlike the Clarissa whom he had known since they were hardly more than children together!

"You know what I mean, Clarissa."

"No—I do not," she said.

"I fear you mean that you cannot forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive."

"Oh, yes, you have; whether you will ever forgive me I cannot say. But there is much to forgive—very much. Your cousin Mary for a short moment ran away with us all."

"She is welcome—for me."

"What do you mean, Clarissa?"

"Just what I say. She is welcome for me. She has taken nothing that I prize. Indeed, I do not think she has condescended to take any thing—any thing of the sort you mean. Mary and I love each other dearly. There is no danger of our quarrelling."

"Come, Clary," he got up as he spoke, and stood over her, close to her shoulder, "you understand well enough what I mean. We have known each other so long, and I think we have loved each other so well, that you ought to say that you will forgive me. I have been foolish. I have been wrong. I have been false, if you will. Cannot you forgive me?"

Not for a moment was there a look of

forgiveness in her eye, or a sign of pardon in the lines of her face. But in her heart there was a contest. Something of the old passion remained there, though it was no more than the soreness it had caused. For half a moment she thought whether it might not be as he would have it. But if so, how could she again look any of her friends in the face and admit that she had surrendered herself to so much unworthiness? How could she tell Patience, who was beginning to be full of renewed hope for Gregory? How could she confess such a weakness to her father? How could she stand up before Mary Bonner? And was it possible that she should really give herself, her whole life, and all her future hopes, to one so weak and worthless as this man?

"There is nothing to forgive," she said, "but I certainly cannot forget."

"You know that I love you," he protested.

"Love me—yes, with what sort of love? But it does not matter. There need be no further talk about it. Your love to me can be nothing."

"Clarissa!"

"And to you it will be quite as little. Your heart will never suffer much, Ralph. How long is it since you offered your hand to my cousin? Only that you are just a boy playing at love, this would be an insult." Then she saw her old friend through the window.—"Mrs. Brownlow," she said, "Mr. Newton is going, and I am ready for our walk whenever you please."

"Think of it twice, Clarissa—must this be the end of it?" pleaded Ralph.

"As far as I am concerned it must be the end of it. When I get home I shall probably find that you have already made an offer to Patience."

Then he got up, took his hat, and having shaken hands cordially with Mrs. Brownlow through the window, went out to his hansom cab, which was earning sixpence a quarter of an hour out on the road, while he had been so absolutely wasting his quarter of an hour within the house.

"Has he said any thing, my dear?" asked Mrs. Brownlow.

"He has said a great deal."

"Well, my dear?"

"He is an empty, vain, inconstant man."

"Is he, Clarissa?"

"And yet he is so good-humored, and so gay, and so pleasant, that I do not see why he should not make a very good husband to some girl."

"What do you mean, Clarissa? You have not refused him?"

"I did not say he had offered—did I?"

"But he has?"

"If he did—then I refused him. He is

good-natured; but he has no more heart than a log of wood. Don't talk about it any more, dear Mrs. Brownlow. I dare say we shall all be friends again before long, and he'll almost forget every thing that he said this morning."

Throughout the afternoon she was gay and almost happy, and before she went home she had made up her mind that she would tell Patience, and then get rid of it from her thoughts forever. Not to tell Patience would be a breach of faith between them, and would, moreover, render future sisterly intercourse between them very difficult. But had it been possible she would have avoided the expression of triumph without which it would be almost impossible for her to tell the story. Within her own bosom certainly there was some triumph. The man for whose love she had sighed and been sick had surrendered to her at last. The prize had been at her feet, but she had not chosen to lift it. "Poor Ralph," she said to herself; "he means to do as well as he can, but he is so feeble." She certainly would not tell Mary Bonner, nor would she say a word to her father. And when she should meet Ralph again—as she did not doubt but that she would meet him shortly, she would be very careful to give no sign that she was thinking of his disgrace. He should still be called Ralph—till he was a married man; and when it should come to pass that he was about to marry she would congratulate him with all the warmth of old friendship.

That night she did tell it all to Patience. "You don't mean," she said, "that I have not done right?"

"I am sure you have done quite right."

"Then why are you so sober about it, Patty?"

"Only if you do love him—I would give my right hand, Clary, that you might have that which shall make you happy in life."

"If you were to give your right and left hand too, a marriage with Ralph Newton would not make me happy. Think of it, Patty—to both of us within two months! He is just like a child. How could I ever have respected him, or believed in him? I could never have respected myself again. No, Patty, I did love him dearly. I fancied that life without him must all be a dreary blank. I made him into a god—but his feet are of the poorest clay! Kiss me, dear, and congratulate me—because I have escaped."

Her sister did kiss her and did congratulate her—but still there was a something of regret in the sister's heart. Clarissa was, to her thinking, so fit to be the mistress of Newton Priory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE MAID OF KIRCONNEL.

[While pursuing a doe, along the banks of the Kirtle, Adam Fleming first saw, in her wild-wood bower, "fair Helen of Kirconnel." Their trysting-place was the grave of "Mary of the le;" and here Helen met her death by receiving in her own bosom the fatal arrow which his jealous rival intended for her lover.]



O KIRTLE, hastening to the sea,
Through banks of sunniest green,
But for thy tender witchery
"Fair Helen, of Kirconnel lea,"
A happier fate had seen.

A wood-bower sweet, whose vines displayed
A royal wealth of flowers;
Why did you lure the dreaming maid,
So oft beneath your haunted shade,
To pass the charmed hours?

For hidden, like the feathery choir,
There from the noontide's glance,
She lit the heart's first vestal fire,
And fed its flame of soft desire,
With dreams of old romance.

Poor, frightened doe, that sought the shade
Of that sequestered place;
And led the tender, timid maid,
Blushing, surprised, and half-afraid,
To meet the hunter's face.

Not thine the fault, but thine the deed,
Blind, harmless innocent;
When to that bosom, doomed to bleed,
With cruel, swift, unerring speed,
The fatal arrow went.

Why came no warning voice to save,
No cry upon the blast,
When Helen fair, and Fleming brave,
Sat on the dead Kirconnell's grave,
And spake, and kissed their last?

O Mary, gone in life's young bloom,
O "Mary of the le,"
Couldst thou not leave one hour the tomb,
To save her from that hapless doom,
So soon to sleep by thee?

Vain, vain, to say what might have been,
Or strive with cruel Fate;
Evil the world hath entered in,
And sin is death, and death is sin,
And love must trust and wait.

For here the crown of lovers true
Still hides its flowers beneath—
The sharpest thorns that ever grew,
The thorns that pierce us through and through,
And make us bleed to death!

PHOEBE CARY.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE ATLMER."

CHAPTER XI.—AT MORTON HOUSE.

THE whole of that afternoon, which looked so bright to the gay loiterers beside the pond, Mrs. Gordon had spent in the silence and shadow of the Morton-House library, deep in dusty and tedious accounts which had been submitted to her inspection by Mr. Shields, the agent of the Morton estate. It was not a pleasant occupation, but it was one to which she had courageously set herself immediately on her arrival, and in which she had not flagged even when the terribly-involved condition of affairs had been brought plainly to her perception. Debt, difficulty, mortgage, ruinous sacrifice! That was the sum-total of the heritage to which she had returned; and, what the old agent unhesitatingly called "the most tangled business in the country," was what she took in her woman's hands to attempt to make straight again. She succeeded better than might have been expected—succeeded sufficiently to rouse Mr. Shields's honest admiration, and make him tell Lawyer Worruck that he had never seen such business capacity in any woman before. But it was weary work at all times, and never more weary than on this afternoon. So weary that, when she came to the end of a long column of figures, she dropped her pen with a tired sigh, and, leaning her head against the back of her chair, sat motionless for some time.

On this repose, however, Babette broke in suddenly and uncere- moniously, just as the last rays of the setting sun flashed a gleam of vivid light across the pale, tired face.

"Madame, pardonnez-moi," she began, hurriedly, as her mistress's eyes opened wide in somewhat haughty astonishment. "But madame always said that if any thing happened to M'sieur Felix, she must be disturbed, and I dared not—"

"Felix!" cried the mother, with a sudden start of alarm. "Felix! Is any thing the matter with him?"

"Indeed, madame, it was not my fault; but that stupid—"

"Babette! Is any thing the matter?"

"Non, madame, non," cried the maid, startled by the tone of her mistress's voice. "M'sieur Felix is all safe—but that stupid Harrison has let in a lady."

Mrs. Gordon gave a deep sigh of relief.

"You frightened me very much," she said, rebukingly. "You should not talk so much at random. What has Felix to do with a lady? He is at the pond with Mr. Annesley."

"But, madame, the lady has brought him home."

"The lady! You must be mistaken."

"Indeed, no, madame. I saw them; and that stupid—"

"Then it is Mrs. Annesley?"

Babette shook her head. "*C'est une demoiselle*," she said decidedly. "I saw her myself, madame; and M'sieur Felix—"

"Hold your tongue!" cried a shrill indignant voice at the door. And the next moment, "M'sieur Felix" himself had rushed into the room, and thrown his arms round his mother.

"Mamma, don't listen to her! I'll tell you all about it—but promise first you won't be angry."

"That depends on whether there is good cause for being angry," said his mother, pushing back the bright curls from the glowing face, and looking anxiously into it. "But I can promise not to be very much displeased if you will tell me the exact truth."

"That's what I mean to do, mamma. But kiss me first, and—go away!" he added, with a sudden stamp at Babette.

The Frenchwoman looked unutterable things at him, tossed her head, and held her ground firmly, until Mrs. Gordon herself bade her go.

"But the lady, madame?"

"I will see her in a minute—you need not wait."

Babette gave another glance at Felix, and then retired, with offended dignity rustling in every garment. Her only solace was to go and rate Harrison, and this she immediately proceeded to do.

Katharine, meanwhile, left alone in the large empty drawing-room, began to revolve the awkwardness of her position. She was sorry now that she had acceded to Mr. Warwick's request. It seemed so much like forcing an entrance into Morton House. As for mediation or explanation—Felix's impetuosity had spared her all question of that. Was nobody ever coming? Would it be very wrong to go away without having seen the lady of the house? Perhaps, after all, that might be best. She would wait ten minutes longer, and, if by that time Mrs. Gordon had not made her appearance, why—she would go. She had hardly arrived at this determination, when the door opened, and a pale, stately woman stood on the threshold.

Katharine rose, but before she could utter one of the words of apology trembling on her tongue, Mrs. Gordon crossed the floor, and extended her hand with a warm and cordial gesture.

"Miss Tresham, I owe you many thanks. It was kind of you to take charge of my wilful boy. Pray forgive me that I have kept you waiting; but he has been giving me an account of his adventure."

This, or something like it, was what she said; but no words can embody the gracious and exquisite charm of manner which at once set Katharine at ease—at once made her feel that, instead of being an intruder, she was a welcome guest. A few words told why the duty had devolved upon herself—a few more gave the leading facts of the matter; after which, she rose to take her departure. But this Mrs. Gordon would not permit.

"You are cold, and you must be tired," she said. "It is a point of honor with Morton House that no guest has ever left its door in either of those conditions. This room is my aversion, it is so cheerless. Let me take you to my sitting-room."

"You are very kind," said Katharine, overcome with wonder; "but the carriage is waiting for me, and—"

"If you will allow me, I will have it dismissed, and take the responsibility of sending you home."

"I am afraid Mrs. Marks will be uneasy."

"I am sure she will be able to spare you," said the lady, with a

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

light smile. "Come, Miss Tresham, I am not accustomed to pressing hospitality; but in this instance I really cannot consent to let you go. Shall I put my request on another ground? Shall I tell you that I am lonely this evening, and that a strange face is a great relief to me? I have not felt this desire for companionship before in many a long day. Will you have the heart to disappoint it now?"

"No," said Katharine, with her frank, bright smile. "If my society can gratify your desire, I shall be very glad to stay. But—"

"But I regard the matter as settled," said Mrs. Gordon. Then, after ringing the bell, and sending an order of dismissal to the waiting carriage, she led the way across a large, cold hall, into one of the most thoroughly-charming rooms, Katharine thought, she had ever seen.

A first glance only gave the impression of rich color and luxurious comfort. It was some time before the eye recognized the different elements that went to make up such an attractive whole—the heavy curtains, the velvet carpet, the deep, inviting chairs and couches, the many appointments where taste of the most rare and judicious kind had presided. When Katharine entered, it was empty, but a faint fragrance of flowers came over her as the door opened, and a soft moonlight seemed to fill the room—the glow of two large lamps being toned by tinted shades. Dusk had fallen by this time; and the lamp-light and ruddy firelight made a pleasant contrast to the cold, frosty night gathering outside the open hall-door, and melting into indistinctness the outlines of the rolling hills.

"Oh, what a beautiful room!" cried Katharine, so involuntarily that Mrs. Gordon smiled.

"I am glad you like it," she said. "It is the only room I have refurnished; but I cannot endure the stiff old-fashioned furniture which reigns paramount in the rest of the house. Excepting my cousin, Mr. Annesley, you are the only person who has been admitted here."

"It is beautiful!" Katharine repeated, as she sat down by the glowing fire, sunning herself like a tropical flower in its heat. "I have never seen any thing more luxurious—and I love luxury."

Mrs. Gordon smiled again, perhaps at this candid confession, perhaps at the undisguised enjoyment which prompted it. Then she drew forward a large chair, and seating herself leaned back in its soft depths. The firelight played quivering over her face, and Katharine had time to mark every furrow which marred its beauty before Mrs. Gordon spoke again. At last she turned to look at the young girl, and said, rather abruptly:

"Miss Tresham, my desire to keep you was not entirely without reason. I have heard Morton Annesley speak of you very often, and I was sure of one thing—either that I must like you, or that he exaggerated as even a lover has no right to exaggerate."

Katharine started. This was plain speaking, indeed. She started, and, if she also blushed, it might have been surprise as much as any thing else that caused the emotion.

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Gordon, who noticed both the start and the blush. "Perhaps I have not paid sufficient regard to the proprieties of expression; but when one grows a little old, they seem so useless. Why should we hesitate to call a thing by its right name?"

"Why, indeed," answered Katharine, quickly, "if it be a right name?"

"We won't argue that point," said Mrs. Gordon, with a slight laugh. "I don't think a lover's tale is worth telling, excepting by himself. And here comes tea."

The door opened as she spoke, and Harrison brought in a tray. No other servant appeared; but in a few minutes—without even so much noise as the rattling of a plate—a small round table stood between the two ladies, bearing a glittering equipage.

"Are you still English enough to prefer tea, Miss Tresham, or will you let Harrison give you a cup of coffee?" asked Mrs. Gordon, as she poured out a cup of the first, which was strong enough and black enough to have satisfied even De Quincey. "For my part, I always take this. Will you join me?"

"Not since you have given me my choice," said Katharine, with a smile. "I have never yet learned to endure tea—though I have tried heroically, in compliment to other people's taste."

"Not people here, surely?"

"Oh, no. Everybody here drinks coffee. I meant the people in England."

"And yet you are an Englishwoman?"

"No; I am a West-Indian—and very proud of it. I love my dear island, with its brilliant skies and tropical palms, as much as I hate the mists and fogs of England."

"You have been in England, then?"

Katharine shrugged her shoulders ruefully.

"To my cost, yes."

"In what part? I ask because I am very familiar with it, and perhaps you saw the country to disadvantage."

"I was in the north, near the Scottish border. I saw the Scottish shore from my window every time the fog lifted, and did not enjoy it nearly as much as I should have done if I could have stopped shivering even for one day."

"But was there no summer while you were there?"

"There was a time they called summer—a time when the trees had leaves, and the sun shone with tolerable brightness. But our winter-days in Porto Rico are much more balmy."

"Porto Rico! But I thought—that is—"

"You thought I was a British West-Indian. Well, so I am. I was born in Jamaica; but I scarcely remember it at all. When I was very young, my aunt moved to Porto Rico, and took me with her. We lived there entirely, and I never was in England until I went to an old friend of hers, who obtained a situation as governess at Donthorne Place for me. It was a very—"

She stopped—uncontrollable surprise forcing her to do so. Mrs. Gordon had suddenly turned so pale that even the dim light failed to conceal it, and her hand shook until she was obliged to put down untasted a cup of tea which she had been in the act of raising to her lips. There was a moment's silence; then she looked up, white as a sheet, but forcing herself into a sort of rigid calm.

"Pardon me, Miss Tresham; and pray don't look so much alarmed. It is only an old pain that came back to me just then. My nerves are shattered, and I show it—that is all.—Harrison, you will find my case on the side-table there. Give me two spoonfuls of the bottle on the right as you open it."

Harrison obeyed. Mrs. Gordon drank eagerly the dark liquid which he brought her in a slender wineglass; and a faint, subtle odor rushed over Katharine, which told her at once what the draught had been. After that she needed one explanation the less for the lines on her hostess's face.

It was the latter who, after a short silence, spoke first—quietly, but with a certain suppressed anxiety which Katharine's ear was quick to detect.

"You surprised me very much by the mention of Donthorne Place, Miss Tresham. I was once in the neighborhood, and I remember it quite well. How long were you there?"

"A year," answered Katharine, concisely, having her own reasons for reticence on the subject; "a year—one of the most disagreeable of my life, and one that I would not live over again to win a crown. I cannot bear to talk of it, and, of course, it does not interest you."

"On the contrary, if you will pardon me, it interests me very much. Do you"—she leaned forward with an eagerness which startled Katharine—"do you ever hear from them—the Donthornes?"

"Never. To judge by their unconsciousness of my existence when I lived in their house, I should say that they would not even remember my name now."

"From no friends—no one that you left in the neighborhood?"

Katharine drew back. She was not only surprised; but she looked—even her preoccupied questioner noticed that—as if awakened to some sudden fear.

"No," she said, slowly; "I have no friends—there or elsewhere. I had not even an acquaintance in the neighborhood. No one ever writes to me. Why do you ask?"

"I might truly answer, because I am very uncivil," replied Mrs. Gordon. "Solitude fosters many bad habits, and I must beg you to excuse me on that score. I will not offend in the same way again. Indeed, there is nothing I so much detest as curiosity.—Harrison, you may take the tray; we have finished."

Harrison and the tray made an exit as noiseless as their entrance, and, after the door had closed, Mrs. Gordon was again the first to speak—very pleasantly and graciously.

"Miss Tresham, I see that coincidences have left us no option but to think that we are meant to be friends; and one must never gainsay Fate, you know. Do you think you have Christian charity enough to come to see me sometimes, without exacting the ceremony of visits in

return? I am such a recluse that I cannot think of leaving my cell to encounter daylight."

Katharine looked up with an astonishment which showed itself in every line of her face. She could scarcely believe that these cordial words of invitation were addressed to herself by the same lips that had declined the visits of all the old hereditary friends who had a right to enter Morton House. The cordiality was in Mrs. Gordon's eyes as well as in Mrs. Gordon's tones, however. So, after a short pause, she answered, with the frank grace that all her life had won for her so much liking:

"Indeed, you are very kind, and I shall be very glad to come. I have few acquaintances—none who consider my society of any importance; so it would be strange if I were not flattered by your invitation. It will be a great pleasure to me to see you again when I can. But my time is not my own, you know."

"I cannot help forgetting that," said Mrs. Gordon, smiling—"you seem so little like a governess. What a disagreeable life you must find it, especially in your present situation!"

"No; very much the reverse," said Katharine, quickly. "Mr. and Mrs. Marks are both kind to me; and I shall never forget how generously they took me into their service when I was an entire stranger to them."

"It was like Bessie Warwick," said Mrs. Gordon, quietly. "I remember her in the old time as very warm-hearted and very impulsive, but rather silly. She was pretty, but so decidedly underbred that nobody wondered when she married much beneath her."

"She seems to have found her right place in the world, however."

"Most women do, or else have sufficient sense to seem as if they do. It is seldom you find one weak enough, or strong enough, to beat against the bars. Then, what are we most inclined to do—pity or scorn her? Either, God knows, is hard enough to bear." She paused a moment, then changed the subject abruptly. "Do you see much of John Warwick? Is he often at his sister's house?"

"He lives there," Katharine answered; "and yet I cannot say that I see much of him. He is absorbed in his profession, and seems to take very little pleasure in society."

"But you like him—do you not?"

"I like him extremely. He is very quiet; but no one could live under the same roof with him and fail to see that he is one of the most thorough gentlemen, as well as one of the kindest of men. I have heard that he can be very hard sometimes; but I can scarcely believe it, when I remember how gentle he is to his sister and the children."

Mrs. Gordon looked at her with a smile. "You are his friend, I perceive," she said.

"I ought to be," the girl answered, quickly, with the remembrance of what he had said to her that afternoon stirring warmly at her heart. "Ingratitude has never been one of my many faults."

"I hoped he would have married long before this," said the other, with a wistful light in her eyes, that Katharine was not slow to interpret. "I do not know any one whom I should better like to see happy—any one whom I would sooner exert myself to help along the road to happiness."

"Mr. Warwick is not unhappy, I am sure," said Katharine, almost resentfully. "He is not one of the men who have no life if they have no fireside. I think a wife would decidedly bore him. He has his clients and his law-books—that is all he wants. No one need pity him for imaginary loneliness."

Mrs. Gordon unclosed her lips, as if to reply; but, before she could do so, the door opened, and Harrison startled them by the announcement that Mr. Warwick had come for Miss Tresham.

Katharine started up at once, full of self-reproach.

"How very inconsiderate of me to have stayed!" she cried, eagerly. "I might have known they would be uneasy; and it is such a long walk to have given Mr. Warwick! How very, very inconsiderate of me!"

She repeated the last expression several times, for her vexation was not least in the thought that she had forced upon Mr. Warwick the very thing he wished to avoid, and brought him to the very house he least desired to enter.

"Don't look so distressed and penitent," said Mrs. Gordon. "It was my fault, not yours; and I am sure he will not mind the walk, especially as he need not repeat it.—Harrison, order the carriage; and show Mr. Warwick in here."

"No! no!" cried Katharine, hastily. "He has had so much trouble about me, pray let me go to him at once, and—and not keep him waiting. I shall not mind the walk at all."

She was drawing her wrappings around her as she spoke, and evidently meant to go at once, if Mrs. Gordon had not interfered very decidedly.

"I will not hear of such a thing," she said. "You must wait for the carriage, and I must send for Mr. Warwick.—Harrison, show him in at once."

Evidently, Mrs. Gordon had been accustomed to the habit of command. Her quiet tones had so much authority in them that Katharine found herself yielding without a word. She sank into her seat, and the next minute Mr. Warwick entered the room.

Whatever he felt, he certainly showed nothing beyond gentlemanly self-possession, as he came forward, meeting Mrs. Gordon's cordially-extended hand with his own, and answering her words of welcome so easily that Katharine felt relieved. What she expected, she could not have told; but certainly something unlike this. Not any faltering, or trembling, or turning pale—she knew the grave, reserved lawyer too well to fear that—but at least some token that his pulses were beating as fast as they surely must beat in presence of the woman who, for twenty-five years (if his sister spoke truth), had stood between him and all thought of other women—some token different from the quiet presence of every day, from the cool glance that saw so much, and the terse speech that said so little—yet they were all there, and as much unchanged as if Pauline Morton's eyes were not looking into his face from the grave of the past.

Presently he crossed over to Katharine and stopped at once the words of penitence with which she was prepared to greet him.

"No," he said, "you must not think any thing of the kind. I came because I wanted to—and a little because Bessie has been uneasy. You know how highly developed her nervous system is. Well, she has been arranging the programme of a very tragic entertainment—Mr. Annesley's horses running away, and leaving you senseless and bleeding in some wayside ditch."

"I am very sorry," said Katharine, too much disturbed to laugh. "It is very kind of Mrs. Marks to take the trouble to be uneasy about me—I am very sorry. I ought to have thought, Mr. Warwick; and then you need not have had all this trouble."

"I told you a minute ago that it was no trouble," he said, a little shortly. And, as Mrs. Gordon advanced, he turned and began speaking about Felix.

"He is quite the hero of the hour," he said. "In fact, he has taken Tallahoma so entirely by storm, that I hope, for the sake of example, you will not let him enter the town to-morrow—he would certainly receive a popular ovation."

"He is not likely to leave the grounds of the House for some time to come," answered his mother, gravely. "I have had a lesson by which I shall profit. Felix's management has been a point at issue between Morton and myself, and the occurrence of this afternoon has showed me that I am right and he is wrong."

"May I not intercede on the side of mercy?" said Mr. Warwick, half jestingly, half in earnest. "You will not think me presumptuous, I am sure, when I tell you that nothing so much shames, or so soon cures untrustworthiness—even the slight, childish form of it which Felix showed this afternoon—as the sense of being trusted."

She looked up at him, with a deep flush on her pale cheeks, and a sudden light in her eyes, that startled both Katharine and himself.

"You speak of what you know," she said, in a low voice. "You speak of those in whom the sense of honor, and the power of being shamed, is born. But you don't speak of, you don't know, the blood that child has in his veins. I know—and, believe me, I can best deal with it."

"Excuse me," he said, hastily. "I did not mean—"

She interrupted him. "Any thing but kindness, I know—only you don't understand. Now tell me if you have heard from Morton. I sent to inquire, and the answer was very satisfactory—but I fear he may have sent it merely to quiet my uneasiness."

"Hardly. No doubt he is well by this time, and probably will make his appearance to answer for himself to-morrow.—Miss Tresham, I am at your service whenever you feel inclined for the walk before us."

"The carriage—" began Mrs. Gordon.

But, at that moment, Harrison once more opened the door, and announced that the carriage was waiting.

"You will come to see me, will you not?" asked the lady, as Katharine bade her good-night. "I don't like to see you go, without an assurance that you will return."

"I will certainly come," said Katharine, with a smile even more bright than usual.

After a few words they took leave, and Miss Tresham found herself rolling rapidly along the road to Tallahoma, and assuring Mr. Warwick that she felt much less tired than excited by her unusual adventures.

CHAPTER XII.—THE TUG OF WAR.

THE morning after his escape from drowning, Morton Annesley woke with that uncomfortable weight on his mind—that sense of something disagreeable, either past or impending—with which every one is familiar who has ever sought sleep rather as a refuge from tormenting thought, than as that "sweet restorer" which Nature intended it should be.

For the space of several minutes he could not think what had occurred; then suddenly a throng of recollections rushed over him; he recalled every thing that had happened. He remembered the adventure at the pond, and the scene that followed his rescue; he remembered the looks and tones of the people who had addressed him; and, above all, he remembered the expression of Katharine Tresham's eyes, when, for one brief second, he glanced up into them! With a sharp, impatient exclamation, he sprang up and began to dress. Some reminiscences prick worse than needles, and to him there could scarcely have been a more disagreeable reminiscence than this. Not even Katharine's eyes could take the sting out of it! There was such a mock heroism about the whole affair, that he fairly ground his teeth over it. Some people would have enjoyed the *éclat* thus conferred upon them, while others, recognizing the ludicrous aspect of the adventure, would have laughed it off with that genial good-nature which it is the best policy in the world to affect, if it be not really possessed. But Morton, poor fellow, did not possess, and could not affect it. Which aspect of the matter—the heroic or the ridiculous—was most distasteful to him, it would be hard to say, or against which he chafed most impatiently. It provoked him to think how Lagrange had gossiped and would yet gossip over the occurrence; and it is to be feared that, in his irritation, he was not so lenient in his feelings toward Felix, as Felix's quixotic protector ought to have been. But there was a good deal of disappointment mingled with this irritation. He had taken so much interest in the boy, he had striven so hard to make him comprehend the moral obligation of a trust, and the chivalric standard of honor, that he was chilled and disappointed by his failure; and felt, if the truth must be told, not a little out of patience with the ungrateful wilfulness which had placed him in his present position. What this position was with regard to Miss Tresham, he had only a faint idea. He knew that he had said something—that he had committed himself in some way—out there beside the pond, before all those people (in his own mind, he was ungrateful enough to call them those confounded people); but what it was he did not know, and certainly had no intention of inquiring. Only it made one thing certain—he could not hesitate any longer. The tug of war—did any misgiving of his heart tell him what a tug it would be?—must come with his mother, and, one way or another, his fate must be decided as only Katharine could decide it.

With his mind full of these thoughts he went down-stairs, across the hall, and out of the open front-door. The morning was very bright, for the atmosphere had capriciously changed; the thermometer had risen from its unwonted depression of the few preceding days, and the air that greeted him was soft, as if the dead Indian summer had returned, or the spring was about to burst. The sunshine was pouring in a dazzling flood over the lawn and piazzas; the gravelled sweep before the house sparkled as if its stones had all been precious gems; the evergreens, dotted about in every direction, seemed to have put on a brighter emerald hue; and a bird that was perched on a magnolia near by, was pouring forth its whole heart in glad rejoicing that the cold was over and gone; that the blue skies, and the soft air, and the golden sunshine, had returned. We are all more or less susceptible to such influences as these; and Annesley, as it chanced, was keenly alive to them. At the first sight of the bright outer world, and the

first note of that trilling lay, his depression suddenly vanished, and his spirits rose like mercury. Almost unconsciously he caught up the notes of the little feathered songster, and, as he went down the steps and turned toward the stables, he was whistling to himself almost gayly.

He found Mr. French talking to the head groom, while one or two subordinate stablemen were rubbing down a large, black horse, that stood patiently undergoing the operation.

"Good-morning, Frank," said Annesley, coming up. "What brings you out so early? Nothing the matter with the Captain, I hope?"

"I am sorry to say there is something the matter with his shoulder," said Mr. French, looking round. "He fell lame while I was riding home, yesterday afternoon. By-the-way, how do you feel after your ducking?"

"I am well, of course," said Morton, a little ungraciously, resuming his usual manner as he went on: "I am concerned about the Captain.—Lead him out there, Jim, and let me see how he walks."

The Captain was led out, and the Captain walked very badly. Some accident had plainly befallen his right shoulder; and the two gentlemen were soon in deep discussion and examination, aided by Isaac the groom, and John the coachman. Various remedies were suggested, and one or two were tried. It was some time before the poor Captain was remanded to his stall, and the two gentlemen bethought themselves of breakfast. "You can take him to the stable, Isaac," said Mr. French, at last. "I'll be out again after breakfast and look at him. —Morton, are you coming?"

Morton said "Yes," rather carelessly; and they turned into a broad walk which led to the house. With the Captain dismissed from his mind, Mr. French remembered something he wished—or, rather, had promised—to say to his brother-in-law. "A man's opinion always has so much weight with a man," his wife had remarked to him. "You must be sure and tell Morton what you think of this nonsense." Mr. French had promised that he would; but now he began to wish that he had not been so rash. Suppose Morton were to be offended? "Hang it!" thought the other, candidly, "I should be offended myself if anybody were to meddle in my private affairs. I wish I had not promised Adela. It is none of my business if he chooses to make a fool of himself." Then he cleared his throat and looked at the abstracted face beside him.

"Are you sure you don't feel any the worse for your exploit yesterday?" he asked, by way of introduction to what he meant to say. "I should think you would, Morton."

"Why the deuce should I?" asked Morton, pettishly. "I'm neither a child nor a woman. Confound the exploit, Frank! can't you let it alone?"

"Oh, of course," said Mr. French, a little surprised. "I didn't know you were sensitive about it. I'm sure it made you rather a hero—at least in the eyes of the ladies. Some of them were exceedingly interested, I can tell you." Then, after a pause—"Morton, I suppose you know what you're about, but don't you think you may be going a little too far with—with one of them?"

"With one of them!" repeated Morton, giving a start. "Whom do you mean?" he asked, more quietly than his companion had expected. "I don't understand."

"I mean that Miss Tresham who lives in Tallahoma, and is a teacher, or something of the sort," answered Mr. French, who, as he had once begun, was determined to blunder through. "Of course, you know your own affairs best, and I hope you won't think me interfering; but I thought I would give you a hint. Young women's heads are so easily turned, and old women's tongues are so confoundedly long, that one is obliged to be careful."

"I am much obliged to you," said Annesley, in a tone which contradicted the words, for he was more angry than he would have liked to confess; "but I believe I can manage my own affairs—and I prefer to do so."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. French, beginning to be a little offended in turn. "I didn't mean to be impertinent. I'm an older man than you are, and I thought I would give you a little friendly advice. It's a devilish disagreeable thing to be talked about as people will talk in these country places; and of course I never supposed you were in earnest about the girl. I'm confident, I need not tell you, Morton, that such a thing would nearly kill your mother."

"You must allow me to be the best judge of that," said Morton, stiffly. And there the conversation ended.

Mr. French shrugged his shoulders, and thought to himself that he had known how it would be, but that at least he could tell Adela he had done his best; while Morton walked on, with his breast fairly in a flame. So he had made such a fool of himself as that! He had betrayed every thing so plainly that his brother-in-law felt obliged to come and force his advice upon him! Indeed, it was time that he spoke, if only for Katharine's sake, since he had committed himself, and involved her to such an extent as this. Poor Morton! In his single-minded sincerity, it never occurred to him that Mr. French had been prompted to the unusual character which he had assumed. He took it simply as the consequence of his own unguarded conduct; and it confirmed rather than shook his resolution. It would have gone hard with Adela if she could have known the result of her husband's interference.

Breakfast passed off quietly, but rather silently. Adela did not make her appearance, and, although the three others talked at intervals, there was a sense of constraint hanging over them, and they did not remain very long at table. Mr. French was the first person to leave the room, taking out his cigar-case as he did so. Then Morton rose and walked round to his mother.

"Will you come to the library?" he asked. "I have something to say to you."

She looked up at him, and, in a moment divining his purpose, her heart sank. But she had sufficient presence of mind to smile into the grave, earnest eyes regarding her.

"Certainly I will come," she answered, "but I must first see Adela, and give orders about dinner—that is, if you are not in a hurry."

"I am not at all in a hurry," he replied. "If you will come when you are at leisure, that will do. You will find me in the library," he added, as he took up a paper and left the room.

He went to the library, but he soon found that he could not read. It is one thing to hold a paper open before the eyes, and quite another to pay intelligent heed to its contents. Morton did the first diligently; but, with all his efforts, he could not achieve the second. He dreaded the interview with his mother so much that he eagerly desired it to be over; and he caught himself listening to every footstep in the hall outside the door, hoping it might be hers. At last he threw down the paper, and, rising, walked restlessly across the floor.

There was not a pleasanter room at Annesdale than this library, nor one that he liked better; but to-day it might have been an irksome cage, to judge by his impatient movements to and fro. From the fireplace to the windows, and from the windows to the fireplace, he paced, until finally he paused before the latter, and, leaning one arm on the mantel, gazed steadily at an engraving which hung above it—a "St. Cecilia" he had brought from Dresden. Something in the outline of the uplifted face reminded him of Katharine. It was not so much a resemblance as the suggestion of a resemblance. But it had struck him often before, and now it brought her face vividly to his mind. By some strange perversity of association, it also brought to his recollection that day when she sang the "Adelaide" for him, when he had chanced upon the open letter, and when her strange conduct had so chilled and repulsed him.

He was still thinking of these things, and his face looked unusually grave and troubled, when the door opened and his mother entered. She crossed the room, and, as he did not turn, she laid her hand on his arm.

"You wished to speak to me, Morton?" she said. "Here I am."

"My dear mother, thank you," he answered, turning quickly. "I did not hear you come in—how quiet you are!"

"I was afraid you would be tired of waiting for me," she said, sitting down in a deep arm-chair. "Adela is quite unwell, and I stayed with her some time. I thought that, if you wanted to see me about any thing of importance, you would have told me so."

"I wanted to see you about my own affairs," said Morton, plunging headlong into the subject he now felt tempted to avoid. "I want to ask your advice about a very important matter—to me at least," he went on, faintly smiling. "Mother, I have lately thought of marrying."

The room suddenly went round and grew black before Mrs. Annesley's eyes. She extended her hand almost unconsciously, and clutched the corner of a table near by to steady herself. Her worst fears were

realized; but she had sufficient self-control to look up quietly, and say—

"Well?"

"Well," he answered, knowing that the worst could not be too quickly told, "I fear that I am going to disappoint you. I fear that the woman I love, the woman I wish to marry, is not the woman whom you would have chosen for me. But in this matter, no human being, not even the nearest and dearest, can judge for us," he said, gently taking the hand which she had laid on the table. "We can only judge for ourselves, and abide by our choice through good or through ill. Mother, will you not give your sanction to my choice?"

She suffered her hand to remain in his; but her eyes looked cold, and her voice sounded hard when she asked—

"What is her name?"

"Her name," he answered, "is Katharine Tresham. My dear mother," he continued, eagerly, "don't judge her by her surroundings, don't think of the position in which Fortune has placed her. Only judge, only think of her as you will see and love her for herself, as you will—"

He was stopped by a gesture from his mother, as she drew back her hand.

"Go!" she said, bitterly. "I have heard enough. If you had the heart to come and stab me like this, you will not heed any thing I can say to you. Go! Only remember that, if you do degrade yourself in this way, you will cut yourself off from me forever. I will never receive that woman as my daughter; I will never, as long as I live, suffer her to cross the threshold of this house!"

"Mother!"

It was a cry of astonished, grieved reproach, which at any other time would have gone to her heart; but she had now so entirely lost command of herself, and of the emotion which seemed suffocating her, that it rather provoked than allayed her anger. She had feared and in a measure anticipated this for a long time; but it did not make the disappointment any less poignant when it came—it did not teach her any better how to bear it.

"Mother," said Morton, gravely, "you cannot be yourself—you cannot be in earnest when you utter such words as these."

"Go!" she repeated, once more, in a voice choked with tears.

And, as there was nothing else to be done, he walked sadly across the floor, and stood silently at one of the windows, waiting for what would come next—waiting to see whether his mother would recall him, or whether she would leave the room with only those last bitter words.

A long time passed—an hour it seemed to the young man, and it was in reality many minutes—before any sound broke the stillness of the room. Then Mrs. Annesley said:

"Morton!"

He came to her side.

"I am here," he answered, gravely but gently.

She lifted a face that was white even to the lips, and held out her hand.

"My son," she said, "forgive me. I did not mean to pain you; but the shock was so sudden, and very hard to bear."

"My mother, my dearest mother!" he said.

It was all that he did say, but he bent down and kissed the hand she gave him, and peace—or at least a semblance of it—was once more established. After a while it was Mrs. Annesley who spoke first.

"Morton," she said, "have you considered this well?"

"I have considered it well," he answered.

"Your mind is made up?"

"My mind is entirely made up."

"You are determined to inflict this distress upon me, and to ruin your own life by such a misalliance?"

"I am determined to ask Miss Tresham to be my wife," said the young man, looking pale but unshaken. "I would have asked her long ago if it had not been that I hesitated on your account. But now it is not possible for me to hesitate longer."

"Do you mean that you have committed yourself?" she asked, hastily.

"In absolute words—no. Dear mother, don't pain me by combating my resolution," he said, with his eyes full of appeal. "Only tell me that, if she consents to marry me, you will welcome and try to love her."

"Tell me one thing, Morton," said Mrs. Annesley—"what do you know of this woman whom you ask me to receive as your wife? When a man marries he should know all the previous history and all the connections of the woman he chooses. Tell me, my son, what do you know of hers?"

She touched his cause in its weakest point, and he knew it. The thoughts he had been revolving when she entered the room—the thoughts that had sealed his lips ever since the day he saw Katharine last—rushed upon him suddenly with overwhelming force, and for several minutes he could not reply. Then the truth came in one word—

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" his mother echoed, in a tone of grieved astonishment. "Nothing, Morton? And yet you ask me to welcome her as a daughter? My son, my dear son, what can you be thinking of? Where is your sense of what is due to yourself and to your name?"

"I know nothing about her," he said, "but I can trust her. She is too pure and noble ever to have done any thing that she need blush for."

"But, good Heavens! her relations, her friends—what may they not be?"

"I do not think she has any. I have never heard her speak of them."

"And you think that a good sign? Oh, Morton, Morton!"

"It is not a bad sign, mother," said Morton, beginning to look a little less patient. "Many a girl is friendless, many a girl is obliged to earn her bread as Miss Tresham is doing. It would be cruel to doubt her because Fate has dealt hardly with her. It is true that she has never mentioned her past history or her family circumstances to me; but I have never been in a position to receive such a confidence."

"And you will ask her to marry you without knowing more than this?"

"I should be a cur, not a gentleman, if I inquired into her affairs before asking her."

"Oh, my son, what madness!"

"Mother dear, be patient with me," he said, gently. "Don't you see—can't you tell how hard I am trying to do right? If I had only myself to consider," he went on, walking again from the fireplace to the window, and from the window to the fireplace, "I would sacrifice my wishes to yours. But—but I am afraid it is too late as far as she is concerned."

"You put her before me, then?"

"I put my honor before every thing."

"Your honor should lead you just the other way," she said, lapsing from self-restraint into anger again. "A gentleman's first duty is to his name. What will you be doing with yours when you marry thus?"

"I will not be degrading it," answered he, firmly. "Mother, you do not know Katharine Tresham. If you did know her—if you would know her—you could never speak of her in this manner."

"She has taken you from me, Morton. She has stealed your heart against all my entreaties; she has made you forget what is due to yourself—how can I do other than hate her? How can I stand by silently and see you marry an adventuress?"

"Mother!"

The exclamation was so stern that for a moment Mrs. Annesley shrank. But, before she could speak, Morton gave a great gulp, and hurried on:

"Forgive me, but this had better end. There is no good in prolonging a useless discussion, and I see now that this is useless. I only provoke you, and am pained myself. So I will go. Don't forget that I am very sorry to have grieved you, and, if possible, still more sorry to act against your wishes for the first time in my life."

She let him go—as far as the door; but, when his hand was on the knob, her voice called him back. He returned at once, and, rising, she met him half-way.

"My son, forgive me," she said. "You have never in your life before grieved or disappointed me; you have often given up your will to mine; you have never once failed in respect or duty to me. It is only just, therefore, that my turn for sacrifice should come. I never thought it would be so hard; I never thought you would desire to throw away

your happiness in this way. But, as you will do it—why, take my consent, and God bless you!"

The young man caught her in his arms with something that was almost a sob.

"Mother, my dear, kind mother!" he said. "You don't know how much I longed to hear those words. Thank God, they have come at last!"

He thought the tug of war was over; but, as he clasped his mother in his arms, it would have been strange if he could have known—if he could even faintly have imagined—how completely she had outwitted him, and how the worst struggle was yet to come!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNATCHING A HOLIDAY.

"Now, Eumæus, give ear, and my other friends near,
A tale somewhat vaunting I pray you to hear."

ODYSSEY, xiv., 402.

TWO summers ago, I was searching a very vexed title on Murray Hill. After a time, a truce to my perplexities seemed possible if I could procure the signature of a certain lady, living somewhere on Long Island, to a release of right to purchase.

The matter was a delicate one, and I could trust nobody but myself. Moreover, it was charming June weather, and a run in the country would do me good. So I set off. I found a region, not many miles away from the metropolis, which I have never seen written up in guide-book or vacation-book, and among whose aboriginal inhabitants, and bright, untrodden hills, I spent one of the oddest and most exhilarating holidays—for, though in the line of business, it was a real holiday in my life.

Long Island is truly a remarkable region. The edge adjoining New York is fringed with cities, lying in wealth with the metropolis itself. But penetrate inland a few miles, and you run into a long, flat, swampy track, with plateaus of dry and high land at intervals, upon which the poorer classes of New-York mechanics build their homes, spending their lives thenceforward in getting in and out of the city, and shaking with the chills-and-fever, that nightly rises from the miasmatic swamps, and sits brooding like a ghastly nightmare over the whole land. Farther on, toward the south shore and the open ocean, the ground is higher, and resembles, as I shall have occasion to remark again in this article, the aspect of New England. I am told that, within sixty miles of the New-York City-Hall, wild deer are still to be found among these rounded hills.

Over this island, in search of a lady who might have been a myth, for all I knew, through this ague-land and fever-land, I took my solitary way.

My outfit consisted of just such clothes as I wear in my office and in my ordinary walks in and out among the children of men—a Scotch-tweed summer overcoat, companion of many a ramble among the fish-swells of Gloucester, and the argot and argonauts of Marblehead, and a light-silk umbrella, with a natural root-handle very nearly the weight of the umbrella itself, which appears to have sprouted complete therefrom, a slender reed or mushroom full blown, according as it is shut or opened. Mr. Murray, in his delightful, though, I fear me, somewhat Hesperidean and roscate fables of the Adirondacks, is wont, not only to tell us of his outfit taken in detail, but what he paid therefor, and the name of the tradesman who sold it and Mr. Murray at a single bargain. Suffice it for me, that I found both the above enumerated treasures within a radius of ten rods around Union Square, proposing, in my Anabasis, in the spirit of General Pope's order, number one, to live on the enemy.

At the foot of James Slip, East River, New York, there was, at the date of this chronicle, and is to-day, if the wasting breath of Time has not consumed it, a shed, about five feet square, or rather, I should say, five feet crooked, which boasts of a door opening upon South Street. Over this door may be detected, on a clear day, the legend, "Long Island Railroad, Passenger Rooms." A superficial observer might suppose that these "rooms" were christened in the same generous spirit in which the ample-hearted Mr. Richard Swiveller spoke of his garret, as his "apartments;" but I have had an opportunity of examining, and can distinctly asseverate that there are *two* "rooms," thus confounding the superficial observer aforesaid, and justifying the plural. The second "room" is, I should say, *one foot*

square, into which is fitted an unhappy man, who sells tickets through a hole in the wall to his partners in misery, the passengers dove-tailed together outside. At certain hours during the day, a ferry-boat, once, I have no doubt, both new and seaworthy, leaves a slip in the near vicinity of these passenger-rooms, and, after a perilous voyage up the East River, lands her surviving passengers at Greenpoint, whence, if their hearts are brave, and their spirit has survived to them, in the face of these repeated terrors, they can take the Long-Island Railroad to Greenport. Our boat, after several blind plunges at the slip—which sounded to me like the refrain of the old song:

"If it was na weel bobbitt, weel bobbitt, weel bobbitt,
If it was na weel bobbitt, we'll bobbitt again!"—

landed us, and I took my seat in the cars, which are both clean and comfortable, and so very unexpectedly so, after previous experiences, as to cheer one up amazingly, and make him feel as if youth and hope were not altogether delusions and snares.

I stretched myself upon the welcome cushions, and felt rattled along at as good a rate of speed as I could wish. There had been a camp-meeting somewhere among the abounding swamps and Sloughs of Despond, which I could not but feel to be the correct and proper thing in the premises, and on that account restrained my grumbles at being stopped every seven minutes to take on board the good people, who appeared in little squads at the most unexpected places, stopping the train wherever they pleased, as if depots were such merely optional conveniences as to be beneath the attention of respectable citizens.

I remember particularly one place where the train stopped. Not a soul was in sight, and the single track was fenced in for miles by a wall of rushes, at least six feet high. Judge of my surprise, to see the aforesaid wall parted, just as the fairy in the pantomime parts the curtain at the most unexpected place, by a swarm of camp-meeting *habitués*, who climbed, single file, up the embankment, filling the car almost too deep—and certainly too deep for comfort.

Greenport is a New-England fishing-town—if ever there was a New-England fishing-town out of New England itself. The Long-Island Railroad terminates on a little pier built out into the water, whence you foot it to the hotel. I went to bed with a rush-light, in a room with no lock to the door, and no door to speak of, either. The march of modern improvement had placed a bell in the tavern, and it was hung in the main hall, where all the boarders could get at it. This was not bad, the only consequences being a knock at my door every ten minutes during the night to know if I had rung—my door being nearest the aforesaid bell, which must have kept up a cheery jingle in the bar, if the tattoo on my panels was any criterion.

In the morning I was awakened by an altercation in the back-yard, under my window, between the 'ostler and the "boots," as to whether the elephant, in a circus which had lately visited the town, had or had not danced a polka on his ear; the 'ostler so affirming, while the "boots" maintained that it was clearly impossible, and that it must have been the camel. I heard this whole dispute somewhat at a disadvantage, but am confident that the merits are as I state them. Breakfast would not be spread for an hour, so I strolled down to the water's edge. Imagine a city man looking at a sunrise! That was one of the few I have seen in the course of a somewhat eventful life. But what a one it was! All sunrises are glorious, as I am informed and believe.

But here, on a precious June morning, over waters so cool and green that I imagine Long-Islanders have striven to embalm their estimation of that pigment by tacking a "green," by way of prefix, upon every thing of which they have had the christening within a hundred miles, the splendor that the sea gave back was like another sun. Here was Nature in her Sunday clothes, and only I alone to enjoy her!

Rocking before me were one or two respectable schooners, and a hecatomb of fishing-smacks, their graceful strips of sides painted red, blue, yellow, and, above all, green, and their white sails reefed up, or swinging listlessly in the half-breeze. The water was rolling in pretty swells toward the shore, mixing up the fish-boats, and toppling the tall masts of the schooners. I could not forbear, and, stripping so much of myself as was proper, I took a little splash, and felt at home in the mild brine.

The crowning industry of the people up here seems to be the "manufacture of fish," so called. They certainly succeed in manufacturing a most villanous stench, and, if smells are good fertilizers, I cannot conceive of a country where broom-corn would grow higher,

or cereals yield more bushels to the acre, than in the vicinity of Greenport.

I understand these fish-factories to be establishments for the conversion of fish into manure. What they do with their manure, after it is converted, I have not the first conception, for I saw none of it being moved in cars or wagons, but, on the contrary, great heaps of it, breathing pestilence and breeding corruption, all over the country. There is a huge "fish-factory" constructed of hulks of old whalers, anchored just opposite Greenport, whose inhabitants can get up early, as I did, and revel in an exhilarating breeze from the sea, when, if they can detect any thing but the nasty breath of the "fish-factory," it must be the result of long practice, and a stronger stomach than mine. Still, I am New-Englander enough to admit that the odor of aged fish is very healthy.

What an invaluable ally of man is this same finny tribe! They are food for his table, sport for his rod, a dressing for his land, and aliment for his canary-birds! Besides which, I have seen at Mackinac great fatty sturgeons piled up like cord-wood on the wharf, and used to feed the furnaces of the great lake propellers.

Now, all animals are more or less available to navigation, but I maintain a fish to be the only living thing capable of use as fuel. True, the early Christians were utilized in that line to some extent, and we know that King Nebuchadnezzar once so experimented upon three Hebrew gentlemen, sparing no pains to make his experiment a success; but it was not. They would not burn.

Returning to my tavern, I had one of the best breakfasts I ever swallowed, delicious clams, delicate water-cresses, with butter sweet as honey and yellow as the sunrise I had seen.

Being perfectly aware that whatever excess of breakfast could be stowed away now would stand me in good stead about supper-time—dinner I did not look for—I did all these dainties ample justice.

Before leaving Greenport, I want to say a word for and about it. It is a good place to wear out old clothes in—easy-fitting old clothes; and to go about in wide, roomy slippers. Everybody takes life so easily there, talks so leisurely and composedly, rides, walks, drives, eats, drinks, and communicates information, so slowly and serenely, that I can imagine a tight boot or collar never exists there at all, and would not be tolerated a moment.

Mine host at the hotel—I have forgotten his or its name, though both stared me in the face from a square sign-board that creaked from a traditional pole well into the street—was a homely and hearty inn-keeper of the olden time. Civilization—or, as Washington Irving would say, the barbarisms of civilization, railroads, steamboats, and palace-coaches—have driven off the old way-side inns, where the host gathered his guests before the open chimney, and with his wife, standing with pink arms akimbo, for one of his auditors, spun long-winded yarns to their edification and his own, while the guests responded to the compliment by cramming the old fellow up with all sorts of cock-and-bull and fish stories for his next audience. But here, inside of a hundred miles from New York, was one of the last of the stock. He took care of me like a son, piloted me down to the dock, put me aboard the "ferry," and waved his fat hand as I glided away. All this in consideration of the modest pecunium which was all he demanded for my keep.

The eastern end of Long Island is shaped like the distended jaws of a sperm-whale. I have no doubt but that the country has grown so on account of the people around there having been more or less intimately related to sperm-whales until very recently.

On the upper jaw of this whale, just where the lip begins, to pursue the conceit, and looking out upon Long-Island Sound, is Greenport.

The lower jaw terminates in Montauk Point; under the chin, with its long range of beach, on which the unbroken waves of the Atlantic spend their fury, are the Hamptons, South and East, while the *chasm* of the mouth has its apex in Riverhead, perhaps fifty miles inland.

Right across this whale's mouth, like props to keep the jaws apart, lie Gardiner's, and, farther inland, Shelter Island. Between this latter and the main land, is Great Peconic Bay; between Gardiner's and Shelter Island lies Gardiner's Bay.

All this region was formerly the hunting-ground of the Shicococ, Cochang, Manhasset, and Montauk Indians, and after them, and until November 30, 1664, Governor Winthrop having discovered at that date that this land was included in the Duke of York's grant, under the control of Connecticut. I amused myself with conjecturing how

strong must have been the personality of that hardy Puritan race, that they could have managed, in so short a time, to have stamped their likeness upon every blade of grass, every tree, rock, fence, and farm-house, in Suffolk County.

I found these islands as green and lovely spots as ever eye of man could rest upon.

The water in these bays and inlets—for the islands are penetrated, every few hundred yards, by bayous—is as still and mellow as the sky itself, and is, in almost every case, fringed with a broad beach. A summer-house or shooting-box, built here, would command every beauty that Nature can bestow on summer-houses, and command, besides, fishing, hunting, yachting, and bathing, of the best.

Gardiner's Bay reminds us of William Kidd:

—"as I sailed, as I sailed,

My name was William Kidd; as I sailed,

My name was William Kidd, and God's laws I did forbidd;

And so wickedly I did, as I sailed." *

Greenport lies, as I said before, on the upper jaw of our sperm-whale, while just opposite, about three miles off, is the upper end of Shelter Island. At rare though not entirely supposititious intervals, a citizen of Greenport will feel moved to visit Shelter Island, which remote contingency has been foreseen by an ancient mariner who is too old to fish. For fishing I find to be, out here, the second duty of man. The youngers all go to sea until they are thirty, stay at home and fish until sixty, and then live, until they shuffle off this mortal coil, under their own vine and fig-tree.

This ancient mariner, then, being too old to fish, maintains an intermittent ferry by means of a fishing-smack, such as I saw before breakfast. I climbed into it, down the black timbers of the wharf; the skipper lighted his pipe, trimmed his sail, and we glided away over the crystal water.

This little ride of five miles was the loveliest of my trip. Ever

* Mr. William W. Campbell, in a late work, has, after the manner of the iconoclast Gould, who assures us that such a man as William Tell there never was, proved that Pirate Kidd was no pirate at all, but an unfortunate man—the scape-goat of his noble partner's, the Earl of Bellamont's, sins. But, be that as it may, *à propos* of Gardiner's Bay I find the following in "A Sketch of the First Settlement of the Several Towns in Long Island," etc., by Silas Wood, Brooklyn, 1834:

"William Kidd, who was commissioned in 1696 to go against the pirates who then infested the seas, became a pirate, sailed to Madagascar, and ravaged the sea and the coast from the Red Sea to the coast of Malabar for nearly a year, when he returned with more valuable spoil than perhaps ever fell to the lot of a pirate. On his way from the West Indies to Boston, he anchored in Gardiner's Bay, landed on the island, and buried a box of gold, silver, and precious stones. The owner of the island was intrusted with the secret, and his life was the pledge of its security. Kidd made similar deposits in other places along the coast. On Kidd's arrival at Boston, on the 1st July, 1699, he was seized and committed by order of the governor, the Earl of Bellamont, and among his papers was found an account of all his deposits.

"Commissioners were appointed to collect and secure them. They called on Mr. Gardiner for the box that was deposited on the island, who, after he was assured that Kidd was in safe custody, and not likely to be again in a condition to injure him, produced the box, and delivered it to the commissioners.

"Kidd was sent to England and tried, and executed May 9, 1701. The tradition of his having buried treasures along the coast, unaccompanied by the history of their discovery, has given rise to the idle practice of money-digging, under the impression that those treasures are still to be found.

"Among the papers of the late John L. Gardiner, Esq., is an account of the treasure deposited on the island, taken from the list of Kidd's treasures which were secured by the commissioners, as follows:

"Received, the 17th inst., from Mr. John Gardiner—			
Three bags of gold-dust, containing..	136 oz.		
Two bags of gold bars, " ..	501½		
One bag of coined gold, " ..	11	and silver 124 oz.	
One bag of broken silver, " ..		173½	
Two bags of silver bars, " ..		521	
Two bags of silver buttons and a lamp.		29	
One bag containing three silver rings			
and sundry precious stones.....			4½ oz.
One bag of unpolished stones.....			12½
	648½	847½	17½

"One bag containing one piece of Bristol and Bezoar stones, two cornean rings, two small agates, and two amethysts."

"Which account was presented by Samuel Sewell, Nathaniel Byfield, Jeremiah Dummer, and Andrew Belcher, Esqs., commissioners appointed to receive and secure the same, under oath, to the Earl of Bellamont, Governor of Massachusetts."

This is only a part of the first of thirteen sheets in which the whole account is contained, as it is certified by H. C. Addington, Secretary of State, July 25, 1699.

and anon we would sail into the shadow of one of those green hills of whose cool charms for my tired city eyes I cannot say too much, when the water would be black as Erebus; then, a moment afterward, into the sunshine again, where it was of that tender sea-shell tint of green whose like I never saw before, and have never seen since.

My Charon landed me on Shelter Island, alone with my cigar, my umbrella, and myself, and, after having briefly directed me to walk up the hill, where I could find somebody among the farm-houses to carry me to the next ferry—for there is a second island, lying end to end with Shelter Island, and with it forming the imaginary timber across the whale's mouth—relighted his furnace—i. e., his pipe—and ho! again for Greenport.

Some time after this I was one of a party of gentlemen who were discussing the relative merits of motive powers. They spoke of wind, steam, water, air, gas, and electricity; but I was the only one among them who had ever seen a vessel propelled by tobacco.

I worked leisurely up the hill, too complacent in the delicious morning to take note of time. Everywhere the likeness of this country to my native New England forced itself upon me—the apple-trees along the road-side, the stone fences, the houses—when there were any houses at all—of the old-standard pattern, one colossal chimney over two windows on each side, and five above the front-door.

I cannot imagine our sires daring to live in a house with less or more windows or chimneys. Horseshoes would have availed naught against witch or goblin, had this orthodox architecture been varied. I am positive there must be a blue law somewhere on the subject.

In this region, it is true, the fields are not macadamized with bowlders, nor the sheep's noses filed down to penetrate between them, as in some parts of New England; but this is, I believe, the only exception to the resemblance.

There was, upon the day of which I write, a certain old farmer, who for a consideration was willing to prop up between the thills of a crazy superstructure on four wheels the leanest horse I ever saw, where, supported on both sides, and once under way, he (the horse) worried us across the island pretty well, considering the amount of flesh on his back.

It seemed to me, as we jogged along among the apple-orchards and wind-mills of this primeval country, that I had somehow fallen asleep on Prince Agib's magic carpet, and been borne backward to the days of the Puritans. The old man at my side was mute as one of Hendrik Hudson's nine-pin players among the Catskills. I had tried to make him speak at first, but without avail, and finally had relapsed into silence myself.

What with the stillness and the hard board seat, I grew uneasy; the sphinx at my side began to take shapes out of the *Magnolia Christi*; I conjured him to be one of the regicides, like him who whilom appeared to the beleaguered faithful in Deerfield Church. Anon his beard became frostier, and his old slouched hat became a cockle-shell. I seemed to have struck upon the long-lost Isle of the Puritans, which, tradition says, is floating off this coast; and the impression was assisted by the windmills—orthodox erections, such as we have grown used to in the publications of the American Tract Society, wherein, besides this primitive land, they do now alone survive—and the wells, with their long sweeps standing up against the sky like an arc of ninety degrees, with its cosine and tangent.

At last the sphinx pulled up his Rosinante upon a long, low, crescent-shaped beach, beyond which spread the same apple-green water, with the shadow of the hills upon its breast, and left me to my fate.

"You kin," he said, breaking the long silence from a sense of duty—"you kin throw up yer hat, or wave yer handkercher, an' maybe like they'll see ye on t'other side, and fetch ye across."

With such words of friendly counsel did he leave me to myself.

The reader will perhaps have perceived ere this that my umbrella, the principal item of my outfit, had been, up to this time, entirely ornamental. It now became useful as well. I tied my pocket-handkerchief around its knobby neck, and, standing where the island ended and the wave began, waved prodigious salutations to the other side—but of no avail.

After ten minutes of this performance, I grew weary, and looked about me for a seat. I had noticed a little graveyard, about a furlong back, and overhanging the beach just in a lawn of clover and short grass. I had picked up an apple or two in my ride, and, as my brisk travelling had begun to stir up an appetite within, I determined to find my way back to the graveyard and eat them. As a rule, I dis-

like graveyards—what are they but harsh and dreary reminders of the time, already upon us, when we shall lie in one of them? and these reminders come soon enough to us all. Who can care to visit a spot where the bloom of every flower, the floss of every leaf, the sap of every tree, is part and parcel of a human life that was—is part and parcel of the friend we loved, perhaps?

I, for one, do not care

“To think of summers yet to come,
That I shall never see;
To think there is a flower to bloom,
Of dust that I shall be.”

So I speedily finished my apples and my elegy in a country church-yard. And now my repetition of the umbrella and handkerchief feat was crowned with success, for I saw a sail-boat pushing out from the opposite shore. As its keel grated on the beach, I jumped in and encountered a man who was destined unconsciously to figure in a great many after-speculations of mine. Mentally and physically there was in him much food for marvel. He was tall and spare, angular and bony; he had a long nose; eyes clean buried behind iron-gray tufts of eyebrows; short, scrubby, gray hair; beard and whiskers which grew clear down his neck, enveloping it down to his breast in muffler of odious-looking grizzle. His shirt was of white stuff—that is, I suppose the stuff was white when the shirt was made—and his trousers of coarse blue; to these add a fraction of hat, and you have the man's wardrobe.

Seeing my new friend was more communicative than the last, I began: “I am on my way to Sag Harbor; can you tell me how I can get there?”

“Where do you come from?”

“Greenport.”

“When?”

“This morning.”

“How d'ye get on t'other side?”

“I drove over.”

I began to think it was about time to receive a response to my one question, having answered three of his. So I repeated, “Can you tell me how to get to Sag Harbor?”

“Wall,” replied the strange customer, “it's nigh on to seven mile there”—this very deliberately indeed.

“Can't I find anybody who will drive me over?”

“Yes; I guess you might.”

“Whom shall I ask?”

“Wall, I don't know but I might drive you over myself, only daddy won't let me take the horse. How much 'u'd ye give me to drive ye over there?”

I hope the reader will note that he was a full-grown man, nearly sixty years old, and yet in wholesome fear of his daddy, such as we New-Yorkers cannot hope to impress upon our three-year-olds. The conversation continued:

“How much do you want?” I asked.

“Will you give me fifty cents?”

“Yes.”

“Wall, I don't know but what it's worth the resk. Guess I'll resk it, anyhow.”

This strange manner of man lived with his “daddy” aforesaid, his mother, and one brother, in a little frame house, one side of whose roof came down to within five feet of the ground. I had and still have a consuming curiosity to see that “daddy.” How old must he have been, and yet how strong! How vigorous in mind and body to have inspired such a dread of his displeasure in his old boy! My only regret is, that we didn't run afoul of him on the way to Sag Harbor, though perhaps it would have been annihilation to me. I wonder if he let his boy have that fifty cents for spending-money, or whether it was confiscated at sight? I wonder if he'll let him have his own way when he grows up? When we touched the shore, my queer friend, having ascertained that his “daddy” was away from home, announced that he would drive me over to Sag Harbor, and I went in-doors to rest until he should be ready to start. The farm-house seemed to consist of one room, which was kitchen, parlor, dining-room, and bedroom, all at once. “The boys,” my friend and his brother—I understood them to be nearly of an age—slept together in the garret, which was reached by a ladder in the corner.

Feeling thirsty, I asked for a drink. “There's the mug,” said the old lady, “and” (pointing out of the window to where an old-fashioned well-sweep was visible about sixty rods off), “there's the well—you

kin drink all you like.” I took my mug silently, when the old lady had an after-thought. “If you be a-going down there, you might take that 'ere bucket along and fill it;” but this proposition I failed to consider, and set out contentedly with only the mug.

My juvenile companion had meanwhile put two healthy horses before a farm-wagon, spread a miniature bed-ticking (I haven't the remotest idea what use it could have been), upon the hard and springless seat, the agreed honorarium was paid, I lighted a fresh cigar, and mounted for my ride.

The island is a beautiful succession of teeming farms, usually put into oats and hay, as I judged, and wearing that same rolling contour which I had admired on Shelter Island.

My queer friend had filled his pockets with “doughnuts,” and, hospitably offering me one, I found it quite palatable, and put away another. Mind you, I had not broken fast, save with my apples among the tombs, since seven, and it was now twelve o'clock.

We took a *détour* of about eight miles to avoid meeting my friend's “daddy,” who had gone to Sag Harbor with a load of “garden-sass.”

The village of Sag Harbor lies on an arm of Gardiner's Bay, partly in East and partly in South Hampton townships; we approach it over a long bridge, or causeway, built of rough logs, across an inlet of the bay. The tide was out, and the mud was strewn with stranded yachts, yawls, and smacks, and the accumulated *débris* and little pools of bilge left by a sea-tide, and the fresh salty smell of algæ, so grateful to a son of the sea-shore, greeted my nostrils.

Sag Harbor was, years ago, the third port of entry in the Union as regarded the whaling-trade; to-day, the battered sea-sick hull of her last whaler, dismasted and keeled over, lies abreast of the town, the copper being stripped from her sides by the enterprising firm which has bought her for junk. The decline of the whale-fishery has been the death of Sag Harbor. In 1840, her tonnage was 20,405; in 1850, 12,808; in December, 1864, 1,882; of which 1,829 was in the whale-trade; and I suppose to-day that her occupation is altogether gone.

I want to stop right here to put down a story told me concerning this solitary whaler mentioned above, that looms like a great black kraken over the doomed seaport. I met, on my return to New York, on board of the little steamer *Escort*, a very intelligent gentleman, now a merchant in Brooklyn, but born and reared in Sag Harbor, and who, therefore, as a matter of course, had been on a whaling-voyage. I have never seen him since we climbed ashore at New York; but, if his eye ever meets these pages, I trust he will let me know of his whereabouts.

Once upon a time, when Sag Harbor was rich in whale-oil, there lived a certain skipper who possessed, among other treasures, a beautiful daughter. The father had grown rich in the sperm-fishery, thirty of his vessels were cramming their sleek sides with blubber in the northern seas, and ashore his smiling farms and fat hay-ricks were scattered far and near.

Now a certain youth there was who had long nursed his bashful love for this beautiful daughter, until, emboldened to confess it, he had been blessed by a responsive avowal of her own. But boy and girl alike felt instinctively that the stern, rich old man would never hear of their wedding, and so the old, old story of stolen love and hopeless kisses was acted over again, until, one day, all was discovered, and the boy was packed off to the only penitentiary the village knew, their Alma Mater, but their Nemesis as well, a whaling-voyage.

For two long years our hero pined before the mast; but, with a brave as well as a tender heart, most manfully he strove to do his duty. Knowing well the only way to his lady's hand—her heart was his already—must, so to speak, be carved through solid blubber, and could never be travelled by blubbering with his eyes alone, he did what he had to do well, and came back second mate of the craft where he had shipped before the mast.

Proud in his own self-consciousness, he boldly demanded his bride. But the old man only laughed in his face. “Poh, poh!” said he, “my daughter owns a fleet of whalers, and a hundred men as good as you. Why should she marry you, when she owns you without?”

“Sir,” said the brave boy, “she loves me; but I will not ask her for that alone. You shall see what I can do. If you will give me the command of one of your ships, I will bring you back, in one cruise, three times the wealth your captains bring you now, or release my claim to your daughter.”

“That is bold talk,” said the skipper, “and I should like to put you to the test; but I have no ship at home.”

"Well, sir," said our hero, "if you will build me a ship, I will pay for it in a single voyage."

"I like your spunk," said the old man. "I will build a new ship, and, if you pay for it in one trip, you shall marry my daughter, if she will marry you. But, while the ship is building, you must not see her, and she shall be at liberty to forget you, if she wants to."

These were hard conditions for a loving heart, but Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel, and our hero could serve three. This was the story. The ship was built and paid for. In the fulness of time the wedding was celebrated, the old skipper turned up his toes, and the story of bride and groom had literally the conclusion we used to give to our childish histories—"and they lived in peace and died in a pot of grease"—and there is the identical ship to-day "to witness if I lie."

Sag Harbor in those days was a busy, bustling town, her streets full of strangely-dressed men, toilers of the sea from under every sky. Sag Harbor to-day has dropped into that eternal sleep from which it may never waken more. As I rode along the quaint and stilly streets, "Here," thought I, "one could live forever, devoutly believing in the Marquis of Carabas, in William Tell, Captain Kidd, Pocahontas, and the Man in the Moon; in the horrid 'maelström on the coast of Norway,' down which were pictures of full-rigged ships sailing perpendicularly, in our first geographies; in Hell-Gate and its perils, and in every darling fiction, of which the soft-tongued Southrons say 'Se non è vero, è ben trovato,' but which this sad iconoclastic age has battered down with doubts."

Once upon a time there sat, at the intersection of two thoroughfares, in the ingenuous city of Boston, a deaf old organ-grinder, from "morn till dewy eve," discoursing popular harmonies, and solaced by occasional cents, until some waggish stranger—he could not have been a Bostonian, perhaps he was a New-Yorker—cleverly extracted, one night, the bowels from his instrument. But the all-unconscious grinder sat next morning, placidly as ever, on the curbstone, grinding away the most grateful silence, until an examination, induced by the unusual harvest of pennies, disclosed the trick. Historians tell us, however, so profitable had his toil become, that he forbore to replace the lungs of his Cecilia, but sits there to this day grinding peacefully away at nothing at all!

Even such, methinks, must be the life of a man in the quiet town before me, where noise and bustle are forever banished, and where life, as it slips along, gives no sound to warn the poor wretch of its decadence.

Even so, grinding away at nothing, and producing naught!

I have mentioned that, in approaching Sag Harbor, we crossed a long, low bridge, or causeway, over a bayou of mud, that at high tide became an arm of the sea. Just discernible to one who cares to hunt for it, is a long black timber, embedded in the slime, which tradition tells was once the keel of a ship, and over it has been treasured up the following legend:

Once upon a time there arose a mighty wind from the sea, and a whaling-vessel, homeward bound, was driven clear up here, where she lay high and dry. For long years it remained, until at last the masts had fallen or been borne away, and a huge fissure in the side, broken by shipwreck, became enlarged by time and the small urchins of Sag-Harbor parentage, who were wont to make the old hulk their play-house at low water.

One dark night, two of the small boys aforesaid, who had been belated in the woods on the other side, were hurried home by a tremendous crash of thunder and a sudden brightening of the sky, the whistling of the winds, and the ominous flashes of lightning. Just as they were crossing the causeway a remarkably brilliant flash of lightning made every thing around them visible, and, to their surprise, they saw the old hulk upright on her keel with her three masts in their places, full rigged, and standing out under full canvas.

After the flash which revealed her had subsided, the boys were still more astounded to see that from the huge fissure in her side there gleamed a strange and brilliant light. All trembling with fear, yet, goaded by that curiosity which in boys with easy consciences can overcome even terror, they crawled up until they could see through the fissure right into the hold of the old ship.

What a sight met their gaze! The hold was full of men, strange, shaggy-bearded, coarse-handed, swarthy men, such as they had seen old salts fresh landed from a three-years' cruise.

They had evidently just boarded a whale, and were busy stowing

away the blubber in barrels, tubs, and casks. Some were filling great hogsheads with creamy oil, pouring it from huge dippers with long, greasy handles. Long tackles depending from the decks above were laden with lumps of blubber, which were unloaded and sent up again by the silent, ghostly crew.

Not a word was uttered. The captain gave his commands by nod and beck, and the men who headed up the well-filled barrels struck with noiseless hammers on wood that gave back no sound in return.

Lost in amazement, the boys stood with eyes riveted to the wonderful vision. At last, emboldened by the silence, one of them stirred in his place. In an instant the ghostly business ceased, and every one of the spectre crew turned and gazed upon the intruders. Paralyzed with an awful fear, the boys fainted. When they came to themselves all was dark and black again, and, with dizzy heads and heavy feet, they managed to gain their homes.

Their story was first laughed at, then tolerated, and before morning the town settled in its full and confident belief. Many began to bethink themselves of, and to testify to, strange sounds in the whistling of the wind, like the shouts of sailors on shipboard, and, not fancying to be outdone in the marvellous by mere boys, essayed more or less blood-curdling reminiscences in the interest of the commonwealth.

Strangest of all, at daybreak, when a wondering crowd sought the scene of the wreck, it was found to have gone entirely to pieces. Huge scales of its sides lay about; its ribs had been carried off to various distances; but only the rotten keel lay undisturbed in the slough.

From that very day, say the wisecracks, the whale-fishery of Sag Harbor—its sole and only wealth—began to decline. Ship after ship came home empty; news upon news of whalers lost at sea with all on board; and, finally, the last of the fleet—her occupation gone—came home and anchored opposite the wharf, as I have seen, and faithfully chronicled.

The streets of Sag Harbor are just what they should be in so sleepy a town. Long rows of elms line them, green lawns and antique houses border them, and here and there a quiet church-yard peered its white eyes out upon us, as if old "Tempus Edax" could not let a single calm elapse without a monition of the eternal debt we owe to Nature and to him.

Everybody I met in the streets was walking leisurely; there was nothing in the world for them to hurry about. Verily, as in Tennyson's "Lotus-land," "it seemed always afternoon."

On a green lawn I came across some pretty girls playing croquet. That brought me back to the modern world again, but for that I might have slept with Rip Van Winkle.

I am very grateful to those pretty girls playing croquet. They woke me up, and set me about my business.

When I came to bid good-by to my Fidus Achates, he, learning that I should, in all probability, set out for East Hampton in an hour, and having, in the distance at which he found himself from home, lost that wholesome fear of his daddy which had kept him until now in a kind of tremor, proposed to hold on, drive me there himself, and turn another honest penny.

Inasmuch as the stage-coach from Sag Harbor did not leave until late in the evening, I readily and, as the event proved, fortunately agreed—for a little questioning determined me—and in a short time I was back again on the ticking, and ho! for East Hampton.

And now I could distinguish the far-off music of the sea, like the hum of the sea-shell pressed against my boyish ear, or as on our knees we hear from the far-off cloister the last sublime amen dying slowly away in the wail of the organ.

On we go over roads high-walled on either side with willows, and at last I feel the sea-mist wetting my cheek, and I am in East Hampton.

Here my journey ended, for here I found the lady of my errant search. East Hampton is a well-known watering-place, and needs no description from me. Along the broad and quiet beach stand the old farm-houses shaded by the older trees. I do not believe there are anywhere else in the world such grand and massive elms, pensive in their solitary state, as if brooding over the changes they have seen.

Beyond that beach is the open and the trackless sea. This is Ultima Thule, and there is the wailing waste of brine.

And even now, as I sit in my office, among briefs, and notices,

and orders to show cause, there come to me glimpses of that quiet sea-beach at East Hampton where the sea-weed still blackens in the sun and mist—still blown by breezes from the mournful Atlantic—and far beyond it the sea still wailing its ceaseless monody.

JAMES APPLETON MORGAN.

MONOGRAMS.

THE present mania for these engraved conundrums is only a revival. After a suspension of two centuries or so, the epidemic is having another run. These devices can be traced back to early ages—to the Greeks at least, and possibly to Egyptian parentage. Derived from two Greek words signifying *sole*, or *only*, and *letter*, they are defined as “characters, or ciphers, composed of two or more letters interwoven, being an abbreviation of a name.”

Some modern engravers dispute this, and say that the true monogram should be so contrived that any two of its letters, if not all, should have some portion in common. Thus the diphthong *Æ* is a true monogram, and as such it may be held as embracing the four initials *A E F L*, in any desired order; albeit there is a shadow of a theory that in these combinations the initial of the surname should be the most prominent letter.

Without splitting hairs, however, over niceties of definition, it is true that many of our modern monograms are not “abbreviations of names,” but merely intertwined initials, or what dissenting engravers call a cipher, and, like the Dutchman with his riddle, one wants a “schlate und bencil” to decipher them.

Monograms were used on the coins of the old Greek cities by the early Christians, by the Carolingian sovereigns; the “merchants’ marks” of the middleages were often monograms, as were the devices on tradesmen’s tokens, the signatures of old painters, and printers, while they are by no means unknown to modern publishers. The subject furnishes its share of interest to the antiquarian, and a few years since there was published in London a little volume on “Monograms, Ancient and Modern; their History and Art-treatment, with Examples,” etc.

As a means of handing down one’s name to posterity, they can hardly be considered perfect successes. A monogram of an old painter, comprising a *P*, a *C*, an *L*, and a *D*, as far as I can make out, has puzzled the readers of *Notes and Queries*, and has been ascribed to Peter Quast, Lewis Crosse, Sir Peter Lely, and I know not how many others.

At the present rate of display among our people, the monogramaniacs will soon run out of localities on which to manifest their love for letters. From seals and rings, jewelry and watches, cards and note-paper, plate and carriages, they have descended to table-linen, bath-towels, dog-cloths and shirt-collars, until there seems to be no spot left on which to apply them, unless it be to tattoo them on the forehead or put them on the door-plate. In the latter case we venture to suggest that a small boy at hand with a *libretto* will be a needful accessory, for none but the individual to be guessed at could translate the hieroglyphic snarl which looks like the tangle of angle-worms known as an eel-bob.

Who can tell whether *S. J. M.* curleued together stands for Susan Jane Muggins, Melville J. Snooks, Julia Melissa Spriggins, or Moses S. Jinks?

Shakespeare asks, “What’s in a name?” With what a deal more reason he might ask, What’s in a monogram?

A. STEELE PENN.

DR. W. B. CARPENTER, F. R. S.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN CARPENTER was born in Exeter, October 29, 1813. His father, Dr. Lant Carpenter, was a dissenting minister, favorably known as a writer on theological subjects. More widely known, however, as a zealous worker in the cause of juvenile reformation, is his sister, Miss Mary Carpenter. Only his earliest childhood was spent in Exeter, for in 1817 the family removed to Bristol. Like several distinguished Englishmen of the present day, among whom are to be named Mr. John Stuart Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer, Dr. Carpenter’s subsequent achievements cannot be traced

to the training received at any of the public schools; since his early instruction was carried on entirely under his father’s roof. Besides the ordinary branches of an English lad’s education, he devoted himself to physics and chemistry, for which he already showed a special taste and aptitude. His wish was to become a civil engineer, but, no suitable opening presenting itself at this time in that profession, he yielded to the desire of his family that he should study medicine. Mr. J. B. Estlin, a general practitioner of high standing in Bristol, and brother-in-law of Dr. Pritchard, the ethnologist, having offered to take him as a pupil and apprentice to the medical profession, an engagement to this effect was entered into. This was in 1828. Besides receiving private instructions, Mr. Carpenter attended lectures at the Bristol Medical School, and at the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Institution, and had hospital practice at the Bristol Infirmary. In the winter of 1832, the state of Mr. Estlin’s health rendering it desirable that he should make a voyage to the West Indies, Mr. Carpenter accompanied him to St. Vincent, where he stayed several months, and also visited the island of Granada.

On his return to Bristol, Mr. Carpenter resumed his medical studies and practice. In 1834 he went to London, where he prosecuted his studies at University College and Middlesex Hospital. It was at this time, while attending the lectures of Dr. Grant on Comparative Anatomy, that he imbibed that special love for the subject which has resulted in the production of those volumes on Physiology by which he is most generally known. Having passed his examination at the College of Surgeons and the Apothecaries’ Hall, he went in 1835 to Edinburgh, where he devoted himself to professional studies, under the able guidance of the distinguished men who at that time upheld the fame of Edinburgh University as one of the first medical schools in Europe. While here, he was elected the first of the four annual presidents of the Royal Medical Society.

After having spent two sessions in Edinburgh, Mr. Carpenter accepted the lectureship on Medical Jurisprudence in the Bristol Medical School, and at the same time commenced general practice in Bristol, intending to devote what spare time he might have to scientific pursuits. About this time he became a frequent contributor to various periodicals. Among the first of these contributions was a paper, “On the Voluntary and Instinctive Actions of Living Beings,” published in the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*. In the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, of which he eventually became the editor, his papers are remarkable alike for number and for varied contents. The first, which appeared in the July number of 1837, was on “Vegetable Physiology.” This was succeeded in the following year by a critique on that portion of Whewell’s “History of the Inductive Sciences” which relates to physiology; and by an article on his favorite subject; “The Physiology of the Spinal Marrow,” where the writer discusses the doctrine of reflex action which Dr. Marshall Hall had recently propounded as new. These are tolerably good beginnings for a young man of twenty-four years.

An impulse and direction were given to Mr. Carpenter’s studies about this time, by his becoming possessed of a microscope, which a prize of thirty pounds, gained at Edinburgh University in 1837, for the best essay of that year, enabled him to purchase. He had already formed, and begun to execute, his design to write the now famous treatise entitled “General and Comparative Physiology,” the first edition of which appeared in 1838. The scientific reader will not need to be told the general character of this work; and any account of it, to be of use to the non-scientific reader, would transgress the limits of this biographical sketch. Dr. Carpenter confesses that the course of study he had to go through in bringing out the work was of immense service to him, though it was rather detrimental than otherwise to success in the practice of his profession.

Up to this time the subject of this memoir had not received the degree of M. D. According to one of the regulations of the University of Edinburgh, a three-years’ attendance was requisite for graduation; and when Mr. Carpenter accepted the post of lecturer at the Bristol Medical School, he had only completed his second year. Now, however, a change in the rules enabled him to graduate in 1839 by an additional residence of three months. His thesis on the occasion of taking his degree—“On the Physiological Inferences to be deduced from the Structure of the Nervous System of Invertebrated Animals”—gained for its author one of the gold medals annually distributed. The views advanced by the essayist, though meeting with some opposition for a time, were at once adopted by Professor Owen

and others, and have since passed into general acceptance among scientific men.

The scientific aspects of medicine having from the beginning possessed attractions superior to the strictly practical, Dr. Carpenter resolved to devote himself wholly to the study of physiology, the delivering of lectures, private tuition, and writing. On being appointed Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution, he resigned his post in the Bristol Medical School, and came in 1844 to London, where he has resided ever since. Hitherto he had been engaged chiefly in reducing to system the results of the investigations of others; as in his "Comparative Physiology," and "Human Physiol-

ogy," the latter of which first appeared during this year. But about this time he began to be known as an original investigator, in connection with his researches into the microscopic structure of the shells of *Echino-dermata*, *Mollusca*, *Crustacea*, etc. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1844, and in the following year he obtained a lectureship at the London Hospital. A lectureship in geology was bestowed on him, by the trustees of the British Museum, in 1847, and in the same year he became one of the examiners of the London University. He also succeeded Dr. Forbes as editor of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, to which he had been a constant contributor for years, and which was now amalgamated with the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*,

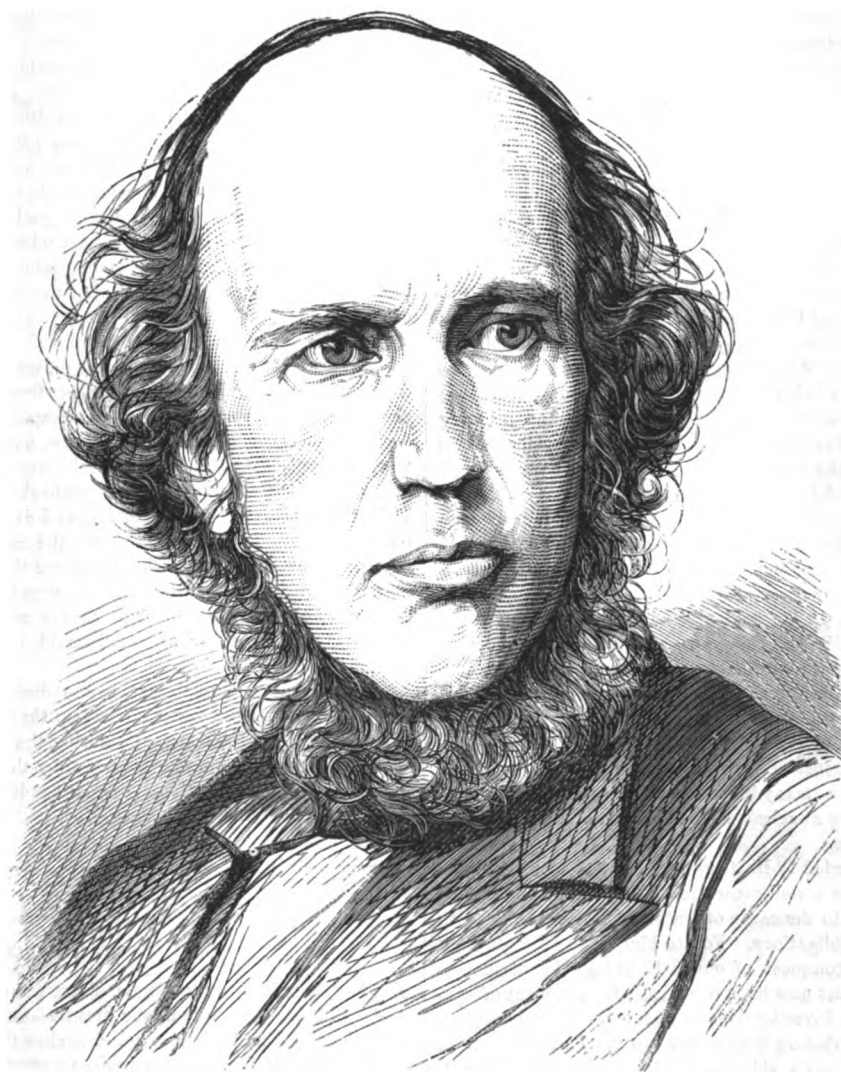
under the title *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*. Besides editorial supervision, he continued to contribute articles to this periodical, on a wide range of subjects. In 1849 he was appointed Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at University College, a post which he held for ten years.

Some six or eight years had already elapsed from the time when Mr. Grove first promulgated his views on the now well-known doctrine of the "Correlation of Physical Forces." As indicated by the title of his treatise, Mr. Grove did not attempt to show the equivalence of the so-called "vital force" with the physical forces; but confined himself to proving the mutual convertibility of the *physical* forces—motion, heat, electricity, light, magnetism, etc. In a memoir communicated to the Royal Society in 1850; Dr. Carpenter carried the argu-

ment further; he attempted to bring the "vital force" also within the generalization, proving that it has its origin in solar light and heat, and not, as is commonly believed, in a power inherent in the germ.

The reader will form an idea of the success of Dr. Carpenter's two principal works from the fact that, as early as in 1851, a third edition of the "Comparative Physiology," and a fourth of the "Human Physiology," were called for. Very high authorities have expressed their appreciation of these works, and the debt which recent physiology owes to them. Among these authorities may be mentioned Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, in his Presidential Address at the

Annual Meeting of the Royal Society in 1861, said that Dr. Carpenter's works "have served, more perhaps than any others of their time, to spread the knowledge of those sciences, and promote their study among a large class of readers;" and that, "while they admirably fulfil their purpose as systematic expositions of the current state of knowledge on the subjects which they comprehend, they afford evidence throughout of much depth and extent of original thought on some of the great questions of physiology." The field where, perhaps, Dr. Carpenter has been most successful, is that border-land between the physical and the psychological, between matter and mind—the nervous system and its functions. He has also given us his



WILLIAM BENJAMIN CARPENTER.

thoughts on another topic of present interest, in an article on the "Varieties of the Human Race;" where he argues strongly on physiological and psychological grounds for the specific unity of mankind.

In 1852 Dr. Carpenter relinquished the editorship of the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, on being appointed principal of University Hall—an institution for the reception of students at University College, similar to the halls at Oxford and Cambridge. By this change he was enabled to devote more time to scientific pursuits.

Of these pursuits a very important one was the study of the Australian and Philippine *Foraminifera*; the results of which were given in memoirs to the Royal Society, between 1856 and 1860. In these papers, says Sir B. Brodie in the address already referred to, Dr. Car-

penter "described some remarkable types which were previously quite unknown; he gave a detailed account of the very complex organization existing alike in the foregoing and in types previously well known by *external* configuration; he demonstrated the entire fallacy of the artificial system of classification hitherto in vogue, the primary divisions of which are based on the plan of growth; he laid the foundation of a natural system, based on those characters in the *internal* structure and conformation of the shell, which are most closely related to the physiological conditions of the animal; and, finally, by the comparison of very large numbers of individuals, he proved the existence of an extremely wide range of variation among the leading types of *Foraminifera*, often reassembling under a single species varying forms, which, for want of a sufficiently careful study, had not merely been separated into distinct species, but had been arranged under different genera, families, and even orders."

Another important series of subjects that engaged Dr. Carpenter's attention about this time, was the phenomena of mesmerism, hypnotism, electro-biology, etc. The result of his investigations will be found in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1853. In this paper he endeavors to explain the phenomena by the *automatic action of the mind under the influence of suggestion, the will being in abeyance*. The same explanation he considers applicable to all the phenomena of spiritualism, with the exception of those which are referable either to trickery or self-deception.

A detailed account of Dr. Carpenter's contributions to the general body of scientific knowledge would be out of place here. Let it suffice to say that he continued to prosecute with success his researches into the microscopic structures of organisms. In 1856 he published "The Microscope and its Revelations." New editions of his two great works on physiology being again urgently demanded, there was entailed upon him immense labor in reorganizing them and bringing them up to the highest level of that rapidly-advancing science. So great, indeed, has been the toil required to keep the successive editions of the "Human Physiology" (which is at present in its eighth edition) abreast of the times, that the author has of late years been compelled to hand over to others this important duty, while he himself has devoted all his spare time and energy to original investigation in certain departments of zoology.

In this self-imposed task it would still have been impossible for Dr. Carpenter to accomplish any thing very noteworthy, had he continued to be distracted by the multifarious engagements which occupied so much of his time during the first ten or twelve years of his stay in London. But, fortunately for him and for science, he was appointed in 1856 registrar of the University of London. Though the duties of this office have considerably increased since he entered upon them, they still leave him many intervals of leisure for his favorite pursuits, while the salary attached to it is such as enables him to forego other engagements.

The Royal Medal awarded to Dr. Carpenter in 1861 by the Council of the Royal Society, was a well-earned recognition of the important services he has rendered to the cause of truth. And he continues to lay us under additional obligations. For to him, as to other devoted students of Nature, the conquest of one field is but the prelude to yet further conquests. Just now he is occupied with a subject of special interest; to wit, the investigations connected with the deep-sea dredging expeditions, carried on during the two previous autumns in one of her Britannic Majesty's ships, and conducted by him, Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys, and Professor Wyville Thompson. Though no final conclusions can as yet be arrived at, it seems to be clearly indicated that there is a vast sheet of the lowest type of animal life, which probably extends over the whole of the warmer regions of the sea. And there can be little doubt that, conducted by such experienced naturalists, these expeditions will result in correcting and enlarging our present knowledge regarding the distribution of life on the globe.

DAVID DUNCAN.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

IN the summer of 1857, my vessel, the *Auckland*, a bark of about four hundred tons register, was engaged in trading-voyages on the coast of China. Having procured a cargo of bituminous coal at Tamsin, a port on the northwestern coast of the island of Formosa, we shaped our course for Shanghai, expecting the run to be made in

from six to eight days, as the distance in a direct line was only about six hundred miles.

As this coal contained an unusually large proportion of sulphur, which rendered it very easy of ignition, open lights were at all times forbidden in the hold, and every care was taken in battening down the hatches so that no water could penetrate them. For the first three days we had very stormy weather with a heavy sea, and, as the vessel was very deep, her decks were swept frequently by the waves, besides being flooded all the time, and it was not until the fifth day out that we were able to lay our direct course with a light, fair wind from the southward.

During the sixth night a strong smell of burning brimstone was noticed, but the most rigid search failed to discover any cause for it. On the following morning the odor was so intense in the cabin that we were all affected with dizziness, while the men in the fore-castle complained that they could neither eat nor sleep there. This led me to conclude that the cause of our uneasiness lay in the hold, either from the escape of gases or from fire, but probably the former, because no smoke was visible; but in either case it was not safe to remove the hatches. Fortunately our provisions were convenient, and, after a sufficient quantity had been brought on deck to last us into port, I had both cabin and fore-castle closed as tightly as possible, in order to exclude the air, covering all cracks and crevices with strips of canvas, and securing them again with battens. This state of things continued eight days, smoke issuing occasionally from crevices about the upper works, but these were stopped as soon as discovered, and we made all possible speed, not knowing at what minute the volcano under our feet might explode.

Finally, after a fifteen-days' passage, we arrived at Shanghai, and soon had man-of-war boats (among others from the United States steamship *San Jacinto*) with fire-engines alongside. Holes were cut in the deck, and streams of water poured down, but we did not know exactly where to apply them, and, as the decks were becoming uncomfortably hot, we slipped the cables, towed her into shoal water, and scuttled her. This of course extinguished the fire, and at low tide she was pumped out again and floated off. When the cargo was discharged, we found, abreast of the after-hatch, where the fire had been, it having burned down from the surface of the cargo to the planking of the vessel, and so charred that through to the copper sheathing, that with a common knife pieces of wood could be taken out, leaving the copper bare.

Immediately over this place, in the deck, there was a large ring-bolt, so loose that the water could drip through on to the coal, and it probably had done so constantly during the three days that our decks were submerged. This was supposed by the *savants* at Shanghai to have caused the combustion. I know not if this be so, but the facts are stated exactly as they occurred.

H. W. DODGE.

HERVÉ RIEL.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

"Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, *Damfreville*;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still;
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"
laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and
scored;
Shall the Formidable here, with her twelve-and-eighty guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way—
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
 Brief and bitter the debate:
 "Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!"
 Edded Damfreville his speech.
 "Not a minute more to wait!
 Let the captains all and each
 Shove ashore; then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
 France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard:
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
 —A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
 A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell!
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty
 Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a
 way!

Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this Formidable clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And, if one ship misbehave,
 Keel so much as grate the ground,
 Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
 Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is admiral, in brief.
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
 See, safe through shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock!
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past;
 All are harbored to the last,
 And, just as Hervé Riel hollas, "Anchor!" sure as fate,
 Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève;

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance,
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
 Out burst all with one accord,
 "This is paradise for hell!
 Let France, let France's king
 Thank the man that did the thing!"
 What a shout, and all one word—
 "Hervé Riel!"—
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes—
 Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville: "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard—
 Praise is deeper than the lips:
 You have saved the king his ships;
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content, and have—or my name's not Damfreville!"

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point—what is it but a run?—
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
 That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the
 bell.
 Go to Paris; rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank;
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

SCENES IN FLORIDA.

OUR illustrations of "Picturesque America" in this number of the JOURNAL, from the graphic pencil of Mr. Fenn, tell their own story so well that little need be said about them.

"The light-house at St. John's Bar" is at the entrance of the great river of Florida, the stately and romantic St. John's, the River of May of the early Huguenot settlers. The region near the mouth is famous for battles and massacres, perpetrated by Spaniards and Frenchmen in the early history of the State of Florida. St. John's Bar is a formidable one, which has caused many shipwrecks, and can only be passed by an experienced pilot, and by vessels drawing not more than eight feet of water. The light-house is surrounded by sandy wastes, with here and there a picturesque palmetto, and some of the



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—LIGHT-HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S BAR, FLORIDA.



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.-FLORIDA PINE-BARRENS.

strange cactus-like shrubbery of the Florida sea-shore. The aspect of the place is melancholy and desolate, and the breakers rolling perpetually on the snow-white sands of the shore, and on the higher portions of the bar, are well calculated to try the nerves of the novice whose vessel has to pass through them to gain the entrance to the river.

The "Pine Barrens" represent a section of country, very extensive in our Southern States, spreading from North Carolina to the extreme end of Florida. To a Northern eye they look barren indeed, and yet they bear heavy timber of the Southern pine species, and when cultivated yield good crops of vegetables and fruits. They have the great merit of healthfulness, and are generally free from the malaria which is the pest of the Southern seaboard. The pines are generally tall and shapely trees, growing wide enough apart to permit a horseman to ride freely among them. Now and then, however, as in the present picture, they assume singularly weird and fantastic shapes. In Florida they abound in game, and are still the resort of the bear, the deer, and the wild-turkey.

CHESTER.

CHESTER is one of the most interesting cities in all England, even to Englishmen, being the only walled city in the kingdom. The walls date back to the year 61, or thereabouts, when the place was occupied by the twentieth Roman legion as its headquarters. They still rest upon the foundations then laid by the Romans, whose work, in some spots, even now, makes a substantial part of the structure; while the four principal streets of the city are supposed to run just where the old Romans laid them out, nearly two thousand years ago, meeting in the centre of the city, where then stood the Roman *Prætorium*. Almost every excavation that is made bears witness to the occupation of the old conquerors; altars, statues, coins, tiles, pottery, baths, and other curious relics, coming constantly to the surface, as the advance of modern improvements disturbs the soil of the city.

Rear'd thus long ago, these ancient walls, extended in the year 75 by Marius, King of the Britons, rebuilt in 907 by the daughter of Alfred the Great, have stood many sieges, and looked down on many stirring scenes. Henry of Lancaster mustered his forces here in 1399, holding Richard II. as his prisoner in the castle. Loyal to Charles I., Chester was besieged in 1645 by the Parliamentary troops, and from the Phoenix Tower that still stands on the wall, the unhappy king witnessed the defeat of his troops; while, not far distant, still stands the house in which he lodged during his stay in the city.

Although the king's army was routed at the battle of Rowton Heath, the city of Chester held out for a long time, closely besieged by the Parliamentary forces. The sufferings of the inhabitants were very great, they being at last "constrained to feed on cats, dogs, horses, or whatever else, however loathsome, seemed likely to supply a little nutriment." The local historian of Chester, Randal Holme, has left us a queer account of matters at this time. Speaking of the mischief caused by the explosion of some grenades, December 10th, he says: "Two houses in the Watergate Street skip joint from joint, and create an earthquake; the main posts jostle each other, while the frightened casements fly for fear; in a word, the whole fabric is a perfect chaos, lively set forth in this metamorphosis; the grandmother, mother, and three children, are struck stark dead, and buried in the ruins of this humble edifice. . . . About midnight they shoot seven more; one of these lights in an old man's bedchamber, almost dead with age, and sends him some days sooner to the grave than perhaps was given him; the next day six more break in upon us, one of which persuades an old woman to bear the old man company to heaven, because the times were evil." At last, exhausted by hunger, after a brave defence of twenty weeks, Chester was surrendered, on most honorable terms, to the Parliamentary forces, on February 3, 1645-46. Many of the buildings were badly damaged during the siege, and the churches were shamefully desecrated, after the occupation, by the victorious army. Fonts were destroyed, tombs were violated, and the High Cross, where the four old Roman streets met, was demolished. The only old tombs spared in the churches are two still standing in St. Mary's Church; one, of Thomas Gamull, who lies with his wife at his side, in marble effigy on the top of the tomb, a statue of his son, praying at their feet, with smaller figures of their three daughters, bearing skulls in their hands, sculptured on the side of the tomb. The other

tomb is of Philip Oldfield, whose quaint effigy also surmounts the tomb.

The walls are now carefully preserved, and, on the top, furnish a delightful walk around the old city. Overlooking, on one side, the river Dee, at the place where King Edgar was rowed in a barge by eight tributary kings, and where you get a lovely prospect of the green banks of this beautiful river, crowned by the stately tower of the ancient Church of St. John, the walls, of two miles in extent, are, for the most part, closely hemmed in by houses on either side, for the modern city is more than twice the size of the older town originally enclosed within them. The ancient gateways have long ago decayed, and were, in the last century, replaced by others.

Within the walls the visitor is struck first by the peculiar architecture of the buildings, which are generally of massive timber-frames, with fronts most curiously carved, in the more ancient houses, some of which still exist, carefully preserved and restored, while the modern edifices imitate these ancient models, thus giving to the streets a most unique and picturesque appearance. The house of Bishop Lloyd, and that called the "God's Providence House," from the singular inscription on its front (commemorating the escape of the inmates from a visitation of the plague), "God's Providence is mine Inheritance," and an old palace of the Derby family, are the most noticeable and the best preserved of these buildings. The Lloyd House is most elaborately carved over the whole front; the wood, having become black with age and being now carefully preserved, presents a very beautiful appearance, utterly unlike any thing ever seen in America. It is quite impossible to describe the effect of these quaint old buildings in words; only the photographer and the engraver can convey an adequate idea of their peculiarities, although any one familiar with the streets of Boston will be at once reminded, in the general outline of many of them, of the old house which stood, only a few years ago, in Dock Square, near Faneuil Hall.

The "Rows" are entirely peculiar to the street architecture of Chester, and these, again, it is difficult to describe except pictorially. In all the principal streets you find what one might call a two-storied sidewalk, for, above the first story of the shops on the lower sidewalk, you come upon another sidewalk, piazza-like, on the inner side of which is another row of shops, whose customers walk above the heads of the purchasers in those below. The upper shops are much sought for, and compare well in the excellence and variety of their contents with those of the most favored cities. Here, entirely sheltered from sun, wind, and rain, one may walk through the principal streets of Chester, as it were, without going out of doors save, if need be, to cross the street. Flights of steps, at intervals, lead down to the sidewalk proper, which is narrower and by no means so attractive as the "Rows." These are well paved, and by night, well lighted. These curious galleries are supposed to be a relic of the architecture of the Romans, and to correspond with their *vestibules*, where clients awaited the coming of their patrons; while below, where the lower shops now are, were stored the various articles necessary for the house. Indeed, Tacitus speaks of the proneness of the Britons to adopt Roman customs (unlike the Britons of our day, who are slow to take to foreign ways), and of their fondness for the "porticus et balnea;" and the rows and the remains of Roman baths, of which several have been unearthed here, attest the faithfulness of the descriptions of the historian.

The massive tower of St. John's Church, which stands close by the bank of the Dee, is the most striking object as you look at the city on the south side. This is an ancient church, indeed, for its foundation dates back to the year 689, and some of the priory ruins in the rear of the church may be of that remote period. The church, as it now stands, was repaired and restored in 1581, and its round Norman arches, and the massive columns supporting them, will reward the attentive observation of the visitor.

The grandest and most satisfying building of the ancient city is the cathedral, which likewise dates its foundation far back in the ages, for the tradition runs that, during the Roman occupation, a temple of Apollo stood upon the spot where subsequently a monastery was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, to which, in 875, the relics of St. Werburgh were removed, and a convent established dedicated to her. At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII., St. Werburgh's was converted into the Cathedral Church, which it has ever since remained, St. John's having, till that time, been the Cathedral of the Diocese.

This massive though not lofty edifice of the cathedral is blackened and worn by the storms of centuries, the soft sandstone of which it was built being ill fitted to resist the rains and winds that have beat upon it during these years, so that it is difficult to imagine a more venerable appearance in any building, not absolutely a ruin, than is presented by this. The stone crumbles into dust as you touch it with your finger's end, and the edges of every stone are worn and rounded by time and storm, so that it looks as rough and irregular almost as some of our New-England stone walls. The edifice threatened to become a ruin, indeed, a few years ago, and would have become one but for the timely restorations that have been commenced, and are now rapidly prosecuted, under the energetic supervision of the present dean, the Rev. J. S. Howson, whose works are so well known to bibliographical students both in England and America. An enthusiast in this pious work, the dean is pushing it as rapidly as the funds furnished him will permit, restoring not only the substantial groundwork upon which the permanence of the whole edifice depends, but reviving the original beauty and splendor of ornamentation, so essential to the due effect of Gothic architecture. The strong foundations have been secured, and now, within a few weeks, the noble tower has been completed, standing more beautiful even than when the building was new, in plan and detail such as it was intended by the old builders who first reared it. The best taste and the soundest judgment seem to guide those who are concerned in this restoration, of which very much has been already completed. The contrast between the portions of the building thus restored, and the ancient walls that remain, make the Cathedral of Chester, in its present state, a most interesting object of study to the architect and the antiquarian. A very general interest is felt in this work throughout England, and large subscriptions have been made to carry it on with considerable rapidity. It is to be hoped that the money will not cease to flow in, for the dean will not incur a farthing of debt to effect his object, and it is pleasant to remember that such enthusiastic zeal as his rarely fails to attain the end it has in view.

The choral service of the English Church is celebrated daily in the choir, and it is difficult to express the feelings with which one listens to this beautiful service, remembering that for centuries these white-robed priests and choristers have thus every day, morning and night, made these lofty arches resound with the chanted praises of the Almighty; that, though the cloud of fragrant incense ceased to curl up from the Romish altar, yet never for a day have these arches failed to echo with the deep tones of the organ and the intoned prayers and chanted psalms and the glorious anthems of the Church of the land. One cannot look upon the procession of the celebrants, or listen to the solemn service, without profound emotion.

In the beautiful Lady-Chapel, restored to its pristine splendor in the interior, George Marsh was doomed to martyrdom by the then Bishop of Chester, and, just without the north gate, he was burned at the stake. In Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" will be found the details of his trial and of his terrible death. "The people said he was a martyr, and died marvellously patient." One can scarcely realize that, in this beautiful chapel, he stands where this poor martyr heard his sentence, which the bishop "read unto the end, and afterward said unto him, 'Nor I will no more pray for thee than I will for a dog.'" Times have changed, indeed, and bishops too, in this good old town of Chester, since the year 1555, when these things were done there.

In strange contrast to these venerable remains of the olden time, and to the generally quaint and antiquated appearance of this old town, are the modern buildings for the uses of the county of Chester, for courts, jail, and other purposes, which have been added to the ancient buildings of the castle, which, of course, has a Caesar's Tower. You find one everywhere. These buildings are quite elegant, with classic colonnades and gateways, and, in the fine esplanade enclosed by them, the garrison goes through its daily military drill.

The new Town Hall, opened within the past year by the Prince of Wales, is a remarkably beautiful edifice, of Gothic architecture, the central tower of which is the most conspicuous object in a distant view of the city.

The fine bridges which cross the beautiful river Dee should not be forgotten in our sketch of Chester. The Grosvenor Bridge has a single massive stone arch with a span of two hundred feet, being of greater dimensions than any other in the world. It is a singularly beautiful feature in the view that meets the eye of the spectator from the castle. This was built in 1832 by the late Marquis of Westmin-

ster, whose benefactions to the city seem almost without number, and of princely munificence. Scarcely less noticeable, however, is the ancient seven-arched bridge, not far distant, and higher up the stream, built in the year 1280, on one end of which, from time immemorial, have stood the "Dee Mills," and to-day, as for nine hundred years back, the grain comes hither to be ground into flour for the city and its vicinage.

Eaton Hall, the magnificent residence of the Marquis of Westminster, lies in the centre of a noble park about three miles from the city. This splendid residence, said to be one of the finest specimens of modern pointed Gothic in the kingdom, was built in 1803. Magnificent as it is, having been for years an object of curiosity to visitors from every part of England, it does not suit the princely ideas of the present marquis, and he is now rebuilding the greater part of the edifice, and entirely remodelling the style of its architecture. Years will be occupied in this undertaking, so that Eaton Hall is closed to visitors for a long time to come.

Few places in England are so attractive and interesting to the American visitor as Chester, especially from the contrast which it presents in every respect to the bright glitter of our own new cities, and in its quiet and primeval repose to the whirl and bustle that characterize the cities of the New World. Within a half-hour's ride from Liverpool, where so many American travellers arrive, it is often among the first places that they visit. No intelligent traveller can fail to derive much pleasure and instruction from examining its antiquities, or can recall the days spent there without the greatest satisfaction.

HENRY WARE.

FRESH FISH.

NEW YORK has at least one market which is worthy of the greatness of the city. The new building of the Fishmongers' Association is thoroughly adapted to the purpose for which it was built. All New-Yorkers will remember the wretched old sheds in which the wholesale fresh-fish business of the city was until recently conducted. It was, if possible, a more dilapidated affair than Fulton or Washington Market.

This building rests upon piles, and is immediately north of the Fulton Ferry House. It is one hundred and ninety-three feet long by sixty wide, and thirty feet to the eaves; is all paid for, and all owned by those who do business beneath its roof. The market hours in winter are from 6 A. M. to 2 P. M.; in summer from 3 A. M. to 4 P. M. The building has many doors opening upon South Street on the west, and many opening upon the river on the east. By each river-side door is an iron ladder, reaching down to the water, and a block and tackle for hoisting fish singly or in boxes and baskets. A raft, called a "float," lies close to the piles on which the market is built; and outside of this float are, all the year round, eighty singular boxes for holding fish. These are called "cars," are twelve by eight, by two and a half feet deep, made of pine, and always floating—like some deep iron-clads—"level with the water." These eighty cars are used by fourteen firms—some having occasion, in busy times, in hot weather, for six or eight cars. In these boxes, which are open enough for the free passage of the water in and out, the fish can be kept alive for any desired length of time.

The question here naturally suggests itself, How are the fish brought alive from a distance? The answer is, in the "fish-wells" of vessels. Very few—including nautical people—know what is meant by a fish-well in a vessel. Most people suppose this is a simple tank, and would be horror-struck at the thought of sailing in any craft containing one, if they knew that these wells were literally what their name indicates—tanks firmly fastened in the vessels, with open lattice-work bottoms, for the free ingress and egress of sea water. These receptacles do not, however, endanger the fishing-smacks, as, their sides being as high as those of the boats, the water will never rise in them higher than it does on the outside of the boats. Those who know the use and nature of "centre-board trunks" in yachts, will understand this.

Outside of the "fish-cars" the sea-schooners and smacks are usually lying. At the time when the notes for this article were taken, the only fish-vessels in the dock were schooners, laden with "frozen her-ring" from the Banks of Newfoundland and the region round about. Here, is an immense branch of business, of which very few read.

ers have heard. About December 1st, many vessels assemble on those grounds. The fishermen, gathering in the herring by the shoal with seines, spread them on deck each night to freeze, or leave them there day and night until frozen, and then shovel them into the hold in bulk. In case they fear a thaw before reaching port, ice is mixed with the mass of frosty "train food." The unloading of these vessels is a curious spectacle. As you approach the one nearest the "string-piece" of the wharf, you will see, perhaps, half a dozen wretched-looking old women clustered around a tin weighing-scale pan, holding about a bushel. You observe them each receiving, in a coarse bag, "half a hundred," or so, of the rigid little fish. Inquiring if these women keep boarding-houses, you are informed that they are buying them to sell again. Passing over an empty vessel that is just taking in a return-load of flour for the "Provinces," and gazing down into the hold of the next schooner, you see that it looks very clean, nice, and icy; that one side is empty, and the other is piled up to the deck with the fish, none of which are much over a foot in length. A large iron scoop lies ready to shovel them up. To those who have never seen fresh herring, and have no knowledge of the dried sort, except that they have seen them in boxes at cheap groceries, the question will arise, What becomes of all these frozen herring? Soon after visiting these vessels, the writer had the following conversation with a skillful housewife on the subject. He asked, "Do you ever see any of these fresh herring?"

"Certainly. The hucksters bring them around continually."

"Do you buy them?"

"No; they are fair eating, but more than half bones. Friends of mine up the Hudson used to buy them fresh out of the river there, and were very fond of them; but, for people whose time is valuable, they cost more than they come to. The pile of backbones left after a dinner of such fish is wonderful to behold."

"So that is why we never eat fresh herring. But are they not sold very cheap?"

"Yes; they are not weighed, but sold quite cheap by the dozen."

But this is a digression from the description of the building. The first floor—except a strip about fifteen feet wide on the east side, which is occupied by the offices—is one great hall, in which all the fish that come to the city are continually represented by specimens lying in boxes and in permanent troughs. Each of the principal dealers has his office on the east side, with a larger private one overhead in the second story. All the space across the hall that corresponds to the width of his office is used by the dealer as a specimen and sales-room, the rows of iron pillars that support the second story serving as division-lines. A main gangway runs north and south, parallel with South Street, and along that side. A perpendicular iron ladder reaches from the floor at each compartment to a trap-door in the floor above, which is divided on the west side into storage-rooms for empty boxes and barrels. A light block and tackle serve to hoist these empty vessels to the store-rooms. Each sales-department has four weighing-machines: two in the rear, which are powerful scales, with weighing-pans attached, hung by chains from the ceiling; and two in front, one of which is like those in the rear, and the other (capable of weighing three hundred and sixty pounds) is hung by a block and tackle from the ceiling, so that the great six and eight feet halibut, etc., can be hoisted off the ground before weighing.

During all but four winter months, the stock of fish is received through the east side-doors, directly from the water, or from the schooners and smacks that bring it from all along-shore—Halifax and Norfolk being the extreme points of the sources of supply. Nearly all lines of steamers, and all railroads leading into the city, bring fish to this market in winter.

Very lively is the scene when this great mart is in full operation. In that fish-hall are to be found representatives of nearly all the families that inhabit "the water under the earth" in these latitudes. Here, in their season, are to be found side by side, at various times, the following varieties. Some, of course, are rarely seen in the market, and are mentioned as curiosities: The fall-herring, thimble-eyed mackerel, porgy, and scallop, from Rhode Island; the barracuda, blepheris, caranx, red drum, sea-eel, red gopher, harvest-fish, lampugus, mullet, prawn, seabastes, and green turtle, from the far South; the calico-bass, black-eared pond-fish, black-headed dace, carp, horned fish, carvina, cusk, lake moon-eye, jack-pickrel, large-scaled sucker, Western mud-fish, and white-tailed remora, from the great lakes; the bayonet, coal-fish, cockle, fiddler-crab, black drum, banded gar, needle-fish, and

ribbon-fish, from Long Island; the sea-perch, triple-tail black, silver-eel, Fundy and long-toothed flounder, frost-fish, sea-robin, laury, jelly-fish, sea-salmon, and toad-fish, from the Eastern States; the conger-eel, conch, bristly-hair-finned and monkey-faced dory, eel-pout, banded ephippus, Lafayette-fish, periwinkle, pilot, pompino, ray, red-mouth, sea-rover, sheep's-head, smooth skate, sole, and sea-wolf, from Jersey shore; the frog, goldfish, yellow perch, shrimp, sunfish, and terrapin, from the New-York rivers; the lobster, black shad, stickleback, and smelt, from Maine; the common herring and turbot, from Newfoundland; the haddock, hake, ling, fall-mackerel, pollack, and sword-fish, from Massachusetts; the halibut, from George's Banks and Nova Scotia; the lamprey-eel and common sucker, from Connecticut River; the striped bass, blue-fish, bonito, bram, bream, scalpin, butter-fish, dog-fish, dolphin, killifish, oyster, shad, shark, and winkle, from "all along-shore."

Many interesting and curious facts are obtainable in the library of the Fish Market, as every book of practical value concerning that commodity is to be found there. For instance, the origin of the New-York fishing-smacks is found to date back one hundred years. The *Gazette* of July 25, 1763, says: "Saturday last we launched the Amherst, fishing-smack, fully-rigged and fit for sea. There was a great concourse of people to see her off. She sails for the Banks this day."

The Legislature, to encourage the "fishery" on our coast, passed an act in 1773, and introduced it to the public:

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, NEW YORK, April 6, 1773.

Whereas, The Legislature of the Province of New York have, by an act passed the 8th of March last, directed that the overplus of the duty of excise, collected in the said city and county, be annually paid for the first year next after the passing of the said act, to the treasurer of the corporation of the Chamber of Commerce, to be, by the said corporation, disposed of in such manner as they shall think most proper, for encouraging a fishery on the sea-coast, for the better supplying the markets in the city of New York—

In order, therefore, that the intention of the Legislature may be fully answered, and the inhabitants of this city receive the benefit of so laudable a donation, it is resolved and agreed that the following premiums, hereafter mentioned, be paid by the treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce to such persons who, upon application and due proof, made to the satisfaction of the Chamber, shall be entitled to the same, viz.:

To the owners and crew of any one boat or vessel, who shall supply this market with the greatest quantity of fish taken on the coast with trawl-nets (ray and skate excepted), from the 1st of May, 1773, to the 1st of May, 1774, the sum of.....	£40
To the same—with the same exceptions—the next greater quantity.....	£30
To the same—greatest quantity of live codfish, from November 1, 1773, to May 1, 1774.....	£30
To the same—and the same time—next greatest quantity of live codfish.....	£20
The greatest quantity of live sheep's-head, from May 1, 1773, to May 1, 1774.....	£20
The next greatest quantity of live sheep's-head.....	£15
The greatest quantity of live mackerel.....	£10

In 1783, Gaines's *Mercury* of May 26th said: "One day last week our market afforded no less than twenty-three different sorts of fresh fish." Twenty years after, fifty-six kinds of fish could be found in this market, and seventy in Philadelphia. It is only a few years since a regular business has been established, by which the many excellent varieties of the West have been brought East. It was thought that the Erie Canal would do much in this way, but it did not.

The estimates of amounts of fish brought to this market, that will be given presently, and which were carefully prepared by a Fish-mongers' committee for publication, will show some of the results of the wise legislation of our ancestors.

The following account of an interview with that committee contains a good deal of information of practical value, which could not be obtained from any other source. A series of questions was first asked concerning the kinds of fish that came from various quarters. After giving the facts about Newfoundland herring already mentioned, the interesting statement was made that from New Brunswick come most of the salmon found in this market in summer.

"What are the principal fish brought from Canada waters, including the great lakes?"

"Pike, pickerel and black bass. We have many ciscoes from Lake Ontario, and lake herring from Lakes Erie and Michigan."

"What come largely from Maine?"

"Nearly all smelt, bass, frost-fish or tomcods, and salmon."

"From Massachusetts?"

"It should be remembered that fish are often caught hundreds of miles from the point whence they are shipped to New York. For instance, halibut, which are caught at Nova Scotia and George's Banks, are shipped to us from Boston and Gloucester."

"Yes, I have seen the word 'Gloucester' on the sterns of many smacks that lay in front of the fish-market, as I crossed the Fulton ferry."

"Cod, wherever caught, are landed mostly on Lynn Beach. Haddock are caught all along Massachusetts and western Maine shores; but mostly from twenty to sixty miles from Boston."

"What comes from Newport?"

"No great variety from there. Some cod, and haddock, and flounders; but mostly blue-bass."

"What from New York harbor?"

"Scarcely any thing but weak-fish."

"How about Jersey and Delaware shore?"

"Vessels fish along these clear down to Cape Henlopen. They bring in sea-bass, porgies, and blue-fish."

"Do you get any thing from Philadelphia?"

"Some bass and perch are caught in Indian River, and reshipped to us from Philadelphia."

"From Baltimore?"

"Bass, perch, and pickerel; and of course shad in spring."

"Do you receive any considerable quantity from far-Southern waters?"

"Bass and pickerel from the Chesapeake. Had shad from Savannah and Charleston in the middle of January, but no great quantity. The first hundred-barrel lot came from Roanoke Island, North Carolina."

"Do you receive many sea-fish by railroad express?"

"Baltimore fish come altogether by rail and express."

"Are your sales largest in winter or in summer?"

"There is more fish sold here in the four months, March, April, May, and June, than in the other eight."

"What kinds do you ship? Where do you ship, and when and where?"

"All the principal kinds are shipped to all parts of the country according to demand. We sell to all points, from New Orleans to Canada—from New York to St. Paul. We ship most in winter and spring."

"What are your average losses in the different seasons?"

"We ship entirely at the risk of the owners. Their loss in summer is about two per cent.; in winter, almost nothing."

"Is there much variation in price?"

"Sometimes prices fluctuate violently for a few days. Heavy arrivals in summer will throw prices down: for instance, when a fleet of vessels come in that have been gathered outside by adverse winds. This makes some kinds very plenty for a few days, and the surplus has to go to the pedlars. We should be ruined without those fellows. But we must put the fish so that they can make something. One day we sell to the trade at a shilling a pound, and the next at four cents; and perhaps, before we shut up, we shall shovel the fish into the river. Blue-fish, cod, and porgies, are one day five dollars a hundred, and the next two dollars and fifty cents a barrel. The pedlars are our safety-valve. They are always running round to see who is worst 'stuck.' They take out fish and fruit as each is most depressed."

"What is the natural home of the bunkers, or menhaden, that we hear so much about?"

"From Florida to Maine."

"Are they good to eat?"

"Yes, quite good; but too plenty to be valued highly. They are caught in large quantities in nets laid for other fish at Hell Gate, and every Thursday a boat brings them to town, and they are sold to the very poor people."

"Now, finally, as to the quantities of various fish sold in this market; and, first, the frozen herring?"

"Between January 1st and May 1st about two million eight hundred thousand pounds are received, and about one hundred thousand pounds of 'green' herring through the summer from the Connecticut River; of halibut, one million pounds; of smelt, three hundred thousand pounds; of codfish, two million two hundred thousand pounds; of haddock, five million pounds; of shad and mackerel, two hundred thousand dollars' worth, at an average of twenty cents. The best

shad come from the Connecticut River. Of white-fish, probably three hundred thousand pounds."

It may be said, in conclusion, that this great fish-market, when in full operation, is one of the curiosities of the city. The wonderful variety of fish, their singular contrasts, the great bulk of some, the rush of active operators, buying, selling, packing and unpacking, weighing, sorting, cutting, and delivering, present a scene of great interest. The way in which a skilful dealer manipulates a monster halibut is curious enough. With one slash of a great butcher-knife he cuts off the tail. Then dashing an exaggerated "cotton-hook" into the head, he removes that comparatively-valueless portion with two more blows. Fastening the hook again in the neck, he slits the throat longitudinally, and, with another jerk of his knife, brings out a great lump of ice that has been deposited there when the animal was caught off George's Banks. It is then ready for delivery to the retailer. This is but one specimen of the interesting performances that can be witnessed in that market. Citizens and visitors from abroad will do well to add it to their list of New-York sights.

SAMUEL LEAVITT.

IMMORTALITY.

I.

THE grass withereth, the flower fadeth;
But from their ripened cells,
Day after day, their life I garner,
As the soft south-wind knells—
Their requiem.

II.

Such little seeds, closed in gold casing,
Yet I will plant, with care,
In fallow ground their closed-up coffins,
Till grass and flower fair
Shall live again.

III.

Thus God, methinks, garners man's memories
Among His ripened store.
If globed in gold, their deeds lie hidden,
When autumn winds sing o'er—
Their requiems.

IV.

For all our memories, when they're clasped in
Life's book of golden deeds,
Seems to God's eye, who sees their harvest
Millions of ripened seeds
For paradise.

V.

And some are gray, some brown, some golden,
As they in hearts have borne
Sweet blossoms, whose immortal fragrance
Hovers round those that mourn,
Like atmospheres.

VI.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth,
Ay, and I know "'tis well,"
For they shall live again when spring-time's
Sweet birdlings' songs shall tell,
Above their knell.

CHARLOTTE CORDNER.

TABLE-TALK.

CANON KINGSLEY, by which title he is known in the Church of England, but who is probably better known to Americans as Charles Kingsley, the author of "Yeast," "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," and other admirable works, is not only a theologian but a learned naturalist, as he has shown by one or two publications of a scientific tendency. Two or three months ago he read to an assembly of clergymen, in the hall of Sion College, a very remarkable paper on the "Natural Theology of the Future," which he has since published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, with a preface, in which he pays a high compliment to Mivart's "Genesis of Species" as a work of great learning and ability, the production of an author whose name commanded all attention and respect. Canon Kingsley then goes on to argue that theology should keep pace with science as human thought changes and human science develops: "For, if in any age or country the God who seems to be revealed by Nature seems different from the God who is revealed by the then popular religion, then that God, and the religion which tells of that God, will gradually cease to be believed in. For the demands of reason must be and ought to be satisfied. And when a popular war arises between the reason of a generation and its theology, it behooves the ministers of religion to inquire, with all humility and godly fear, on which side lies the fault; whether the theology which they expound is all that it should be, or whether the reason of those who impugn it is all that it should be." He insists that the religious temper of England for the last two or three generations has been unfavorable to a sound and scientific development of natural theology. If we need proof of this, we have only, he says, to look at the hymns—many of them very pure, pious, and beautiful—which are used at this day in churches and chapels by persons of every shade of opinion. How often is the tone in which they speak of the natural world one of dissatisfaction, distrust, almost contempt! "Disease, decay, and death around I see," is their key-note, rather than "O all ye works of the Lord, bless Him, praise Him, and magnify Him together." There lingers about them a savor of the old monastic theory that this earth is the devil's planet, fallen, accursed, goblin-haunted, needing to be exorcised at every turn before it is useful or even safe for man. He presses, therefore, on his clerical brethren this point: "It is time that we should make up our minds what tone Scripture *does* take toward Nature, natural science, natural theology." With regard to Darwinism and the current theories of evolution and development, Canon Kingsley has no fear that they will be found irreconcilable with Christian faith. He says the Scripture only tells us that God created, and not how He created or creates. He concludes in these words, which are surely well worthy of the closest consideration: "Let us look with calmness, and even with hope and goodwill, on these new theories; for, correct or incorrect, they surely mark a tendency toward a more, not a less, scriptural view of Nature.

Are they not attempts, whether successful or unsuccessful, to escape from that shallow mechanical notion of the universe and its Creator which was too much in vogue in the eighteenth century among divines as well as philosophers; the theory which Goethe (to do him justice), and after him Mr. Thomas Carlyle, have treated with such noble scorn; the theory, I mean, that God has wound up the universe like a clock, and left it to tick by itself till it runs down, never troubling Himself with it, save possibly—for even that was only half-believed—by rare miraculous interferences with the laws which He himself had made? Out of that chilling dream of a dead universe ungoverned by an absent God, the human mind, in Germany especially, tried during the early part of this century to escape by strange roads; roads by which there was no escape, because they were not laid down on the firm ground of scientific facts. Then, in despair, men turned to the facts which they had neglected, and said, 'We are weary of philosophy; we will study you, and you alone. As for God, who can find Him?' And they have worked at the facts like gallant and honest men; and their work, like all good work, has produced, in the last fifty years, results more enormous than they even dreamed. But what are they finding, more and more, below their facts, below all phenomena which the scalpel and the microscope can show? A something nameless, invisible, imponderable, yet seemingly omnipresent and omnipotent, retreating before them deeper and deeper, the deeper they delve: namely, the life which shapes and makes—that which the old-school men called 'forma formativa,' which they call vital force and what not—metaphors all, or rather counters to mark an unknown quantity, as if they should call it *x* or *y*. One says, 'It is all vibrations;' but his reason, unsatisfied, asks, 'And what makes the vibrations vibrate?' Another: 'It is all physiological units;' but his reason asks, 'What is the "physis," the nature, and "innate tendency" of the units?' A third: 'It may be all caused by infinitely numerous "gemmules;"' but his reason asks him, 'What puts infinite order into these gemmules, instead of infinite anarchy?' I mention these theories not to laugh at them. No man has a deeper respect for those who have put them forth. Nor would it interfere with my theological creed if any or all of them were proven to be true to-morrow. I mention them only to show that beneath all these theories—true or false—still lies the unknown *z*. Scientific men are becoming more and more aware of it; I had almost said, ready to worship it. More and more the noblest-minded of them are engrossed by the mystery of that unknown and truly miraculous element in Nature, which is always escaping them, though they cannot escape it. How should they escape it? Was it not written of old—'Whither shall I go from Thy presence, or whither shall I flee from Thy spirit?' Ah, that we clergy would summon up courage to tell them that! Courage to tell them—that need not hamper for a moment the freedom of their investigations, what will add to them a sanction, I may say a sanctity—that the unknown *z* which lies below all phenomena, which is forever at work

on all phenomena, on the whole and on every part of the whole, down to the coloring of every leaf and the curdling of every cell of protoplasm, is none other than that which the old Hebrews called—(by a metaphor, no doubt—for how can man speak of the unseen save in metaphors drawn from the seen?—but by the only metaphor adequate to express the perpetual and omnipresent miracle)—the Breath of God; the Spirit who is the Lord and Giver of Life."

— We doubt if the disposition for pretension and show among our people, and perhaps peculiar to the age, exhibits itself more offensively than in the management of the small hotels throughout the country. These hotels are not bad because of the indifference of the proprietors, but because there is no perception of the wise limitations that should govern their administration. Because the great hotels of the big cities set elaborate dinners, every inn-keeper in the villages imagines that he, too, must lay out his courses, adjust his *entrées*, and flourish his desserts. When the tired traveller asks for a single dish that shall be of good quality, well cooked, cleanly, and neatly served, he is exasperated by a horrible procession of intolerable fragments, not one of which is wholesome, toothsome, or even endurable. First comes, in the dingy dining-room of these would-be-fine places, a washy soup, then a greasy bit of fish, then a cold and flavorless morsel of ill-cooked beef, flanked with a promising array of vegetables, but every dish of which is as a whitened sepulchre, all abomination within; then a cheerless fraction of a chicken, then puddings and pies, that come and go untouched, for the evil they bear is too unmistakably stamped upon them. Now, if with far less parade, the traveller could have just one dish placed before him, and that well selected and carefully prepared, how much useless labor would be saved the caterer, and how much comfort would reward the hungry sojourner! Instead of a dozen wretched failures, one success! For instance, a broiled chicken, tender, hot, delicate; or a chop, juicy, rare, fresh from the gridiron to well-warmed plate, with all the savory sweetness retained; or a tender-loin of steak, flavored with a mushroom, and brought with scrupulous expedition from the fire to your dish—but there is no need to enumerate when every one can think for himself how many delightful yet simple services of the kind might be offered to travellers if tavern-keepers did not want to be hotel-keepers and the beauty of doing a single thing well were not among the lost arts. A dinner of many courses is a thing requiring, in addition to great care and nice taste, a something called art. It is a difficult thing to do when the caterer has every advantage of resources and skill; but, attempted in the inns of fourth or fifth rate towns, becomes one of the greatest absurdities and shams of the day. These elaborate, semi-state dinners, moreover, involve and demand social elements. The intervals between the courses are for conversation. They are not designed by their very nature for the isolated traveller; even if more successfully served than we ever found them to be, they

would still be unsuitable for the greater number of the partakers. Every traveller will bear us witness that his great needs are: first, a clean bed; next, a wholesome meal. He detests the fuss and folly of would-be-fine dinners, and longs for the return of those good old days when an inn was sure to give him a bright fire on the hearth, a clean cloth for the table, and a steaming, savory, generous dish for the stimulated palate.

— Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, and the centennial anniversary of his birth, therefore, is near at hand. It is proposed to celebrate it throughout the civilized world, as the centennial birthdays of Burns and of Schiller were celebrated, more or less extensively, twelve years ago. The occasion is certainly one fit to be commemorated. Scott was not only one of the greatest, but one of the purest of authors. There is no stain or blot upon his name or fame. His poems and his novels are sources of unmixed delight to millions, and contain nothing to soil or to harm the most innocent or most sensitive mind. As a poet, though he is just now underrated, or rather neglected, we are confident that the final verdict of criticism will place him among the great masters of song—with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton. The fashion of the day runs after the subtler and seemingly more *poetical* poets—after those who affect to be profound and philosophical—and leaves the manly, vigorous, and picturesque verse of Scott, with its fiery narrative, its dramatic force, its graphic descriptions, and its multitudinous touches of natural beauty, to the hearty enjoyment of school-boys. But the time assuredly will come when the great merits of the mighty minstrel will be recognized and enjoyed by those who can fully appreciate them, and who have the sense to see that poetry can be of the highest order, even though it be not dull nor difficult to understand, and even though it present itself to us in the form of a charming story related with a rapid fluency and a careless grace which seem so easy and so natural that we are almost inclined to despise what apparently cost so little labor, though the really critical eye can see everywhere abundant evidences of the exertion of the highest genius and most consummate literary skill. The neglect into which the poems of Scott have fallen has been shared, to some extent, by his novels, which, it is said, are pronounced rather “slow” by the young ladies who have gaudied their minds with the rottenness of “*Quida*,” and the other “fast” novelists of the day. They are deficient, doubtless, in some of the elements of interest of the sensational school, which ransacks earth and heaven for its materials, and they are also lacking in that minute and morbid analysis of character which distinguishes the psychological novels now so popular; but in the greater and broader qualities of romance, in the portraiture of types of character, in depicting gentlemen and ladies, soldiers and statesmen, villains, vagabonds, and humorists, in scenes of dramatic power and historic interest, Scott is yet without a rival, notwithstanding the vast amount of talent expended among all civilized nations, during the last half-century, in the vain effort to imitate his novels.

— A Virginia lady writes to us protesting against the declaration we quoted lately from Gail Hamilton, that women could find work enough to do if they would only seek it where it is to be found, in the kitchen, and cease trying to be teachers or government clerks, for which positions there are a hundred applicants to one vacancy. Our correspondent says: “Why should woman toil, toil forever? Nothing is said if men turn their ploughs into easy-chairs, and exchange the anvil and the forge, the pick and the axe, for the leisure and dignity of office. And yet—and yet it was to man, only, that God said: ‘In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread, till thou return unto the ground.’ It is not human nature to love the labor of the hands; it came to mankind as a punishment for sin, and duty and necessity alone enforce its performance. As woman is very human, it is not, therefore, her nature to accept it as a path of pleasantness. Then why should there be such an outcry if she, too, seeks the easy places with good pay? God forbid that I should be thought an advocate of those noisy women who go about seeking to overturn the eternal decrees given by Divine inspiration for our guidance, one jot or one tittle of which I have no desire should be altered! But I only plead that where there is a place that detracts nothing from the pure womanliness of her who fills it, do not say her nay; do not condemn it as something dreadful that she should turn from her household idols—kettles, wash-tubs, and irons, and stretch out her toil-grimed hands for the purple and fine linen of government offices and school-teaching! That there may not be enough of these places for all the applicants, is no argument. Do men know nothing of the bitterness of such disappointment; and does anybody recommend that they all shall cease trying, because some are turned empty away?”

— The Chicago *Evening Journal* says that APPLETONS’ JOURNAL “fulfils in a remarkable degree the conditions of a model popular magazine. It is issued weekly, in magazine-journal form, thus coming often enough to be depended on for constant reading, and yet in a shape for permanent use. The aim of the publication is popular; but it is in no sense low. On the contrary, it is distinctly and conscientiously high. Probably the publishers could quadruple their profits by filling the pages of their journal with sensational matter, which can be had at small cost—can be had for the stealing, in fact, and of which two or three times as much could be sold as is sold of the solid instruction and wholesome entertainment now offered by the publication. But no temptation to reduce the level of the JOURNAL has ever influenced its conductors. They wisely fixed their plans in the beginning to afford a weekly miscellany of literature, science, and art, always interesting, but never at the sacrifice of good influence—always instructive, but never dull; and we think the severest critic must confess, if he will look through the pages of a half-yearly volume, that more complete success, either in artistic illustrations, profusely bestowed, or in varied literary matter—scientific, biographical, etc.—could not be asked. A

work like this is a product of pencil, pen, and printing-press, which was never before offered in the poor man’s market, as well as sent to the rich man’s parlor, as this, by its low price, is. At ten cents a week, it is an instrument of civilization, an organ of popular progress, which no wealth could have commanded a hundred years ago.”

— T. C. Barry, of Kossee, Texas, has sent to us, with a letter, a silver quarter of a dollar, on one side of which is the following inscription, evidently cut with a penknife:

“SERGEANT L. CRONE,
Co. G, 1st Vet. Cav. N. Y. S. V.”

The coin has a hole in it, and was evidently intended to be suspended by a string to the sergeant’s body or clothing. Mr. Barry, who was himself a Confederate soldier, and doubtless a brave man, as he is evidently a kind one, writes as follows: “The enclosed coin was passed into my store, a few days since, and, on noting the inscription on it, I thought some of the sergeant’s family might like to have it. I believe there is some society in your State that keeps record of your veterans, and sends such little mementos to friends. Your JOURNAL is the only paper I ever see from the North, and I consequently forward this to you, thinking it may afford you a pleasure to make some one happy by receiving it.” If any of our readers know any thing of Sergeant Cronk, we hope they will communicate to us their information.

Literary Notes.

THE English journals are evidently rather shy of Mr. Darwin’s last work. They approach it cautiously, and handle it gingerly, as if they did not well know what to make of it. They all, however, admit its merit as a contribution to natural history. The *Athenæum* remarks that “it is replete with facts and arguments, and that it is a natural-history maze. Its literary merit lies in the marshalling and disposing in due order of a multitude of observations gathered from numerous inquirers, and from very numerous publications. Whoever will peruse these volumes apart from their ultimate aim, and totally disregard the author’s hypotheses, will be highly pleased with them, and will readily acknowledge the patience and industry of the compiler of so many scattered facts in natural history. We have, in this spirit, already twice read many pages, and hope twice to read many more. In this spirit, too, we are not concerned about vagueness or irrelativeness; we accept the volumes as a naturalist’s miscellany, and are grateful for the entertainment they have afforded us.”

The *Spectator* says that “even to readers who are not naturalists, Mr. Darwin’s works are full of fascination and instruction. No writer of the day arranges his facts so lucidly, with so unquestionable a sincerity, and so undisguised a candor when he has difficulties to confess. Though Mr. Darwin has shocked the deepest prejudices and prepossessions, he seems to live in a region far above the temper of controversy, and to aim at nothing but the nearest approach to scientific hypothesis that it is in his power to make. There is not a word of harsh criticism in his volumes, and, as far as a reader can judge, not a trace of disposition to disguise the objections to the views which he is disposed to take. It is hard to conceive of a

scientific style at once so dispassionate and so full of intellectual vitality. There is nothing of the dreary prolixity of a mind too full to keep its material subordinate to the question under discussion, and yet nothing of the dogmatic vehemence of one that cannot bear to doubt the truth of its own conclusions. Every chapter advances the theory of the book, and yet every chapter deepens the confidence of the reader in his author's candor and grasp."

In its second notice of the work, the *Saturday Review*, speaking of the author's theory of sexual selection, pays a similar tribute to the value of the work in relation to natural history. It says: "Through a series of chapters, ranging over the entire field of natural history, Mr. Darwin traces what he regards as the evidence of this exertion of choice or taste in the pairing or crossing of animals. The particulars of their courtship furnish an amount of reading in itself most curious and romantic, even apart from the special hypothesis it is designed to support. The loves of the animals have never before been shown so instinct with meaning and even with poetry. Throughout the most widely-distinct classes of the animal kingdom, mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, and even crustaceans, obey the same general rules. The males are almost always the wooers, and they alone are armed with special weapons for fighting with their rivals. They are generally stronger and larger than the females, and are endowed with the requisite qualities of courage and pugnacity. If not exclusively, they are at least in a much higher degree than the females provided with musical organs or odoriferous glands, with brilliant plumes or diversified appendages, which, acting upon the sense of beauty inherent in all animals, attract and fascinate the female. Often the male is gifted with special sense-organs for discovering the female, with locomotive organs for reaching her, and with prehensile organs for holding her. These various special structures are often developed in the male during part only of the year—namely, the breeding-season. They have in many cases been transferred in a greater or less degree to the females, in whom, however, they appear but as mere rudiments. On the other hand, in certain anomalous cases there is seen an almost complete transposition of the character proper to both sexes, and rudiments of the female structure are found in the male, as in the case of the mammary glands in man. The laws of inheritance, which Mr. Darwin acknowledges to be obscure and little understood, must ultimately determine how far characteristics gained through the prolonged action of sexual preference by either sex shall be transmitted to the same sex, or to both sexes, as well as the age at which they shall be developed. But variations thus induced and accumulated through many generations may reach a degree of difference so strongly pronounced as to rank almost as distinct species or even genera. Of all the causes which have led to the differences in external form and character between the races of men, and to a certain extent between man and the lower animals, Mr. Darwin holds the belief that the most efficient by far has thus been sexual selection."

Sir John Lubbock's work on the "Origin of Civilization" has reached a second edition in England, in spite of a good deal of adverse criticism, based chiefly on theological grounds. The conclusions maintained by Sir John Lubbock in this work are, in his own words:

"That existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors.

"That the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism.

"That, from this condition, several races have independently raised themselves."

On the other hand, we have the opinion of the late Archbishop Whately, that "we have no reason to suppose that any community ever did or ever can emerge, unassisted by external helps, from a state of utter barbarism into any thing that can be called civilization;" and that of the Duke of Argyll, who holds that the primitive condition of man was one of civilization; that "there is no necessary connection between a state of mere childhood in respect to knowledge and a state of utter barbarism," and that man "even in his most civilized condition, is capable of degradation; that his knowledge may decay, and that his religion may be lost."

That the general propositions laid down by Archbishop Whately and the Duke of Argyll contain a certain limited amount of substantial truth, will probably be admitted by the staunchest adherents of the opposite theory. That "external helps" of some kind or other have played a most important part in the case of all civilizations the history of which is accessible, is as little open to question as the fact that under certain conditions civilization among certain races may be arrested or may even retrograde. At the very threshold, however, of any discussion in terms less general, we are met by the question "What is civilization?" The baffling complexity, indeed, of the idea conveyed in the word "civilization" is the fountain-head of most of the confusion which exists among writers on the subject. That development is the vital principle, so to speak, of civilization is universally admitted, but there would probably be a very general disagreement of opinion as to the particular kinds and directions of development which constitute the essential elements of civilization. As generally understood, civilization appears to involve a development more or less advanced of commerce and the means of communication, of natural advantages, products, and wealth, of navigation and warfare, of the arts, mechanical and ornamental; of science, theoretical and practical; of legislation and the administration of the law; of customs and language; of morals and religion; of all the faculties of the individual and the race. It includes also a consideration of the diffusion of personal liberty, and of the proportion of those who participate in the general welfare and possess the necessary appliances both for physical comfort and intellectual culture. This, of course, is an inadequate definition of civilization; and it is further manifest, not only that development in many directions indicated is not absolutely necessary to civilization, but that no civilization on record has been equally developed in every direction. What is still wanting, is some standard by which to measure civilization in any particular case. Mr. Wallace, following Montaigne, appears to consider civilization compatible with a very low development in nearly every direction. Archbishop Whately would consider as civilized the Germans described by Tacitus. The Duke of Argyll goes further still, for he seems to consider that Adam and Eve, when expelled from paradise, were, nevertheless, distinctly-civilized beings. The diversity of opinion is, indeed, owing to the absence of a recognized standard, almost universal. Civilization is nearly always measured by the recorded achievements of men of genius. Yet, if this were the true test, no nation of modern Europe is so highly civilized as was Greece in the age of Pericles, and English civilization has been retrograding from the days of Elizabeth, nay, from those which gave us the "Canterbury Tales" and "Lincoln

Minster," if not from those of Anselm and the Norman Bastard.

Mr. St. George Mivart is an eminent English naturalist, who in his "Genesis of Species" has made the most effective reply to Darwin that has yet appeared. He treats Mr. Darwin with courtesy and candor, admits his great services to science, and the plausibility at first sight of his theory of natural selection which lies at the basis of the whole Darwinian system. He then proceeds, with evident mastery of the subject, to suggest objections and to produce facts in opposition to natural selection, which leave that theory hardly any thing to stand upon. He admits, it is true, that to a certain extent natural selection exists and acts; but he maintains that, in order that we may be able to account for the production of known kinds of animals and plants, it requires to be supplemented by the action of some other natural law or laws as yet undiscovered; also, that the consequences which have been drawn from evolution, whether exclusively Darwinian or not, to the prejudice of religion, by no means follow from it, and are in fact illegitimate.

Mr. Mivart declares that he was not disposed originally to dissent from the theory of natural selection; but he has found, after many years of careful examination and consideration, that it is wholly inadequate to account for the preservation and intensification of incessant specific and generic characters. That minute, fortuitous, and indefinite variations could have brought about such special forms and modifications, as Mr. Darwin maintains, seems to contradict reason and common-sense. In spite of all the resources of a fertile imagination, the Darwinian, pure and simple, is reduced to the assertion of a paradox as great as any he opposes. In the place of a mere assertion of our ignorance as to the way these phenomena have been produced, he brings forward as their explanation a cause which is demonstrably insufficient. The theory of natural selection is inconsistent with a vast multitude of facts in natural history, as well as with the first principles of the philosophy of the Divine government of the universe. Mr. Darwin has attempted to sustain it by a skilful collection of the facts which seem to serve his purpose; but the facts he has ignored disprove his theory, and with the explosion of that theory of natural selection his whole scheme falls to the ground.

It should be stated, however, that Mr. Mivart does not wholly deny that natural selection acts to some extent in the organic world. But its action is not supreme, as Mr. Darwin makes it, but is only secondary and subordinate to other forces. Mr. Mivart undertakes to prove, and we think does prove:

That natural selection is incompetent to account for the incipient stages of useful structures.

That it does not harmonize with the coexistence of closely-similar structures of diverse origin.

That there are grounds for thinking that specific differences may be developed suddenly instead of gradually.

That the opinion that species have definite though very different limits to their variability is still tenable.

That certain fossil transitional forms are absent, which might have been expected to be present.

That some facts of geographical distribution supplement other difficulties.

That the objection drawn from the physiological difference between species and races still exists unrefuted.

That there are many remarkable phenomena in organic forms upon which natural selection throws no light whatever, but the explanation of which, if they could be attained, might throw light upon specific origination.

Mr. Mivart, in short, maintains that the development of species has been brought about not wholly by natural selection, but by an internal power which has controlled and continues to control the universe—in other words, by Divine power.

A private letter from Greece gives some interesting notices of the reception in that country of the American minister's report on "Brigandage." "The *Age* of Athens contains a translation of the American minister's report on 'Brigandage in Greece,' accompanied by a long article full of grateful recognition of this first and only true history of the terrible massacre of last spring. This affair has been deliberately misrepresented by the English press, and the attempt made to implicate therein the Greek Government and people, whereas the brigands were Turks and Albanians who came over the border, and the only person proved guilty of connivance is a renegade Englishman. These and many other unpalatable truths were elicited during a prolonged legal investigation; yet such is the influence of dynastic prejudice that the only minister who has done honor to the subject is the representative of your Government. Hence the letter of thanks addressed him by King George. The journal above mentioned concludes its article in these words: 'Heart-felt gratitude is due by us to this noble citizen of the Great Republic, and this reward will be far more precious to a gentleman like Mr. Tuckerman than all the decorations and superficial compliments which political reasons dictate.'"

The aggregate sum paid to Alexander Dumas, Sr., by publishers and theatrical managers in the course of his long literary career, exceeds three million and a half francs. The amount, which will be paid to his heirs on his plays in France, is estimated at fifteen thousand francs a year. Dumas died largely in debt to his publishers. Michel Levy, of Paris, alone is said to lose by his death one hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Lacroix, the French publisher, has had the happy idea of producing a history of current events in France and other countries from the 1st of September, 1870, to the end of January in the present year, under the title of the "Journal des Deux Mondes;" the work is to consist of twelve parts, of which two have appeared.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Company have made arrangements to supply the place of *The North British Review*, which has recently been discontinued, by *The British Quarterly*, an able and popular review, the whole four numbers of which for the year 1871 will be furnished to subscribers without charge for the January number.

Publishers and authors are not always natural enemies. When Marian Evans had completed "Adam Bede"—she was little known then—she was glad to sell it outright to the Blackwoods for three hundred pounds. The novel had such a great success that the firm afterward gave her fifteen hundred pounds additional.

The Princess Dora d'Istria, is said to be the most learned woman in the world, reads and speaks fifteen languages, has written novels,

historical, philosophical, and philological works, is an honorary member of ten academies and learned societies, and is still said to be quite good-looking.

A young girl in Malaga, named Anita Perez, has published, in the *Andalusian Monthly Review*, two novels which the Spanish critics pronounce superior to any which have appeared in the literature of their country for many years past.

Robert Waldmüller, the German poet and novelist, is preparing for publication a volume entitled "The Correspondence of Charles Dickens with his Friends in Germany."

The exact title of Miss Alcott's forthcoming book is "Little Men: Life at Plumfield with 'Jo's' Boys."

The sale of Disraeli's "Lothair" has been quite large in Germany, both in the German translation and the English reprint.

Two new novels by Bjørnarne Bjørnson, the famous Norwegian author, are announced in the Christiania papers.

Ivan Turgueneff, the greatest of living Russian novelists, lies dangerously ill at his villa in Baden-Baden.

Professor Justus von Liebig is hard at work upon a cyclopædia of chemistry.

Francis Liszt is preparing a work on Turkish and Arabian music.

Sweden has eight literary magazines and reviews.

Foreign Items.

THE son of Louis Napoleon and Eugenie is said to strongly resemble his mother in all his traits, even in his language. He speaks French with a sort of foreign accent, and, whenever he gets excited, he uses a great many Spanish words. Despite his careful education, he is comparatively ignorant, and he cannot write a page without committing a number of orthographical blunders. He dislikes books, is inordinately fond of velocipede-riding, and drives his tutors to despair by the *nonchalance* with which he associates with boys of low descent, rather than with the sons of the aristocracy.

The social war between the Poles and Russians in Warsaw continues unabated. On the anniversaries of all days of mourning in the history of Russia, when the latter lost great battles or suffered other national calamities, the Poles of Warsaw are in the best of spirits, and fill the places of amusement to overflowing; on the other hand, on Russian days of rejoicing, the Poles shut themselves up in their houses, and the theatres are deserted. All efforts made by the Russian authorities to bring about a change in this state of affairs have hitherto proved fruitless.

Among the distinguished Parisians who had interviews with Count von Bismarck after the capitulation of Paris, was Edmond About. About was not a little taken aback when Bismarck told him that he had read all the articles in which About had called him a fiend and other hard names; but the chancellor reassured his visitor by telling him that he considered those articles very fine specimens of humorous journalism.

Young Cavaignac, the only son of General Cavaignac, who created quite a sensation sev-

eral years ago by refusing a prize at the hands of the prince imperial at a school examination in Paris, is now an officer in the regular army of France, and was quite severely wounded at the battle of Le Mans.

Wilhelm, the composer of the German national hymn, "The Watch on the Rhine," of which over six hundred thousand copies were sold in Germany since the breaking out of the war with France, died a few weeks ago of apoplexy.

Paris has lost in consequence of the war no fewer than eleven of her most able journalists. The latest victim is M. Henri de Pène, the well-known editor of the *Gazette des Etrangers*, and author of numerous charming *feuilleton* articles. He died of a wound received in front of the Hôtel de Ville.

The American residents of Vienna have sent a present, which cost seven hundred and eighty dollars, to the Prussian General von Werder, "in acknowledgment of the gallantry with which he protected the South of Germany from an invasion by Bourbaki's army."

There is a curious custom at the Russian court. Every Russian grand-duke and grand-duchess has the right to obtain a full pardon annually for three convicted felons, by speaking to the czar about it on a holiday. This custom has existed since the reign of Catherine I.

The reports about the insanity of ex-King George V. of Hanover are fully confirmed. The poor old man believes that he is dead, and it is said in Vienna that he refuses to sleep anywhere except in a coffin. Visitors have not been admitted to him for some time past.

The Mayor of Fontainebleau has requested Octave Feuillet to leave that place, there being reason to fear that the people would mob him on account of his intimate relations with the ex-Empress Eugenie.

Count von Beust's wife is so disgusted with the slights which she has met with at the hands of the Austrian court and aristocracy, that she has left Vienna, and, with her children, taken up her abode at Geneva.

At a fair held recently in Rome for the benefit of the wounded soldiers of Germany, Madame Urban Ratazzi, Napoleon's cousin, created a sensation by making more liberal purchases than anybody else.

The late Professor von Graefe, the greatest oculist of modern times, left to his heirs upward of four thousand presents, which he had received from grateful patients, some of which were very costly.

The municipal authorities of all cities in Prussia containing upward of twenty thousand inhabitants, have resolved to confer patents of honorary citizenship upon Prince von Bismarck and General von Moltke.

Bogumil Dawison, the celebrated German actor, who at one time was believed to be hopelessly insane, is said to be in a fair way to recover his full mental faculties at an early day.

The Archduchess Sophia of Austria, the mother of the Archduke Maximilian, still pays regular pensions to upward of twenty impoverished adherents and attendants of her ill-fated son.

Although the Queen of Portugal speaks the Portuguese language very imperfectly, she is

more popular than her royal husband, who, but for her, it is generally admitted, would have long ago been dethroned and driven out of the country.

Karl Blind, the German journalist and radical politician, is said to have amassed quite a fortune, during twenty years of exile in England, by corresponding for newspapers published in six different countries.

Erlangen, the old university city in Germany, is at present without a lawyer! Several years ago, there were four lawyers in the place; but three of them died last year, and the fourth was buried a few weeks ago.

The King of Bavaria occupies himself in his spare hours with devising new scenic effects for his theatre in Munich. He spends most of his private means in trying to carry his singular ideas on this subject into effect.

One of the large prizes offered by the philosophical faculty of the University of Leyden, is for "the best essay on the economical situation of the United States." The essay has to be written in Latin.

Pierre Bonaparte, who at present lives on his farm in the forest of Ardennes, in Belgium, desires to sell it in order to settle permanently on the island of Sardinia.

Queen Victoria has sent to Julius Rodenburg, the editor of the *Leipsic Salon*, the sum of one hundred pounds for his novel, "Oliver Cromwell."

Tibaldi, Orsini's accomplice in the attempt to assassinate the ex-Emperor Napoleon, is a candidate for one of the vacant seats in the French National Assembly.

M. de Sévigné, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Madame de Sévigné, is editor of a weekly newspaper at Bayonne, and, during the war, was lieutenant in the *Garde Mobile*.

The *Paris Opinion Nationale* contains the following significant "Advice to M. Jean-Jacques Offenbach:" "Don't come back!"

Seven princes and five dukes are members of the new German Parliament.

Two descendants of Mozart live in extreme poverty at Neustadt, in Austria.

Miscellany.

The Louvre.

THE Louvre is a building of countless traditions. Le Bon Roi Dagobert is said to have kept his horses and wolf-hounds here when the river-bank was all forest. Philip Augustus, about the year 1200, converted the hunting-box of the early French kings into a tower and moated fortress. A great tower in the centre was the keep; and Dukes of Brittany, Kings of Navarre, and Counts of Flanders, in various ages, acquired rheumatism in its dungeons. The old fortress was outside the walls of Paris, but Charles V. and VI. enclosed it within the *enceinte*, for greater security.

The original palace was only three hundred feet long. The names of some of the towers of the old Louvre—such as the *Tour de l'Orgueil*, the *Tour où se met le Roi quand on joute*, the *Tour de la Fauconnerie*—give one the notion of a dismal, loopholed, turreted kind of a Newgate, dark, strong, and repelling. Francis I. pulled down this old jackdaw's-nest, and reared an Italian palace, where he entertained

the Emperor Charles V. with reckless magnificence. Henry II., Catherine de Medicis, Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV., and Louis XIII., all added to the Louvre. It was from a river-side window, in a part of the building pulled down by Louis XIII., that Charles IX. fired with insane eagerness on the Huguenot fugitives. Henry IV. began the long gallery to connect the Louvre with the Tuileries, and completed it so far as to be able to walk through it before his death. After his assassination by Ravaillac, the king's body was laid out in state in an apartment of the old Louvre. But in the reign of Louis XIV. the old tree put forth a noble shoot. At the suggestion of Colbert, the king resolved to complete the palace and the grand gallery parallel with the river. Leveau, the king's architect, had begun the principal façade; but it did not satisfy Colbert, who invited a competition of architects. The plan chosen was by Claude Perrault, who had been bred a physician. The south, or Seine, front was also by him.

The court of the Louvre is a square of three hundred and forty-eight feet. Voltaire says of the façade of the Louvre: "It is one of the most august monuments of architecture in the world, and there is not one of the palaces of Rome whose entrance is comparable to that of the Louvre, for which we are indebted to Perrault, whom Boileau attempted to turn into ridicule."

When Louis XIV. began Versailles, he grew tired of his other toy, the Louvre, part of which remained unroofed even down to the time of the great Napoleon, who completed the long picture-gallery connecting the Louvre with the Tuileries, and turned the palace into a vast national museum, full of the most glorious plunder military thief ever looted.

On the 17th of February, 1820, and four following days, the body of the murdered Duc de Berri, who had died begging that Louvel, his assassin, might be pardoned, lay in state in the south quadrangle of the Louvre.

One of the most historical rooms in the Louvre is the *Salle de Caryatides*, for here Henry IV.'s marriage was celebrated with Margaret de Valois, and here he lay in state after Ravaillac had struck the blow. In this chamber the stern Duc de Guise hung four of the most restless of the Leaguers; and here Molière built his theatre, and performed in some of his best comedies.

The Unlucky Lovers.

Fanny Foo-Foo was a Japanese girl,
A child of the great Tycoon;
She wore her head bald, and her clothes were made
Half-petticoat, half-pantaloon;
Her face was the color of lemon-peel,
And the shape of a tablespoon.

A handsome young chap was Johnny Hi-Hi,
And he wore paper-muslin clothes;
His glossy black hair on the top of his head
In the form of a shoe-brush rose;
His eyes slanted downward, as if some chap
Had savagely pulled his nose.

Fanny Foo-Foo loved Johnny Hi-Hi,
And when, in the usual style,
He popped, she blushed such a deep-orange tinge,
You'd have thought she'd too much bile,
If it hadn't been for her slant-eyed glance
And her charming wide-mouthed smile.

And oft in the bliss of their new-born love
Did these little pagans stray
All around in spots, enjoying themselves
In a strictly Japanese way;

She howling a song to a one-stringed lute,
On which she thought she could play.

Often he'd climb to a high ladder's top,
And quietly there repose
As he stood on his head and fanned himself,
While she balanced him on her nose;
Or else she would get in a pickle-tub
And be kicked around on his toes.

The course of true love, even in Japan,
Often runs extremely rough;
And the fierce Tycoon, when he heard of this,
Used Japanese oaths so tough
That his courtiers' hair would have stood on end,
If only they'd had enough.

So the Tycoon buckled on both his swords,
In his pistol placed a wad,
And went out to hunt the truant pair,
With his nerves braced by a tod.
He found them enjoying their guileless selves
On top of a lightning-rod.

Sternly he ordered the gentle Foo-Foo
To "come down out of that there!"
And he told Hi-Hi to go to a place—
I won't say precisely where;
Then he dragged off his child, whose spasms evinced
Unusually wild despair.

But the Tycoon, alas! was badly fooled,
Despite his paternal pains;
For John, with a toothpick, let all the blood
Out of his jugular veins;
While with a back-somersault on the floor
Foo-Foo battered out her brains.

They buried them both in the Tycoon's lot,
Right under a dogwood-tree,
Where they could list to the nightingale and
The buzz of the bumble-bee;
And where the mosquito's sorrowful chant
Maddens the restless flea.

And often at night, when the Tycoon's wife
Slumbered as sound as a post,
His almond-shaped eyeballs looked on a sight
That scared him to death almost;
'Twas a bald-headed spectre flitting about
With a paper-muslin ghost!

Dean Milman.

Dean Milman was a man in every way truly remarkable. He was a great social, a great literary influence. To be noticed by him was distinction. That he should be present at any social gathering, to render it the charm of his presence, his learning, his urbanity, and his humor, was in itself almost the highest distinction which any society could receive. The poet of the "Fall of Jerusalem," who was expected to be a second Milton, did not, indeed, advance from his first stand-point, but became the most thoughtful and enlightened of ecclesiastical historians. On the whole, he was perhaps rather a scholar than a divine. Apparently through the influence of Mr. Gladstone, he published, some years ago, a set of those English translations from the Greek with which he used to delight Oxford audiences; and he expressed an opinion that better epitaphs were to be found in the Greek anthology than in Christian church-yards. In any estimate of the history of modern opinion, the late dean will be found to have been a vast force. It would be hardly too much to say that Newmanism and Milmanism represent the two poles of ecclesiastical opinion in England. The author of the "Grammar of Assent," and the author of "Latin Christianity," are separated by a mighty diameter. Milman's style was saturated by Gibbon, whom he edited, and

like Gibbon, he helped to arch the interval between ancient and modern history. What Gibbon was to Milman, Milman became to a school of young "liberal" theological writers. They abolished the axiom that no man should wear by his master's words; for no Newman could be more thoroughly in the hands of his confessor than a Milmanite followed the traditions of Milman.

Mrs. Partington.

The original Mrs. Partington was a respectable old lady, living at Sidmouth, in Devonshire, England. Her cottage was on the beach, and the incident on which her fame is based is best told in a passage from the speech of Sydney Smith at Taunton, in the year 1831, on the Lords' rejection of the Reform Bill: "The attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest." This speech is reprinted in the collected edition of Sydney Smith's works, and as this is, we believe, the first time of Mrs. Partington's name being mentioned, the immortality she has earned must be set down as due to Sydney Smith.

Anagrams.

Astronomers,	No more stars.
Impatient,	Time in a pet.
Masquerade,	Queer as mad.
Matrimony,	Into my arm.
Melodrama,	Made moral.
Midshipman,	Mind his map.
Parishioners,	I hire parsons.
Parliament,	Partial men.
Penitentiary,	Nay, I repent it.
Radical reform,	Rare-made frolic.
Revolution,	To love ruin.
Sir Robert Peel,	Terrible poser.
Sweetheart,	There we sat.
Telegraph,	Great help.

Varieties.

WHEN Alexander Dumas the younger first achieved literary fame by "The Lady of the Camelias," the elder Dumas, who is just dead, wrote a formal note to his son, as if they were utter strangers to each other, congratulating him on his success, greeting him as a worthy fellow-citizen in the great republic of letters, and expressing his desire to have a personal interview with such a promising young author. The son answered this complimentary effusion in the same high-flown strain, saying that he fully appreciated the honor conferred upon him, and that he should be most happy to meet the distinguished author of "Monte Cristo," of whom he had often heard his father speak in the very highest terms.

The subscriptions to the new five-per-cent. bonds of the United States brought the total up to fifty-odd million dollars. Considering that the whole are several weeks in advance of the readiness of the bonds for delivery, this

progress is not only rapid, but a sure evidence of the complete success of the loan. The first two hundred millions of the five per cents will be taken up before the bonds are ready for delivery on the 1st of May. The remaining three hundred millions, there is now good reason to hope, will be subscribed before the 30th of June, and the Treasury will then be enabled to enter upon the new fiscal year 1871-'72 with a gold-interest charge, upon the funded debt of the United States, reduced by five millions per annum from the present fiscal year.

Fedor Deetz, the German battle-painter, died at Gray, in France, of heart-disease, in December. He wore the red cross, and was one of the managers of the Baden sanitary corps. He had just given the finishing touches to the last picture that he ever painted, "Vienna besieged by the Turks," on the outer wall of the "Maximilian" in that city. His principal paintings were: "Death of Max Piccolomini," "The Night Review," "Destruction of Heidelberg by the French," "Blucher Crossing the Rhine," and "Blucher's March to Paris." He was born at Karlsruhe in 1812, and was court-painter to the Grand-duke of Baden.

A PRACTICAL EXPLANATION.

"Charley! what is osculation?"
 "Osculation, Jenny dear,
 Is a learned expression, queer,
 For a nice sensation.
 I put my arm, thus, round your waist,
 This is approximation;
 You need not fear—
 There's no one here—
 Your lips quite near—
 I then!"
 "Oh, dear!"
 "Jenny, that's osculation."

The number of volumes in the libraries of leading colleges and universities of the land: Columbia, 15,000; Union, 16,000; College of the City of New York, 16,000; Washington and Jefferson, 17,000; Pennsylvania, 17,450; Kenyon, 17,850; Wesleyan, 11,000; Michigan, 22,000; Marietta, 22,500; North Carolina, 23,000; Loyola, 25,000; Northwestern, 25,000; South Carolina, 25,000; Dickinson, 25,500; New Jersey, 28,000; Georgetown, 30,000; Bowdoin, 32,000; Amherst, 34,000; Virginia, 35,000; Cornell, 37,000; Brown, 38,000; Dartmouth, 38,000; Yale, 90,000; Harvard, 184,000.

Dean Stanley's parrot, which was a great pet, one day managed to open her cage and get away, to the consternation of the whole family. After a great search some one found Polly in the garden on the top of an apple-tree. The welcome news was communicated to the dean, who, with the whole of the inmates, rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughn, who, with some friends, was then on a visit to the dean. Polly was found swinging herself on a topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down on them, and said, "Let us pray."

A lady residing in a German city, which is heavily taxed by the war, writes to her friends that the cost of living is so much increased in consequence, that she has to pay sixty-five cents for a pair of white kid gloves "with two buttons;" that a new silk bonnet costs nearly a dollar in gold; a cab for two persons to the opera and back, thirty-seven cents, and washing is charged for at the extravagant rate of twelve cents a dozen pieces.

A Connecticut lawyer, who wished to cross the river on the ice, was told that it would be entirely safe to make the attempt if he crawled over on his hands and knees. Anxious to go, he humbled himself accordingly, and had laboriously got half way across when he was overtaken by a man driving along leisurely in a buggy. The rapidity with which he assumed an upright position was startling to the driver.

Robert Chambers, the celebrated publisher, who has just died in Edinburgh, worth, it is said, some six hundred thousand pounds, began life as a poor boy, entirely dependent on his own exertions, laying the foundation of his fortune by opening a small circulating library with a little borrowed money.

Thomas Carlyle enjoys the reputation of being the only eminent literary man in London who rises early in the morning. He not only gets up, but usually walks several miles before breakfast, or at least before undertaking the labors of composition.

Elder Miles Grant, the adventist, is credited with the statement that the New Jerusalem "would cover Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and nearly half of Pennsylvania." The end of the world, in his opinion, must come before 1872.

Why was it, as an old woman in a scarlet cloak was crossing a field in which a goat was browsing, that a most wonderful metamorphosis took place? Because the goat turned to butter, and the antique party to a scarlet runner!

Animals require much water, varying according to size, food used, work done, and other circumstances. A horse requires eight gallons a day. A cow will drink six gallons, a sheep two to three quarts, while an elephant will use up nearly a barrel.

Dr. Holmes says: "Walking is a perpetual falling, with a perpetual self-recovery. It is a most complex, violent and perilous operation, which we divest of its extreme danger only by continual practice from a very early period of life."

A Mobile paper is indignant at a contemporary for announcing that "Mobile is the fourth coffee-pot in the country." Investigation proved that "cotton port" was meant.

Frugal landlady of boarding-house—"Coming home to dinner, Mr. Brown?" Hearty boarder—"Well, perhaps; if I don't feel hungry."

Voltaire's gardener is to Europe what Washington's coachman is to America. This gardener has just died again, near Geneva, at the age of one hundred and fifteen.

The "brierwood pipes" are nearly all made from laurel-roots, obtained in large quantities at very low prices in the lower counties of Maryland.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, essences, wines, dyestuffs, drugs, fine marble, paintings, engravings, mosaics, and salt.

France exports wines, brandies, silks, fancy articles, furniture, jewelry, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

The trustees of Racine College, Wisconsin, have provided a billiard-table and smoking-room for the use of the students.

It is proposed to insert a memorial window for Alice Cary in the "Church of the Strangers" in New York.

Immense coal-beds in the north of Greenland were among the discoveries of the German Arctic expedition.

The latest thing in woman's rights is a St. Albans lady who slaughters hogs.

How to get the exact weight of a fish—weigh him in his own scales.

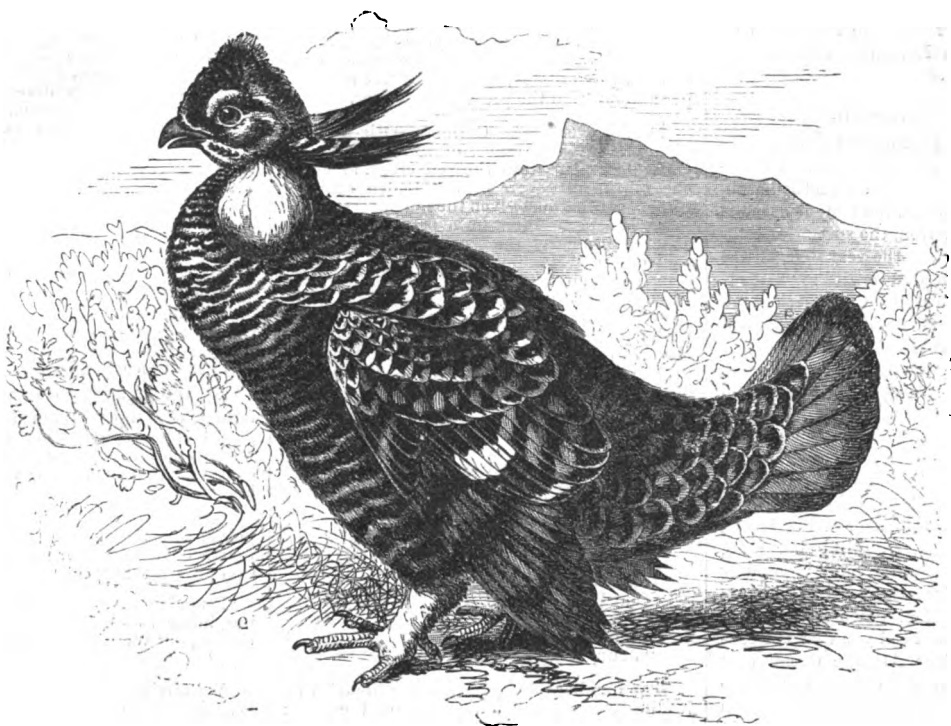
The Museum.

IN our last number of the Museum we gave an illustration, from the second volume of Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man," of the influence, as he supposes, of sexual selection on the conformation of birds. He attributes the power of song in the male birds to their desire to please and attract the females. He says few more careful observers ever lived than Montagu, and he maintained that the "males of song-birds and of many others do not in general search for the female, but, on the contrary, their business in the spring is to perch on some conspicuous spot, breathing out their full and amorous notes, which, by instinct, the female knows, and repairs to the spot to choose her mate." Mr. Jenner Weir says that this is certainly the case with the night-

ingale. Bechstein, who kept birds during his whole life, asserts that "the female canary always chooses the best singer, and that in a state of nature the female finch selects that male out of a hundred whose notes please her most." In some birds the vocal organs differ greatly in the two sexes. In the *Tetrao cupido* (of which we copy Mr. Darwin's illustration) the male has two bare, orange-colored sacs, one on each side of the neck; and these are largely inflated when the male, during the breeding-season, makes a curious hollow sound, audible at a great distance. Audubon proved that the sound was intimately connected with this ap-

paratus, which reminds us of the air-sacs on each side of the mouth of certain male frogs, for he found that the sound was much diminished when one of the sacs of a tame bird

was pricked, and when both were pricked it was altogether stopped. The female has a somewhat similar, though smaller, naked space of skin on the neck; but this is not capable of inflation. The male of another kind of grouse (*Tetrao urophasianus*), while courting the female, has his bare yellow oesophagus inflated to a prodigious size, fully half as large as the body; and he then utters various grating, deep, hollow tones. With his neck-feathers erect, his wings lowered and buzzing on the ground, and his long pointed tail spread out like a fan, he displays a variety of grotesque attitudes. The oesophagus of the female is not in any way remarkable.



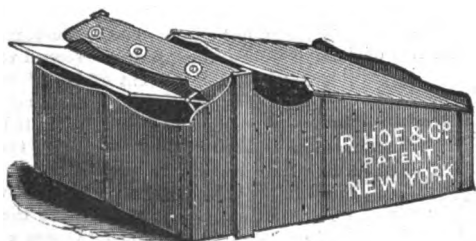
Tetrao Cupido—Male.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1871.

{ PRICE TEN CENTS.
WITH SUPPLEMENT.



WILLIAM I., EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND KING OF PRUSSIA.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER XIII.—MISS TRESHAM ASKS ADVICE.

Two weeks went by very quietly, and brought Miss Tresham's happy scholars to the beginning of their Christmas-holidays.

"Do your lessons well to-day, children," she said, as she entered the school-room on a certain Friday morning, and found them gathering about the blazing fire. "This is the last of school until after New-Year."

They all looked up delighted.

"To-day! And Christmas not till Thursday? Oh, Miss Tresham, that's so good of you!"

"Why, we'll have two long weeks—thank you, ma'am, so much."

"Don't thank me," said the governess, with a smile. "I should have kept you hard at work till Christmas-Eve. Your mother told me to dismiss school to-day, and that it will not be resumed till the Monday after New-Year. So, you see, you have two good weeks."

"Oh, haven't we!"

"Well, show your gratitude by giving me no trouble to-day. I will hear the geography first."

For the next fifteen minutes they were all busy locating capitals, settling boundaries, and describing countries. The children were so animated by the holiday prospect before them that they did remarkably well; and the class was about to be dismissed, when the door opened without any preparatory knock, and, instead of a servant, Mrs. Marks entered, with every sign of surprise and discomposure in her manner.

"Good Gracious, Miss Katharine, what's to be done! To think of such a thing just now of all times, and me deep in the mince-meat!"

Katharine looked up in astonishment. It was not often that Mrs. Marks used such a tone of supreme vexation, or appeared so red and worried—not often that she gave a glance so full of chagrin at her befloured dress and large domestic apron.

"What on earth is to be done?" she repeated, as Katharine's eyes met her own. "I never was so taken by surprise in all my life! To think of *her*—"

"What is the matter? Who is it?" asked the young governess. "I don't understand."

She understood the next moment, when Mrs. Marks pushed two cards across the table toward her—two cards exactly alike in appearance, and both bearing the same name:

Mrs. Annesley.

Katharine was too well bred to show exactly how much surprise she really felt. So, after one irrepressible exclamation, she hurried off at once into sympathy.

"Indeed, dear Mrs. Marks, this is very inconvenient! I hardly wonder you are vexed. Wouldn't it be possible to excuse yourself?"

"Excuse myself—to Mrs. Annesley!" Evidently that was not to be thought of.

"Well," said Katharine, with quite a practical inquiry, "why don't you go and dress? It will not take you many minutes to smooth your hair and put on your black silk. Shall I help you?"

"You! Why, I came to tell you that you must go down at once."

Was Mrs. Marks distracted? Katharine certainly thought so, as she drew back and gazed at her in sheer amazement.

"I go down to see Mrs. Annesley! Mrs. Marks, what can you be thinking of?"

"How are you going to help yourself?" demanded Mrs. Marks,

impatiently. "She came to see you just as much as she did to see me—indeed a great deal more, I expect, if the truth was known. Tom said that she gave him one of those cards for Miss Tresham."

"He must have been mistaken."

"How could he be?"

"I don't know," answered Katharine; "but he must have been."

"My dear," cried Mrs. Marks, almost angrily, "what is the use of this? If you don't believe Tom, I can tell you that I listened through a crack of the pantry door, and that I heard Mrs. Annesley ask for you. Of course she came to see you; and of course you must go down as soon as you have dressed. Come—quick!"

She laid her hand on Katharine's arm and strove to lead her forward; but the girl drew back with a decided motion.

"No," she said. "If I go down at all—if you are sure she asked for me—I will go down exactly as I am."

Mrs. Marks looked aghast.

"In that old dress! Oh, my dear, consider how important it is that you should make a good impression. Mrs. Annesley is so elegant—you have no idea! What would Mr.—"

A glance from Katharine stopped her short.

"I am breaking my usual rule in leaving the school-room to go down at all," she said; and since I do it principally to give you time to change your dress, I certainly shall not make any alteration in my own.—Children, look over your sums; I will be back soon to attend to them."

Before Mrs. Marks could utter another word of expostulation, she left the room and was descending the staircase.

She would scarcely have been a woman, however, if she had not stopped a moment outside the parlor door, partly to be sure of her self-possession, and partly to glance over her dress—the same dark-blue merino which she had worn the last day Morton was there.

When she opened the door, the room looked as rigid and cold as ever—perhaps a little more so, considering that the day was gloomy—but on the stiff, black sofa sat a figure, the grace and elegance of which would have brightened even a duller scene, and which rising, with a soft rustle of silk and velvet, met Katharine in the middle of the floor.

If Mrs. Annesley had expected some timid, blushing girl whom she could awe or patronize into reverence, she must have been greatly surprised at sight of the calm, stately young lady—unmistakably a young lady—who met her with such quiet ease.

"Miss Tresham, I presume?" she said, inquiringly—for despite all that Morton had told her, she could not believe that this was Mrs. Marks's governess.

And Katharine answered with Katharine's own straightforward dignity:

"Yes, I am Miss Tresham. Pray sit down, madam. Mrs. Marks will be here in a minute. She desired me to apologize for her delay, and say that she was very much occupied when you came."

"I am sorry to have disturbed her," said Mrs. Annesley, hardly conscious of what she did say, and only noting with a sharp pang every separate charm of this girl's appearance and manner. Then they sat down, and when the lady spoke again it was with a perceptible effort.

"I have heard a great deal about you—Miss Tresham—" she did not say from whom—"and it has been a regret to me that I have not been able to pay this visit sooner; but I am a very great invalid—so much of an invalid, that my friends are kind enough to excuse a great deal of social neglect from me."

Katharine thought there were very few traces of illness apparent in the smooth, handsome face before her; but she had enough of the habitude of society to accept the apology, and answer it with a few words of conventional sympathy—wondering the while, why it had been at all necessary to offer it.

"Thanks—you are very kind," said Mrs. Annesley, in acknowledgment of her condolence. "Yes, sickness is a dreadful thing—more because it is apt to make one neglect one's duties, than for any other reason, I think. Some people don't allow it to interfere, I know; but I have never been strong-minded. If I feel badly, I am sure to lie on my sofa, even with the consciousness of something that ought to be done."

"We are all of us prone to do that, I think," said Katharine; "and I, for one, really cannot admire the people who treat their bod-

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as cruel drivers treat their horses, and goad them into exertion whether they feel like it or not."

Mrs. Annesley smiled faintly. "You are very good to say so, when I see plainly that you have no personal knowledge—no personal experience, that is—of the malady to which I allude. Do you sing much, Miss Tresham? I see the piano open, and surely your pupils have not yet advanced as far as Mozart."

The conversation rather flagged during the "minute" which unaccountably lengthened into ten or fifteen, before Mrs. Marks entered, Katharine began to grow a little impatient, and to wonder what could possibly be the motive of this visit. Had Mrs. Annesley merely come to gratify her curiosity, or what other meaning was hidden under her cold civility, her languid commonplaces, her keen though not ill-bred scrutiny? The young governess felt that she was undergoing a sort of examination, that she was on trial, as it were, before this fine lady; and feeling it, almost unconsciously she resented it. She who was usually so frank and cordial in her manner, was now reserved, almost haughty; while Mrs. Annesley made matters worse by a shade of patronage—half unconscious, half, it is to be feared, intended—which did not please the girl who had once told Morton that she was "unfortunately very proud." It was a relief to both of them when the door at last opened, and Mrs. Marks came bustling in, looking as if she had been hastily squeezed into her black silk, and had not yet recovered from the process.

Katharine watched the greeting between the two ladies—Mrs. Marks's hearty cordiality, a little tempered by awkwardness on the one side, and Mrs. Annesley's condescending suavity on the other—with quiet amusement. Then she kept her seat for a few minutes longer, thinking that after they were fairly launched into conversation, she would go back to her waiting pupils; but as it chanced, this intention was frustrated. Just as she had decided on leaving the room, Mrs. Annesley turned to her.

"I waited until Mrs. Marks was here, Miss Tresham, before I made a request which is partly the reason of my visit this morning. A few young people are coming next week to spend Christmas at Annesdale, and if you will be kind enough to waive ceremony, I should be very glad for you to make one of the party. Will you come?"

With all her self-possession—and it was even more than people gave her credit for—Katharine started. Was it possible that it was Mrs. Annesley who gave this gracious invitation?—who asked her to meet a party of young people (which was a modest way of saying the *dîe of Lagrange*) at Annesdale, which was the headquarters of gay hospitality? For a second she could not answer from absolute surprise; but she suddenly caught a glimpse of the ludicrous astonishment on Mrs. Marks's face, and it piqued her into an immediate reply.

"You are very kind," she said, looking, with her clear gray eyes, into the languid, handsome face; "I do not think much of ceremony, as a general rule, and I should be glad to accept your invitation, if it were possible. But it is not possible. I never leave home."

"You never have left home, perhaps," said the lady, smiling a little. "But, if you will pardon me, that is no reason why you should not begin to do so. Are you fond of gayety? I think Annesdale might tempt you a little in that way. Adela and Morton always manage to get up something amusing at Christmas. But I will not urge you—I will leave the matter to Mrs. Marks, and let her say whether or not you shall go."

She looked at Mrs. Marks, and Mrs. Marks, who had recovered her powers of speech by this time, was ready in a moment to take her cue.

"Indeed, I am sure Miss Katherine knows how glad I would be to see her go," she said. "It's very kind of you, Mrs. Annesley, to ask her. She has a very dull time, shut up here with Richard, and me, and the children; and I hope she won't let any of us stand in the way of her taking a little pleasure when there is such a good chance for it as this."

"I take charge of the children out of school, as well as in," said Katharine to Mrs. Annesley. "Mrs. Marks is anxious to give me pleasure, but my going would cause her a great deal of inconvenience; so I hope you will excuse me for declining your invitation."

"As for taking care of the children," said Mrs. Marks, before Mrs. Annesley could speak, "that's Letty's business, my dear, and not yours, as you know. You've spoiled her to death by looking after them yourself, and the sooner she learns to do it again the better.—I hope you don't think we work her to death," said the good woman, turning her attention to Mrs. Annesley, with startling rapidity. "She

took it all on herself, and I begged her again and again not to worry about them, though it's true they're so much improved—especially in their manners—that you'd hardly know them for the same children."

"Surely their manners would not suffer if you left them for the short space of a fortnight," said Mrs. Annesley to Katharine.

"For the matter of that," said Mrs. Marks, "I promised their Aunt Lucy that Katy and Sara should pay her a visit this Christmas; and you know, my dear, you don't have much to do with the boys."

"Mrs. Marks is evidently determined to get rid of me," said Katharine, with a smile, to Mrs. Annesley; "but I flatter myself she would miss me after I was gone. And so I think I shall abide by my resolution and remain."

"My dear," said Mrs. Marks, solemnly, "if you take my advice, you'll go."

"Take her advice by all means, Miss Tresham," said Mrs. Annesley, "or else give me one good reason for your refusal."

But one good reason, as society reckons good reasons, Katharine could not give. In our artificial condition of life, it is not considered a valid or even a courteous excuse to say that you have no desire to perform a certain action, or to go to a certain place. It is hard to imagine what could be a better reason for ordinary social refusals than the simple statement of disinclination; but, according to the rules of a certain arbitrary but very ill-defined code, it will not answer at all. If a man asks you to his house, you must not say that you don't want to come, but that you "have pressing business," or "a previous engagement," or a sick wife, or a dead uncle, or any other lie that may be convenient. If he finds you out, he will not be offended, he will take the pious fraud as it was intended. But if you had simply told the truth, and said that you felt unwilling to come, he would have had good right to be insulted. Knowing this as well as Mrs. Annesley, Katharine hesitated. She did not want to go to Annesdale, and she did not mean to go if she could help it; but still, social usages had a certain power over her, and, hemmed in by Mrs. Marks on one side, and her visitor on the other, she hardly knew what to say. Mrs. Annesley saw her embarrassment, and came to her relief.

"I am sure you think me very rude to press you in this way, Miss Tresham; but I am really very anxious that you should make one of our Christmas party, and that anxiety must plead my excuse. I see that you are half persuaded; and I am sure that, when you think the matter over, you will find there is no reason why you should not oblige us. My son you know already, and my daughter will be very glad to meet you. If I give you until to-morrow to consider, will you promise to say 'yes' then?"

"I am sure it is quite impossible," Katharine began.

But the lady had already risen, and was holding out her hand in parting salute.

"I shall either come or send for your answer to-morrow," she said; "and I beg you most sincerely to let it be favorable.—Mrs. Marks, I leave the cause in your hands. Promise me that you will make her come!"

"I'll do my best," said Mrs. Marks, dubiously; "but Miss Katharine's very hard-headed, and I'm afraid she'll go her own way."

"So much the better, if that way lies toward Annesdale," said the mistress of Annesdale, graciously. Then she shook hands with both of them, gave Mrs. Marks an invitation to Annesdale in that vague, general way which means "good-morning," told Katharine she was sure she would not disappoint her, and finally swept out, leaving behind her a faint fragrance and a vivid impression of affable smiles and soft speeches, and shining silk and rich velvet.

"Bless my soul, how she was dressed!" said Mrs. Marks, as soon as she was safely out of ear-shot. "Did you notice the quality of that silk? I never saw any thing half as heavy in my life. It must have cost three dollars a yard, if it cost a cent; and what an elegant bonnet! Well!"—with a long breath—"I am sure I never was more surprised in my life! I thought she would have been just the other way. But there's no telling what people will do for their children; and, after all, she mayn't be as proud as people say. Nobody could have been more polite than she was this morning. I was astonished you did not agree to go," she went on, addressing Katharine, with mild expostulation. "Of course you know your own affairs best; and I don't mean to intrude my advice upon you—for advice is a thing that everybody's anxious to give, and nobody's thankful to get—but you know what she came for, my dear, and I can tell you that she has done

a great deal for *her*; and, if you want my opinion, you'll be a great fool—simpleton, if you don't go to Annesdale."

"Then you will certainly consider me a great simpleton," said Katharine, coolly, "for I don't mean to go to Annesdale."

With this ultimatum, she walked off to the waiting arithmeticians, and left Mrs. Marks to return to her mince-meat with what degree of interest she could muster.

Dinner was over, and the short winter afternoon was more than half gone when Katharine opened Mrs. Marks's door, and, showing herself in her bonnet and cloak, asked if the former had any objection to her taking the children to Morton House. "They are anxious to return Felix's visit," she said (Felix had a fortnight before, made his long-promised call), "and Mrs. Gordon was kind enough to ask me to come to see her; so, if you have no objection, we will walk out there."

"I haven't the least objection," said Mrs. Marks, looking up from her work, and wondering not a little at the grand acquaintances her governess was making. "I am glad you are going to take the children yourself, Miss Katharine, for you can see that they don't behave badly, or make themselves troublesome to Mrs. Gordon. Isn't it rather a long walk, though?"

"Not for me," said Katharine, and shut the door.

The day had been overcast from its dawn, and the afternoon was very gray and gloomy when the governess and her merry troop went out into it. Every thing looked sombre and tintless, the bare trees stood out against a dull, leaden sky, the distant hills seemed desolate and brown, the broad fields were perhaps the most cheerless element of the scene, with their dun-colored hedges, their wide expanse of sere plants, and their fragments of unpicked cotton hanging in melancholy shreds from the withered stalks. All around the horizon was a broad band of pale-yellow light, and this, together with the singular softness of the atmosphere, made Katharine sure that there would soon be a change in the weather. "It will rain to-morrow," said Jack, looking up at the sky. "Miss Tresham, don't you feel the wind? Papa says that when it blows this way, it always brings rain. There, Ponto!—there goes a rabbit, sir!"

Ponto, who was a large Newfoundland dog, had been brought along for the purpose of chasing rabbits, and was not at all averse to the amusement. In fact, he saw the poor, little furry wanderer before Jack did, and was off at a mad gallop, followed headlong by all the children. A turn in the road soon hid them from the sight of the governess, and she gave a sigh of relief. She liked them, and their bright animal spirits never jarred on her as the spirits of grown people sometimes did; but just now she was glad to have the sombre winter scene all to herself, and much obliged to Ponto and the rabbit who had secured this solitude. To her, as to a great many other people, there was a singular charm in the leaden sky, the bare woods, and brown hills, the dun neutral tints which went to make up the scene. A far off, between some fields, there was a clump of trees, and a small house from which a column of blue smoke rose against the sky. Katharine looked at it wistfully. "I wonder if the people who live there are happy?" she thought. "I wonder if they look for any thing, expect any thing, dread any thing! Oh, me! I am sorry for them if they do!" As she went her way, between the zigzag rail fences and sere hedges, this train of not very cheerful thought colored the whole scene. She thought that she liked it because it agreed with her mood; but, in truth, if her mood had been different, every thing would have borne a different seeming to her eyes. So it is with us. If our hearts are heavy, the most beautiful landscape that ever smiled grows dark and dreary; while, if they are light, the sunshine from them overflows and colors with its own tints all the world around us. Katharine's world was made up of dull neutral hues just now, leaden grays, and cold browns, and dun, dark purples. We have no right to put the earth in mourning for our own troubles, but many of us do it nevertheless.

Morton House was farther off than she had remembered, and the afternoon was very nearly spent when she and her noisy charges walked up the avenue, and came in sight of the circular terrace and the brown old house set in the midst of it. This was Katharine's first fulfilment of the promise she had given Mrs. Gordon, and she could not help feeling a little nervous with regard to what her reception might be. Would the lady be kind and gracious, as she had been before? or would she think that, for a stranger, Miss Tresham was presuming too speedily on her invitation? "She is said to be very

eccentric," Katharine thought to herself, with a slight feeling of dismay—"one of the people who can be charming one day, and freezing the next, Mrs. Marks says. Will she be charming or freezing to-day, I wonder? I almost wish I had not come." It was too late for retreat, however. At that moment, from some quarter or other, Felix espied them, and bore down with a shout of pleasure. Five minutes later, they were entering the hall.

Felix left them in the drawing-room, while he went to announce their arrival to his mother, and in a moment returned, accompanied by Harrison. "Mrs. Gordon's compliments; would the children please go with Miss Felix to the nursery; and she would be glad to see Miss Tresham in her own room." This was the substance of the message delivered by the servant; and, while Felix led off his visitors, with eager assurances that the place where he was going to take them was not a nursery at all, but a good, big room, where his playthings were kept, Miss Tresham followed Harrison across the hall, and was ushered into the pleasant sitting-room where she had been introduced before.

Mrs. Gordon was lying on a couch by the fire, and looked very ill, her visitor thought. She raised herself, however, and, extending her hand, smiled with pleasant cordiality.

"So you are really as good as your word, Miss Tresham, and have come to see me. I need not say you are heartily welcome. Sit down. Is it not very cold and gloomy out-of-doors?"

Evidently, if Mrs. Gordon was "eccentric," and had different moods for different days, this was one of her most gracious moods, and one of her brightest days. At least, so Katharine thought, as she felt that her instinct about the visit had not misled her, and as, obeying the motion of her hostess's hand, she sat down by the fire. She did not know whether to allude to the traces of suffering so plainly marked on her companion's face; but the latter relieved her uncertainty on this point at once.

"I have been quite ill," she said, "and I am sure you think that I am still, in looks at least, the worse for it. At my age, one shows so plainly things which pass unnoticed in youth. If you had come a day or two ago, I could not have seen you; but to-day I am grateful for the presence of such a bright face."

The bright face smiled and blushed a little at this, but soon recovered its usual composure.

"I am glad I came, then," said Katharine. "I was a little doubtful, thinking I might trouble you. But I always mean what I say myself, and I gave you credit for meaning what you said when you asked me to come."

"You were quite right," said Mrs. Gordon, smiling; "I meant exactly what I said, and perhaps a little more. I have lived a long time in the hottest fever of the world," she went on, "and this stagnant life is almost too much for me. In a measure, it was pure selfishness which made me press you to return. I cannot ask the people of Lagrange to come here. I have gone out of their life and their world forever. But you are different. The first moment I saw you, I knew that you were different; and I knew, or thought I knew, that you would be a person worth knowing, and a companion worth having."

"You flatter me," said Katharine, with her breath a little taken away.

"I never flatter anybody," answered Mrs. Gordon, coolly. "You know as well as I do that, although you are not particularly pretty and, for aught I know, may not be particularly clever, you *are* particularly attractive. I don't wonder—" she paused, with a smile; then added, "Won't you take off your bonnet, and spend the evening with me?"

"I should be very glad to do so; but I have the children under my care, and I must take them home before dark."

"Can't they go home by themselves? can't Babette take them? Well"—as Katharine shook her head in reply to both propositions—"I won't press you. But leave the children at home another day, and come prepared to spend the evening. Surely, your holidays begin very soon now?"

"They have begun already. To-day was my last of school."

"I am glad to hear that. I can hope, then, to see you often in the course of the next two weeks?"

"I—don't—know," said Katharine, doubtfully. The moment afterward she caught a look of surprise on Mrs. Gordon's face, and went on, hastily: "I mean that I may not be at Mrs. Marks's during the holidays. I received a Christmas invitation to-day, and I have been doubting whether or not I should accept it. Would"—a pause

"would you think me very impertinent, Mrs. Gordon, if I asked your advice about doing so?"

"I should not think you impertinent at all, Miss Tresham; and I should be very glad to advise you to the best of my ability, leaving selfishness out of the question."

Katharine sat still and looked in the fire for a minute, puckering her brow into a slight frown as she did so. Then she turned round and smiled at her hostess.

"Don't think me very vacillating and irresolute," she said; "but the fact is, I declined the invitation this morning, and I told Mrs. Marks at dinner that I positively would not accept it; yet such is the perversity of human nature that I am half inclined to retract my own words now, and go. If one or two doubts could be solved for me, I think I should."

"And can I solve those doubts?"

"If you choose, I am sure you can. Of course, you know enough of your cousin to tell—"

She stopped short, for Mrs. Gordon raised up and looked at her with astonished eyes.

"My cousin?" she repeated. "You surely don't mean Mrs. Annesley?"

"Yes, I do," said Katharine, laughing a little. "You can't be more surprised than I was. I had never seen Mrs. Annesley before; and this morning she called on me, and absolutely asked me to spend Christmas at Annesdale—more than that, she would not accept a refusal; but, when I declined the invitation, said that she would give me until to-morrow to consider, and would send for my final answer then. Now, if I am not impertinent, pray tell me what she means by it, and what I ought to do."

Mrs. Gordon sank back on her cushions, and smiled. Instead of answering Katharine's question, she asked another:

"You say that you would like to go?"

"Yes," said the girl, frankly. "I like pleasure very much—more than is right, I am afraid—and I should like very much to go. It has been four years since I danced the last time," said she, looking at Mrs. Gordon gravely; "and I should like to go to another ball. There is always a Christmas ball at Annesdale, Mrs. Marks says. If I knew why Mrs. Annesley asked me, and if I could be sure that she really wants me, I should certainly take the goods the gods provide, and go."

"Go, then," said Mrs. Gordon. "Take the goods the gods provide, and enjoy them while you can. I am able to set your mind at rest on both those points. I think I know why Mrs. Annesley asked you; and, as she asked you, I am sure she wants you to go."

"This is your advice?"

"This is certainly my advice."

"Not given because I was foolish enough to say that I liked pleasure, but honestly and sincerely?"

"Honestly and sincerely," answered Mrs. Gordon, smiling. "You don't suppose I would think you worth much if you had not youth enough in you to like pleasure? The love of it is born in us, and is the strongest cord that draws us heavenward, as well as the heaviest fetter that binds us to the earth. Don't grudge your youth its natural impulses and pleasures. Believe me, the apathy and the distaste of later life will come on you soon enough."

"But Annesdale—" said Katharine.

"Go to Annesdale, by all means. I don't simply advise; I am bold enough to urge you to do so. Shall I tell you why? You are not a simpering, foolish young lady; so I think I may. It is evident that Mrs. Annesley, from personal reasons—don't blush, my dear, for I don't mean to be as plain-spoken as I was before—is anxious to see and know you. She has taken a better way of doing this than I should have given her credit for—a more delicate way, that is. Don't deny yourself a pleasure, and repulse her at the same time. If you have any liking, any cordial friendship, for Morton, meet his mother's advances frankly, and go to Annesdale."

"But," said Katharine, blushing deeply, despite her companion's admonition to the contrary, "that is exactly why I hesitate. Mr. Annesley has been very kind to me—if we were on the same social level, I might almost say very attentive—and I don't know what construction might be placed upon this visit."

"My dear," said Mrs. Gordon quietly, "society is a state of hollow but very useful forms. We all know that they are hollow, but still, we all observe them. Mrs. Annesley has asked you to spend Christ-

mas at Annesdale, and you are not supposed to know any thing of the motive for this invitation. If any motive is concealed beneath it, what difference does that make? If she asks you for one reason, and you go for another, what matter of that? Have you not lived long enough in the world to know that life—this outside, social life—is merely a game of chance and skill? This visit will bind you to nothing. The day after you come away, or the day before, for that matter, you will be at perfect liberty to reject Morton if he asks you to marry him. I hope you won't do any thing half so foolish, though," she added, with a smile. "I knew his father well; and Morton is Edgar Annesley over again. No girl could ever do better than to accept him."

"I am sure of that," said Katharine, kindly and cordially. But she did not say it as if she had any personal interest in the question of accepting or rejecting the young owner of Annesdale. She spoke with her eyes fastened thoughtfully on the fire; and when she looked up, she added suddenly, "Then once for all, you advise me to go?"

"Once for all, I do. Will you prove an exception to most advice-asking people, and take my advice?"

"Yes, I will," said the girl, rising and standing before the fire, with the ruddy light flickering over her bright face and graceful figure. "I am very much obliged to you for giving it," she went on; "and I should be very ungrateful if I did not take it after you have been so frank with me. I shall write to Mrs. Annesley to-morrow, and tell her that I accept her invitation. May I come to see you when I return, and tell you how much I have enjoyed myself?"

"Come to see me certainly, and tell me all about it. I shall be very glad to hear every thing. But must you go now?"

"Yes, it is growing late, and we have a long walk from here home. Neither the children nor myself mind it, though," she added, as the word "carriage" formed on Mrs. Gordon's lips. "I must bid you good-evening, and I hope you will be well when I come again."

With a sudden impulse which, if she had stopped a minute to consider, would certainly have been repressed, she bent down and laid her lips on Mrs. Gordon's cheek. It was a very light caress, but the latter felt it and started. Then she looked up with a smile.

"You are certainly very charming," she said. "I don't wonder that others, beside myself, have found it out."

CHAPTER XIV.—R. G.

WHEN Mrs. Annesley reached home, she found that the whole family of Taylors, mother and daughters, had arrived at Annesdale during her absence, and were established to "spend the day," according to the irksome custom which then prevailed, and for that matter still prevails, in country districts. Their bonnets were laid aside, their work was brought out, and the drawing-room was full of the sound of their chatter and laughter, when the lady of the house entered. Poor Adela was on duty, and gave a glance compounded ludicrously of resignation and disgust to her mother. Mrs. Annesley telegraphed a reply in much the same spirit, then swept forward and greeted her guests with effusion. "Dear Mrs. Taylor, what a pleasant surprise! How kind of you to come!" etc., etc.—"Maria, how well you are looking!—Fanny, has your neuralgia quite gone?—Augusta, I need not ask how you are—I never saw you more blooming. Of course you have come to spend the day. I cannot think of letting you off," etc.

They all spent the day with religious exactitude. It was nightfall before the last item of news was discussed, the knitting-needles and worsted-work put away, the bonnets resumed, and the carriage ordered. Mrs. Annesley gave a heart-felt sigh as she stood at the window and watched them drive away. "What a relief!" she said. "It is dreadful to think what bores those people are!"

"The night is going to be dark, and the roads are very heavy," said Adela. "I shouldn't be surprised if they had a bad time getting home—and serve them right, too, for staying so late! Now, mamma, what news? I have been dying to hear, ever since you came; and I thought they never were going."

"Nothing very satisfactory," her mother answered, without turning round. "She declines to come, Adela."

"What!" said Adela; and, even in the soft mingling of firelight and twilight, it was evident that her face fell. "It can't be possible that she declines to come, mamma!"

"She does, though. She refused the invitation absolutely and not very courteously."

"Then what will you do?"

"What I will do is yet to be decided—what I did do was to decline to accept her refusal. I insisted on her taking a day to consider the matter, and said I would send for her answer to-morrow."

"That is more than I should have done," said Adela, flushing. "She will think she has gained every thing."

"She is welcome to think so," was the quiet response.

"It is nothing but insolence!" cried Mrs. French. "I wish I had her in my power, I'd—I'd strangle her! Mamma, I don't see how you ever submitted to it!"

"We must submit to a great deal, Adela, if we want to carry our points."

"And do you think you will carry this one?"

"I think she will come."

"But if she don't?"

"Then I shall be disappointed, but not seriously so. All I need is time; and time, I think, I can induce Morton to grant me. Since I have given a conditional consent, he has promised that he will not speak until I have seen and judged of—of this governess."

"I should make that a long process."

"No; for I hope it will not be long before I have proofs concerning her which not even Morton can disregard."

"And meanwhile?"

"And meanwhile, she cannot fail to suffer by close contrast with Irene Vernon. She is not pretty, Adela."

"N—o, mamma, not pretty, perhaps—but handsome in a certain style that men like. If you could have seen her talking to Morton at the pond that day! It was all her fault that he lost sight of that hateful child, and had such a frightful accident. Of course, Irene is a beauty—but I wouldn't trust to this girl's not being pretty, if I were you."

"Trust to it! You don't suppose I have lived to my age, without learning that there are many things besides a pretty face that make a fool of a man. It certainly is not this girl's face which has turned that poor boy's head. Let me see—what is the day of the month?"

"The nineteenth," answered Adela, wondering a little at the question.

Mrs. Annesley walked to the fire, making some calculation as she went. Mrs. French, who had meanwhile taken a seat, watched her with languid interest. She did not pretend to understand all her mother's schemes; but her reliance was, in a different way, quite as complete as Morton's. She had the most profound admiration for her mother's diplomatic abilities; and did not honestly believe that any cause was hopeless as long as she retained the management of it.

"Well, mamma," she said, at last, "what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking," answered Mrs. Annesley, absently, "how long it takes a letter to go to London, and an answer to return."

"A letter?—to go?"—Adela sat up and stared at her mother. "A letter to go to London! Mamma, what do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Annesley, glancing round at the closed door, as if to make sure that nobody was within hearing—"I mean that I have no idea that my son shall marry an adventuress; and that I have been making inquiries about Miss Tresham for some time."

Mrs. French gave a little scream, half of excitement, half of slightly comic alarm. "Good gracious, you don't say so! Why, this is becoming quite interesting. Wouldn't Morton be vexed if he knew? Tell me all about it, mamma—how long ago did you begin, and what have you found out?"

"I can't talk about it here," said Mrs. Annesley, a little nervously. "Morton might come in any minute; and I would not let him know for the world. When I have found out what I want to know, I shall lay the matter before him; but, until then, he would not listen to any thing I could urge. His scruples on the subject are absurd."

"Most of his ideas are," said Mrs. French, coolly. "Dear me, there is his step in the hall! May I come to your room to-night, mamma, and hear all about it? Say yes, please."

"I suppose you may, though I am half-afraid to trust you."

"Never fear about trusting me. I'm not like some foolish women, who tell every thing to their husbands. Frank is a good fellow, and tells me all his secrets; but he don't hear any of mine.—Do you, Frank?"

"Do I what, Adela?" asked Frank, who entered at the moment in a very splashed and disreputable condition. "I don't mean to stop a minute," he said, hastily, as he was transfixed by his wife's glance. "I only came in to tell you what splendid luck we've had. I never saw the pond so flush of ducks before. Morton's a better shot than I am, and he bagged no less than—"

"Frank, if you don't go up-stairs this minute and take off that abominable corduroy, I will never speak to you again!" cried Mrs. French, in a high-treble key. "It smells horribly! Who cares about your miserable ducks? I don't!"

"You'll care about eating them, I expect," said the good-natured Frank, as he left the room rather crestfallen, and went to change the objectionable corduroy, which, being thoroughly wet, had, in fact, a very far from agreeable odor.

A few minutes afterward Morton entered, and, having had the discretion to change his dress, was welcomed more cordially than his fellow-sportsman had been.

In answer to his mother's inquiries, he said that they had had a very good day's sport; that the ducks were plenty, and by no means hard to approach; and that their game-bag was full.

"Frank enjoyed it extremely," he said, in a tone that was rather tired. "For my part, I am not as fond of sport as I used to be."

"I suppose it takes a fox-chase to rouse you," said Mrs. Annesley. "By-the-way, there will be some fox-hunting next week, will there not?"

"To be sure," answered Morton. "French was talking about it to-day. Langdon, and Talcott, and half a dozen more, will be here, who care for little besides fox-hunting. I wrote to Godfrey Seymour and told him to bring his hounds with him when he came."

"Isn't your own pack a good one?"

"The more the merrier, you know; and no bounds are like Seymour's. He has the best-trained pack in the country."

"I hope he will come."

"I hope so, indeed, for his own sake as well as on account of his dogs. There isn't a better fellow living than Godfrey. Is your party quite made up, mother?" he went on. "If there is anybody else to be invited, you know you ought to be attending to it. Almost everybody has made engagements for Christmas by this time."

"There is nobody else to be invited," said Mrs. Annesley. She paused a moment, then added, quietly: "I gave the last invitation in Tallahoma to-day."

"In Tallahoma!" echoed her son. "Who did you ask in Tallahoma? John Warwick?"

"No, quite a different person. Miss Tresham."

The young man started. That name was the last he had expected to hear, and looked at his mother for a moment in surprise. Then he went round to the back of her chair, and, bending down, kissed her brow just where the hair was parted.

"My dear mother, thank you," he said, simply.

"Don't thank me," said Mrs. Annesley, in rather a hard voice. "I need not tell you that it cost me a struggle, Morton. But I promised you to see and know her, and I thought this opportunity the best for the purpose. People will wonder, no doubt; but we must submit to that."

"Let them wonder," said he, a little haughtily; but his tone softened, as he added: "You were quite right; this will be the best opportunity for seeing and knowing her. Is there nothing that I can do for you, mother?" he went on. "Is there nothing you could ask of me? I should like to show you in some way how much I appreciate the sacrifice you have made."

"Yes, there is one thing," said Mrs. Annesley, perceiving her advantage, and seizing it without an instant's hesitation. "You can certainly do one thing for me, Morton. I have asked this girl here for your sake. For my sake promise me that while she is here you will refrain from paying her any marked attention, that you will not give people any opportunity to couple your name and hers together."

Morton's brow contracted a little. He thought his mother had taken an unfair advantage of his offer, but he did not say so; indeed, after a moment, he saw that he had no alternative but to consent. He had rashly laid himself open to this, and he must abide by his own words.

"I promise," he said, a little coldly, "but I did not think you would have asked such a thing of me."

His mother rose and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Why, my dear son? Why should I not ask it of you? You know where all my hopes for you are fixed. Can you wonder that I do not wish you to put an impassable barrier between yourself and their fulfilment?"

He knew what she meant—he knew she was thinking of Irene Vernon—so he did not answer. He had very sensitive ideas of his own, and he showed them in nothing more than in the reticence he always observed with regard to topics like these. Nothing would have induced him to mention Miss Vernon's name in a connection of this sort. After a while, he sighed a little, and put his arm round his mother.

"You must bear with me," he said. "Mother, dear, it is hard that at this late day I should begin to be a trouble to you; but be patient, be hopeful, and perhaps in time we may live it down."

Mrs. Annesley went to her own room early that night. She was tired, she said; her drive to town and the Taylors together had quite exhausted her, and her only chance of being moderately well the next day was to retire at an hour that Adela was fond of calling uncivilized—Adela's pet idea of civilization being to go to bed at one o'clock and rise at twelve. To-night, however, Mrs. French made no demur at the move. She yawned and said the Taylors had done for her, too, then bade her brother good-night, and followed her mother up-stairs.

"You are going to smoke?" she said to her husband, who muttered something of the sort in the hall below. "Oh, very well; take your time about it; I am going to mamma's room for a while."

Her face vanished from over the balustrade, and the minute afterward the two gentlemen heard her dress rustling along the upper passage, and the opening and closing of Mrs. Annesley's door.

"They are good for a two-hours' gossip at least," said Mr. French, on hearing this. "That's their notion of 'going to bed early and getting a long rest!' Come, Morton, we'll have a smoke. Do you know where the papers are that came this morning?"

In Mrs. Annesley's chamber a large fire was blazing brightly and making the whole room radiant with that beautiful glow which a judicious mixture of pine, and oak, and hickory, can alone diffuse, when Adela entered. It rendered any other light almost unnecessary; but a lamp burned with quiet, steady lustre on the table at Mrs. Annesley's side, and, scattered around its base, were several letters and a newspaper. She looked up from the pages of one of the former when the door opened and she saw her daughter.

"I thought your curiosity would not let you remain down-stairs long," she said. "Come in, but be sure and close the door securely."

"Well, mamma, I'm all impatience," said Adela, after she had waited some time, and her mother took no further notice of her, but went on reading the letter she held.

"Look at that, then," said her mother, pushing the newspaper across the table and pointing with her finger to a particular paragraph.

Adela took it up wonderingly. The sheet was mammoth, and proved to be a copy of the London *Times*, in date five or six months old. Following the direction of the finger, her eye fell at once on the following advertisement:

"If the friends or relations of Katharine Tresham, formerly of the British West Indies, and lately of Cumberland, England, are desirous of knowing her present whereabouts and address, they can obtain this information by addressing R. G., box 1084, Mobile, Alabama."

Adela first stared, then caught her breath, and looked up at her mother.

"Is it possible you wrote this, mamma?"

"Yes, I wrote it," Mrs. Annesley answered. "I could not let matters go on as they had been doing for months past. I felt, and I still feel sure there is something wrong about the girl. Being confident of this, and seeing Morton's growing infatuation, I knew that to lift the curtain from her life was the only hope of saving him. If I have done her harm, she has only herself and her ambitious schemes to thank for it. Any parent would hold me more than justified in the means I have used."

"Oh, as for that," said Adela, "I think the means are excellent. But I wonder how you ever thought of them, and how did you get this inserted?"

"I sent it to Mr. Russell when he was in England last summer. He is thoroughly trustworthy, and will neither mention the fact nor ask any questions. It was inserted in the *Times* for a month, and he sent me this copy."

"Did any thing come of it?"

"Something came of it sooner than I had ventured to hope. Before the advertisement had appeared a week, a letter was written, and reached me in due time."

She handed a letter across the table, and Adela received it eagerly. Her curiosity was fairly in a flame, and, although she tore open the folded sheet very hastily, she had still time enough to observe that the paper, writing, and whole style of the missive, were unexceptionable. It was evidently written by a man, and was quite terse:

"If R. G. can give any accurate information concerning the present whereabouts and address of Katharine Tresham, formerly of Porto Rico, in the West Indies, and lately of Dornthorne Place, Cumberland, England, he will be entitled to the thanks of her friends, and can obtain a liberal reward by addressing Messrs. Rich & Little, Lincoln's Inn, London."

After Adela read the last words twice over, she looked up at her mother, and shrugged her shoulders. "I don't think the reply tells much more than the advertisement," she said.

"When that came," answered Mrs. Annesley, "I saw in a moment that I had gone to work wrong—that instead of offering to give information, I should have asked for it. I saw there was a secret to keep; and this friend who offers me a liberal reward, and refers me to a couple of lawyers, was as much interested as the girl herself in keeping it. I felt sure, however, that he did not know her whereabouts, that he was honestly anxious to be enlightened. In that case, I thought I saw my way, and this is what I wrote."

Again she pushed a letter across the table, and again Adela took it up and read:

"If the gentleman who referred R. G. to Messrs. Rich & Little will communicate his own address to box 1084, Mobile, Alabama, he can obtain the information he desires, and be spared the payment of a reward."

"Well! and what was the answer to this?"

"The answer to this came very shortly, and puzzled me not a little. Here it is."

The second missive, in the same writing, and on the same paper as the first, was in turn handed across the table and read:

"Mr. St. John has received R. G.'s letter. If R. G. possesses any real knowledge of Miss Tresham's place of abode, and objects to communicating that knowledge through Mr. St. John's lawyers, he can address directly—

"HENRY ST. JOHN, Esq.,
"Poste Restante,
"Buden."

"Mr. St. John!—Mr. St. John's lawyers!" repeated Adela. "Well, Miss Tresham certainly seems to have a grand sort of person interested in her! Dear me, mamma, suppose she has run away from her friends, and is really a lady, after all?"

"She is much more likely to be an adventuress," said Mrs. Annesley, bitterly. "That high-sounding name did not deceive me for a minute. By return mail, I forwarded her address to Mr. Henry St. John, and requested some information concerning her, for personal and family reasons. No answer whatever came to that letter. After waiting some time, and finding that none was likely to come, and that evidently nothing had occurred to call Miss Tresham away from La-grange, I wrote to the lawyer in Mobile, through whom I received these letters, and requested him to make inquiries in London about this Mr. St. John. He did so at once, and I am now waiting to hear the result. It may be some time before I obtain the facts I want, but every thing is possible to patience and money, and I shall obtain them in the end. If it takes my whole fortune," she went on, passionately, "I will obtain them, sooner than let my son wreck his life by marrying this woman."

"I am inclined to think that Mr. St. John is a nice person," said

Adela, gravely regarding the two letters that lay open on the table before her.

"I am sure he is a sharper," her mother retorted, "and probably in league with Miss Tresham. Why he should have noticed my advertisement at all, puzzles me."

"Perhaps because he was afraid somebody else would," said Adela, too lazy to do battle for her own "nice-person" theory. "Well, mamma, when do you expect to hear something definite about him?"

"I wrote to Mr. Burns the other day, making the inquiry," her mother answered. "I was looking over his reply when you came in. There it is—you can see it if you choose."

"Of course I choose," said Adela; and suiting the action to the word, she took the indicated letter and opened it. Mr. Burns was the Mobile lawyer of whom Mrs. Annesley had spoken, and this was what he said:

"DEAR MADAM: Your favor of the 8d ultimo came safely to hand. In reply to your inquiries, I am able to say that I hope soon to hear from my agent in London, with regard to the information you are anxious to receive. I anticipate little difficulty in obtaining this information, if the addresses which you have furnished me are at all correct. The solicitors at Lincoln's Inn will certainly be able to satisfy you concerning the real character and standing of Mr. St. John. If we should meet with any difficulty there, it will be a little more troublesome, but quite as practicable to make these inquiries through other channels. In either case, you may be sure of receiving reliable information in a comparatively short time. I have also forwarded to my agent your copy of Mr. St. John's letter, giving the name of the place where Miss Tresham resided in Cumberland. By prosecuting his inquiries there, he may be able to learn something of this lady. I hope to receive a letter by the middle of the month, and will forward it to you immediately.

"Assuring you of my continued secrecy, and acknowledging your desire that I will not spare expense, I remain,

"Very respectfully,

"WILLIAM F. BURNS."

Adela philosophically folded up the letter, and returned it to her mother.

"I see now why you gave your consent," she said. "You wanted to make Morton defer matters, and so gain time."

"It was my only hope," said her mother. "I knew that if once Morton spoke to the girl, he would hold fast to his word through every thing. Now I may stave off a declaration, until I can show him who and what she is."

"If that is your hope, I should think you were very unwise to ask her to spend a week in the same house with him."

"And you don't know that by this very thing I took the surest means of binding him to his promise. He would do any thing sooner than break it now, that I have, as he thinks, made such a sacrifice for him. But that was not my only reason for asking her. I wanted her here—in my power, under my hand. When the letter from London comes, I want to give her a choice between open exposure, or leaving Lagrange. Then I do not believe that, once contrasted with Irene Vernon, she could continue to attract Morton."

Adela shook her head.

"That's your mistake, mamma," she said. "Morton has known Irene Vernon as long or longer than he has known this girl, and do you suppose he never contrasted them in his mind? I am as anxious as you can be that he should fall in love with her; but I don't think it is likely just now."

"We shall see."

"Yes, we shall see. But, for my part, I don't believe Miss Tresham will come. I am sure she has sense enough to distrust an invitation to Annesdale."

"That may be; but, nevertheless, I think she will accept it."

The event fully justified this belief. The next day was cloudy and stormy in the extreme, but Mrs. Annesley dispatched a messenger to Tallahoma, and waited anxiously for his return. In an hour or two, a damp note, woefully limp, and odoriferous of wet linsey, was brought to her. She opened it with two fingers, read the few lines which it contained, and looked up at her daughter with a smile.

"It is all right, Adela," she said. "She will come."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DAY AND NIGHT AT MOUNT VERNON.

ONE day last spring I received from the regent of the Ladies' Association who now have charge of Mount Vernon, a cordial invitation to visit the place in which, as the wife of one of the few living representatives of the Washington family, I might claim to have a almost hereditary interest.

After a pleasant voyage from Washington in the comfortable little steamer Arrow, we reached the wharf at noon, where a carriage was waiting to convey me to the house. Following a winding road up the hill, under the overarching branches of fine old trees, I soon reached the main entrance, where I found Nathan, an old servant of the Washington family, a fine-looking middle-aged man, well dressed, and with striking courtesy of manner, who acts as *major-domo* to visitors ready to hand me from the carriage, and take charge of my satchel. On entering I received a cordial welcome from my friends, and felt something like Rob Roy when he exclaimed, "My foot is on my native heath, and my name is McGregor."

The house is large and imposing; on the river-front a portico extends its full length, the tall white columns reaching to the roof, adding very much to its commanding appearance. The centre portion of the mansion was built by the original owner, Lawrence Washington, an elder half-brother of the general, who married a daughter of the Hon. William Fairfax, a relative of Lord Fairfax, and a gentleman of consideration; at one time president of his majesty's council in the colonies. Lawrence died at the age of thirty-four, bequeathing the estate to his only child, a daughter; and in the event of her death without heirs, to his favorite brother George, into whose possession by this child's early demise, the property finally came. It was called Mount Vernon from the British admiral of that name, with whom Lawrence had sailed on the expedition against Carthage, and to whom he was indebted for much kindness. In a letter to his father, Captain Augustine Washington, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, written from Jamaica, May 30, 1741, he says: "I shall avoid saying much of our Carthage expedition, the success of which you will soon have in print. We destroyed, in short, eight forts, six men-of-war, six galloons, and some merchant-ships, etc. I have remained on board Admiral Vernon's ship, ever since we left Hispaniola, vastly to my satisfaction."

There is a portrait of Lawrence in possession of a member of the Washington family. It shows him dressed in the British uniform of red coat and blue vest, displaying a portion of the ruffled shirt above; a black chapeau under his arm, ornamented with bow and button on its side. The oval face is handsome, and has in it the chivalrous look of an old-time cavalier. His complexion is dark as a Spaniard's, with strongly-marked black eyebrows arching over dark eyes, broad, high forehead, aquiline nose, firm chin, and pleasant mouth—very dark hair arranged in a *queue* behind, smooth on either side of the face, with formal curls over the ears. Such in appearance was the original owner and builder of Mount Vernon.

The private parlor where we took lunch was once a family sitting-room; a smaller apartment adjoining, that overlooks the river, is said to be the one in which the Farewell Address was written; both rooms are comfortably furnished; some of the articles of furniture being quaint old-fashioned relics presented to the association by different friends. Between the windows hung a mirror in an antique frame, one hundred and fifty years old, presented by Mrs. G. Van Rensselaer, the plate glass having been also presented by some generous manufacturers.

On the walls hung pictures of General Washington and his wife, also a peculiar profile engraving of him very singular in its style, and unlike any other I have seen. The boat having left with the daily visitors, we proceeded without interruption upon our inspection of the house, which has been recently repaired, repainted, and generally refitted, under the supervision of General Michler, commissioner of public buildings, and his agent, Mr. L. T. Follensbee. About a year ago, the ladies of the association secured, through the energetic efforts of the regent, after much exertion and delay, an appropriation from Congress of seven thousand dollars, for damage and loss sustained by the stopping of their boat during the war, this being almost the only available source of revenue to the association.

The house had fallen sadly into decay, and needed immediate repairs to preserve it, as did also the out-buildings. This money was

placed at the disposal of General Michler, and Mr. Follensbee was appointed to supervise the work, which has been well done.

Externally, the mansion has been painted and sanded in its original style, in imitation of stone. Within, some of the rooms have been repapered in old-style patterns, others repainted, and the walls colored; many contributions in material having greatly aided the work. Passing from the sitting-room across a wide passage or hall extending through the house, we entered a small room, called the west parlor, with some pictures upon the walls, and over the old-fashioned corner fireplace, the Washington coat-of-arms carved and filling a framed panel. Above it there was a dim old painting of a naval scene, covered with glass to protect it from being chipped off, and carried away as a part has been already, by those insatiable vandals, relic-hunters. From the west parlor we entered the banquet-hall, the handsomest room on the first floor, used by Washington on state occasions, as a reception or dining-room, and in which his body was laid in state after his death. The arched ceiling of this beautiful room is elegantly ornamented in stucco with graceful garlands, the design including many devices emblematic of agricultural pursuits. The floor is covered with a very handsome oil-cloth, manufactured in New York, and contributed by a gentleman of that city.

Many relics are collected in this room, among them a number of antique chairs presented by different parties, all having some historic association; one being an original that came over in the Mayflower; also a harpsichord presented by Washington to his wife's granddaughter, Eleanor Custis. The white marble mantel, exquisitely carved in Italy, was presented to Washington by a gentleman of Philadelphia (I think Mr. James Vaughan). A black marble mantel, understood to have accompanied this, was given by General Washington to his brother, Colonel Samuel Washington, of Harewood House, Jefferson County, West Virginia, whose descendants still reside there. We passed on into the east parlor, where other relics are to be seen; belsters for pistols, and military accoutrements used during the Revolution; also, in a case with glass doors, a suit of clothes. There is a stuff-colored coat of antique style, breeches to match, a waistcoat of handsome material in bright colors, and a pair of long silk stockings, darned and carefully marked in black letters, G. W. 2, 97. This suit was rescued from obscurity and presented to the Ladies' Association by William D. McGregor, of Hudson City. In this case is also to be seen a most invaluable and interesting relic, a lock of Washington's hair, gray, mingled with brown, fine, soft, and silky as a child's.

Two stairways, one at either end of the house, communicate with the upper floor. Over a door in the hall hangs a small case, containing a ponderous, curiously contrived key, that once unlocked the dreaded door of the Bastille. This key was sent by Lafayette to Washington. A handsome Wilton carpet, presented by a friend of the association, covers the main staircase. Half way up, on the landing-place, stood an "old clock on the stair," one of those stately, dignified, cumbrous institutions of the olden time, its dial ornamented with the moon's face, its wide-open eyes peering out with an evil look, as if it could tell the living present of the dead past.

From the regent's apartments through a short passage we enter a large, handsome room at the south end of the house, corresponding with the banquet-hall at the north end. This room was once used as a library, afterward as a dining-room. These apartments were additions made by General Washington to the original building. Above the doors were plaster casts of Washington and Lafayette. A handsome marble bust of the "Chief," as he was often called, has been placed in the banquet-hall by Mrs. P. Edgeworth Eve, the vice-regent from Georgia. It is a fine work of art, and deserves especial mention. Ascending a narrow stairway at this end of the mansion, we first enter a chamber over the library, in which Washington died after four days' illness. On the wall hung a framed copy of the *American Gazette*, containing an account of his death. The quaint style and plain finish of this room, with its large old-fashioned closets, contrast strangely with our modern ideas of luxury. Above this room is the small attic chamber to which Mrs. Washington retired after her husband's death, and in which she herself died. On the second floor we passed through a number of chambers designated the blue, red, green, and yellow rooms, each being finished in its respective color. The blue, now known as the Lafayette room, from having been occupied by the marquis on his visits to Mount Vernon, has been completely refitted and furnished, through the energetic efforts of Mrs. N. M. Halsted, of New Jersey; nearly every article having some Revolutionary

interest. Especially noticeable was a stand, manufactured from the famous Washington tree at Morrisville, Pennsylvania, by W. B. Douglas, of Newark.

The carpet was presented by Mr. Day, and the black-walnut bureau by Mr. Allen, both of New Jersey; while over the mantel was a fine, full-length engraving of Lafayette, presented by Mrs. Lothrop, of New York. Through the attic, by a spiral stairway recently constructed, we ascended to the observatory crowning the roof, and looked out upon the lovely landscape in its graceful sweep of fields, forest, hill, dale, and river. On the north and east the magnificent Potomac spread its broad expanse of bright waters, snowy sails, like great white-winged birds, floating on its surface; while beyond the river the distant shores of Maryland are dimly discerned, and to the south and west a dark line of forest girdles the horizon.

Leaving the house soon afterward, and descending the slope of the hill by a gravelled walk, we passed the old vault from which the remains were removed on the 19th of April, 1831, under the supervision of John A. and Colonel George C. Washington. It is left in its original state, and protected by a substantial paling. In a few moments more we found ourselves standing before the unpretending tomb of the first President. It is a simple structure of red brick, with grated iron doors, bearing above them this brief inscription:

"WITHIN THIS ENCLOSURE REST THE
REMAINS OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Around and above the sacred spot, cedars and other evergreen trees droop their graceful branches in perpetual reverence. Through the doors can be seen the marble sarcophagus in which rest his remains, and near it another, containing those of his wife. Both were decorated with wreaths of flowers.

In front and at the sides of the tomb are four monuments to different members of the family—one handsome shaft in memory of Judge Washington.

Following the winding, romantic path still farther down-hill, we came to the Spring House, and enjoyed a draught of the pure, cool water; then rested a moment on the gnarled roots of an old tree, under the spreading branches of a magnificent oak. The ground was covered with ferns, water-cresses, and green mosses, and dotted with clumps of spring-beauties and forget-me-nots, and other flowers.

Going back to the house, we went around by the out-buildings and well, with its "old oaken bucket;" thence into a broad carriage-drive, extending on either side of a smooth, sloping lawn, cut in the shape of a heraldic shield, with groups of fine old trees scattered around, and extending toward the gate, with the porter's lodge visible in the distance.

On one side of this lawn is a large vegetable-garden, on the other a flower-garden, both ornamented with quaint old box-hedges. There is a handsome green-house, with hot-houses, where rare varieties of grapes are raised under glass. The collection of plants and flowers is fine and varied. Mr. Craig, the superintending gardener, a genial, intelligent Scotchman, most courteously did the honors of this department, presenting us with an exquisite bouquet. Wandering out from the garden toward the gate, your steps are bewildered in a labyrinth of skilfully-arranged winding walks.

The beautiful April day was drawing to its close; a misty veil gathered over the earth as the purple light of sunset faded into pale-roose tints, throwing a softened radiance, like a glory, over the scene. A little spring-bird poured a flood of melodious notes upon the soft evening air, the branches overhead stirring as if with the rustle of angels' wings, ready to bear to heaven's gate that songster's vespers-hymn. As the shadows deepened, the weird charm of moonlight shed its glamour around; there was a spell even in the silence—something to be felt, but beyond the power of language to describe. So closed the day at Mount Vernon.

The early hours of night were spent in social converse, reviewing scenes and incidents of the past, or discussing the future, especially the possible execution of a cherished design of the Ladies' Association in endeavoring to collect and restore to the home of Washington all relics that can be obtained, associated with himself or the house where they once belonged and should most appropriately be placed.

The regent, Miss Cunningham, who has made great personal sacrifices in devotion to this cause, is aided in her efforts by vice-regents in each State, ladies representing some of the most distinguished

families of the country, both in talent, position, name, and blood. Miss Cunningham resides at Mount Vernon, giving her personal attention to the business of the association, aided by the secretary, and supervising the restoration of the house and grounds to their original good order and beauty. Her work is done as a labor of love, as she has positively refused to receive any remuneration for her services.

Between ten and eleven P. M. I retired, the Lafayette room being assigned to me—the first occupant since it was refitted and furnished. Seated before a fire, which the coolness of an early-spring night rendered comfortable, watching grouped figures grow, glow, and die amid the coals, while the picture over the mantel seemed to look down with observant eyes, as if it recognized a daughter of the house, I felt that Longfellow spoke truly, "All houses where men have lived and died are haunted houses." Moved by an impulse powerful yet irresistible, I arose, passed from the room into the dark passage, and entered the apartments beyond. A dim, spectral light from the windows scarcely softened the gloom; no sound broke the brooding silence; but an occasional creak of the floor underfoot, or a profane rat dashing past, startled a host of strange echoing sounds that reverberated in the deep silence of midnight. I stood in the chamber where Washington died. The air seemed thick with mysterious influences, fascinating even in the vague terror of their undefined source. I seemed to feel, though I could not hear, the footfall of invisible companions hovering near; then a rustle of trailing garments seemed sweeping past, and I shivered as a cold breath fanned my cheek, with the moan in it of a stifled sigh. Even the walls had a language of their own, and seemed written over by invisible fingers in words that gleamed out in the darkness, telling strange tales of the olden time—love, sorrow, life, and death, as it had passed there long ago.

In my mind's eye I saw a vision appropriate to the place. The young moon looked in through the windows over a beautiful snow-shrouded winter landscape, lighting a strangely-sad scene. It was the 14th of December, 1799. A fire burned on the hearth, a shaded lamp on the table; and there stood the loving watchers around a bed whereon lay the form of Washington. Dr. Craik, the friend and physician, with head bowed on his hands in grief, stood beside him; Major Lear held pressed to his bosom the hand of the dying hero; and at the foot of the bed sat the devoted wife, in deep yet silent sorrow. Christopher, the old, attached servant, gazed at his kind master tearfully, lovingly; while other servants, with awe-stricken faces, were grouped near the door. The silence is broken by half-whispered words: "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." The eyes, already glazing in death, look calmly, steadily at the friend who holds his hand, and again there comes a question: "Do you understand me?" A voice choked with emotion whispers, "Yes." Then those last brief words, so full of significance, are spoken: "It is well." He is content; the eyes close on earth; the labored breathing imperceptibly ceases, and there comes a great calm. The spirit has fled from time to eternity, and he whose name in life filled the "climax of story," in death had but passed "from glory to glory."

In a moment the light faded, and again I was enveloped in gloom, and a great black shadow fell like a pall over the scene. The vision passed, the phantasmagoria vanished, and left me standing in an empty, desolate room, the windows looking at me like wide-open, un-winking eyes, reading the secrets of souls. The dim moonlight made darkness visible, as I glided silently back to my chamber.

When thought is awake, sleep does not come at our bidding; and I lay for some time dreamily watching "shadows from the fitful fire-light dance upon the wall," wondering if the spirits of the Revolutionary heroes who had slept there so many long years ago were keeping vigil in the room. At last I slumbered, but awakened with a start to a strange consciousness of a presence near me. The fire had died out, and nothing was visible in the eerie gloom; and yet something seemed to hover in the air above me, and then there was a gentle pressure on my brow and eyes, which seemed a benediction, and under this influence I fell asleep.

The morning sunshine streaming in through the windows roused me, and the spell had passed. I was soon walking up and down on the old piazza, whose tall, white pillars gleamed in the morning light, while dew sparkled on the sloping hill-side, and the river's glittering expanse stretched away as far as the eye could reach, while a passing

steamboat was breaking the tranced silence with the tolling of its bell in honor of the glorious dead.

Night had passed; morning had come; but it was impossible to decide whether in the glamour of moonlight, or the sparkle of spring sunshine, Mount Vernon was most enchanting.

ELLA B. WASHINGTON.

A CITY OF THE DEAD.

"I WILL send my camels to meet you at the Joongshai Station," wrote our friend Bolton, just as you would say in New York. "I will send a hack to meet you at the Hudson River Depot." Bolton was a revenue surveyor in the service of the Indian Government, and he was urging my wife and me to come over and pay him a visit to his camp in the Sinde Desert, and inspect the "Tombs of Tatta"—far-famed monuments of antiquity in the northwestern corner of India. The hot season was just over, and all the government officials, from the "Commissioner Sahib" downward, were off into the interior of the province for their annual tour of inspection. The time for hard work had come, and Bolton, with his train of camels and horses, surveyors, dumpy levels, and theodolites, had "pitched his tents toward the rising of the sun," and was busily employed with the local details of the great system of triangulation, which under English rule had spread over India from the Himalayas to Cape Cormorin.

"It is only fifty miles by rail to Joongshai," said he; "you can run down by the night-mail; be there about two in the morning, and I will send my camels over to meet you. Then it is only eleven miles or so to Tatta, and you will reach my place just in time for breakfast."

I knew all about the Tatta Tombs, but my wife had never seen them; and as she had not been very long in the country, and was foolishly anxious to experience the new sensation of camel-riding, we accepted our friend's invitation and made our preparations for a start. When I say we made our preparations, I mean that we did so by deputy. The "butler," as the head servant in an Indian household is called, was summoned and duly informed of our intentions, which with such a model domestic as Ahmed was all that was necessary. He had made many a tour through the province with his former master, and knew what was wanted far better than we did—he would have scorned to ask for directions if I had told him we were bound on a journey to the moon—so he made his salaam, muttered his customary "Good, my lord," and departed. Nor was our confidence misplaced. Punctually at the appointed time Ahmed had a "gharry" or hack-carriage at the door, packed with every thing needful; down to the bedding, which he knew our friend's bachelor establishment would not be capable of supplying, and the well-appointed basket of provisions for our short night journey by rail.

Two hours swift gliding over the Sinde Desert; the mellow moonlight flooding the desolate landscape, and taking just as much pains to gild and beautify the hideous cactus-bushes, and to cast broad cool shadows on the sides of the dried-up water-courses, as if they had been orange-groves and garden-terraces. To the left a line of bare rocky hills, seemingly interminable; to the right a ghastly, barren plain, with here and there distant clumps of dark woodland, and the faint shimmer of water on the far horizon, which we knew to be on or other of the score of sandy channels through which the classic Indus sneaks uselessly to the sea. It was cool and pleasant enough now, as we leaned out of window to catch the delicious night breeze, but the sun was only biding his time, and in a few short hours those miserable, rocky hills would glow like a furnace, and the desert would bake and parch in the pitiless heat, as it had baked and parched, day after day, through all the long centuries, all those thousands of acres—useless and seemingly God-forsaken, ever since their creator. Only this one little narrow strip of them, over which the iron horse was speeding, was available for man's uses; all the rest, untouched save by Nature's forces, sun-smitten and torrent-scarred, was a vast and howling wilderness.

But the train slackens, and here we are at Joongshai—central station on the hundred and odd miles of railroad which connects the flourishing seaport of Kurrachee with the Indus at Kotree, the lowest point in the delta practicable for steamers. We step out on the platform, leave Ahmed to look after our baggage, and, passing through a door in a mud wall, find ourselves on the moonlit plain, where our

camels are kneeling and uneasily ruminating, poking their long necks out as their manner is, and peering about them with their fretful eyes. Of all aggravating beasts your patient camel is the worst. He will neither fight you determinedly, nor give in resignedly. He submits to your will, but does so with the worst possible grace, querulously remonstrating all the time he is being loaded in harshest gutturals, and with a manner which arouses a lively desire to kick him; but destitute of pluck sufficient to send you and your packages flying, and gallop off into his native desert. Finally, when you are mounted and his driver gives the word, he rises with a final grumble, and, nearly pitching you off in the process, gets himself on his ungainly legs and shambles off with the most awkwardly, detestable gait possessed by any living creature.

However, even camel-riding has its advantages. It is true it makes your loins ache, and the width of the creature's back is too great to bestride with comfort; but you get over the ground quickly enough, become accustomed in time to the unusual swinging motion, and experience a new sensation in sweeping along at such a height above the earth. You are not responsible for the animal or his management, moreover. Your driver, who sits in front of you, takes all that trouble off your hands, and if you feel nervous you can steady yourself by a grip of his waist-belt. About this point, however, there is a drawback. There is no great amount of space on a camel's back, and you are therefore obliged to sit pretty close behind your conductor. Now, of all men, not excepting an African, a genuine Sindee is about the least pleasant to be brought into close proximity with; and I must say we should have found our ride a good deal more agreeable if Bolton had insisted upon his camel-drivers putting on a clean shirt apiece before leaving his encampment.

Our little caravan consisted of two riding and two baggage camels. My wife was mounted on the first—a comfortable sideways seat having been ingeniously contrived for her—I rode the second, Ahmed the third, and the fourth with our baggage and bedding brought up the rear. Our road skirted a low, rocky hill for a mile or so, and then struck out clear across the desert. That ride—the first camel-ride we had either of us experienced—is one of those things which live in one's memory. All was dim, weird, and mysterious—strange contrast to the familiar rattle and shriek of the locomotive we had just quitted. The scattered clumps of scanty vegetation, cactus-bushes, and the like, threw black shadows across the faintly-defined path; the wide, monotonous desert was almost without landmark, melting away in hazy gloom toward the distant horizon; the full, yellow moon, now dropping slowly toward the west, in a violet sky, threw her calm radiance over the landscape, the uncertain, romantic light softening and hiding its deformities; while the camels, with their well-padded hoofs, swung noiselessly onward, and the cool, dry air of the desert quickened our pulses, and heightened our sense of novel enjoyment. Countless cicadas hummed among the bushes; occasionally some wild creature would dash across our path, while the faint wailing of the jackals sounded pleasantly awful in the distance; my wife, one of whose pet weaknesses was a horror of these quadrupeds, comforting herself with the assurance that, in the wildly improbable event of the cowardly beasts approaching us, we were far too high up in the air for them to reach us.

Presently we emerged upon a little open space, where a number of dusky forms were crouched in a circle. Here was a genuine caravan encamped for the night; the baggage and camels in the outer ring, and the drivers in the middle, surrounded by their merchandise—traders from far-off Kandahar or the mountains of Central Asia, with wool or cotton, or perchance rich Cashmere shawls and dried fruits, on their annual trading-visit to the coast—making nearly their last bivouac after their long journey. Recollections of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, of the Queen of Sheba with her company of camels and attendants, or perchance of the Arabian Nights, crowd upon our minds as we glance in passing at this Eastern picture—the unchanged and unchangeable East, where, generation after generation, and century after century, men are content to tread in the same old paths, securely trusting in the wisdom of their forefathers.

But now the moon was sinking lower and lower in the west, and a faint tinge of color beginning to light up the eastern sky. The ground became more stony, and we were conscious of a slight ascent, which continued a mile or more, and showed me we were approaching our destination; until, just as the sun showed his rim above the horizon, we emerged upon the summit of a range of low-scarped bluffs, and

faint, ghostly forms of domes and pillars, and towering masses of Saracenic architecture came one by one out of the gloom and began to flush rosily in the dawn.

Several years ago, so the story ran, some high government officer, making his official tour through this district, and finding a cool and pleasant camping-ground among the ruined tombs on the summit of these Mukli Hills, which overlook the ancient city of Tatta, conceived the idea of making some permanent erection which would afford shelter for the future to himself and others, and enable him to dispense with the carriage of a tent or two. So he gave orders for a *gonudy*, or native mason, to be summoned, and issued his directions to have a small, two-roomed house, with veranda and other conveniences, built forthwith on an unoccupied space of his selection. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself. Tatta is a decaying place. Once the capital of Lower Sind, and the seat of Mussulman government—a port, moreover, whence, little more than a century ago, vessels of moderate size could make their way through the delta to the ocean—the town is now three miles or more from the capricious river which once washed its walls. All its prosperity is a thing of the past, and it was many a long year since a new house had been built there. So the *gonudy* explained, with many apologies, that he had never built a house, and did not know how to set about one.

"Confound it! What can you build, then?" inquired the official.

"O protector of the poor, thy servant is a builder of tombs!" replied the man of bricks and mortar.

"Oh, you can build tombs, can you? All right. Set to work tomorrow morning and build me a tomb just here; square, mind you, with a dome on the top which will stand a shower of rain."

So, in a few weeks' time, a neat white tomb, with a door at each side and a nicely-vaulted ceiling, stood completed.

"So far so good," said our friend. "That will make a capital dining-room. Now build another tomb, a little smaller, close up against it; and, when that is completed, build a long, narrow tomb, with four archways in the side and one at each end, along the double front."

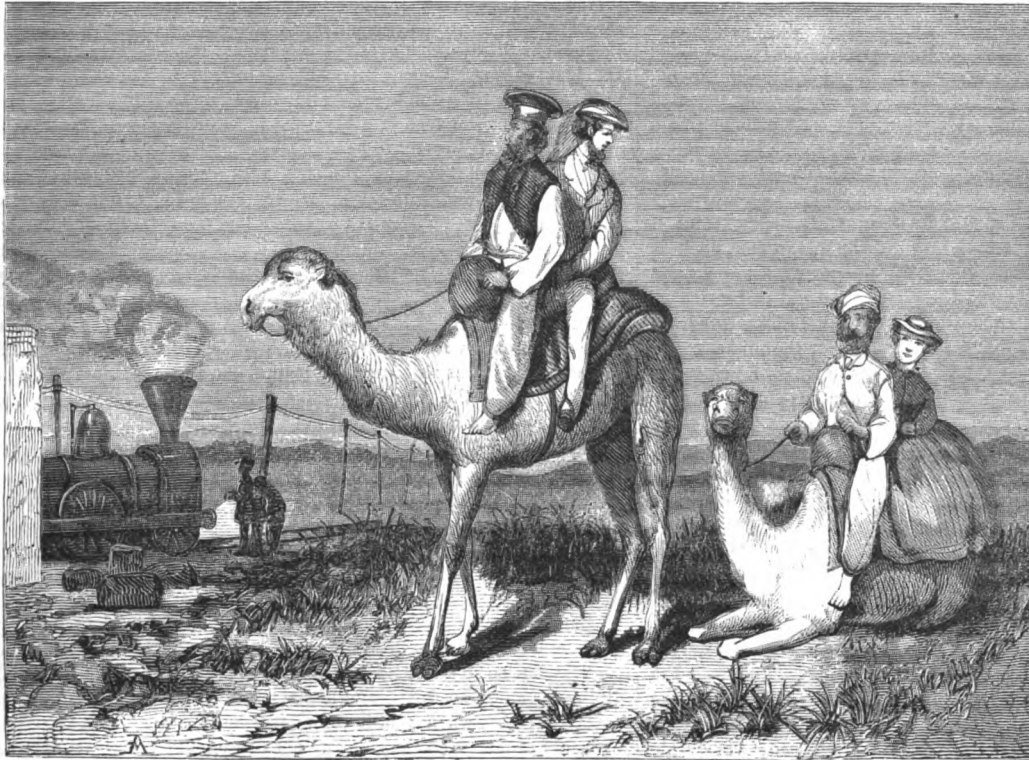
The *gonudy* went to work again, and it was not long before a tidy little building was completed, with two square rooms—a bedroom and a dining-room—and a cool veranda along the front; and it was at the door of this singular erection that our friend Bolton stood to receive us as we alighted from our camels stiff and tired after our unaccustomed journey.

Baths and breakfast were the first essentials, and, by the time we had risen from table, our great enemy, the sun, was high in the heavens, and we were forced to delay further explorations until the afternoon. So we sauntered about the little encampment, saw how the horses were picketed, and watched the native surveyors at work in the adjoining tents; while Bolton discoursed learnedly of cosines and logarithms, and showed us specimens of the beautiful maps which his department was producing, where almost every pebble was marked down. So, with the assistance of luncheon, the day passed pleasantly enough, until the heat of the sun had somewhat moderated, and we set out to explore the "Tombs."

The range of low, rocky hills upon which we stood lies, as I have said, close behind the decaying city of Tatta, which stands upon a tract of level country stretching from their base to the ever-shifting and turbid Indus. There are evident signs that the river itself once swept around the foot of these hills, but it is said with truth that there is hardly a square mile of the province of Sind over which the Indus has not at one time flowed; and the river has now been for many years working away to the southward, leaving the hills and the city farther and farther from its banks. Tatta is still marked with large capitals upon most maps of India, while Kurrachee, the present capital and seaport, and Hyderabad, its immediate predecessor, are relegated to the obscurity of small print or italics; and Tatta was in its time a place of great importance in trade, and one of the seats of government, moreover, of the *synds*, or viceroys, who in the time of the Mogul emperors ruled over an enormous territory, including the whole of the modern province of Sind and a good slice of the Punjab. They were mighty potentates in their day, the *synds* of Sind, owing a nominal allegiance to the great emperor at Delhi, but, from their distance from the capital, independent sovereigns in all but the name; and, on the flat summit of the bluffs which overhung their city, each built for himself a handsome mausoleum, some

of cut and fretted sandstone, and others of brick covered from dome to basement with the richly-colored encaustic tiles, for the manufacture of which Tatta was at that time celebrated. Where their dead

among whose ruins we were standing. For nearly six miles along the summit of these hills, and from a quarter to half a mile in width, the ground is one vast cemetery. The number of graves, disposed with-



STARTING FOR THE TOMBS.

rulers lay entombed, the common people also desired sepulture; and nothing shows so clearly the departed glory of the place as the enormous extent of ground now covered by the "City of the Dead,"

Although differing widely in proportions, materials, and architecture, the plan of each of these larger tombs is the same. There is, first, a spacious court-yard, enclosed by a massive wall of masonry,

covered with the most intricate arabesque tracery, and entered by a lofty gateway with a Gothic or Saracenic arch. At one side of this court, generally that immediately opposite the gateway, is the *musjid*, or place of prayer, a niche or recess in the wall, distinguished by an overarching stone canopy, or sometimes merely by the superior height of the wall and greater richness in the decoration, and so arranged that the worshipper as he stands before it has his face turned toward Mecca, a position which all Mussulmans are required to assume before commencing their devotions. Upon a raised platform in



ON THE ROAD TO TATTA.

the centre of the court-yard stands the tomb itself. These buildings are all of imposing size, and most of them in a tolerable state of preservation, the English Government devoting a small sum yearly toward keeping them in repair, in which laudable endeavor they are materially assisted by the almost rainless climate of Lower Sinde. Some, as I have said, are of a handsome cream-colored stone, others of brick covered with encaustic tiling; but the designs, although very various, are all very elegant, and show evidence of consummate taste and ability on the part of the builders. The largest and most imposing tomb, which dominates the rest, and forms the most attractive feature in this grand architectural panorama, is distinguished by a white dome of the most graceful outline, supported by a double-storied colonnade of square-carved pillars, forming two covered piazzas extending round the front sides of the building. We were never tired of admiring the elegant outline and proportions of this beautiful structure, every detail of which is finished with the greatest taste, and as if neither time nor money had been spared on its conception and execution. Another, which stood near it, and must have been a perfect gem when new and fresh from the hands of the architect, was covered with encaustic tiles of a rich purple tint, the basement being a pale-yellow, while the dome, of Moorish outline, was a brilliant blue, its polished and enamelled surface flashing brightly in the sun. But it would require a volume and numberless diagrams to do justice to these tasteful buildings, which are the more wonderful when we consider that architecture in India is now a thing of the past, and that the mud-brick, or wattle-and-dab, habitations of the modern Hindoos are only surpassed in ugliness by the utilitarian barracks and bungalows of their Western conquerors. Differing widely in exterior, the internal arrangements of these buildings are nearly the same. The vaulted and tastefully arabesqued interior, faultless in its proportions, is only illuminated by a few small apertures near the roof, generally of pierced stonework, which throw a softened light upon the monuments beneath. These are of oblong form, of carved or pierced stone, or more generally of white marble, and the principal one—

that of the synd himself—is separated from the rest and enclosed within a low stone balustrade resembling a chancel-railing. The resting-places of the male members of his family are ranged in

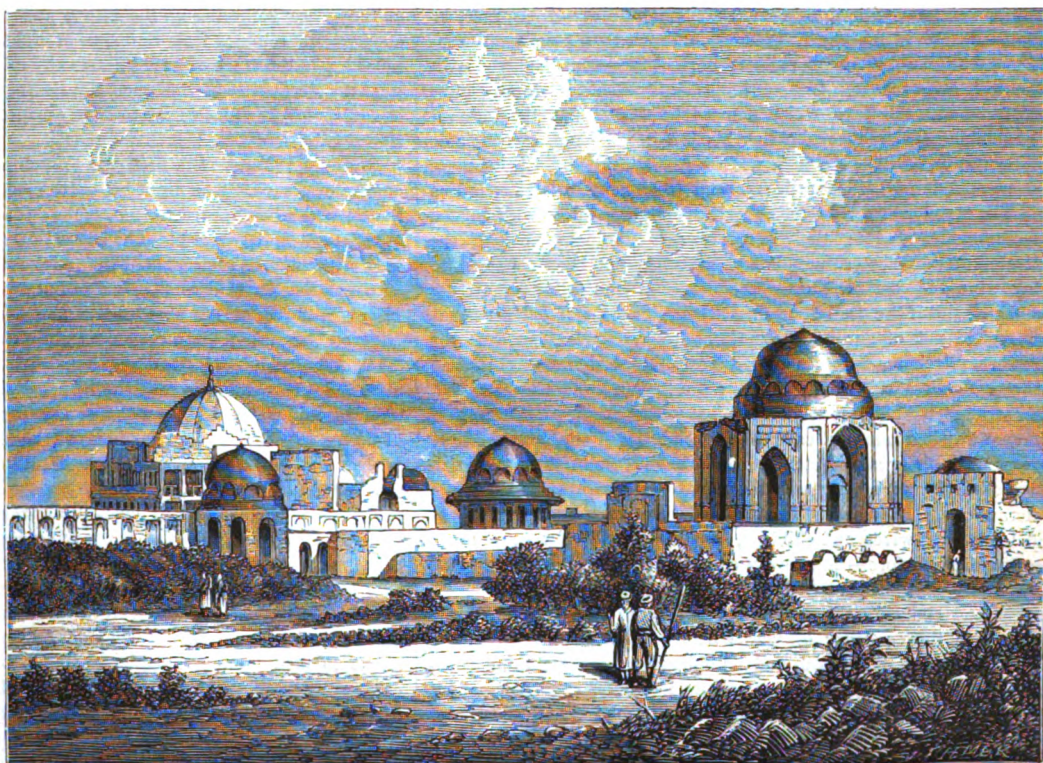
order outside the railing, varying in size down to little baby-graves of a couple of feet in length; but the smallest "man-child" has a place inside the great tomb itself, while his mother and sisters are condemned to sleep in the court-yard, or in some cases in a separate erection at a safe distance from their lords and masters. Even in death the Mussulman idea of the inferiority of woman finds fitting expression.

From the parapets of the larger tombs there are fine views to be obtained over the surrounding country. The bluffs mark the edge of the desert, and the limits of the annual river inundations, so that on one side all is barrenness and desolation, on the other wide-stretching and fertile plains, extending to the horizon, covered with rich vegetation and belts of woodland, with here and there a glimpse of the great river shining in the sun. The white houses and huge mosque of Tatta, built by the Emperor Jehanghir, peep out among date-palms and clumps of mango and banyan-trees;

while along the summit of the ridge to right and left, stretch as far as the eye can reach, the bramble-covered streets and decaying buildings of the silent city. Coarse vegetation is choking up the stately archways; prickly shrubs and cactuses forcing their way through the chinks of the mouldering masonry; the lizard and cobra capella glide noiselessly from stone to stone, and no sound breaks the intense stillness, but the drowsy hum of the hornet-wasps, who find a



THE PRINCIPAL TOMB.



THE TOMBS OF TATTA.

safe asylum in the cornices and fretwork over the heads of the departed princes.

The bones of one white man, and one only—an Englishman—are interred in this vast cemetery. The plain flat stone, with a quaint inscription, looks strange enough in the midst of this countless multitude of Mohammedan graves; but the man's tomb is emblematic of his life. As he had died, so had he lived; a lonely exile among thousands of enemies, hated and yet feared, the pioneer of English dominion in this corner of India. His name was Cooke, and he was the humble agent, a hundred years ago, of the then infant East India Company, at the great commercial *entrepôt* of Tatta. His house is still shown in the city, uninhabited and falling to decay; and here he lived his solitary life; graciously permitted by the representative of the Great Mogul to traffic with the true believers, and collect cargoes of silks and muslins, and other Indian products, for the little vessel which was dispatched every year from Bombay to receive them. His life, as appears from contemporaneous records, was exposed to constant danger, but he carried an Englishman's stout heart through it all, and died at last from natural causes. He was but twenty-seven, and his faithful native servant—his only friend—closed his master's eyes, and, as the inscription reads, buried him here, and built his tomb.

Close under the brow of the hill on the south stands a small collection of buildings, forming a resting-place for Hindoo pilgrims; one of the regular stages on the great line of pilgrimage to the celebrated shrine of Hinglaj, on the Belooch coast, some hundreds of miles west of Kurrachee. The worn and haggard devotees were continually arriving at and departing from this little caravansary; some returning homeward from their long and toilsome journey, radiant with the hopes of immortality so hardly won—others bound for Kurrachee, where there is another resting-place, the last before entering on the horrors of the Belooch coast, where there is neither food nor water, and which is whitened with the bones of the poor fanatics. They swept past us one evening, some fifty or more, as we were playing a game of croquet on a little piece of bare ground which our host had had prepared with infinite difficulty; and with his Sikh servant (an old soldier of Runjeet Singh's) for a fourth partner; and it seemed to me that, among all the strange places and circumstances in which I had taken a part in this popular game, surely none were so strange and incongruous as this. Our company was queer enough. The old "butler" with his long white beard parted in the middle, and tucked up over each ear to keep it out of his way, had crossed bayonets in his time with English troops in the Punjab, and now, with the deftness and adaptability of his race, he had learned to knock the colored balls about, to please a whim of his master's, with as much skill as he had formerly displayed with matchlock and tulwar. Close at hand was the solitary tomb I have described, with the date, which showed how brief was the interval of time since this pioneer, holding his life in his hand, was the sole representative of his race in a province now ruled by Englishmen, and traversed by English railroads and steamboats. All around us rose the stately but mouldering relics of our predecessors in the Government of India; their silent tenants all unconscious of the pollution of the Western unbelievers, who had not been ashamed to drink wine and eat pork over the bones of the followers of the Prophet. But if the dead Mussulmans were heedless of our presence, and recked not of our hoops and mallets, hardly less so were the careworn pilgrims—devotees of a superstition which was old when Mohammedanism was in its infancy; who, ragged and nearly naked, their strange, wild figures relieved against the glow of the western sky, and chanting in a mournful cadence, "Hing-laj—Hing-laj," filed grimly before us with eyes directed straight before them, burning with religious zeal, and having no place in their thoughts for such idle triflers as we. They had parted with all they possessed—left houses and lands, and wives and children, some of them weeks, some many weary months before—from every corner of the great peninsula had they come, begging their way and subsisting upon alms, suffering hunger and enduring thirst—hardship of every kind patiently endured with the certainty of worse before them, but filled with a great enthusiasm, their faith and its obligations the one thing needful, all else as dross. They were low idolaters, it is true, about whose ugly idols and vile superstition we can all read in missionary books; but at least they believed in their religion, bad as it was, and, being assured that pilgrimage with its countless miseries would win them immortality, counted the cost, and were willing to pay the price like men—can we say like Christians?

SAINT-CLOUD AS IT WAS AND IS.

FEW visiting Paris have failed to describe the segment of a circle between the Saint-Lazare Station and Saint-Cloud; nor will they forget the lovely scenes through which they passed. Asnières, with its bridges over the Seine; Courbevoie, Puteaux, and Suresnes, with their villas and vine-clad slopes. The Bois de Boulogne, the winding river with Paris in the background, the Arc de Triomphe standing like a giant even among the lofty houses by which it is surrounded. On the right and immediately before you reach Saint-Cloud, stands Mont Valérien, the strongest of all the strong fortresses by which Paris is defended, ready to pour death and destruction upon any point within three or four miles of its summit. During the late war it guarded effectually all that deep and fertile valley of the Seine lying between it and Paris. The route just described we have seen under all aspects, covered with the snows of winter, budding forth and blossoming in spring, basking in midsummer heat, and yielding its rich produce in autumn. But never did we pass along this route with deeper and more painful interest than yesterday. War, that unmitigated curse of nations, has desolated this lovely region. The once beautiful bridge of Asnières is a ruin; many of the houses and villas pillaged; doors, shutters, and railings, torn off and burned; the trees cut down, and gardens destroyed! All this by the French themselves (chiefly by the "Frances-Tireurs"), who robbed and plundered the country-houses around Paris. In the ambulances wounded Frenchmen were brought in, their knapsacks filled with articles they had pillaged from their own countrymen.

We reached Mont Valérien early, and were most anxious to see its present state. The Prussians had vacated it only the day before, for it was one of the forts subdued, not by Prussian guns, but by famine. Armed with a French "laisser-passer," and a private letter from one in authority, after some difficulty we gained admittance. The first thing meeting the eye was a large gun tossed over the ramparts, its muzzle blown off! We then passed all round this dismantled fortress. Its monster guns, if not taken away, left a ruin; the carriages and cranes broken up, the shells burst, the guns with their muzzles blown off. One monster gun looked sound, but, when we came to examine it, a deep crack of from two to three feet from the muzzle, showed it was as useless as an exploded shell. Never was a fortress more thoroughly dismantled and stripped than Mont Valérien, the once impregnable stronghold of Paris! One could not but pity the French soldiers as they were gathering up the refuse and ruins left by their hated enemy. Six minutes from Suresnes brought us to Saint-Cloud. Here, indeed, was the track of war, without any mistake. Who can describe the utter desolation of this once flourishing and favored town! Not one of its lovely villas seems to have escaped. Its streets are a continued ruin.

Standing between two fires, the French and German, it has had no chance of escape. The night before the armistice saw the last of its houses and villas burned to the ground. Poor, beautiful Saint-Cloud! What a melancholy sight! The entire town in ashes! The skeletons only of the houses remaining. There one saw portions of charred furniture standing on bits of flooring near the walls. In one house *au troisième*, in an alcove stood a bed half-overturned, the clothes still lying on it. A *buffet* in a corner standing on three legs, one leg in the air over our heads; the floors, having all given way, were lying in ashes at our feet. In another, a kitchen *au second*, the little *four économique* perched on a charred beam; the saucepan on the stove, with a plate over it, a *bouillotte*, and an earthen pan called a *marmite*, the dinner evidently in preparation when the inhabitants had to flee. In another house *au troisième*, a chimney-piece standing against the wall; the Sèvres ornaments and clock untouched. In another, clothes hanging on pegs high in the air, waving about in the wind. In another, pictures and photographs hanging on tottering walls where no hand could ever reach them again. Every now and then a crash was heard, a portion of a house or furniture which could no longer hold on in its tottering position. The poor owners were in tears, grubbing about to pick up any valuables. One poor lady and her daughter came away weeping, having found only *one* dessert-plate! the remnant of a splendid set which must have cost hundreds if not thousands of francs. It spoke too plainly of luxury gone by, for the poor lady said, "We are utterly ruined!" There were lovely gardens trampled over, cut up to make trenches. Trees—noble trees—half-sawed through, had been left standing to conceal the batteries the Germans

were constructing behind them; and in the last *grande sortie*, at a given signal down came an avenue of tall old trees, unmasking these fiery batteries, which poured in death and destruction. This so completely took the French aback that they never rallied again. Leaving the ruined streets and houses, we next visited the once splendid Palace of Saint-Cloud. Designed by Mansard, it was originally built by Jérôme de Goudy, in 1568. Louis XIV. bought it and presented it to his brother, the Duc d'Orleans, who spent an enormous sum in improving and adorning it. It has been the scene of great events. Here Napoleon I. laid the foundation of his power, expelling with his armed grenadiers the Council of Five Hundred, who were holding their sittings in the Orangerie. Here Charles X. signed the fatal ordinances which caused the Revolution of 1830, and lost him his throne. Here Henry III. was assassinated. Here Queen Victoria was received and entertained by the emperor, in 1855. Here was the favorite residence of Marie Antoinette, Napoleon I., as well as of the late emperor. Well, what remains now of this historic and once splendid palace? Alas! it is one heap of charred ruins! Marble pillars and statues turned to lime; bricks, iron railings, and window-bolts, sofa-springs and sofas, tiles and chimney-pieces, remnants of furniture and curtain-ropes, all lay together among masses of stone and mortar. The *Galerie d'Apollon*, with its exquisitely-painted ceiling; the *Salon de Vénus*, with its beautiful specimen of the Gobelins tapestry; the *Salon de Minerve*, where so lately the emperor received a deputation headed by Lord Shaftesbury, who presented him with a splendidly-bound Bible, in acknowledgment of the liberty granted for evangelistic labors during the Exhibition; the *Salon Vernet*, containing eight of Horace Vernet's best paintings; the private apartments of the emperor and empress, once occupied by Marie Antoinette, the Empress Josephine, Maria Louisa, the Duchess of Berri, and Queen Henrietta of England, as well as Queen Victoria; the *Escalier d'Honneur*, with the large picture by Müller, commemorating the visit of the latter, and containing the figures of the queen and Prince Albert, the emperor and empress, and Lord Clarendon—all, all gone forever, a few blackened walls the only monument of departed grandeur! It made one's flesh creep to hear the creaking of some shutters as they swung backward and forward on their hinges, and mournfully told the tale of ruin. I saw the doorway through which Louis Philippe fled, and remembered the *gardien*, as he was called, telling us, poor old man, how many sovereigns he had helped to escape, and with a laugh and shrug of the shoulders he added, he was ready to help others when their turn came! One man pointed out the place where Queen Victoria's portrait used to hang, and said: "Ah, you are happier in your country than we in ours. Never let your country follow our example; we are too much given to change, we are never satisfied, and you see what it brings upon us." Immediately in the rear of the palace are flower-gardens, and avenues of chestnut, lime, and elm trees, with ornamental statues and vases, cascades with dolphin shell-work, etc. I observed rows of orange-trees as they had been left in autumn, and now quite dead and withered from the severe frosts of last winter. Most of the statues were more or less broken—some without arms, noses, or legs—Apollos without lyres, and satyrs without pipes. Wherever it could be knocked off, a piece had gone to ornament a German chimney-piece. One could not but mourn over the wilful and wanton destruction of so many beautiful statues. Many of the trees were cut down to make barricades, others bore the marks of shell and shot—not German, but French, for with suicidal hand the latter had destroyed this noble palace early in the siege, lest the Germans should be sheltered by it. In one of the gardens was the prince imperial's play-ground, and his little railway, on which was still seen *Chemin du Fer de Prince Impérial*. The little station was broken, and some of the rails torn up. There was also his *gymnase* and *trapez*, and hard by, a green grave covered with new moss, and with two crosses, on one of which was written, "Andreas Nowak, Fourth Company, Thirty-eighth Regiment." Poor Andreas, how long shall your body rest in this once royal but desolated garden? Two respectably-dressed Frenchwomen and a man stood gazing at it, and the tears filling their eyes. One said, "Poor man! he would rather have died at home. These Prussians are almost all fathers of families; they are a brave set of men, but it is the fault of the rulers." Yes, this was a voice from the deep heart of humanity, and reminds us of the wounded French soldier lying under the tree at Sedan, with some wounded Germans, and who asked, "Are these Germans Christians?" "Yes," he was answered. "Then," said he, "why are we killing each other?" The desolated regions we have just passed

through, the wrecked and pillaged houses, the ruined palace, the broken and bleeding hearts, the mangled bodies which earth scarcely covers in many a battle-field, all make the war-track hideous, and should create a longing for that time when "the nations shall learn war no more;" when the sun shall no longer light armies to battle, or the earth be scarred with graves; but *peace*, the smile of Heaven, the calm of earth, shall be as universal as the dominion of Him who is its prince.

EDWARD FORBES.

KNOCKED ABOUT.

WHY don't I work? Well, sir, will you,
Right here on the spot, give me suthin' to do?
Work! Why, sir, I don't want no more
'N a chance in any man's shop or store;
That's what I'm lookin' for every day,
But thar ain't no jobs; well, what d'y'e say?
Hain't got nothin' at present! Just so;
That's how it always is, I know!

Fellows like me ain't wanted much;
Folks are gen'rally jubus of such;
Thinks they ain't the right sort o' stuff—
Blest if it isn't a kind o' rough
On a man to have folks hintin' belief
That he ain't to be trusted more'n a thief,
When p'raps his fingers are cleaner far
'N them o' the chaps that talk so are!

Got a look o' the sea? Well, I 'xpect that's so;
Had a hankerin' that way some years ago,
And run off; I shipped in a whaler fust,
And got cast away; but that warn't the wust;
Took fire, sir, next time, we did, and—well,
We blazed up till every thing standin' fell,
And then me and Tom—my mate—and some more,
Got off, with a notion of goin' ashore.

But thar warn't no shore to see round thar,
So we drifted and drifted everywhar
For a week, and then all but Tom and me
Was food for the sharks or down in the sea.
But we prayed—me and Tom—the best we could,
For a sail. It come, and at last we stood
On old arth once more, and the captain told
Us we was ashore in the land of gold.

Gold! We didn't get much. But we struck
For the mines, of course, and tried our luck.
'Twarn't bad at the start, but things went wrong
Pooty soon, for one night thar come along,
While we was asleep, some red-skin chaps,
And they made things lively round thar—perhaps!
Anyhow, we left mighty quick—Tom and me,
And we didn't go back—kind o' risky, yes see!

By'm-by, sir, the war come on, and then
We 'listed. Poor Tom! I was nigh him when
It all happened. He looked up and sez, sez he,
"Bill, it's come to partin' 'twixt you and me,
Old chap. I hain't much to leave—here, this knife—
Stand to your colors, Bill, while you have life!"
That was all.—Yes, got wounded myself, sir, here,
And—I'm pensioned on water and air a year!

It ain't much to thank for that I'm alive,
Knockin' about like this—what, a fire!
That's suthin' han'some, now, that is. I'm blest
If things don't quite frequent turn out for the best
Arter all! A V! Hi! Luck! It's far more!
Mister, I kind o' liked the looks o' your store.
You're a trump, sir, a reg—eh? Oh, all right!
I'm off, but you are, sir, a trump, honor bright!

DANIEL CONNOLLY.



A SPANISH OLD-CLOTHES DEALER.

FROM A PAINTING BY WORMS.

O X F O R D .

OXFORD is about sixty miles northwest from London, and situated in one of the finest sections of England. It is a city of colleges, of which there are nineteen, each separately endowed, but all united under one university organization. For a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, the architectural display is probably unrivalled in the world. The college edifices are upon a scale of great magnificence; are located in different parts of the city, but quite near to each other, and are brought into easy connection by broad, well-paved, and cleanly-kept streets. This is the more remarkable, as Oxford was one of the principal towns of England as early as the ninth century, and was a walled city as late as the seventeenth, after most of the colleges were founded. The principal streets are irregular in width and slightly winding, but without detracting sensibly from their artistic appearance as public avenues. High Street has been often complimented as one of the finest streets in Europe. The college edifices are necessarily the principal feature of the place. They are all constructed of a light cream-colored freestone, so soft in composition that it is sawn with a cross-cut saw without sand or water, and can be cut with little labor into the most delicate ornaments and sculptures. This explains the unusual amount of decorative work displayed in all these edifices. Time has dealt severely with these structures, from the tendency of the external masonry to rapid disintegration. The old walls are now a dingy brown; their surfaces blistered and pitted with unsightly cavities; the mouldings, canopied niches, figure-heads, and statues, are more or less crumbled and mutilated. Nevertheless, the edifices are still grand and sound at heart; the work of restoration goes on apace; entire sections of walls are refaced in strict accordance with the original designs, so that, while old, they are yet new—while decaying, they are constantly rejuvenated. A little familiarity with these characteristics modifies the first impression produced by such conspicuous signs of decay. Hereafter, they will probably improve in external appearance with each and every year. These college edifices by their magnitude and expensive decorations testify to the interest of the English people in higher education, and their desire to maintain their mental and moral life at the highest attainable point. The two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, about equal in influence and position, have trained the master-minds of the Anglo-Saxon race. By unity of organization and concentration of instrumentalities carried forward through centuries, the two universities have achieved reputations scarcely paralleled in human history.

The college accommodations are on a grand scale, much in advance of any thing in our country. In fact, each college is organized so heavily for the care of its affairs, that its management must be burdensome. If Christ-Church College, the largest and wealthiest here, is taken in illustration, it would seem that their accommodations were in excess of the reasonable wants of sixty Fellows, and some two hundred and forty students. This college was founded by Cardinal Wolsey, in 1525, and was partly constructed before this remarkable man came to grief, as we say, as a politician. It was refounded by Henry VIII., in 1544, with a cathedral church injected into its organization. "The royal foundation was to consist of a bishop, dean, eight canons, eight minor canons, a gospeller, an epistoler, eight lay-clerks, or singing-men, a master of the choristers, an organist, eight choristers, sixty scholars, or students, a school-master, an usher, and forty children. The last were changed to forty students by Queen Mary." As founded, it still remains. The sixty students are now sixty Fellows, who draw their annual stipend from the income of the endowments; the forty students are undergraduates who, for proficiency in their preparatory studies, receive scholarships when admitted to the college, which pay a part of their expenses while students. The eight canons and the eight minor canons, together with the other beneficiaries named, have been perpetuated to the present time, and are now accommodated in the college edifices and supported by its revenues, although it is difficult to perceive their necessary connection with university education. Besides these, there are now two hundred students in this college, who are students in our sense of the term. Before making this digression, I was speaking of the amplitude of the college accommodations, which I will now proceed to illustrate.

This college has three complete quadrangles, and a fourth partly complete, requiring some twelve distinct buildings, with all but one united in their masonry at the angles of the enclosed courts. The

front building is on Aldate's Street, and four hundred feet in length. Passing through an arched gateway under the central tower, you enter the first quadrangle, which is two hundred and sixty-three feet square. On the back side is the building occupied by the canons of the cathedral; on the right, and occupying a part of the right side of the quadrangle, is the dining-hall, which will be again referred to. Crossing the court, and passing through an arched way at the left corner, you enter the second court, about one hundred and seventy-five feet square, which is surrounded by four massive buildings united at the four angles. Turning out of this court at the right-hand corner, and passing through another arched passage, you enter the third court, which is a small one about a hundred feet square, formed by four buildings, as in the other cases. One would suppose the three quadrangles would afford ample accommodations for the three hundred named, as well as the sixteen canons; but it seems to be otherwise, for, on the right side of the rear of the dining-hall, and fronting the great meadow or park of this college is a new edifice recently completed, about two hundred feet long, and architecturally the finest building in the series. It is detached except at one of the rear angles; but there are one or two small structures back of it, and lying between it and the Oxford Cathedral, which last is back of the first quadrangle before described. Cardinal Wolsey took down part of the nave of this cathedral, to make room for the first quadrangle.

The "chum system" does not obtain in the English universities. Each student has separate apartments in the college, where he is required to reside, consisting of a study-room of good size and a sleeping-room. In the newer college structures a third room is added as a pantry or store-room. Students breakfast and lunch in their own rooms, and dine together in the college-hall. Under these halls are ample kitchen arrangements, and the dinner is provided by cooks under a regular contract system, with a prescribed bill of fare.

There are two features in Oxford and Cambridge college architecture so conspicuous, that it would be difficult to say which held the first place—one is the dining-hall, and the other the chapel. They are so much alike externally—both having church windows with stained glass, that one may easily be mistaken for the other. The stately dining-hall of Christ-Church College is one hundred and fifteen feet long, forty feet wide, and the ceiling sixty feet high. The oak-timber roof is regarded as a masterpiece. Its walls are decorated with portraits and marble busts of distinguished graduates. This hall is approached by a grand staircase, constructed as an antechamber, forty feet square, commencing on the level of the quadrangle, and rising to the second story, in which the dining-hall is placed. Its groined, stone ceiling is supported by a single clustered column in the centre of the square, by which it is divided into four equal square sections; and, being decorated with shell-work tracery in the style of Henry VII. Chapel at Westminster Abbey, it is probably the finest staircase in England. The Fellows have their table upon a dais, or platform, across the upper end of the hall, raised about six inches above the floor, while the students' tables are arranged lengthwise with the hall, upon the common floor. And this leads me to observe that there are two grades of students in the English universities: first the "fellow commoners," and second the "commoners," of whom the first sit at the Fellows' table and pay a higher rate, and the second at the common table and fare less sumptuously. The titled gentlemen are expected to enter as fellow-commoners, and the untitled as commoners, although either course is free to all. The English are so wedded to class distinctions, that they seem to have lost all sense of the degradation they imply. They cannot, as students in college, sit down to dinner in the same hall, without a higher seat and a better table for a portion of their number. Turning, in this case, upon the vulgar consideration of more or less money paid, the absurdity is glaring; but so overshadowing is the law of caste in this country, that I presume an untitled gentleman would not presume to enter himself as a fellow-commoner, lest by seating himself so near the sprigs of the aristocracy he should sicken and die at the Fellows' table, from the overaction of his nervous system.

Each college has its chapel, with its dean, organist, chorister, and, in some cases, its choir of men and boys for a full choral service. These chapels are large, elaborately finished, and expensively decorated. That of King's College, Cambridge, is more than equal to the choir of the finest of the English cathedrals. It is simply a grand choir without side-aisles, divided by a screen in oak, elaborately carved and surmounted by an organ, into a chapel and ante-chapel. The

interior is three hundred feet long and forty-five feet wide, without a column; and the ceiling, which is arched, vaulted with stone elaborately decorated with fan or shell tracery, is seventy-eight feet high. Next to the Royal Chapel at Windsor, it is regarded as the finest in England. Although King's College has now but sixty students, this magnificent chapel, with its dean, clerk, organist, chorister, and choir of thirty men and boys, is maintained on the college revenues for the daily chapel exercises of these students. The Sunday services, however, are open to strangers and citizens. The new chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, is a full-sized church, and a gem in Gothic architecture. It is finished so superbly, both in its interior and exterior, that it could not have cost less than two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, while King's College Chapel could not be reproduced, I should think, for less than half a million. These chapels are for the daily morning and evening religious exercises of the students of the respective colleges of which they form a part. At Oxford, the chapels are not as large, but they are equally fine in their details and in architectural design. Here the original idea is better preserved. They consist, the rest of them, of a choir and transepts. These colleges were designed originally quite as much as seminaries for priests as for the education of laymen. The Church then controlled education, and intended to use it to increase its power; hence the ample provision made for religious worship within their walls. In church architecture, as the nave was for the people, and the choir for the priests and neophytes, the latter part only was reproduced in these chapels, with the transept as an ante-chapel. The choir was stalled, or seated lengthwise, with a canopied seat at the lower end for the dean, and another for the master of the college on the opposite side, while the altar stood at the east end. A brass lectern for the reader, and an organ usually placed upon the screen which separated the choir from the transept, completed the furniture. The four finest chapels at Oxford are Exeter, New College (St. Mary's), Magdalen, and Morton. The other chapels are fine, each having particular merits, as too great a difference might discredit other colleges; but those named are extremely beautiful.

The endowments of these colleges, as is well known, are large. Magdalen has a net income of thirty thousand pounds per annum. There are two or three colleges with still larger incomes. The aggregate of all the incomes of the several colleges at Oxford is stated at two hundred thousand pounds per annum, available for educational purposes; and the present number of students, at thirteen hundred. Since 1852 the colleges have been open to Dissenters. Strange, that the date of this act of common justice should have been so recent! For the last three years they have been open to all such persons as chose to study particular branches without going through the entire course. These persons, who number about seventy, are called "unattached students," and enjoy all the educational advantages of the university. There are thirty-eight professors named in the calendar. These are not attached to particular colleges, but belong to the general university organization. There are also some three hundred Fellows attached to the several colleges, each having a definite number, for whose support provision was made by the founder.

It would be natural to suppose that the million dollars of annual income would cheapen education at the several colleges of this university; that it would make tuition and room-rent substantially free; or, at least, free to the poorer class of students; but it does not seem to take this direction. It is expended upon the salaries of the professors, the stipends of the Fellows, the repair and improvement of the college edifices, and in maintaining the large body of officials connected with each of these establishments. There can be no doubt that it is all devoted without reserve to educational purposes. The students pay room-rent, and pay also for board and tuition, which at the minimum amounts to eighty pounds a year. This does not include the pay of the private tutor, which is at the rate of ten pounds per term for three terms, and twenty pounds more for the vacation, if the student remained to study. A private tutor, under the English university system, is considered indispensable. The college expenses, therefore, may be stated at one hundred and ten pounds as the minimum, which is not largely above the minimum in American colleges. This, of course, does not include clothing, travelling or incidental expenses, nor the expenses of the five months' vacation.

The English university system of instruction is different from our own. It presupposes that the student has passed through the drill-period; or, in other words, has passed through a good share of the

curriculum in our college course in preparatory schools. It is a system of lecturing and of examinations; it deals with the philosophy of literature and language, of science and of art; with criticism, and with practical applications of knowledge. This work is done by the professors and the college tutors, while the efficient teacher and aid of the student is the private tutor, who expounds the difficult passages and problems in the prescribed studies for the term, and who thus endeavors to prepare his pupil for the examination on written questions which awaits him at the end of the term, and more especially at the end of his college course. Eighteen, I understand, is the average age of students entering this university.

We know that Oxford and Cambridge have made famous scholars. The reason must be sought in the English preparatory schools, and in the advanced system of the universities. There is, however, one element tending to stimulate the industry of students which is unknown in American colleges, namely, the prizes in the Fellowships, which are given to the students who attain to the highest excellence in scholarship. These Fellowships secure to the successful student at once an annual income ranging from two hundred to eight hundred pounds for life, with entire freedom to devote himself to any pursuit he pleases, and with no duty to perform to the university. He holds his Fellowship and enjoys its income so long as he remains unmarried. This is the main reliance of the system to insure diligence and industry. It has undoubtedly made many fine scholars; not only those who won the prizes, but an equal or larger number who ran the race and came short of victory. Strange to say, the precise reform now most spoken of, with respect to the two universities, is the abolition of the Fellowships, on the ground that they absorb so large a proportion of the incomes of the several colleges without any corresponding return.

LEWIS H. MORGAN.

DIAMONDS.

THERE is no longer any doubt that South Africa produces genuine diamonds. Chemical analysis in England has settled the question. Custom-house returns show them to be largely in demand. The Dean of Grahamstown writes to the *London Times* that there is room in the diamond-fields to furnish remunerative labor to the whole population of the great metropolis. Professor Gill, of Graaf-Reinet College, admits in a letter to the same paper that the stones are of pure quality, the territory over which they are obtained almost illimitable, and their abundance very great. The rush of emigrants to the fields is not unlike old California days. One canvas city of sixteen thousand souls has sprung up at Klipdrift. Another at Pucil counts twelve thousand. All along the river Vaal, from Hebron to Gong-gong, for a width of five hundred yards, are scattered canteens and shops, huts and tents, wagon-stations and gambling-hovels. The colony is almost depopulated. Every ship arriving is filled with passengers bound for the mines. African climate, personal risk, hard work, rough fare, and improvised accommodations, are no hinderances where gain is as certain as it seems to be. Stage-coaches cross the Karoo Desert in nine days. The traveller is landed in the very midst of a Golconda. Food there is not, nor shelter, nor tools. There are only diamonds. It is no exaggeration. Time, of course, will make this all right. But at Christmas of 1870, over so much of these vast diamond-fields as had been explored, there was only the old Australian gold-diggings' story of lawlessness and avarice, starvation and wealth, desperation and boundless satisfaction, selfish greed and barbarian plunder. The stones are small, rarely above three-fourths of a carat in weight, but of pure water and in great abundance. Some of considerable size, as large as eight and nine carats, have been purchased of the natives in the interior and extracted from the mud-walls of their cabins, but, as water is almost a necessity for successful diamond-seeking, no effort to mine has been attempted at any considerable distance from the river.

The reader knows, of course, that the diamond is the most highly-valued of precious stones and the hardest of all known substances. It is pure carbon crystallized, commonly colorless, in which state it is most costly; it sometimes, from some intermixture, assumes certain hues, as green or yellow, brown or orange, red, blue, or black. As the estimate in which it is held is due as much to its brilliancy as to its rarity, the diamond which has no tint whatever has always been held at a disproportionately high price.

The art of cutting diamonds, though long practised in India and China, was not known in Europe before the fifteenth century. It was a vast improvement. The old setting was rough and dull, with an uneven surface, for, though the primary form of the diamond is octahedron, and is sometimes perfectly crystallized, it is more often irregular, and appearing as rolled grains. Golconda, Malacca, Borneo, Brazil, the Ural Mountains, and Central America, have hitherto been the main sources from which diamonds have been obtained. Brazil exports about twenty-five thousand carats per annum. The stones, however, are mostly small—so much so, that the slave who finds a diamond weighing seventeen carats is at once set free.

Diamonds are cut into various forms, but principally into brilliants and rose-diamonds. The former style is the more expensive and difficult, and it is also that which best brings out the beauty of the stone. It has an upper or principal octagonal face surrounded with many facets. Other things being equal, the greater the number of facets the greater is the value of the diamond. Lapidaries in Delhi, perhaps the most skilful in the world, sometimes multiply facets to hide defects.

The rose-diamond has a flat base, above which are two rows of triangular facets, the six uppermost uniting in a point. This diamond is made of those stones which are too broad in proportion to their depth to be cut as brilliants. Stones still thinner are cut as table-diamonds.

There is no certain rule by which to ascertain the value of diamonds whose weight is two carats and more. So much depends upon color and freedom from specks—upon shape and smoothness—upon brilliancy and transparency—upon perfectness of cutting and capability of setting—that each stone possesses what may be called an idiosyncrasy, and requires to be judged by itself. Small diamonds used by glaziers, watchmakers, and engravers, have a fixed value. The old rule for measuring the worth of all diamonds—now out of use—was to square the number of carats the diamond weighs, and then multiply by the price of a single carat. For example, when the single carat is worth ten dollars, a stone's value, if it weighed twelve carats, would be ascertained as follows: $12 \times 12 \times 10 = \$1,440$.

What the effect of the probable influx of African diamonds may have upon their commercial value it is impossible to foresee. Gold bears the same value it did five-and-twenty years ago, before California and Australia were known as gold-producing countries. The vast yield of the Sierra-Nevada mines has not diminished the value nor lessened the cost of silver. The demand for both keeps pace in advance of supply. This will probably prove true of diamonds. Their use is spreading all over the world. They enter every year more largely into the arts. Nothing is ever likely to take their place as a favorite ornament. Within the last twenty years—so much have they been in request—their value has more than doubled. In fact, the market supply has come almost as much from old Spanish, French, and Italian family-jewels as from the mines.

Among the famous diamonds in the world, until more shall be known of it, is the uncut stone in the crown of the Emperor of Brazil. No other compares with it in size. Lacking purity of water, perfection of shape, advantage of setting, and brilliancy of reflecting light, it nevertheless holds its place as the foremost of jewels by the extraordinary weight of sixteen hundred and eighty carats. Its history is unknown. The persistent refusal with which all proposals to have it cut have been met have led to the suggestion that it is nothing more than a colorless topaz. There is no other reason, however, to doubt its authenticity. If it be, as is probable, a genuine diamond obtained from the old Incas, and jealously guarded from theft because of its extraordinary value—weighing in the rough nearly eight hundred carats more than any other in the world—it deservedly holds its place as the most wonderful precious stone ever mined.

The Rajah of Mattan possesses a diamond, cut as a brilliant in the most perfect style of Eastern lapidaries, that weighs three hundred and sixty-seven carats. There is an indented hollow in its upper end, and it is egg-shaped. But its unequalled transparency, the regularity of its facets, its perfect shape, the broad octagonal face it presents, and the splendor with which it reflects the prismatic rays when flooded with light, make it, perhaps, the finest diamond in the world. The East-India Company, it is said, offered for it a frigate and one hundred thousand pounds sterling once; but the offer was rejected, more perhaps from the extraordinary virtues of healing diseases by its touch attributed to it by the Hindoos than from its intrinsic value, however great.

The Koh-i-noor diamond is well known. It has an authentic history that reaches back of the Christian era. Following in the train of conquerors for more than two thousand years, the emblem of power and pride of sovereigns, worn by barbaric princes on a hundred battle-fields, and exhibited as a trophy of success by scores of imperial warriors, it has come at last to be the priceless jewel in the regalia of England. When the writer saw it first, now twenty years ago, it was in its rough state, weighing nine hundred carats. In shape like the egg of a bantam-fowl, colorless, irregular, without regular facets, uncut, devoid of brilliancy, and inelegantly set, it was at the farthest possible remove from a thing of beauty. No quartz-crystal, or Parisian paste, or so-called Alaska diamond, could have been more dull of lustre. It has since been cut at Amsterdam, and reduced more than two-thirds its size. In all that makes the diamond choicest of precious stones—in shape, regularity, transparent body, dazzling reflection, and capability of incomparable lustre in setting—the Koh-i-noor has returned from the Dutch lapidaries greatly improved, even though it weighs now but two hundred and seventy-nine carats.

The Orloff diamond, in the crown of the Czar of Russia, was found by the Slavonic conquerors of Northern Persia nearly one hundred years ago in a temple of the worshippers of the sun. The cutting resembles that of Chinese lapidaries. For brilliancy, shape, and perfect octagonal form, it has no known rival. Its weight is one hundred and ninety-five carats.

The Prussian crown rejoices in the possession of the "Pitt diamond," weighing one hundred and thirty-six carats, which adorned the sword of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo. It is of the first water, pure, faultless in shape, and cost the French emperor one hundred and thirty thousand pounds.

The Sanci diamond, owned by a Russian nobleman, has a curious history. Charles the Bold wore it in his cap at the battle of Nancy. A Swiss soldier found it on the field. For one hundred thousand francs it was purchased by the King of Portugal. Pledged to Henry III. of France, it was swallowed by the bearer when attacked by robbers. Recovered from his dead body, it came into possession of Louis XIV. Stolen from the French crown-jewels, after various wanderings it found its way to the North, and was purchased by its present owner for eighty thousand pounds. Its weight is one hundred and six carats, and by competent judges it is regarded as the purest of precious stones.

The value of the crown-jewels of England has been recently estimated by a royal commission. The crown weighs nineteen ounces ten pennyweights. It does not contain the Koh-i-noor. From the gold circle to the upper cross it measures seven inches, its diameter being five inches. Its present worth is as follows:

The ruby.....	£10,000
The aqua marina.....	12,000
Twenty diamonds round the circle.....	30,000
Two centre diamonds.....	4,000
Four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds.....	12,000
Four diamonds on tops of crosses.....	40,000
Twenty-six diamonds in <i>fleur de lis</i>	12,000
Diamonds on arches.....	14,000

£134,000

N. S. DODGE.

AMERICAN PATRONYMICS.

SCHUYLER COLFAX SCHPRECHSELHEIMER is probably the title of some incipient citizen of the West, whose father feels a sensation of pride when reflecting that he helped to elect "Krant and Coalbox."

Here we have a Dutch *prænomen*, an English *nomen*, and a German *cognomen*, combined to form one American appellation—an instance of the remarkable character and construction of our names.

In examining the subject of our patronymics alone, we also find many points of interest. In the first place, we have received by inheritance many of the peculiarities that attended the nomenclature of the British and Dutch settlers in the original thirteen colonies. These are very curious in themselves. For instance, we find names spelled exactly alike, but pronounced in various ways, and held by

some of their bearers to be totally different in derivation and meaning. Thus we find Mr. Smythe disavowing all connection with the plebeian Smith, whose descent from a *smelter* of metal not covering human flesh is far too plain; and it is said that in the east of England there are people, otherwise rational, who actually spell their name *Smijth*, and disclaim any relationship to either of the others. So, also, we hear of Dixons who profess to be altogether separate from the common herd of Dicksons. They stoutly maintain that Dixon is a Hispanized form of Dijon; for, say they, *x* and *j* are the same in Spanish, and Burgundy is not very far from Spain. Whether or not the family was of old seized and possessed of the town, and allowed it, as a favor, to take their name, does not appear.

Mr. Bowditch, in his valuable and attractive work on "Suffolk Surnames," gives us much information respecting the names most common in Boston and its vicinity, touching also upon some cases belonging to other localities. Indeed, this work, while presenting its facts in the most amusing and entertaining manner, probably exhausts the particular branch of the subject of which it treats. And, as the surnames of the colonists on the Atlantic coast were, except in New York, almost entirely British, the work applies, in a great measure, to the names of the whole country. It is true that the Norman element seems to prevail in Virginia to a greater extent than in most other States; but this does not make a very material difference.

The most striking features of our patronymic system, however, take their origin from another source. They are distinctively American, and have been produced by the extraordinary mixture of diverse elements that has been and is still taking place on our soil.

The sign-boards of foreign tradesmen in the streets of our cities make those thoroughfares look like portions of a great world's fair. But, while they present a source of much interest to the philologist, the ordinary passer-by looks upon them as combinations of many consonants and few vowels (in most cases), for which he can see no kind of reason. The German names are, according to the popular view, bad enough, and seem, with their frequent use of *schw*, *ch*, *pf*, *dt*, etc., to be fearfully and wonderfully made. The length of their names, also, constitutes a pet grievance of the average American. Smith, Jones, Brown, and Cox, cannot see why any man should "go to work and call himself" Priesterjahn (a name redolent of the middle ages, with their wondrous stories of the Abyssinian king), Schnaupfenschmacher, or Von der Loewenhofenstein.

The German Jews, however, with their gorgeous appellations, descriptive of blooming mountains, valleys of roses or lilies, flowery fountains, and streams of love, have been able to present titles which, if not appropriate, are certainly not ineuphonious or hard to pronounce.

But it is against our Slavonic and Hungarian fellow-citizens that the injured American has the strongest case to present. They are to him a sad stumbling-block, and he has been known to wax eloquent thereupon. If he knew that in the Magyar language *sz* is simply our *s* (that letter, with them, being equivalent to our *sh*), he would, perhaps, look upon Szemelenyi with less disfavor. So, also, if he knew that *cz* is the Polish and Bohemian way of conveying the sound of our *ch*, and that their *w* resembles the English *v*, it might mitigate his wrath at seeing the sign of Mr. Wladimir Czernikowski.

As it is, after partially recovering from a strong sense of personal injury, he proceeds to do the best he can about pronouncing it. His laudable efforts in this direction remind us of the laborious attempt once made by the French Assembly and the Paris papers to compass the name of Schiller. M. Regnier, in his "Œuvres de Schiller," tells us that the Assembly of 1792, in conferring the title of French citizen on the German poet, converted his name into *Giller*. The *Moniteur* thought this too French to be correct, and so changed it to *Gilleers*. The *Bulletin des Lois*, utterly unable to comprehend this, fell back upon *Monsieur Gille*. With this indorsement on it, the letter went the round of the German post-offices, and reached the poet five years afterward, when his opinion of the French Revolution had entirely changed.

Our supposititious American does not have much better success. He gets up some kind of substitute, however, and the foreigner is obliged to receive this in lieu of his proper name, and be known by it always afterward. This seems to have been the actual origin of many apparently anomalous names, now common in various parts of the United States.

In some portions of the country, particularly in Pennsylvania,

numbers of German names have become Americanized. Thus, *Albrecht* has become Albert or Allbright; *Rüppert*, or *Ruprecht*, Rupert; *Mueller*, or *Müller*, Miller; *Hauck*, Houck; *Hofmann*, Hoffman; *Schneider*, Snyder; *Kraemer*, or *Krämer*, Creamer; *Grünebaum*, Greenbaum; and *Baumgärtner*, Bumgardner.

In many cases of this kind the naturalized form is really a complete or partial translation of the original German name. But this generally occurs where there is a similarity of sound as well as of meaning, as in the names *Müller* and *Grünebaum*. Sometimes, too, these Teutonic patronymics bear some resemblance to English words of totally different signification; and the change, in such instances, produces a singular effect. For example, there are, in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, persons of German descent, named Neiswanner, who seem to be in considerable danger of acquiring and retaining, instead thereof, the rather extraordinary designation "Ice-water."

The Knickerbocker names form a singular exception to the rule. They have, with a few exceptions, retained, not only their proper spelling, but also the true Dutch pronunciation—the peculiar sounds of *oe*, *uy*, *sch*, etc., so characteristic of the Dutch language, being notably preserved. Markoe is still *Marcoo* in sound, and Schuyler has never ceased to be *Skylar*; while Ten Broek and Van Rensselaer are pronounced very nearly as of old. This is probably owing to the fact that these names were commonly known in *Nieuw Nederlanden* when the English first came there, and consequently the new-comers adopted and transmitted to posterity the pronunciations that had already become established.

The American names of French extraction have also, in many cases, kept their proper spelling. Their sound, however, has almost invariably been altered, and some have been corrupted in both respects. The aristocratic De Rosset, though allowed to keep its form, is pronounced *Derazit*; Deveraux is called *Debro*; and the Gallic Jacques must submit to being addressed as *Jakes*.

The *modus operandi* employed in the construction of these popularized French names may be illustrated by an incident that occurred during our late war. When Colonel D'Epineuil's zouave-corps of French residents went to join the Army of the Potomac, the people in the districts through which it passed inquired of the men, as usual, what regiment it was. One individual, in particular, was assiduous in gaining the desired information. Having obtained it, he came back, with the look of one conscious but not proud of his superior knowledge, and finally, in answer to numerous inquiries, condescended to explain that they were the "Death-knell Zouaves."

The freedmen of the South, particularly those of the cotton-growing States, many of whom possessed but one name before the war, have since had an opportunity to indulge their tastes in the selection of such as suited them. Many have taken the titles of their former owners; and quite a large number, also, have appropriated that of Mr. Lincoln, of General Grant, or of some other prominent man on the Federal side. Some, however, have given full sway to their fancies, and have selected titles that are, to say the least, thoroughly original. It is probable, therefore, that we shall hereafter meet with whole families belonging to this race who rejoice in the somewhat ambiguous appellations of Coonskin, Possumcatcher, Turkeyfoot, or Christmasday.

But to what a condition will American surnames be brought when the "coming man," the veritable "Shon" himself, shall consummate his much-talked-of advent! Verily, O Koopmanshaap, you will have much to answer for!

Your true Mongolian, of course, considers his pig-tail and wooden shoes a spectacle at which the ignorant and degraded inhabitants of this uncivilized country ought to be duly edified. With the dulcet sounds of his musical language, also, he expects us to be much impressed; and the idea of his actually exchanging his own melodious name for one common among the outside barbarians would strike him with horror. In California and Nevada the signs of Hop Long and Ah Chung are quite familiar, while the celestial clothes-dealer displays over his door the appropriate title Try On. A Californian tradition tells of a travelling painter who was engaged by a prominent Asiatic washer and ironer to paint him a sign whereby men should know that Kt-tz-kitchou-whang (being a little rusty in my Chinese, perhaps I am not exactly right about the name; but it was something of that pleasing nature) there conducted the laundry-business in the most supreme, ineffable, and celestial manner. The result was, that a sign was painted,

and the Missouri artist, pocketing his fee, left his patron contemplating, with pride and satisfaction, the legend: "You bet! On it! All right! Hunky dori!" The sign attracted swarms of people, who seemed to Kt., etc., of a singularly hilarious nature; but, as his became the most popular laundry in the neighborhood, he felt disposed to cheerfulness himself.

The Irish names we meet do not generally present much difficulty in their pronunciation, because, it would seem, many of them had become Anglicized in Ireland—as, Dermot for Diarmuid, etc. Some, however, have been changed here. McGeech is called McGew, which is evidently the result of an attempt to master the proper sound of the Erse *ooh*; and Gallagher has become variously Gallagher, Gallaheer, and Galliar.

The Welsh immigrants have principally settled together in some particular locality, and consequently their names are not very widely met with, except in one or two instances. Still, we sometimes encounter, besides the well-known Owens, Jenkinses, and Griffiths, such apparent phenomena as Merlynwyllynwodd, Ap Hwg, and Ap Trepoldwll. The knowledge that the Welsh *w* is a vowel, and that the syllable *dud* is pronounced *doodle*, makes these names rather more intelligible, but hardly more euphonious.

Occasionally we meet a name that seems to have been considered rather too hard a specimen to be allowed, and so, by general consent, its pronunciation is more or less, sometimes even entirely, changed. A singular instance of this exists in the vicinity of Richmond, Virginia. A man, possessing the name of Enroughty, has it so displayed on his sign, and always writes it in that manner; but, when he is asked how it is pronounced, he answers, "Darby." Everybody in the neighborhood calls him Darby, and, if called on to write or spell it, follows the orthography on his sign. They seem, too, to be quite surprised at the idea of a stranger seeing any thing peculiar in this arrangement.

This brief notice of some of the elements that take part in the formation of our names may serve to attract attention to the subject of American patronymics. It is, without doubt, one fraught with much interest even to the general reader; while to the philological, ethnological, or historical student its importance is considerable. This is certainly the time, too, for the collection of reliable information with regard to the surnames of our country. At present it is quite easy to trace out the sources of the various titles, and to account for most of the changes in form or sound that have taken place. But, after a comparatively short period shall have elapsed, so many corruptions and interminglings will have occurred that, without some data of the kind now easily obtainable, the topic will be full of difficulties and uncertainties. It is greatly to be desired, then, that this opportunity be taken to collect and preserve materials for information of this nature, which, in the future, will certainly possess a high degree of interest and value.

W. W. CRANE.

WATER-SNAKES.

ALTHOUGH the existence of the great American sea-serpent may be reasonably doubted, it is a fact, well known to all seamen, that water-snakes are found in many parts of the world, though principally in the tropics.

Along the southern coast of Asia, in the waters that wash the shores of Hindostan, Siam, and the Malaccan Peninsula, they are in great abundance, averaging from three to six feet in length, and some of them present the same variegated hues that adorn so many tropical fish with all the colors of the rainbow. I classify these snakes with fish because there are many peculiarities common to both. Like the fish, these snakes are furnished with gills, seek in the water for their food, will bite freely at a baited hook, and are capable of living for a long time, if not wholly, in the water. I have frequently met with them out of sight of land, and that this was no casual circumstance, is proved by the fact that they were swimming about in large numbers, hundreds of them being in sight at the same time. When not darting about after their prey, they generally swam along with their head and neck erected nearly perpendicular, at an elevation of from six to twelve inches above the water. In order that the reader may obtain a better idea of them and their habits, I will describe a scene as it actually occurred.

At the time, I was attached to one of our government vessels, bound on a mission with a special minister to perfect old treaties, or make new ones, with the semi-barbarous powers of Southern Asia and the East-Indian Archipelago. During the passage up the Gulf of Siam, our ship was becalmed near the island of Pulo Oby, about three hundred miles from our destined port. The morning was fine and clear, not a breath of wind stirring, and the water so still that there was no perceptible motion to the ship—in fact, a perfect tropical calm.

The water around us was literally alive with snakes of every imaginable hue. Some were darting along with the sinuous motion peculiar to their species, flat upon the water; but the greater number were nearly motionless, with head erect, as before described. Looking at those some distance off, it gave one the idea of an innumerable quantity of sticks, from two to four inches in diameter, floating perpendicularly, with their upper ends a few inches above the surface of the water.

Our scientific corps, consisting of three surgeons, the hospital steward, and two loblolly boys, immediately abandoned the interesting work they had been engaged in that morning, and hurried on deck, where nearly all hands were already gathered viewing the wonderful and unusual scene. I may add, that they had been trying to poison an old monkey of a peculiar species, whose skin they wished to preserve in good order. As often as the vessel, containing arsenic, was handed to the old brute, she would drink the contents down and hand it back for more. Finally, after swallowing enough to have killed fifty men, without being affected by it, she was drowned in a tub of water.

But let us return to the snakes. Every possible means was devised to capture some of them, scoop-nets, harpoons, buckets towing astern, slip-nooses trailing from yard-arms and jib-boom, but all in vain—they were too active and agile. If caught in a bucket or net, they sprang out before reaching the deck; some were cut in two by the harpoons, and they all seemed to have as much horror of the noose as would a condemned murderer. At last somebody suggested trying a hook and line, and soon a dozen or more were towing overboard from every available part of the ship.

These efforts were not immediately crowned with success, and the surgeon applied for a boat, in order that he might try his scoop-nets at close quarters, but this the old commodore peremptorily refused, for the snakes were supposed to be poisonous, and two or three of them jumping about in a boat full of men, might produce fatal consequences. The men were ready for the fun, but, as subsequent events proved, it was well that the commodore remained firm.

Finding that salt meat, for bait, was useless, for the snakes frequently came up and smelled of it without biting, a chicken was killed and one hook supplied with a morsel. Scarcely had it touched the water when there was a rush, a splash of many-gleamed light, and in a few seconds the first victim was landed on deck. Here he jumped around furiously, but did not seem to possess the power of locomotion that his land-brethren have. The first proceeding was to test the question of poison. The armorer, furnished with a large pair of blacksmith's tongs, caught the snake firmly just back of his head, and with a pair of pincers pulled out the hook. A chicken was then brought and held so that the snake could close his jaws upon him just under the wing. A quick bite was given, though the snake's neck was still firmly held in the tongs.

The surgeon had more success with this unfortunate fowl than he had been favored with in the case of the monkey, for in less than four minutes it was lying dead on deck. More hooks were now baited, and soon a dozen snakes were secured, the largest one being five feet nine inches long, and fourteen inches in girth around the body. The others were of different lengths, but the average was about four feet.

When brought aboard, the armorer's tongs and a sharp knife being brought into requisition, they were soon rendered harmless, and their bodies placed in spirits for future scientific observation. These snakes all bore a general resemblance to the common fresh-water eel in every thing excepting color, which was as variable as that of the dying dolphin.

Old sailors sometimes spin yarns about these snakes getting aboard of ships at anchor, by worming their way up along the cables and entering the hawse-holes, but such yarns may be classed with those concerning "the great American sea-serpent," and the manufactured monster of Silver Lake.

H. W. DODGE.

TABLE-TALK.

IT is amusing, sometimes, to look back and see the sort of stuff that was palmed upon our fathers as literary criticism. About half a century ago, for instance, there was published at Philadelphia a *Monthly Review*, whose editor seems to have aimed at making a sensation by "sloshing round" generally. He attacked and ridiculed nearly all the prominent authors of the day, beginning with Byron, who was then at the height of his popularity. He described the noble poet as a man whose "heavy volumes of stanzas have pestered the world—a mere titled rhymester;" the "author of a mass of hobbling, teeth-grinding poetry;" the "major portions of whose writings possess not the smallest particle of the soul of poetry;" and closes his "criticism" by lumping the merits of Byron in this summary passage: "That in the multiplicity of his lordship's writings we should, by dint of industrious research, discover some easy-flowing passages and brilliant ideas, is not much to his credit; for we can find the same things in the dull heroics of Sir Richard Blackmore." Finally, Byron is advised, in 1824, just before his death, to quit poetry, wherein he is so deficient, and turn his attention to prose, in which he might hope for decent success. The death of Byron evidently gave the reviewer great delight; it "left the world for him to bustle in." "Woe now," he wrote exultantly, "to those wittings, his admirers and imitators, who mistake rhymes for wit, the great Dagon of their idolatry is no more. Well may they raise the ul-ul-loo; he who bullied the crowd into the reading of bad English; who inflicted upon men of good taste the penance of perusing hobbling numbers and false rhymes, has withdrawn from his exploits. Bellow forth, ye rugged verse-lovers, till you split your lungs with lamentations! Stiff, unwieldy couplets, or barbarous Spenserians, made the vehicles of unnatural quaintness or affected originality of ideas, have no longer a sprig of nobility to dignify them, or give them attraction to the unreflecting multitude." Kindred opinions with these were entertained by the same critic of Sir Walter Scott. He spoke of him as an "unknown Scotchman," and of the *Waverley* novels as "slovenly and stupid productions, abounding with affected sentimentality, blackguards and scoundrels, common as thistles in a Scotch glen; with sheepish heroes, footballs to every one that might choose to kick them. The sooner the 'Great Unknown' ceases to write his blundering works, the better will it be for himself and the public." Washington Irving was described, very much to the annoyance of the gentle Geoffrey, who had not been used to such rough handling, as a "scribbler of skim-along, trim-the-hop, popinjay prose, whose writings abound with heavy, disagreeable matter, betraying throughout little merit but imitation." Many of Irving's sketches he pronounced "absolutely silly, fit only for the pages of two-penny primers, to amuse children. What lesson do they teach? What information do they convey? What impression do they make? We cannot see their value. . . . Mr.

Crayon's style reminds us of a boy moving awkwardly on stilts, who is straining every nerve to prevent a downfall." Next to Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper was peculiarly obnoxious to this Philadelphia censor, who had novels of his own in preparation, and was doubtless jealous of all competitors. Cooper's "Pioneers" was pronounced "unwieldy, slovenly, ungrammatical," and, "as a story, entirely destitute of interest." "The Pilot" suffered the same fate. The popular American poets of the day did not escape the visitations of the profound reviewer. Halleck was pronounced "an inveterate doggerellist;" a "man capable of throwing the most common and contemptible ideas into metre." Sprague, Percival, and even Bryant, were treated with equal contempt. Nobody appears to have been praised. As the editor, however, had a novel, called "The Wilderness," in press, and ready for publication, he sought to conciliate the most formidable of our then existing critical journals by vigorously puffing the *North American Review*, which was pronounced an admirable journal. He said of it: "We have found a spirit of candor, and a vein of good sense to pervade the work, which induces us to esteem it one of the most useful publications of the day." But just as the number of his *Review* containing this puff was about to appear, the *North American* came out with a notice of "The Wilderness," which was condemned as trash, and the exasperated novelist immediately inserted in his magazine a furious article on "The Degeneracy of the *North American Review*," which began thus: "In the leading article of our present number, we complimented this *Review* for the honesty which it had hitherto displayed in its animadversions on authors. When we committed that compliment to paper, we were far from expecting that we should so soon have to change our opinion. The sheet containing it, however, was hardly printed off, when the *Review* for the present quarter fell into our hands, and afforded decisive and melancholy proof that it no longer continued the honest and able journal of criticism we have so long esteemed it."

— William Henry Burleigh, who died in Brooklyn, New York, on March 18th, had attained distinction, not only as a journalist, a politician, and a graceful and effective public speaker, but as a poet of decided ability. He was a lineal descendant of Governor Bradford, of the Plymouth Colony, and on both sides of a cultured and intellectual ancestry. His father was an eminent teacher, and nearly all his brothers have attained distinction as orators, poets, or preachers. He was born in Woodstock, Connecticut, in February, 1812, was educated in the Plainfield Academy, of which his father was for many years principal; at the age of seventeen, was apprenticed to the printer's profession, and a year later commenced contributing to a newspaper, on which he was employed. After a year or two more of schooling, devoted mainly to the study of the best English literature, he again turned his attention to printing, and soon occupied the editorial chair. From 1833 to 1855, he was actively engaged as a journalist, usually being both editor and proprietor of his periodical, and sometimes conducting two

simultaneously. At the very outset of his career, he became active in the antislavery, temperance, and peace movements, and advocated their principles with great boldness and eloquence. The causes he advocated were at first intensely unpopular, even in New England, and he suffered more than once, in person and property, from mob violence. But, while he was bold and unflinching in his advocacy of what he regarded as the right, he had no love of controversy for its own sake. A man of a genial, loving, sensitive, and intensely poetic nature well versed in English literature and fond of literary pursuits, he would have greatly preferred never to taste the bitter waters of strife, but to be left to his favorite studies in peace. Even during the fiercest years of the antislavery struggle, he turned aside more than once to start and put in circulation purely literary periodicals, to which his contributions, both in prose and poetry, were singularly sweet and gentle, and entirely free from the smoke and stain of the bitter contest he was waging. When the principles for which he had been so long contending had triumphed, he gladly withdrew from political journalism, and devoted himself to literary pursuits and the duties of an office to which he was appointed by the Governor of the State. He had attained a considerable reputation as a lecturer during his political career; and, when he felt at liberty to turn his attention to general themes, he was very soon greatly in demand as a public speaker before lyceums, institutes, and college societies. He possessed rare qualifications for this work—a melodious and well-modulated voice; a graceful elocution; a style not too ornate, but certainly never heavy; a large fund of appropriate illustrations; and a fixed purpose to convey instruction as well as amusement. Whether his reputation as an orator, a poet, or a man of letters, shall live after him, is of little consequence; but he will assuredly be long remembered as an honest, earnest, and able man. His surviving children inherit their father's abilities, and two of them have already made themselves a name in art and literature.

— The portrait, on our first page, of William, the German Emperor, is from the latest photograph published in Berlin, and represents him in the official costume of his new rank, concerning whose proper insignia there has been so much discussion in Germany of late that the imperial private secretary has been compelled to publish a notice that his majesty declines to receive any more communications on the subject. At this distance, however, we can hardly comprehend why there should be any discussion at all, or any question about the matter. We presume the emperor considers himself as simply the successor of the old German emperors whose costume and insignia are well known, the insignia having been preserved at Vienna since the fall of the old empire in 1806, when Francis II., the last emperor, resigned the German crown and took the title of Emperor of Austria. The imperial crown of Germany is of gold, about a foot high, and heavily set with pearls. The sceptre is of silver, gilt, and two feet long. The globe carried in the hand is of the finest gold, three and seven-eighths

inches in diameter, and encircled by two rings, one perpendicular and half-covered with jewels, and the other horizontal and entirely encrusted with gems. On the top is a cross which blazes with precious stones. These insignia, we presume, will be used at the coronation of the emperor, as they were at those of his illustrious predecessors. In No. 81 of the *JOURNAL* we published a sketch of William and his career, from which we recapitulate the following outline: He was born at Berlin, March 22, 1797. His mother, Queen Louisa, died, sixty years ago, broken-hearted, it is said, at the humiliations which Prussia had undergone at the hands of the first Napoleon. If this be so, her son has mightily revenged his mother's grief and his father's abasement on the house of Bonaparte; for he has led captive the heir of their enemy, and has swept the race of the Napoleons from France. He was educated in the military school, and has been a soldier from childhood, his first experience in war having been gained under Blücher in the campaigns which terminated at Waterloo. He became king in 1861 by the death of his brother, Frederick William IV., and in the following year had the good sense and the good fortune to make Otto von Bismarck his prime-minister. The statesmanship of Bismarck and the military genius of Moltke have made his reign illustrious, and elevated him to the first rank among the princes of the Old World. He revises the German empire in a blaze of glory, and in person and character is himself no unworthy representative of the stern and stalwart kaisers of the middle ages, who in their day were the acknowledged chiefs of Christendom.

— A few years ago the monotonous style of roof used in our architecture was agreeably varied by the introduction of what is known as the Mansard roof, sometimes called the French attic. The splendid architectural piles in Paris received some of their best graces of expression from the handsome sky-lines the Mansard roof gave them, and almost every American travelling abroad wondered why so graceful a roof could not be adopted in our American cities, where the large buildings usually terminated with an abrupt, sharp, and unpicturesque sky-line. The Mansard roof after a time was introduced, and its peculiar beauty soon made it very popular. But, like all fashions which become the rage, and which are adopted by people imitatively, without perception of the principle that governs them, the French attic has become with us an architectural infiction. The Mansard roof was designed for tall buildings. Its special purpose is to break the monotony of a massive pile, and to reduce in appearance its real height. A structure that would seem awkwardly tall, with an unvaried succession of stories, has not only, by means of the Mansard roof, a more graceful caption, but attains more agreeable proportions. The specific purpose of this roof being recognized, the absurdity of its use in small buildings becomes at once apparent. Our builders, however, seem to lack all power of perception, and to have reduced the art of architecture to indiscriminate imitations. Everywhere now the Mansard roof confronts us.

Every new cottage on the road-side, new cheap villas in those extemporized villages that line our metropolitan railways, new public buildings of every sort and degree, railroad station-houses all over the country—every thing of the kind now, no matter if only a story high, must have its Mansard roof, with entire disregard of fitness or propriety. It is exasperating to see a good idea thus dragged into absurd and ignoble uses. As we at first hailed with pleasure the appearance of the Mansard roof, we shall now look with hope for the signs that will indicate the termination of its career. And yet, whatever may follow it will have to undergo the same experience. It is our natural way to try and appropriate every big thing for every little purpose.

— The best route to the beautiful mountain-region of North Carolina is by way of the East-Tennessee and Virginia Railroad to Morristown, Tennessee. Colonel C. E. Evans, 303 Broadway, can give those desirous of going to the mountains all necessary information about them, and the mode of getting there.

Literary Notes.

THE sale of books in Spain during the reign of Queen Isabella II. was exceedingly small. Thus, more copies of Fernán Caballero's novels, which were more popular in the Peninsula than those of any other contemporary Spanish romancists, have been disposed of since the downfall of the daughter of Maria Christina than previous to that event.

Messrs. Longmans have in press a work by Mr. J. Murray-Graham, which, from its title, promises to be one of some interest, viz., an "Historical View of Literature and Art in Great Britain, from the Accession of the House of Hanover to the Reign of Queen Victoria."

Rudolph Gottschall, the most eminent of the literary critics of Germany, says that Paul Heyse, of Munich, is the most versatile of German authors. He has written dramas, epics, romances, and novelettes, and all of them are equally good.

Seventy-eight thousand copies of Auerbach's "Village Stories" have been sold by his German publishers. Besides, several German reprints have been issued in Belgium and Switzerland, and also had a large sale.

The late Queen of Sweden wrote half a dozen volumes of novels and travelling sketches, besides a number of poems, which were published in the collection of the poetical works of her husband.

Over four hundred manuscripts of books on the war were offered for publication to a leading book-firm in Leipzig during the last eight months. Of these four hundred manuscripts six were accepted.

After many fruitless efforts to find a publisher, Louis Kossuth has abandoned his project to issue his autobiography. It is a work in five volumes.

The Viceroy of Egypt, to whom Louisa Mühlbach sent a copy of her "Travels in the Orient," was so well pleased with it that he sent her a costly set of diamond jewelry.

Professor Carl Bartsch, of Heidelberg, one

of the most learned linguists of Germany, has translated Homer's "Iliad" into the language of the Nibelungen Lied.

A decree of the Russian Minister of the Interior prohibits the publication of Ivan Turgueneff's novels in the columns of the daily papers.

Mr. Morris is publishing a translation of the "Frithiof Saga" in one of the magazines. Besides this Saga, Mr. Morris has translated three other Sagas from the Icelandic.

The "Chemical Cyclopædia," on which Justus von Liebig is now at work, will form twelve large volumes.

Alfred Tennyson will travel this summer in Denmark and Sweden. So says the *Copenhagen Dagbladet*.

There are five German translations of Longfellow's poems, and eight of Tennyson's works.

Scientific Notes.

Professor Agassiz and his Museum.

IN his address before the joint committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, asking for further endowment for the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Professor Agassiz said: "The museum has done something toward improving science in America. Twenty-four years ago I was present at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Cincinnati, where specimens from all parts of the West were brought together to be seen by the scientific men of the East, to be appreciated as evidence of the progress made in science in America. When one of the members of the Association moved that to make the best use of these collections they should be sent to Europe to be identified by paleontologists and zoologists of the Old World, to be returned to us as standard specimens for future advancement, I opposed that motion as earnestly as I could, stating that it would be an acknowledgment of inferiority on the part of America, from which we could never rise again; that there was already a beginning in scientific matters in the East which would make it possible to have those things worked out as well in America as they could be abroad. My motion was carried, and yet I remained under the imputation, which was loudly expressed by some, that I had carried a big job; that my motion had been made in order that I might have the benefit of describing those specimens, and thus raise my reputation. I resolved then, to myself, but never spoke of it before, that I would never describe an American fossil, and I have kept my resolve. The progress since then has been such that now an American student scouts the idea of sending a piece of work to a European ordeal. That is what the museum has done for America. . . . I am old enough to be beyond all false modesty. I feel that I can do some service, and I have the most intense desire to do it. My whole thought is wrapped up in that museum, and I will tell you why. When I saw the importance of such an institution, I considered very carefully what was the wiser thing for me to do—to go on writing or to devote my energies to building up a museum. I had then published two volumes of my contributions to the natural history of the United States. They met with much favor, such as no work of a similar kind has ever received in this country. To continue the work

would have been the source of great income to me, but I thought I could do more good building up a museum. It is eight years since I have left off writing. It was not a want of desire to make contributions as to science, or to rival the scientific men of Europe, who look upon me as though I had gone to sleep in the United States, and as though my usefulness had been wasted in popular efforts. I thought I knew what I was aiming at when I was trying to secure the lead in the progress of science to my adopted country, and I am just in a position which is the most critical of my life. A liberal help will place me in a position to complete that work within the time I may hope to live. Small help would bind me to do what cannot be done under those circumstances, and it would also prevent me from doing that kind of literary work for which I have some ability. So now, gentlemen, I appeal to you to be generous to your own public institutions."

The *Astronomische Nachrichten* says Professor Struve, of Pultowa, has been for years watching the rings of Saturn; and the inner one of the three rings, an obscure, partly-transparent mass of what appeared to be vapor, has been seen to approach the body of the planet, and to widen its distance from the other rings, which seemed to be fluid in character, or perhaps made up of myriads of small bodies, moving together like the streams of meteors which supply the periodic showers. But, during several months past, this inner ring has fallen more rapidly, and finally the attraction of Saturn entirely overcome the centrifugal force, and it closed upon the body of the planet, forming a belt, which was gradually diffused over its surface, so that there is now no trace whatever of the ring left. Is this to be the fate also of the other rings, or will they ultimately gather into satellites, as has more commonly been supposed?

The observations taken on Mount Washington during the past winter have established one important fact, that the periods of intense cold are felt at the high altitude from twelve to twenty-four hours sooner than they are in the country below. Careful observations are made at Hanover, New Hampshire, to be compared with those on the mountain, and others are made at points nearer Mount Washington, at Gorham, Whitefield, Lunenburg, Vermont, etc., either in connection with the expedition or for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. A comparison of all the observations will probably disclose other meteorological facts than the one referred to above.

Can a turkey-buzzard be deceived by his sense of smell? This question having been somewhat discussed, a correspondent writes to the *American Naturalist*, citing Audubon as one of his authorities, that both the turkey-buzzard and the black vulture are practically incapable of distinguishing odors, and select their food by the sense of sight alone. He adds that they feed upon fresh meat as readily as upon putrid flesh.

Foreign Items.

EX-MINISTER ROUHER was in a pitiful condition when he arrived at the jail in Arras, after the rough treatment he had undergone at the hands of the mob in Boulogne. His coat was torn, and his head was covered with a fatigue-cap, which a private soldier had given him after he had lost his hat. It was only by dint of hard begging that the once all-powerful minister of Napoleon III. prevailed

upon his guard, during the journey from Boulogne to Arras, not to handcuff him. At all railway stations where the train stopped, crowds of excited men and women were assembled, and fierce imprecations were uttered against Rouher.

The Swedish Minister of Justice has matured a scheme for the punishment and reformation of criminals, by which the penitentiaries in that kingdom will become entirely superfluous. Convicts, according to this scheme, will be bound for service to manufacturers, farmers, etc., who will pay two-thirds of their wages to the government, and one-third to the convicts at the expiration of their term. Only murderers and incendiaries will be imprisoned in the casemates of the royal fortresses—the former for life, and the latter for a term of from two to fifteen years.

It has now been ascertained that the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who commanded an army-corps during the war in France, committed so many inexcusable blunders in that capacity that General Moltke had finally to insist peremptorily on his removal. The grand-duke was so mortified at it that he was taken sick, and is said to be in danger of becoming a confirmed hypochondriac.

They say at Stuttgart that the Queen of Württemberg, Czar Nicholas's favorite daughter Olga, intends to separate from her husband on account of serious disagreements about political affairs. The queen is violently opposed to Prussia, and her royal husband, since the breaking out of the war, has become an ardent admirer of Bismarck and King William.

The erection of magnificent new university buildings is in contemplation at Berlin. They will be the largest of any designed for that purpose in the world. It is believed that ten years from now from eight to ten thousand students will attend the lectures at the University of Berlin.

The private secretary of the Emperor William I. has published a notice that his majesty has been overwhelmed with suggestions in regard to the imperial insignia by artists, antiquarians, and others, and that he will not receive any further communications on the subject.

The Paris *Figaro* is offered for sale at one-fifth of the price which was asked for it in June, 1770; it then had a circulation of between sixty and seventy thousand copies, which has now dwindled down to less than twenty thousand.

The Pereire brothers, the well-known bankers of the second empire, live in great style at Geneva. Their real estate in France has been seized by the creditors of the Credit Mobilier.

The watering-places in Southern France were nearly deserted during the winter. At Cannes, which formerly always was crowded, only seven of the villas were occupied by strangers.

Gounod, the composer of "Faust," is bitterly denounced in the French papers for having written a letter of thanks to the Crown Prince of Prussia, who had saved Gounod's country-seat from destruction by the Bavarian troops.

The Turkish Sultan is so exasperated at the course recently pursued by Great Britain in regard to the Oriental question, that he has determined to remove all Englishmen holding prominent positions in the Turkish service.

The Czar of Russia has pardoned all the Polish ladies who were sent to Siberia on account of their participation in the insurrection of 1863.

Two grand-nieces of Maximilian Robespierre still live at Arras. Their name is Lefranc. Robespierre's relatives assumed that name after the restoration of the Bourbons.

It is said that Offenbach has received more money for his operas than Meyerbeer and Rossini obtained together for their grand operas.

The scientific societies in Germany are collecting funds for a valuable testimonial to be offered to Professors Bunsen and Kirchhoff, the inventors of spectral analysis.

It is a curious fact that the essay which Prevost-Paradol, the late minister of France to the United States, recited, when graduating at college, was "On Suicide."

Charles Victor Hugo left a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand francs, which he accumulated by speculations in railroad bonds.

Anton Rubenstein and Joachim, the two greatest European virtuosi on the piano and violin, will visit the United States next fall.

The widows of Prussian officers, killed in the service, receive a pension of two hundred thalers a year.

The three Empresses of Russia, Germany, and Austria, and the Queen of Denmark, are suffering from consumption.

The ex-Empress Carlotta has recovered her physical health, and there are said to be some hopes that she will recover her reason.

Marshal Leboeuf is going to Italy, where he will be appointed by King Victor Emmanuel chief of the royal artillery.

It will cost over two million francs to repair the damages caused during the war in the crypt of the Kings of France at Saint-Denis.

The last direct descendant of Field-Marshal Blücher has recently died of wounds received at the battle of Gravelotte.

There are three vacancies in the French Academy, and it is understood that Emile Ollivier will resign his seat.

Ernest Renan is in Brussels, the guest of the Princess Mathilde Demidoff.

Miscellany.

Ancient Expresses.

THE best means of sending news rapidly, in a country with such bad roads as Greece, was by *trained runners*. Thus we are told that Phidippides, a professional courier, ran from Athens to Sparta to beg for aid, just before Marathon, arriving at the latter city at the end of the second day; and this was a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The constant gymnastic training in which Greek, and especially Spartan, soldiers kept themselves, enabled whole armies to make very rapid forced marches. In the present instance, the Spartan army, though slow to start, yet, when it did march, performed the distance in three days. So, the old Chasseurs de Vincennes, the picked light troops of the French army, were trained to make swift marches by running one on either side of a cavalry soldier, whose

stirrup-leathers they caught hold of. This, we believe, or something like it, is still kept up among the zouaves. The episode of the Fiery Cross, in the "Lady of the Lake," shows how quickly a district may be aroused by a well-organized system of running messengers. Indeed, the swiftness of rumor is as proverbial as its exaggeration. Lady Duff Gordon, in her voyage up the Nile, found that the news of her approach invariably outstripped her movements, rapid as they were. The curious story, given by Herodotus, of a herald's staff found floating on the sea at Mycale, and of the rumor that straightway ran through the Greek host of a battle won by their countrymen in Greece Proper, that very day (at Platea), is also a case in point. In countries more favorable for speedy travelling, much use was made of horses and other animals. The admirable system of roads and posts instituted by the kings of Persia throughout their vast dominions—"the posts that rode upon mules and camels," as we have it in the Book of Esther, excited the wonder of Herodotus, who says emphatically that "there is nothing in the world swifter than these messengers!" At the present time, an Arab will not unfrequently travel a hundred miles in a day on one of their untiring horses.

The Romans with their straight roads, the primary object of which (as of Russian railways) was speed for military purposes, provided, we may be sure, the means for making the utmost of them. In the times of the empire, post-houses were set up along the great highways every five or six miles, with about forty horses at each; so that a Roman ambassador, for instance, using these relays, might easily journey in his chariot a hundred miles a day.

Occasionally, ships were sent as express messengers; the *Salaminian* and the *Puralus* were used for this service at Athens. We do not know what rate of speed was reckoned upon. Herodotus calculates that a vessel would accomplish from six to seven miles an hour by daylight; but as he also assumes a certain amount of progress by night, he is probably speaking of a merchantman; for the crews of triremes often stopped at night and went ashore. The famous chase, mentioned by Thucydides, after the trireme conveying orders for the destruction of the Mytileneans, was noticed as an exception, the crew of the pursuing vessel sleeping by turns. As the first trireme had twenty-four hours' start for the distance between Athens and Lesbos, we can hardly put the pace of the other as less than ten miles an hour; so that the speed of a well-equipped Athenian trireme may have approached that of a modern steamship.

Love and War.

He crossed the mountain-paths alone,
Quick-radiant as the tender morn;
He wooed me by the altar-stone,
Where all our vows were sworn.
I heard the lark sing round his nest;
I heard, from love's divine eclipse—
His breast was burning on my breast,
His lips upon my lips.
Full sweet and glorious were his words,
Like bells that ring with marriage glee:
But War leaped out of hell, and stole
My lord from me.

Wild clarions shook the commonweal;
The legions of the land arose;
They swept like glancing streams of steel,
To smite the nation's foes.
I saw the hosts at early morn
Wind westward in their bearded might;

I heard the giggling bugle-horn
Laugh at the drum's delight:
I held the stirrup for his foot,
The best in that bright company;
One word—one kiss—and then he flashed
Like light from me.

Came one at length with trembling pace,
And fearful speech, and wandering eye;
A thousand deaths were in his face,
And one poor victory.
Another and another came,
With mangled limb and bleeding breast,
Who blew new-kindled fires of fame
Of heroes gone to rest:
Then came the laurelled legions home,
To lovers waiting wistfully:
But oh, dear Lord, he never came
To me—poor me!

I know not if I waked or slept
That weary, weary, woful night;
I only know I never wept—
My eyes were dry as light:
Yet in a trance I seemed to thread
The horrors of the battle-plain;
I found my hero cold and dead
Above the conquered slain:
And then he seemed to be alive;
I clasped him—oh, how tenderly!
'Twas but his ghost that soothed my arms:
God pity me!

—[Hugh Miller.

Hugh Miller takes rank with the most notable men of this generation, and among the self-taught men of Scotland he holds the highest place after Burns. His career, indeed, reads a rebuke to those pampered darlings of scholasticism who are born to feed on the dainties of culture, and who, although begirt from boyhood with all the appliances of scholarship, extract from a life of lettered ease only a few trifles of criticism or verse. Born in poverty, he received no direct instruction save that which could be dispensed by the overworked parish school-master of Cromarty. He was one of the millions who have owed the rudiments of their culture to John Knox and the other wise ecclesiastical statesmen who, when rearing the Protestantism of Scotland, acted on the principle that, to make the edifice stand for ages, they must plant it on no quicksand of tradition or of sentimental faith, but on the rock of educated reason. Miller might have profited by one or other of those Scottish universities which owe much of their lusty life to the foresight of the same men; but he was at first so wild, idle, and reckless, that he cast away the boon of academic culture. Although fond of reading and quick of mind, he hated the dry routine of school-tasks, detested the teacher, and coveted distinction merely as the leader of his playmates in the forays which they made upon orchards, the expeditions in which they played truant, and the long rambles in which they exchanged the dullness and monotony of the class-room for the wild freedom of the rocks that hem in the sea at Cromarty, or the shell-covered beach that afterward pictured to Miller himself the peopled expanse of geological time. Miller chose to be not a scholar, but a stone-mason; and he became one of the best in the north of Scotland. The man did well whatever he did at all. While living in Highland bothies, amid circumstances of savage wildness, and with companions who cared as little for books as if they had been so many Hottentots, Miller dreamed of a time when he should win fame as a man of letters. Despite the smoke, the darkness, the thousand discomforts of a wind-swept hut; despite the rain that trickled through the roof; despite

the laughter and the idiotic oaths that closed up the crevices in the talk of his fellow-workmen—the young student read Milton and Bacon, filled long epistles with rounded sentences, penned stiffly-classic verses, studied mathematics, and imprinted the features of Nature on a memory which could retain its hue and form as firmly as a red-sandstone slab keeps the impress of Old-World leaf or fish. By the time that he had graduated as a stone-mason, and could assume the M. A. of a journeyman, he had read so much of real literature, thought so vigorously, enriched his mind with so fine a culture, and acquired such a mastery over the English language, that he might have been saluted as an equal by men of regular scholastic training. He did not, indeed, know Greek or Latin, and he was ignorant of many things that form the mere commonplaces of the academic schools; but much of the culture that is communicated by the literature of Greece and Rome had come to him from contact with the classics of England; and, for what knowledge he lacked in certain domains of book-learning, he made up by the thoroughness with which he had surveyed less-beaten tracts, and by the strength of mental fibre which he had drawn from the athletics of lonely thought. Of him, as surely as of "the good Lord Clifford," might the poet have said:

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and hills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Darwinism.

"We will now pass on," remarked the rural showman, "to behold the wisdom of Providence as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey." Mr. Darwin entreats our attention to the same inspiring theme. He does not, to be sure, deduce the wisdom of Providence from him. But he gives us in place of the fervor of religion the warmer personal interest of consanguinity in the subject of his researches. It may be humiliating to our vanity to be assured that the rubricated baboon which disports itself in its gilded bower in the menagerie is not only a kinsman, but the lineal and accurate representative of an older branch of the family, who is entitled to regard us with the same disgust which we commonly feel for him, by reason of our having lost those peculiarities of fingers and of tail which are unquestionably hereditary traits with him. But, as Mr. Darwin remarks, perhaps with a covert sarcasm upon the first chapter of Genesis, it is more creditable to be descended from an organic monkey than from a handful of inorganic dust. The misfortune of his position is that, as he does not attempt to account for the monkey or any other original form of life, we are driven back to the ultimate, and what Mr. Darwin considers the less flattering, hypothesis of the "inorganic dust," and obliged to submit to the additional humiliation of a pedigree derived through the graceful polyp and the patient oyster, if not through the humble turnip and the plebeian squash. It has always been considered ample evidence of relationship upon the stage to disclose a strawberry-mark upon the left arm. Certainly the existence of an aborted tail is as affecting and as conclusive a token.

Joking.

Some good people probably believe that all joking is evil, not because it gives them a sense of the danger in which they stand of a wound to their own self-importance, but because it engenders a light and trivial turn of mind in the joker, and either predisposes him against serious subjects, or, worse still, disposes him to

see an ephemeral and ludicrous side even to serious subjects. There is no joking, they say, in the Bible; and a man who keeps all his reserve of force for the subjects treated in the Bible will not often be in a joking humor. That very much depends, we should say, on the sort of person you are speaking of. Undoubtedly the old Jewish literature had very little humor in it. Few Oriental literatures ever have had. There is a certain grim sarcasm and irony in many of the Jewish prophets, but not a trace of humor. The truth is, that humor is the characteristic only of people who habitually keep their hold on conflicting and widely-divergent moods of feeling at the same time; not of people who are incapable of experiencing more than one mood of feeling at the same moment. No doubt the former kind of people—the one-mood-at-a-time people—are in some sense likely to be the most earnest. "Play" of feeling implies, of course, a partial loss of intensity. Opposite moods of mind cannot touch each other, cannot be intersecting moods without a certain dissipation of force. When Sydney Smith, while under the very nose of the omnibus-horse which had knocked him down, found his mind glancing off from the thought of eternity to the probable thought of hundreds of aspiring clergymen on hearing of his demise, namely, "there is a vacancy," it is obvious that he was not concentrating his thoughts on the spiritual condition of his own soul or on the prospect before him, as a pattern saint or penitent would have done. You cannot both divide your mind between two moods and concentrate it on one.

Indolence of Napoleon III.

Nobody, perhaps, in possession of great power was ever studied with more painful attention than the Emperor Napoleon, and certainly nobody ever was described with less of respectful reticence. He was known by thousands as a private individual, he was surrounded as emperor by enemies and spies, he lived in critical, censorious, gossipy Paris, it has been the interest of his successors to publish unpleasant scandals about him; yet we doubt if a hundred Englishmen are aware of his grand defect as an administrator, ever think of him as a saunterer, a victim to an excessive, almost abnormal, indolence. The daily, hourly work, hard, disagreeable work, work about details, work compelling him to scold, and censure, and hurt a hundred men a day, which Frederick the Great delighted in, and which would have saved France, was almost impossible to him. He would have died of the distasteful toil, would, we believe, scarcely have attempted it even had he known the ruin his favorites were working by their neglect, indolence being, in natures like his, a passion as strong as opium-eating. This defect, though perfectly well known to his intimates, was entirely unknown to the majority of men, yet it may well have been the one which ultimately proved fatal.

The American Girl.

Those who are made uneasy by the *Saturday Review's* bitter articles on British womanhood, fearing they indicate the demoralization of a race, should not fail to read the same journal's attempt to portray an American girl. In a recent number an article on winter-traveling has a paragraph devoted to this subject. According to this critic, the American girl devotes most of her time to eating and to talking about eating. "She is great on *tables d'hôte* and critical on hotels." She fills her pocket-book with recipes for the dishes she has met with, mixed with descriptions of Rome and lists of dancing-partners. She delights to tell

of the wealth of her "pa" and the vulgarity of her "ma." This is given as a specimen of her remarks: "I'm a Yankee gal, I guess, and ma keeps pretty slick out of my way." She is unequalled in a certain kind of "noisy flirting." She will laugh with, chat with, a man whom she has never seen before and never cares to see again, tell her secrets, swear a constant fidelity, and give a lock of her hair; and then she forgets sentiment in the sherry-cobbler. If she happens to be married, she says plumply: "Oh, yes, I love my husband, and a good many other people besides." Altogether, in the opinion of the *Saturday Review*, "an American girl ranks among the number of those agreeable acquaintances without whom life would be gray and colorless, and whom there is no need to introduce to one's wife."

Now, it is not necessary to deny that this brilliant observer may have drawn his portrait from the life, but there is at least not that striking fidelity to the reality, as we are accustomed to meet it in American society, to lead us to accept implicitly the comments appearing in the same quarter on the salient phases of English life of the period.

About Iron.

The shores of the Black Sea, Laconia, Spain, Africa, and Damascus, are among the most ancient sources of iron produce of which we have any authentic record. From Laconia the Greeks obtained, through the Phœnician merchants, their first supplies of this material, and the African shores yielded to the Romans argosies of iron-ore at a period of remote antiquity.

On the invasion of Britain by Cæsar (B. C. 55) the Roman legions were astonished to find our savage ancestors armed with swords, spears, and chariots of war, but there is no evidence to show that these were of native manufacture. The probability is that they had been brought by the Phœnicians from Southern Europe in exchange for the produce of the Cornish mines. It is, however, almost certain that the Roman occupation of Britain was immediately followed by the establishment of iron-works in various parts of the island. Evidences of this have been abundantly furnished by archaeological research. Not only have immense beds of cinders been discovered containing Roman coins and pottery, but ruins of altars to Jupiter Dolichenus have further attested this generally-accepted fact. The process of smelting employed by the Romans in Britain was a slight modification of that described by Homer. On an open hearth layers of charcoal and iron-stone were placed alternately, and, fire being applied, it was urged by men treading upon huge bellows. This was called the "foot-blast," and it prevailed in all the iron-making districts for several hundred years.

All the old chroniclers agree that, down to the time of Queen Elizabeth, the processes of iron-making had undergone little or no improvement since the days of Cæsar. To the reign of the virgin queen may be assigned the invention of the blast-furnace, one of the most important steps of progress in the entire history of the trade.

Mourning-Dress.

When or whence did it arise that, when one dies and goes to heaven, all the family should shroud themselves in deepest black, and the women be the especial victims? Somewhere the custom must have arisen, since the days of our ancestors—the Saxons, or the Piets and Scots, whose only clothing was painted on! Is it going further, or will there be some resist-

ance and a return to the right way? Some women spend half their lives under crape, a sort of self-imposed penance, hot, heavy, unwholesome. Men may wear a badge of mourning for a time, and then resume light clothes and yellow gloves. And very few dare to brave Mrs. Grundy, and follow out their convictions by refusing to yield to this absurd demand of custom. We think it is growing worse and worse. A family will wear crape three years, and black dresses three years more, for a mother who went straight to heaven, and who would say to them, "Mourn not for me." And so strong is the force of example that some one else must do the same, or it shows a "want of feeling." Now, it is no small thing to take away so much that is bright and cheerful in one's surroundings for so many years of life, and submit to a dress hot, heavy, and inconvenient. There is but one life to live. Why spoil that! The whole is a foolish, wasteful, and wicked expense.

Bores.

What constitutes a bore? What combination of qualities goes to make up that scourge of civilization? A total lack of humor, we should say, and of that sympathetic power which enables a person to see, as if by instinct, whether he or his conversation be agreeable to the listener, joined sometimes to intense egotism, though this last is not a necessary ingredient in the bore's character, except in so far as it is connected with want of sympathy. The essence of the bore is the absence of the sympathetic power. This by no means implies the absence of sympathizing power. The two are quite distinct. A person may bore one to death with sympathy, by offering it at the wrong time. A bore has no tact. This is why the masculine bore so largely predominates over the feminine. Women, as a rule, have more tact than men. They are more sympathetic, too, their finer sensibilities enabling them to feel the pulse, as it were, of the individual with whom they are conversing or the society in which they are mixing. But, though the feminine type is rarer than the masculine, it is infinitely the worse of the two. The rarity is more than compensated for by the intensity.

The Books of 1870.

The *Publishers' Circular* has recorded the publication in Great Britain in 1870 of 3,377 new books, 1,279 new editions of books originally published prior to 1870, and 426 imported new American works. The *Circular* has arranged the whole 5,082 in fourteen classes: 811 were theological works; 568, educational; 695, juvenile; 381, novels; 128 books relating to law; 119 relating to politics and trade; 246, to art and science; 338, to travel; 396, history and biography; 366, poetry and the drama; 338, year books and bound volumes of serials; 193 relating to medicine and surgery; 249, *belles-lettres*, essays monographs, etc.; 159 miscellaneous, including pamphlets other than sermons. The last three months of the year saw the largest number of new publications: October, 488; November, 549; December, 610.

Intelligence of Animals.

Charles George Leroy, a French naturalist, who nearly a century ago was ranger of the parks of Versailles and Marly, published "Essays on the Intelligence of Animals," in which he maintained that their mental faculties are like those of man; that they remember, combine, and reflect; that they are capable of self-improvement; and even that they possess a true language fully adapted to their needs. Mr. Darwin seems to entertain nearly similar views.

Varieties.

DURING the recent war, a contraband came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued: "What is your name?" "My name is Sam." "Sam what?" "No, sah; not Sam Watt. I'se jist Sam." "What's your other name?" "I hasn't no oder name, sah. I'se Sam—dat's all." "What's your master's name?" "I'se got no master now; massa runned away—yah! yah! I'se free nigger now." "What's your father and mother's name?" "I'se got none, sah—neber had none. I'se jist Sam—ain't nobody else." "Haven't you no brothers and sisters?" "No, sah, neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no moder, no massa—nothin' but Sam. When you see Sam, you see all there is of us."

Although it was once customary to call every high peak of the Rocky Mountains eighteen thousand feet in altitude, but one shows fifteen thousand feet on actual measurement. There are many of fourteen thousand feet. It is somewhat remarkable how regularly this height is preserved. So far as measured, there are twenty peaks above thirteen thousand, and ten about fourteen thousand feet above the sea-level.

A "SELL."—We've all got our little weaknesses. Brown's little weakness is this: When he and Mrs. Brown go to a dinner-party, they do it in style; and he naturally likes his entertainer's flunkies to think that the equipage he has hired for the occasion is his own. Brown (in a loud voice): "O—a—come for us at eleven, John." The coachman (in a louder): "Hall right, sir! What name shall I hask for?"

A man in Covington, Ky., made a bet the other day that he could drink a pint and a half of Cincinnati whiskey in twelve hours. He won the bet, says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and his widow remarked at the funeral the next day, that it was the first money he had earned by hard work in ten years.

The story comes from Paris of a lady who was so overcome by her appetite during the siege as to eat her darling lap-dog. After a hearty meal, she looked down at the little heap of bones; tears fell from her eyes. "Poor Bijou," she exclaimed, "how he would have enjoyed them!"

The London *Cosmopolitan* proposes the following marriage-vow for its lady readers, when occasion requires: "I will continue to love my husband so long as he is lovable, honor him so long as he remains honorable, and obey him so long as his commands are just and reasonable."

Servants receive the highest prices in the world in St. Petersburg. Girls that can cook get forty dollars per month, and all in that proportion. After St. Petersburg, Roumania and London pay servants best, and then the United States.

Gail Hamilton's declaration that "pecuniary dependence, degrading to men, is not only not undignified, but is the only thoroughly dignified condition for women," is quoted all over the country as sound and sensible.

The Philadelphia *Press* is advocating a "domestic option" bill, under the provisions of which no man should be allowed to buy a glass of ale, or wine, or whiskey, without presenting at the bar a written permit from his wife.

A Maine man, going into the wilderness, took what he supposed to be his compass, but found, when he needed its guidance, he had instead taken his wife's daguerreotype. It brought him out all right.

Mrs. Clara Nash has been admitted to practice at the bar at Columbia, N. H., and has been appointed justice of the peace. Letters to her are addressed "Clara Nash, Esq., Columbia, N. H."

Daniel Drew, being on one of his own steamers, was accosted by a passenger, who took him for one of the crew, with, "Do you belong to this boat?" "No," said Daniel, quietly, "the boat belongs to me."

The recent report of the United States Surveying Corps gives the extreme length of the great lakes as follows: Superior, 325 miles; Michigan, 390; Huron, 200; Erie, 250; Ontario, 180.

The United States consumes five times as much coffee per capita as England, and twice as much as France. England consumes about one half of all the sugar that is made in the world.

The *Saturday Review* thinks that the chief intellectual lights of America, during the eighteenth century, were undoubtedly Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards.

Major Zagonyi, who led the famous charge of Fremont's body-guard at Springfield, Mo., the first year of the war, is said to be keeping a cigar-shop in Pesth, Hungary.

The first Protestant service in Madrid was attended by not more than fifteen persons. There are now two congregations that number one thousand each.

Dr. Hammond says, spiritualism is a disease which can be cured by iron and strychnine. The latter, we should think, would be sufficient.

The inquiry as to where all the pins go to, has been satisfactorily answered. The theory now is, that they go into the ground and become terra-pins.

About one thousand persons have lost their lives in connection with the Mont-Cenis Tunnel since it was first begun in 1859.

Grant isn't much of a smoker after all, in comparison with Von Beust, the Austrian minister, whose minimum is forty cigars a day.

There are three things," said a wit, "which I have loved without understanding them: paintings, music, and women."

A sailor's life is made unnecessarily perilous at Noank, where they send vessels to sea with Noankers on board.

Why will next year be like the last? Because last year was 1870, and next year will be 1872.

It is not necessary that an actor should be a great painter, but he can look for no success unless he draws well.

Is it proof of an economical disposition, if a young lady indulges in tight lacing to prevent waist-fullness?

A negro, after gazing at some Chinese, exclaimed: "If de white folks is so dark out dere, I wonder what's de color ob de niggers?"

A doctor's motto is supposed to be "patients and long suffering."

Cotton was first planted in the United States in 1759.

The royal "carpet-bagger" is what they call the new King of Spain.

Philadelphia contains over four hundred churches.

One-fourth of the globe is said to be granite.

Doing a roaring business—Keeping a wild-beast show.

The smallest internal-revenue-paying State is Arkansas.

How to raise beets—Take hold of the tops, and pull.

Some fat men do not seek greatness; it is thrust upon them.

There are about two hundred postmistresses in the United States.

The Canadian Dominion has forty-three daily newspapers.

Celestial Empire, the particular weapon, from which our drawings are taken, having been captured by the British in their last war with China.

It is not at all easy to describe the working of this curious bow, but, with the aid of the illustration, we will try to make it intelligible.

The bow itself is made of three strong, separate pieces of bamboo, overlapping each other like the plates of a carriage-spring, which indeed it exactly resembles. This is mounted on a stock, and, as the bow is intended for wall defence, it is supported in the middle by a pivot. So far, we have a simple crossbow; we have now to see how the repeating machinery is constructed. Upon the upper surface of the stock lies an oblong box, which we will call the "slide." It is just wide and long enough to contain the arrows, and is open above, so as to allow them to be dropped into it. When in the slide, the arrows necessarily lie one above the other, and, in order to prevent them from being jerked out of the slide by the shock of the bowstring, the opening can be closed by a little wooden shutter which slides over it.

Through the lower part of the slide a transverse slit is cut, and the bowstring is led through this cut, so that the string presses the slide upon the stock. Now we come to the lever. It is shaped like the Greek letter Π , the cross-piece forming the handle. The lever is jointed to the stock by an iron pin or bolt, and to the slide by another bolt. Now, if the lever be worked to and fro, the slide is pushed backward and forward along the stock, but without any other result.

Supposing that we wish to make the lever draw the bow, we have only to cut a notch in the under part of the slit through which the string is led. As the slide passes along the stock, the string by its own pressure falls into the notch, and is drawn back, together with the slide, thus bending the bow. Still, however much we may work the lever, the string will remain in the notch, and must therefore be thrown out by a kind of trigger. This is self-acting, and is equally simple and ingenious. Immediately under the notch which holds the string, a wooden peg plays loosely through a hole. When the slide is thrust forward and the string falls into the notch, it pushes the peg out of the hole. But when the lever and slide are drawn backward to their full extent, the lower end of the peg strikes against the stock, so that it is forced violently through the hole, and pushes the string out of the notch.

We will now refer to the illustration. Fig. 1 represents the bow as it appears after the lever and slide have been thrust forward, and the string has fallen into the notch. Fig. 2 represents it as it appears when the lever has been brought back, and the string released.

A is the bow, made of three layers of male bamboo, the two outer being the longest. B is the string. This is made of very thick catgut, as is needed to withstand the amount of friction which it has to undergo, and the violent shock of the bow. It is fastened in a wonderfully ingenious manner, by a "hitch" rather than a knot, so that it is drawn tighter in proportion to the tension. It passes round the end of the bow, through a hole, and then presses upon itself.

C C show the stock, and D is the slide. E is the opening of the slide, through which the arrows are introduced into it, and it is shown as partially closed by the little shutter F. The lever is seen at G, together with the two pins which connect it with the stock and the slide. H shows the notch in the slide which

The Museum.

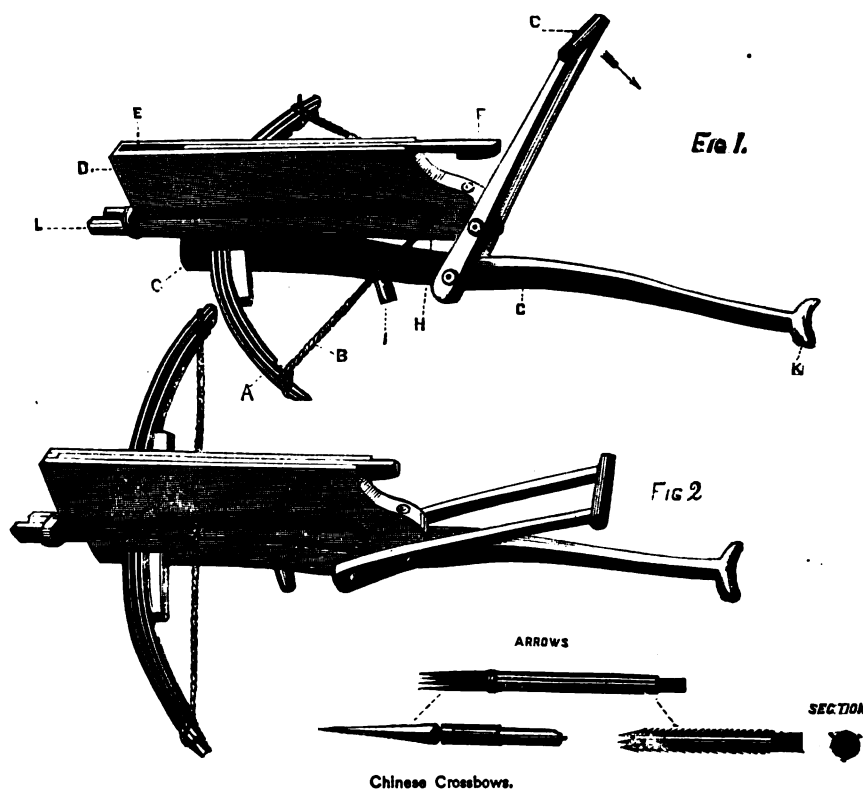
OUR illustration this week represent a curious Chinese weapon, a repeating cross-bow, of a kind still used by the soldiery of the

receives the string. I is the pivot on which the weapon rests, K is the handle, and L the place whence the arrows issue. If the reader should have followed this description carefully, he will see that the only limit to the rapidity of fire is the quickness with which the lever can be worked to and fro. As it is thrust forward, the string drops into its notch, the trigger-peg is set, and an arrow falls with its butt just in front of the string. When it is drawn sharply back, the string is released by the trigger-peg, the arrow is propelled, and another falls into its place. If, therefore, a boy be kept at work supplying the slide with arrows, a constant stream of missiles can be poured from this weapon.

The arrows are very much like the "bolts" of

the old English crossbow. They are armed with heavy and solid steel heads, and are feathered in a very ingenious manner. The feathers are

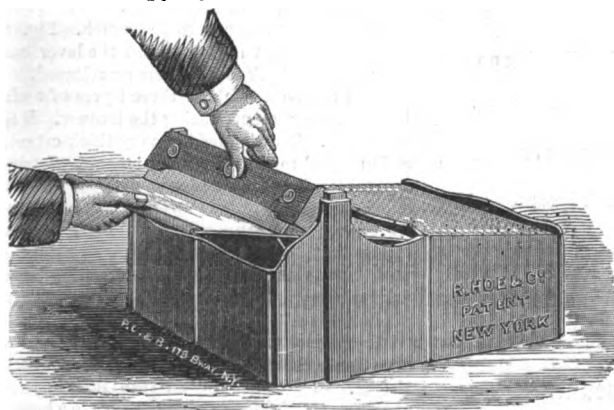
so slight, that at first sight they appear as if they were mere black scratches on the shaft. They are, however, feathers, projecting barely the fiftieth of an inch from the shaft, but arranged in a slightly-spiral form, so as to catch the air, and impart a rotatory motion to the arrow. By the side of the cross-bow on Fig. 2 is seen a bundle of the arrows. The strength of this bow is very great. It possesses but little powers of aim, and against a single and moving adversary would be useless. But for the purpose for which it is designed, namely, a wall-piece which will pour a series of missiles upon a body of men, it is a very efficient weapon, and can make itself felt even against the modern rifle. Its range is said to be four hundred yards.



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["RALPH THE HEIR," SUPPLEMENT No. XXI.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF APRIL 15.]

CHAPTER LI.

MUSIC HAS CHARMS.

THE commission appointed to examine into the condition of the borough of Percycross cannot exactly be said to have made short work of it, for it sat daily for many consecutive weeks, and examined half the voters in the town; but it made sharp work, and reported to the Speaker of the House such a tale of continual corruption, that all the world knew that the borough would be disfranchised. The glory of Percycross was gone, and in regard to political influence it was to be treated as the cities of the plain, and blotted from off the face of existence. The learned gentlemen who formed the commission had traced home to Mr. Griffenbottom's breeches-pockets large sums of money which had been expended in the borough for purposes of systematized corruption during the whole term of his connection with it—and yet they were not very hard upon Mr. Griffenbottom personally in their report. He had spent the money, no doubt, but had so spent it that at every election it appeared that he had not expected to spend it till the bills were sent to him. He frankly owned that the borough had been ruinous to him; had made a poor man of him—but assured the commission at the same time that all this had come from his continued innocence. As every new election came round, he had hoped that that would at least be pure, and had been urgent in his instructions to his agents to that effect. He had at last learned, he said, that he was not a sufficient Hercules to cleanse so foul a stable. All this created no animosity against him in Percycross during the sitting of the commission. His old friends, the Triggers, and Piles, and Spivey-combs, clung to him as closely as ever. Every man in Percycross knew that the borough was gone, and there really seemed at last to be something of actual gratitude in their farewell behavior to the man who had treated the place as it liked to be treated. As the end of it all, the borough was undoubtedly to be disfranchised, and Mr. Griffenbottom left it—a ruined man, indeed, according to his own statement—but still with his colors flying, and, to a certain extent, triumphantly. So we will leave him, trusting—or perhaps rather hoping—that the days of Mr. Griffenbottom are nearly at an end.

His colleague, Sir Thomas, on the occa-

sion of his third visit to Percycross—a visit which he was constrained to make, sorely against his will, in order that he might give his evidence before the commission—remained there but a very short time. But while there he made a clean breast of it. He had gone down to the borough with the most steadfast purpose to avoid corruption; and had done his best in that direction. But he had failed. There had been corruption, for which he had himself paid in part. There had been treating of the grossest kind. Money had been demanded from him since the election, as to the actual destination of which he was profoundly ignorant. He did not, however, doubt but that this money had been spent in the purchase of votes. Sir Thomas was supposed to have betrayed the borough in his evidence, and was hooted out of the town. On this occasion he only remained there one night, and left Percycross forever, after giving his evidence.

This happened during the second week in May. On his return to London he did not go down to Fulham, but remained at his chambers in a most unhappy frame of mind. This renewed attempt of his to enter the world and to go among men that he might do a man's work, had resulted in the loss of a great many hundred pounds, in absolute failure, and, as he wrongly told himself, in personal disgrace. He was almost ashamed to show himself at his club, and did for two days absolutely have his dinner brought to him in his chambers from an eating-house.

"I'm sure you won't like that, Sir Thomas," Stemm had said to him, expostulating, and knowing very well the nature of his master's sufferings.

"I don't know that I like any thing very much," said Sir Thomas.

"I wouldn't go and not show my face because of other people's roguery," rejoined Stemm, with cruel audacity. Sir Thomas looked at him, but did not answer a word, and Stemm fetched the food.

"Stemm," said Sir Thomas the same evening, "it's getting to be fine weather now."

"It's fine enough," said Stemm.

"Do you take your nieces down to South-end for an outing. Go down on Thursday and come back on Saturday. I shall be at home. There's a five-pound note for the expenses."

Stemm slowly took the note, but grunted and grumbled. The girls were nuisances to him, and he didn't want to take them an out-

ing. They wouldn't care to go before July, and he didn't care to go at all.

"You can go when you please," said Sir Thomas. Stemm growled and grumbled, and at last left the room with the money.

The morning afterward Sir Thomas was sitting alone in his room absolutely wretched. He had so managed his life that there seemed to be nothing left to him in it worth the having. He had raised himself to public repute by his intellect and industry, and had then, almost at once, allowed himself to be hustled out of the throng simply because others had been rougher than he—because other men had pushed and shouldered while he had been quiet and unpretending. Then he had resolved to make up for this disappointment by work of another kind—by work which would, after all, be more congenial to him. He would go back to the dream of his youth, to the labors of former days, and would in truth write his *Life of Bacon*. He had then surrounded himself with his papers, had gotten his books together and read up his old notes, had planned chapters and sections, and settled divisions, had drawn up headings, and revelled in those paraphernalia of work which are so dear to would-be working-men—and then nothing had come of it. Of what use was it that he went about ever with a volume in his pocket, and read a page or two as he sat over his wine? When sitting alone in his room he did read; but when reading he knew that he was not working. He went, as it were, round and round the thing, never touching it, till the labor which he longed to commence became so frightful to him that he did not dare to touch it. To do that thing was the settled purpose of his life, and yet, from day to day and from month to month, it became more impossible to him even to make a beginning. There is a misery in this which only they who have endured it can understand. There are idle men who rejoice in idleness. Their name is legion. Idleness, even when it is ruinous, is delightful to them. They revel in it, look forward to it, and almost take a pride in it. When it can be had without pecuniary detriment, it is to such men a thing absolutely good in itself. But such a one was not Sir Thomas Underwood. And there are men who love work, who revel in that, who attack it daily with renewed energy, almost wallowing in it, greedy of work, who go to it almost as the drunkard goes to his bottle, or the gambler to his gaming-table. These are not unhappy men,

though they are perhaps apt to make those around them unhappy. But such a one was not Sir Thomas Underwood. And again there are men, fewer in number, who will work though they hate it, from sheer conscience and from conviction that idleness will not suit them or make them happy. Strong men these are—but such a one certainly was not Sir Thomas Underwood. Then there are they who love the idea of work, but want the fibre needful for the doing it. It may be that such a one will earn his bread as Sir Thomas Underwood had earned his, not flinching from routine task, or even from the healthy efforts necessary for subsistence. But there will ever be present to the mind of the ambitious man the idea of something to be done over and above the mere earning of his bread—and the ambition may be very strong, though the fibre be lacking. Such a one will endure an agony protracted for years, always intending, never performing, self-accusing through every wakeful hour, self-accusing almost through every sleeping hour. The work to be done is close there by the hand, but the tools are loathed, and the paraphernalia of it become hateful. And yet it can never be put aside. It is to be grasped to-morrow, but on every morrow the grasping of it becomes more difficult, more impossible, more revolting. There is no peace, no happiness for such a man—and such a one was Sir Thomas Underwood.

In this strait he had been tempted to make another effort in political life, and he had made it. There had been no difficulty in this—only that the work itself had been so disagreeable, and that he had failed in it so egregiously. During his canvass, and in all his intercourse with the Griffenbottomites, he had told himself, falsely, how pleasant to him it would be to return to his books—how much better for him would be a sedentary life, if he could only bring himself to do, or even attempt to do, the work which he had appointed for himself. Now he had returned to his solitude, had again dragged out his papers, his note-book, his memoranda, his dates, and yet he could not in truth get into his harness, put his neck to the collar, and attempt to drag the burden up the hill.

He was sitting alone in his room in this condition, with a book in his hand of no value to his great purpose, hating himself and wretched, when Stemm opened his door, ushering Patience and Mary Bonner into his room. "Ah, my dears," he said, "what has brought you up to London? I did not think of seeing you here." There was no expression of positive displeasure in his voice, but it was understood by them all, by the daughter, by the cousin, by old Stemm, and by Sir Thomas himself, that such a visit as this was always to be regarded more or less as an intrusion. However, he kissed them both, and handed them chairs, and was more than usually civil to them.

"We do so want to hear about Percycross, papa," said Patience.

"There is nothing to be told about Percycross."

"Are you to stand again, papa?"

"Nobody will ever stand for Percycross again. It will lose its members altogether. The thing is settled."

"And you have had all the trouble for nothing, uncle?" Mary asked.

"All for nothing—and the expense. But that is a very common thing, and I have no ground of complaint beyond many others."

"It does seem so hard," said Patience.

"So very hard," said Mary. And then they were silent. They had not come without a purpose; but, as is common with young ladies, they kept their purpose for the end of the interview.

"Are you coming home, papa?" Patience asked.

"Well, yes; I won't settle any day now, because I am very busy just at present. But I shall be home soon—very soon."

"I do so hope you'll stay some time with us, papa."

"My dear, you know—" And then he stopped, having been pounced upon so suddenly that he had not resolved what excuse he would for the moment put forward. "I've got my papers and things in such confusion here at present—because of Percycross and the trouble I have had—that I cannot leave them just now."

"But why not bring the papers with you, papa?"

"My dear, you know I can't."

Then there was another pause. "Papa, I think you ought," said Patience. "Indeed I do, for Clary's sake—and ours." But even this was not the subject which had specially brought them on that morning to Southampton Buildings.

"What is there wrong with Clary?" asked Sir Thomas.

"There is nothing wrong," said Patience.

"What do you mean, then?"

"I think it would be so much more comfortable for her that you should see things as they are going on."

"I declare I don't know what she means. Do you know what she means, Mary?"

"Clary has not been quite herself lately," said Mary.

"I suppose it's something about that scamp, Ralph Newton," said Sir Thomas.

"No, indeed, papa; I am sure she does not think of him now." On this very morning, as the reader may perhaps remember, the scamp had gone down to Fulham, and from Fulham back to Brompton, in search of Clarissa; but of the scamp's energy and renewed affections, Patience as yet knew nothing. "Gregory has been up in London and has been down at Fulham once or twice. We want him to come again before he goes back on Saturday, and we thought if you would come home on Thursday, we could ask him to dinner." Sir Thomas scratched his head, and fidgeted in his chair. "Their cousin is in London also," continued Patience.

"The other Ralph; he who has bought Beamingham Hall?"

"Yes, papa; we saw him at the Acade-

my. I told him how happy you would be to see him at Fulham."

"Of course I should be glad to see him; that is, if I happened to be at home," said Sir Thomas.

"But I could not name a day without asking you, papa."

"He will have gone back by this time," said Sir Thomas.

"I think not, papa."

"And what do you say, Mary?"

"I have nothing to say at all, uncle. If Mr. Newton likes to come to the villa, I shall be glad to see him. Why should I not? He has done nothing to offend me." There was a slight smile on her face as she spoke, and the merest hint of a blush on her cheek.

"They tell me that Beamingham Hall isn't much of a place after all," said Sir Thomas.

"From what Mr. Newton says, it must be a very ugly place," said Mary, with still the same smile and the same hint of a blush—"only I don't quite credit all he tells us."

"If there is any thing settled you ought to tell me," said Sir Thomas.

"There is nothing settled, uncle, or in any way of being settled. It so happened that Mr. Newton did speak to me about his new house. There is nothing more."

"Nevertheless, papa, pray let us ask him to dinner on Thursday." It was for the purpose of making this request that Patience had come to Southampton Buildings, braving her father's displeasure. Sir Thomas scratched his head, and rubbed his face, and yielded. Of course he had no alternative but to yield, and yet he did it with a bad grace. Permission, however, was given, and it was understood that Patience would write to the two young men, Ralph of Beamingham Hall and the parson, asking them to dinner for the day but one following. "As the time is so short, I've written the notes already," said Patience, producing them from her pocket. Then the bell was rung, and the two notes were confided to Stemm. Patience, as she was going, found a moment in which to be alone with her father, and to speak one more word to him. "Dear papa, it would be so much better for us that you should come and live at home. Think of those two, with nobody, as it were, to say a word for them." Sir Thomas groaned, and again scratched his head; but Patience left him before he had arranged his words for an answer.

When they were gone, Sir Thomas sat for hours in his chair without moving, making the while one or two faint attempts at the book before him, but in truth giving up his mind to contemplation of the past and to conjectures as to the future, burdened by heavy regrets, and with hopes too weak to afford him any solace. The last words which Patience had spoken rang in his ears—"Think of those two, with nobody, as it were, to say a word for them." He did think of them, and of the speaker also, and knew that he had neglected his duty. He could understand that such a girl as his own Cla-

rissa did require some one "to say a word for her," some stalwart arm to hold her up, some loving strength to support her, some counsel to direct her. Of course those three girls were as other girls, looking forward to matrimony as their future lot in life, and it would not be well that they should be left to choose or be chosen, or left to reject and be rejected, without any aid from their remaining parent. He knew that he had been wrong, and he almost resolved that the chambers in Southampton Buildings should be altogether abandoned, and his books removed to Popham villa.

But such men do not quite resolve. Before he could lay his hand upon the table and assure himself that the thing should be done, the volume had been taken up again, used for a few minutes, and then the man's mind had run away again to that vague contemplation which is so much easier than the forming of a steady purpose. It was one of those almost sultry days which do come to us occasionally amid the ordinary inclemency of a London May, and he was sitting with his window open, though there was a fire in the grate. As he sat, dreaming rather than thinking, there came upon his ear the weak, wailing, puny sound of a distant, melancholy flute. He had heard it often before, and had been roused by it to evil wishes, and sometimes even to evil words, against the musician. It was the effort of some youth in the direction of Staple's Inn to soothe with music the savageness of his own bosom. It was borne usually on the evening air, but on this occasion the idle swain had taken up his instrument within an hour or two of his early dinner. His melody was burdened with no peculiar tune, but consisted of a few low, wailing, melancholy notes, such as may be extracted from the reed by a breath and a slow raising and falling of the little finger, much, we believe, to the comfort of the player, but to the ineffable disgust of, too often, a large circle of hearers.

Sir Thomas was affected by the sound long before he was aware that he was listening to it. To-whew, to-whew; to-whew, to-whew, to-whew; whew-to-to, whew-to-to, whew, to-whew. On the present occasion the variation was hardly carried beyond that; but so much was repeated with a persistency which at last seemed to burden the whole air round Southampton Buildings. The little thing might have been excluded by the closing of the window; but Sir Thomas, though he suffered, did not reflect for a while whence the suffering came. Who does not know how such sounds may serve to enhance the bitterness of remorse, to add a sorrow to the present thoughts, and to rob the future of its hopes?

There come upon us all as we grow up in years, hours in which it is impossible to keep down the conviction that every thing is vanity, that the life past has been vain from folly, and that the life to come must be vain from impotence. It is the presence of thoughts such as these that need the assurance of a heaven to save the thinker from madness or from suicide.

It is when the feeling of this pervading vanity is strongest on him, that he who doubts of heaven most regrets his incapacity for belief. If there be nothing better than this on to the grave—and nothing worse beyond the grave—why should I bear such fardels?

Sir Thomas, as he sat there listening and thinking, unable not to think and not to listen, found that the fardels were very heavy. What good had come to him of his life—to him or to others? And what further good did he dare to promise to himself? Had it not all been vanity? Was it not all vain to him now at the present? Was not life becoming to him vainer and still vainer every day? He had promised himself once that books should be the solace of his age, and he was beginning to hate his books, because he knew that he did no more than trifle with them. He had found himself driven to attempt to escape from them back into public life; but had failed, and had been inexpressibly dismayed in the failure. While failing, he had promised himself that he would rush at his work on his return to privacy and to quiet; but he was still as the shivering coward, who stands upon the brink, and cannot plunge in among the bathers. And then there was sadness beyond this, and even deeper than this. Why should he have dared to arrange for himself a life different from the life of the ordinary men and women who lived around him? Why had he not contented himself with having his children around him; walking with them to church on Sunday morning, taking them to the theatre on Monday evening, and allowing them to read him to sleep after tea on the Tuesday? He had not done these things, was not doing them now, because he had ventured to think himself capable of something that would justify him in leaving the common circle. He had left it, but was not justified. He had been in Parliament, had been in office, and had tried to write a book. But he was not a legislator, was not a statesman, and was not an author. He was simply a weak, vain, wretched man, who, through false conceit, had been induced to neglect almost every duty of life! To-whew, to-whew, to-whew, to-whew! As the sounds filled his ears, such were the thoughts which lay heavy on his bosom. So idle as he had been in thinking, so inconclusive, so frail, so subject to gusts of wind, so incapable of following his subject to the end, why had he dared to leave that Sunday-keeping, church-going, domestic, decent life, which would have become one of so ordinary a calibre as himself? There are men who may doubt, who may weigh the evidence, who may venture to believe or disbelieve in compliance with their own reasoning faculties—who may trust themselves to think it out; but he, too clearly, had not been, was not, and never would be, one of these. To walk as he saw other men walking around him—because he was one of the many; to believe that to be good which the teachers appointed for him declared to be good; to do prescribed duties without much personal inquiry into the causes which had made them duties; to listen patiently, and to

be content without excitement; that was the mode of living for which he should have known himself to be fit. But he had not known it, and had strayed away, and had ventured to think that he could think—and had been ambitious. And now he found himself stranded in the mud of personal condemnation—and that so late in life, that there remained to him no hope of escape. Whew-to-to; whew-to-to; whew—to-whew. "Stemm, why do you let that brute go on with his cursed flute?" Stemm at that moment opened the door to suggest that, as he usually dined at one, and, as it was now past three, he would go out and get a bit of something to eat.

"He's always at it, sir," said Stemm, pausing for a moment before he alluded to his own wants.

"Why the deuce is he always at it? Why isn't he indicted for a nuisance? Who's to do any thing with such a noise as that going on for hours together? He has nearly driven me mad."

"It's young Wobble as has the back attic, No. 17, in the Inn," said Stemm.

"They ought to turn him out," said Sir Thomas.

"I rather like it myself," said Stemm. "It suits my disposition, sir." Then he made his little suggestion in regard to his own personal needs, and of course was blown up for not having come in two hours ago to remind Sir Thomas that it was dinner-time. "It's because I wouldn't disturb you when you has the Bacon papers out, Sir Thomas," said Stemm, serenely. Sir Thomas winced and shook his head; but such scenes as this were too common to have much effect.

"Stemm!" he called aloud, as soon as the old clerk had closed the door; "Stemm!" Whereupon Stemm reappeared. "Stemm, have some one here next week to pack all these books."

"Pack all the books, Sir Thomas!"

"Yes—to pack all the books. There must be cases. Now, go and get your dinner."

"New cases, Sir Thomas?"

"That will do. Go and get your dinner." And yet his mind was not quite made up.

CHAPTER LII.

GUS EARDHAM.

WHETHER Mr. Neefit broke Ralph Newton's little statuette—a miniature copy in porcelain of the Apollo Bevidere, which stood in a corner of Ralph's room, and in the possession of which he took some pride—from awkwardness in his wrath or of malice prepense, was never known. He told the servant that he had whisked it down with his coat-tails; but Ralph always thought that the breeches-maker had intended to make a general ruin, but had been cowed by the noise of his first attack. He did, at any rate, abstain from breaking other things, and when the servant entered the room, condescended

to make some careless apology. "A trifle like that ain't nothing between me and your master, Jack," said Mr. Neeft, after accounting for the accident by his coat-tails.

"I am not Jack," said the indignant valet, with a strong foreign accent. "I am named—Adolphe."

"Adolphe, are you? I don't think much of Adolphe for a name—but it ain't no difference to me. Just pick up them bits; will you?"

The man turned a look of scorn on Mr. Neeft, and did pick up the bits. He intended to obey his master as far as might be possible, but was very unwilling to wait upon the breeches-maker. He felt that the order which had been given to him was very cruel. It was his duty—and his pleasure to wait upon gentlemen; but this man he knew to be a tradesman who measured customers for hunting apparel in his own shop. It was hard upon him that his master should go and leave him to be insulted, ordered about, and trodden upon, by a breeches-maker. "Get me a bit of steak, will you?" demanded Neeft—"a bit of the rump, not too much done, with the gravy in it—and an onion. What are you staring at? Didn't you hear what your master said to you?"

"Onion—and romp-steak!"

"Yes; rump-steak and onion. I ain't going out of this till I've had a bit of grub. Your master knows all about it. I'm going to have more nor that out of him before I've done with him."

Neeft did at last succeed, and had his rump-steak and onion, together with more brandy and soda-water, eating and drinking as he sat in Ralph's beautiful new easy-chair—not very much to his own comfort. A steak at the Prince's Feathers in Conduit Street would have been very much more pleasant to him, and he would have preferred half-and-half in the pewter to brandy and soda-water—but he felt a pride in using his power in a fashion that would be disgraceful to his host. When he had done his steak he pulled his pipe out of his pocket, and smoked. Against this Adolphe remonstrated stoutly, but quite in vain. "The captain won't mind a little baccy-smoke out of my pipe," he said. "He always has his smoke comfortable when he comes down to me." At last, about four o'clock, he did go away, assuring Adolphe that he would repeat his visit very soon. "I means to see a deal of the captain this season," he said. At last, however, he retreated, and Adolphe opened the door of the house for him without speaking a word. "By-by," said Neeft. "I'll be here again before long."

Ralph on that afternoon came home to dress for dinner at about seven, in great fear lest Neeft should still be found in his rooms. "No, saar; he got away at last!" said Adolphe with a melancholy shake of his head.

"Has he done much harm?"

"The Apollo gone—and he had romp-steak—and onions—and a pipe. Vat vas I to do? I hope he vill never come again." And

so also did Mr. Newton hope that Neeft would never come again.

He was going to dine with Lady Eardham, the wife of a Berkshire baronet, who had three fair daughters. At this period of his life he found the aristocracy of Berkshire and Hampshire to be very civil to him; and, indeed, the world at large was disposed to smile on him. But there was very much in his lot to make him unhappy. He had on that morning been utterly rejected by Clarissa Underwood. It may, perhaps, be true that he was not a man to break his heart because a girl rejected him. He was certainly one who could have sung the old song, "If she be not fair for me, what care I how fair she be?" And yet Clarissa's conduct had distressed him, and had caused him to go about throughout the whole afternoon with his heart almost in his boots. He had felt her coldness to him much more severely than he had that of Mary Bonner. He had taught himself to look upon that little episode with Mary as though it had really meant nothing. She had just crossed the sky of his heaven like a meteor, and for a moment had disturbed its serenity. And Polly also had been to him a false light, leading him astray for a while, under exceptional, and, as he thought, quite pardonable circumstances. But dear little Clary had been his own peculiar star—a star that was bound to have been true to him, even though he might have erred for a moment in his worship—a star with a sweet, soft, enduring light, that he had always assured himself he might call his own when he pleased. And now this soft, sweet star had turned upon him and scorched him. "When I get home," she had said to him, "I shall find that you have already made an offer to Patience!" He certainly had not expected such scorn from her. And then he was so sure in his heart that if she would have accepted him, he would have been henceforth so true to her, so good to her! He would have had such magnanimous pleasure in showering upon her pretty little head all the good things at his disposal, that, for her own sake, the pity was great. When he had been five minutes in his cab, bowling back toward his club, he was almost minded to return and give her one more chance. She would just have suited him. And as for her—would it not be a heaven on earth for her if she would only consent to forget that foolish, unmeaning little episode? Could Clary have forgotten the episode, and been content to care little or nothing for that easiness of feeling which made our Ralph what he was, she might, probably, have been happy as the mistress of the Priory. But she would not have forgotten, and would not have been content. She had made up her little heart stoutly that Ralph the heir should sit in it no longer, and it was well for him that he did not go back.

He went to his club instead—not daring to go to his rooms. The insanity of Neeft was becoming to him a terrible bane. It was, too, a cruelty which he certainly had done nothing to deserve. He could lay his

hand on his heart and assure himself that he had treated that mad, pig-headed tradesman well in all respects. He knew himself to be the last man to make a promise, and then to break it wilfully. He had certainly borrowed money of Neeft—and at the probable cost of all his future happiness he had, with a nobleness which he could not himself sufficiently admire, done his very best to keep the hard terms which in his distress he had allowed to be imposed upon himself. He had been loyal, even to the breeches-maker—and this was the return which was made to him!

What was he to do, should Neeft cling to his threat and remain permanently at his chambers? There were the police, and no doubt he could rid himself of his persecutor. But he understood well the barbarous power which some under-bred, well-trained barrister would have of asking him questions which it would be so very disagreeable for him to answer! He lacked the courage to send for the police. Jacky Joram had just distinguished himself greatly, and nearly exterminated a young gentleman who had married one girl while he was engaged to another. Jacky Joram might ask him questions as to his little dinners at Alexandra Lodge, which it would nearly kill him to answer. He was very unhappy, and began to think that it might be as well that he should travel for twelve months. Neeft could not persecute him up the Nile, or among the Rocky Mountains. And perhaps Clary's ferocity would have left her were he to return after twelve months of glorious journeyings, still constant to his first affections. In the mean time he did not dare to go home till it would be absolutely necessary that he should dress for dinner.

In the billiard-room of his club he found Lord Polperrow—the eldest son of the Marquis of Megavissey—pretty Poll, as he was called by many young men, and by some young ladies, about town. Lord Polperrow had become his fast friend since the day on which his heirship was established, and now encountered him with friendly intimacy.

"Halloa, Newton," said the young lord, "have you seen old Neeft lately?"

There were eight or ten men in the room, and suddenly there was silence among the cues.

Ralph would have given his best horse to be able to laugh it off, but he found that he could not laugh. He became very hot, and knew that he was red in the face.

"What about old Neeft?" he said.

"I've just come from Conduit Street, and he says that he has been dining with you. He swears that you are to marry his daughter."

"He be d—!" said Newton. It was a poor way of getting out of the scrape, and so Ralph felt.

"But what's the meaning of it all? He's telling everybody about London that you went down to stay with him at Margate."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[PRICE TEN CENTS.]



AN ITALIAN STREET SCENE.

BY F. O. C. DARLEY. See page 528.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE ATLMER."

CHAPTER XV.—MERRY CHRISTMAS!

WEDNESDAY was Christmas eve; and on Wednesday the Annesley equipage rolled majestically up to Mr. Marks's gate, and the children rushed pantingly in with the intelligence that the carriage had come for Miss Tresham, and the driver said would she please be as quick as possible, for his horses were impatient, and didn't like to stand.

Miss Tresham did not keep the impatient horses, or their more impatient driver, waiting very long. Her trunk was packed, and her bonnet had been on for an hour at least; so there was nothing to do but say good-by—which, however, was very far from being a short ceremony. There was Mrs. Marks and Mr. Marks, and Mr. Warwick (it was immediately after dinner, which accounted for the presence at home of these two gentlemen) and all the children, and most of the servants, to exchange farewells and good wishes with. Mrs. Marks kissed the young governess as if she had been her own daughter, and bade her take care of herself and look her prettiest, and enjoy herself her best; Mr. Marks shook hands heartily, and hoped she would have a very merry Christmas, and they would all miss her, and keep her Christmas-gifts till she came back, and the children pressed round tumultuously, and listened distractedly, while she told Mrs. Marks that if she would look in the top drawer of her bureau the next morning, she would perhaps find that St. Nicholas had visited it; and the servants bobbed up and down in the background, and thrust forward their ebony hands with many "Christmas gift, missis! Wish you merry Christmas, ma'am!" while Mr. Warwick stood by, and looked with his quiet smile at the whole of it.

"I'll take you to the carriage, and bid you good-by there," he said, when Katharine at last turned and extended her hand to him. "You'll never get off, at this rate. Has the trunk gone out?"

"Done strapped on, sir," said Tom, appearing at the open door, and speaking over Judy's yellow turban. "Done strapped on, sir; and John says the horses—"

"Tell John to hold his tongue about the horses.—Miss Tresham, when you are ready, I am at your service."

"I am ready now, Mr. Warwick," said Katharine; and with a last bright glance around, and a last "Good-by all!" she went out of the open door, across the piazza, and down the front walk, attended by Mr. Warwick, and followed by all the children and servants. Mr. and Mrs. Marks went no farther than the piazza, but they stood there and watched the departure. "If ever I thought that such a thing would be!" said the good woman to her husband, as she saw Katharine enter the carriage, and bend forward over the closed door to shake hands with Mr. Warwick and give Nelly a last kiss. Then a touch was given the impatient horses, the carriage disappeared, like a glittering vision, round a turn of the road, and the group at the gate returned slowly to the house—all excepting Mr. Warwick, who went on to town, and, although it was Christmas Eve, and high and low, and rich and poor, were all alike rejoicing and taking a holiday, sat himself down to his grim law-books, and seemed to find the same interest in them that he found there every day.

Meanwhile, Katharine was driving at a rapid and easy pace over the country road that led past the gates of Morton House on to Annesdale. The short December afternoon was more than half gone, the shadows were long, and the yellow sunshine streamed with bright but sad pathos over the distant hills and leafless woods, as the carriage swept along; the driver and footman talked on the box, and the girl inside, leaning back on the soft cushions and watching the fields and clumps of trees fly past, asked herself if she was awake or dreaming, if she would really arrive at Annesdale after a while, or if she would rouse up in her own room in Mr. Marks's house.

On the whole, she came to the conclusion that she was awake, when the Annesdale gates flew open at the approach of the carriage, and, sweeping round the carefully-kept circle, Katharine found herself before a handsome house of soft gray color, built in the Italian style, and spreading over a great deal of space, with large wings and many piazzas. The doors of the hall were wide open, and three or four gentlemen were standing in the front portico. One of them came for-

ward when the carriage stopped, and putting aside the footman began opening the door himself. He was a frank, pleasant-looking person, whom Katharine recognized as Mr. French. "I hope you have not found it cold, Miss Tresham," he said, as, after fumbling at the handle for some time, he at last wrenched open the door. "They ought to have put the windows up to protect you better. Let me bid you welcome to Annesdale. I hope you will have a merry Christmas with us. Did you ever spend Christmas in the country before?"

His voice and his smile were both very genial. Katharine felt glad that her first welcome had been from him, instead of from her formal hostess. It seemed somehow to promise better, to be a better omen of that merry Christmas which everybody just then was wishing everybody else. She answered him, as they went up the steps together, and, when they entered the door, the first thing that met her eye was the greeting—

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

in enormous letters of evergreen fronting the entrance, and running along the gallery that was part of the noble winding staircase which swept around the large octagon hall. On every side of this hall swung heavy garlands in which the deep glossy green of a dozen different perennials contrasted with the crimson berries of the holly and the glistening pearls of the mistletoe. Every picture gazed from a frame elaborately decked; and the large chandelier that swung in mid-space looked like a massive hanging basket, with its many wreaths and long drooping sprays of ivy.

"How beautiful!" said Katharine, standing still to admire. "How very beautiful!"

"Yes, it's pretty," said Mr. French, smiling. "But wait until you see the drawing-rooms. The hall was rather slighted this year, and—Ah, here's Mrs. Annesley."

He broke off thus, as a door on one side opened, and two ladies came out. One was a young and tolerably pretty girl, who ran forward and button-holed Mr. French without ceremony, while Mrs. Annesley welcomed Katharine with more cordiality than the latter had expected.

"Have you seen Spitfire? Oh, Mr. French, do tell me if you have seen Spitfire?" cried the first, in a tone of deep distress.

"My dear Miss Tresham, I am very glad to welcome you to Annesdale," said Mrs. Annesley, with pleasant courtesy.

"I am sure that some of your horrid hounds have got hold of him!" cried the anxious inquirer.

"I am afraid you were detained, and must have found it cold," said Mrs. Annesley.

Katharine was rather confused between the two; but she managed to leave the Spitfire replies to Mr. French, and assure Mrs. Annesley that she had not been detained, that she was not cold, and, that she hoped she had arrived in time for dinner—it having been understood that she should dine at Annesdale on Christmas Eve.

"In very good time," answered Mrs. Annesley. "It has not been ten minutes since the ladies went up-stairs to dress. These holiday times the servants are entirely upset," she added, "and, with all my efforts, I cannot get dinner before five o'clock. It is not so much fashion as necessity which decides my hours. Will you go to your room now?—Maggie, I suppose you will come when you find your dog?"

"I am just going with Mr. French to look for him," answered the young lady, to whom this last question had been addressed. "I don't trust a word these miserable servants say, Mrs. Annesley. They all have a spite against Spitfire, and I believe they would be glad to see those hateful hounds worry him to death. I'll be up-stairs when I find him, but not before."

She walked out of the front door, followed by Mr. French, while Mrs. Annesley drew Katharine toward the staircase. "This way, my dear," she said, quietly. "That is Miss Lester," she went on, as they mounted the steps together. "She is a nice girl, but rather spoiled, and quite eccentric. We can hardly wonder, though, for she is a great heiress, and an only child, so—here—this is your room."

It was a charming apartment, large and airy, with deep, broad windows looking to the south, two canopied and curtained beds, and richly-carved rosewood furniture. A bright fire was burning on the hearth, the toilet-table was glittering with crystal essence-bottles and the like, while two maids stood before it, one engaged in holding and the other in plaiting a long braid of rich, red hair. "This is Miss

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Tresham, Becky," said Mrs. Annesley, addressing the former, who at once dropped a deep courtesy. "Is every thing in order?"

"Yes'm," said Becky, staring with all her might at the newcomer.

"Then, Miss Tresham, I trust you will be comfortable, and I will leave you to your toilet. I hope, by-the-way, you don't object to sharing your room. The house is so crowded, that I am obliged to quarter Miss Lester and yourself together, as you perceive. You don't mind it? I am so glad; for many persons do, and in that case a hostess is rather embarrassed. Dinner at five.—Becky, be sure you attend to Miss Tresham well."

"Won't you take a seat, ma'am?" said Becky, wheeling a chair to the fire, after her mistress had left the room. And, as Katharine took the seat, she knelt down on the hearth-rug and began unlacing her shoes.

"Never mind that," said Miss Tresham, smiling. "Don't let me take you from your work."

"Mistress told me I was to wait on you," said Becky, looking up from the shoes. "That's my business, ma'am, as long as you stays here."

"Indeed! I hope we shall get on well together, then. And does that girl wait on Miss Lester?"

"I belongs to Miss Lester," said the girl indicated. "I've waited on her all my life.—Becky, where'd you put the curling-tongs?"

"You'll find 'em behind the looking-glass," said Becky.—Then she glanced up at Katharine, and added, with a negro's honest admiration, "You're the prettiest lady I've seen yet, ma'am."

"Hush!" said the pretty lady, laughing. "You must not flatter me, or we shall not get on at all. If you want to begin your duties, you may take these keys and open my trunk. I must dress as soon as I get warm."

Before the process of getting warm was finished, or the process of dressing had begun, the door opened, and the young lady whom Katharine had seen below entered the room, followed by a shaggy little Scotch terrier, who incontinently rushed at Miss Tresham, with a vicious snarl.

"Spitfire, Spitfire!—behave yourself, sir!" cried his mistress, with a stamp of the foot, which Spitfire minded about as much as if she had bade him go on. "Don't be afraid of him," she said to Katharine, as Spitfire danced round and round, barking vehemently. "He is the best fellow you ever saw, and he wouldn't bite you for the world."

"I don't trust him, ma'am!" cried Becky, who had retreated into a corner and was valiantly defending herself with Katharine's shoes, while Spitfire, who had deserted Miss Tresham, devoted his energies entirely to her. "Oh, ma'am, please call him away! Oh, Lord, he's sure to bite me!—Get off, sir!—get off!"

"Hush, you silly thing!" cried Miss Lester, with another stamp of her foot, which Becky obeyed better than Spitfire had done. "Come here to me, pet—come here.—Cynthy, catch him and make him stop."

Cynthy put down the curling-tongs and made a lunge at Spitfire, who rewarded her exertions by turning his snapping and snarling against her. Katharine fully expected to see the maid badly bitten; but it seemed that Spitfire's fury was, after all, mere sound. He submitted to be captured, and, with a last futile bark at Becky, lay down on the hearth-rug and growled to himself.

"There, now!—are you not ashamed of yourself?" said his mistress, addressing him in an expostulating tone.—"Don't you ever be foolish enough to threaten him with any thing again," added she, turning severely to Becky. "If you do, he certainly *will* bite you; for nothing makes him so angry as to be threatened.—Miss Tresham, since we are to be room-mates, we might as well make friends. What do you think of Spitfire?"

"I think he is very well named," said Katharine, who had shared the panic.

"Cousin Tom named him," said the young lady. "He thought it was an appropriate name, and I kept it because it was unusual. In fact, Spitfire is a very unusual dog."

"In ill-nature, do you mean?"

"No, in sense. Look how intelligent his eyes are—I really believe he could talk if he chose. Then I like him all the better for his temper—it is such a contrast to those insipid poodles that most girls fancy. I have a bull-dog at home—a great, splendid fellow, named Bulger—but papa would not let me bring him along."

Katharine mentally applauded "papa's" wisdom as she looked at

Spitfire triumphantly established on the hearth-rug, and thought that it might have been her unlucky chance to have been also domiciled with a great, splendid fellow of a bull-dog. She soon found that her new acquaintance was very pleasant and very easy to get on with—a little spoiled, perhaps, as Mrs. Annesley had said, and decidedly a little eccentric, but exceedingly unaffected and good-natured. Contrasting her with many common specimens of the genus young lady, Katharine concluded that she was fortunate in her companion; and she listened with amusement while Miss Lester's tongue ran glibly on, now to the maid, now to herself.

"Get out my purple silk, Cynthy, and the ribbons to match. Did you quill the point lace in the neck, as I told you? A pair of satin boots, while you are in the trunk.—Miss Tresham, did you ever spend Christmas at Annesdale before? No? Then I am sure you will be delighted—every thing is so charming. For my part, I am always glad to get away from home at Christmas. The servants have holiday, you know; and there is so much trouble about getting any thing done. They spend their whole time dancing in the cabins; and if you want the fire made up, even, you have to ring half a dozen times before anybody comes. I always go away from home Christmas; and, if I can, I always come to Annesdale. Adela and I went to school together. Don't you like her very much?"

She stopped after this question, and Katharine replied that she had not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. French, at which Miss Lester's face expressed the liveliest surprise.

"Why, I thought she stayed in Lagrange a great deal. I don't live in Lagrange, you see. I live in Apalaska. But you know Morton, don't you?—and oh, isn't he nice?"

"I know Mr. Annesley, and I think him very pleasant."

"He's delightful, that's what he is," said Miss Lester, a little indignantly. "Cousin Tom Langdon, and Godfrey Seymour, and Frank French, and a dozen more, are 'pleasant,' but Morton is simply delightful. I could fall in love with him," said the young lady, with startling candor.

"Then, why don't you?" asked Katharine, who began to think that her new acquaintance was more eccentric than she had at first supposed.

"Because there would be no use in it," answered the other, with a sigh of frank regret. "Everybody has settled that he's to marry Irene Vernon, and no doubt he will, after a while. She's pretty enough, as far as that goes; but, dear me, looks are not every thing—are they, Spitfire?—Cynthy, come here and take down my hair. I positively won't be dressed for dinner at this rate."

With the efficient aid of Becky, Katharine's toilet was soon completed, and, when the last touches were given, fully deserved the enthusiastic compliments of the maid. "You looks as pretty as a picture, ma'am," said Becky, smoothing down the dress of some soft, blue fabric, that was cut in a style which really made the girl resemble an old picture.

"If you only had your hair rolled up and powdered, you'd look for all the world like my great grandmother!" cried Miss Lester, turning round and much inconveniencing Cynthy, who was busy fastening the body of the purple silk. "Is that the first dinner-bell? Good gracious, Cynthy, make haste!—Here, Becky, come and help her.—Miss Tresham, would you mind looking in the tray of that trunk and handing me my jewelry-box?"

In the midst of the commotion which ensued, a knock at the door passed quite unnoticed, and, after one or two vain repetitions, they all started when it opened and Mrs. French appeared.

"Oh, Adela, you are just in time!" cried Miss Lester, lifting up her hands. "I'm only half dressed, and hurried almost to death. Do, there's a dear! come and help Miss Tresham put these ornaments in my hair."

"Indeed, I have not time, Maggie," said Adela, very coolly. "On the contrary, I have come to carry off Miss Tresham. I knew that of course you would not be ready, so I thought I would pilot her downstairs.—I am Mrs. French. You'll let me introduce myself, won't you?" she said, turning and offering her hand to Katharine.

This was very pleasant; and in five minutes Miss Lester was left to the tender mercies of Cynthy and Becky, and Katharine was going down-stairs in amicable companionship with Mrs. French. She had time now to see the grand scale on which Annesdale was built; to admire the hall paved in black and white marble, and the staircase that swept round and round until it ended in an observatory on the roof.

"It is very handsome," the governess thought to herself; but she was of the Old World, and had seen too many noble residences to be impressed by the splendors of Annesdale. "On the whole, I think I like Morton House better. It is not so new."

"Our party is not very large," Mrs. French was saying. "Not more than thirty people in all, and more gentlemen than ladies. I always like for them to be in the majority. This way, Miss Tresham—this is the drawing-room."

She opened the door, Katharine entered, and for a minute was quite dazzled. It had been a long time since she had mingled in society, and even under ordinary circumstances this large, richly-hued room, all ablaze with wax-lights and full of well-dressed people, would have made a startling contrast to the gray twilight that filled the hall. Then, no amount of social usage can make it a pleasant ordeal to face a number of absolute strangers just at the time when they have nothing to do and little to talk of, and so are at leisure for criticisms and remarks more agreeable to themselves than to the object thereof. Katharine's courage sank down to zero, but nobody would have imagined it. On the contrary, she looked so stately and self-possessed—so full of that rare, graceful ease which only the highest social culture can give—as she followed Mrs. French across the room, that everybody was immediately afflicted with an inordinate curiosity to learn who she was. All of the Lagrange people knew her by sight; but most of the present company were strangers in Lagrange; and a sort of thrill of inquiry ran round the room. "What a splendid-looking woman!" said the gentlemen. "Dear me, what an elegant girl!" cried the ladies. "Who is she?" both parties demanded in a breath.

When it was known who she was, the interest decidedly subsided. A governess who lived in the family of Mr. Marks at Tallahoma, was by no means a very important person in Lagrange estimation, and after a short time the only feeling that remained was one of curiosity to know why she should have been invited to join the party. Thanks to Katharine's own prudence, there had never been much gossip about Mr. Annesley's attentions; and although some few people shrugged their shoulders significantly, and said that it would be as well to be civil, since no one could tell how soon Mr. Marks's governess might be transformed into the mistress of Annesdale, the majority passed the matter over as a whim of their hostess, and thought no more of it.

The young host was standing by the fireplace, talking to Mrs. George Raynor, when a gentleman near him said, "Who is that handsome girl who has just come in with your sister, Annesley?" And, turning quickly, he saw Katharine. She did not see him, for to her eyes the scene was one confused mingling of light, and color, and strange faces. But she had not been sitting down more than a minute when a well-known voice said:

"Won't you speak to me, Miss Tresham, and let me tell you how glad I am to see you here?"

She glanced quickly round, and the bright, handsome face she knew so well was looking down at her. With a smile, her hand went out to meet his.

"Thank you, Mr. Annesley," she said. "Of course, I know to whom I am indebted for being here. You must believe that I am very much obliged for the pleasure."

"You are mistaken," he answered. "You need not think that I have any share in the matter. I need not tell you that I am delighted, that I am happy to see you at Annesdale, but the pleasure became twice a pleasure when my mother asked you, without the slightest knowledge on my part."

Katharine opened her eyes a little; and, if it had been anybody but Annesley who spoke, would certainly have doubted the assertion. But, before she had time to reply, Mrs. French broke in—Mrs. French, whose ears were good, and who had no such implicit reliance on Morton's promise as that which her mother had expressed.

"Miss Tresham, is Morton asking you to help us in our Christmas-Eve arrangements? He said he thought perhaps you would."

"I said I was sure you would," said Morton. "Adela has arranged some *tableaux* and music for the edification of our friends; and I felt sure you would aid, if need be."

"Morton describes very badly," said Mrs. French. "Some *tableaux* and music are very indefinite. In the first place, it is no *tableaux* at all, but only a little scenic effect; and, in the second place, we have arranged the musical programme, with the exception of one part. We want a Christmas anthem—solo. Will you sing one for us?"

"What sort of an anthem?"

"Any that you can or will sing."

"Would the 'Gloria' from Mozart's Twelfth Mass answer?"

"It would be charming! Will you sing that?"

"With pleasure—but—no. I cannot. My music is not here."

"I will send for it," said Morton, before his sister could speak. "A messenger shall go instantly."

He started up, and was about to leave the room, when Katharine called him back. "I must send a message to Mrs. Marks," she said. "She would not know where to find the music else. Please tell the servant to ask her to look—"

"Had you not better come to the library and write a note? It would be much more certain."

"Don't carry Miss Tresham off, Morton," said his sister. "Dinner will be ready in a minute."

"I won't keep her a minute," he answered; and, without giving Katharine any option in the matter, he drew her hand within his arm, and led her from the room. The chandelier was lighted by this time, and the hall looked brilliant in all its guise of holly and mistletoe. To Katharine, it suggested a large mystic temple; and Miss Lester, who was just then descending the staircase, might have passed for its priestess, in her rich purple silk and pearl ornaments. She stared a little, but Morton gave her no time to speak; he led his companion hastily forward, and opened the library-door.

"You will find pen, ink, and paper, on that table," he said. "I will go to find a messenger, and be back for your note in a second."

Almost in a second he was back, and, closing the door behind him, came and stood by the table, while Katharine dashed off a few lines to Mrs. Marks.

"Tell her to send *all* your music," he said. That was the only suggestion he made.

He stood quite silent, watching the graceful figure and fair face that made such a pretty picture, seated by the table with its shaded lamp, and the dark book-lined walls behind. It looked so home-like to see her there—there under his own roof, in his own especial room—that the young man had hard work to keep his lips sealed. But in that very spot he had promised his mother not to speak without giving her warning, and he would hold fast to that promise through any temptation. When Katharine looked up, he was gazing, not at her, but at the St. Cecilia over the mantel-piece, and, when she extended her note, he took it and put it into his pocket. "I will deliver it to the messenger as soon as I have seen you to the drawing-room," he said. "I had better take you back at once, or Adela will be impatient."

Katharine felt sure of this, and rose to go; but at the door he stopped—stopped as if he must say something, however little, before letting her go.

"One word, Miss Tresham," he said, hurriedly. "You don't know how very, very happy it makes me to see you here."

CHAPTER XVI.—ST. CECILIA.

AFTER dinner, Miss Tresham was sitting alone in a corner of the drawing-room. But let no one suppose from this statement that she was feeling snubbed or neglected, and, consequently, misanthropical or cynical, in even the least degree. She had been taken in to dinner by Mr. Langdon—the "cousin Tom" of whom Miss Lester made frequent mention—and she had found him exceedingly pleasant, while he, for his part, had been decidedly charmed. Nevertheless, after dinner he drifted away; but there were others ready to fill his place, and if, instead of being entertained, Miss Tresham was sitting alone, it was as much a voluntary withdrawal on her part, as any thing else.

In fact, the young governess soon found that she was among, but not of, these people, who laughed and talked in Mrs. Annesley's drawing-room. They were all of the best school of breeding, and, meeting her on neutral ground, they never dreamed of showing that, under other circumstances, they would not have considered her an equal. Vulgar incivility, and more vulgar patronage, were simply impossible to them; and when they accosted her there was no shade of manner to show that it was a condescension on their parts, and an honor on hers. But they had their world, and she had hers. They knew each other, and each other's friends and affairs, and had a hundred topics in common; while she might have dropped from a cloud, or been transported from the Sandwich Islands, for all she knew of these matters. One or two ladies had tried to talk to her, but somehow

there was not much to be said on either side. Did she like Lagrange?—had she lived there long?—did she not think Annesdale a beautiful place?—were not the rooms prettily decorated?—Adela French had exquisite taste, and had cut out all the letters herself. Did Miss Tresham like German text?

After some disjointed efforts of this description, it amused Katharine to hear the same person turn to a group of her friends and launch into conversation of the most animated kind. She would grow eloquent on Laurie Singleton's marriage, and who his wife was, and what her grandfather's name had been, and in what degree they were related to the Churchills, and how Judge Churchill had sent the bride a diamond necklace, and how elegant were the dresses, that had been ordered direct from Paris. "After all, it is no wonder that these people find it difficult to talk to me," thought Katharine to herself. As is generally the case, she got on better with the gentlemen. Even the ordinary man inhabits a less narrow and conventional world than the ordinary woman, his very position as man giving him a wider field of knowledge and a freer scope of thought. Then, few men are not stirred into conversational effort by a fair face and a pair of bright eyes; and, where two strangers of the same sex would sit and stare at each other, two strangers of different sexes will soon find topics on which to grow sociable. "The governess is really charming," Mr. Langdon had told his friends; and few of them felt disposed to doubt the assertion. But still, they were engrossed with pretty girls, whom they knew very well, and to whom it was no effort to talk, and the charming governess, by degrees, wandered away into the corner already mentioned.

There she sat, like the historic little Jack Horner, with whom we are all acquainted; but lacking the Christmas pie with which that hero solaced his retreat. Instead, she opened a book of engravings, and tried to appear interested in its contents. A ripple of talk was sounding all round her, a pretty dark-eyed girl was singing at the piano, a glorious fire roared on the hearth, the wax-lights burned with that steady lustre which no brilliancy of gas will ever rival, the pictures gazed, the mirrors gleamed out, of green-wreathed frames, people came and went continually, and the whole bright scene was, to Katharine, like a play—a picture—something scenic and unreal, but yet very attractive. She liked it better than her book, which was full of portraits of dead-and-gone beauties—as if the earth was not as rich in loveliness now as ever, or as if any one in his senses would give one face where life still brightens the eye and colors the tints, for all the cold silent beauty that ever mocked decay on canvas. "There is no one here half as pretty as Miss Vernon," thought Katharine; and, as she thought it, Miss Vernon crossed the room, and came up to her.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Tresham," she said, smiling. "I have been watching you for some time, and I am sure you were thinking how foolish and frivolous we all are."

"On the contrary, I was thinking how pretty you all look," answered Katharine, smiling in turn. "Why should I think you foolish or frivolous? It is only people of very superior wisdom who can afford to do that sort of thing, and, for my part, I must confess I always rather doubt their sincerity. You may be sure Diogenes would never have been able to make a success in society, or else he would not have taken up his residence in a tub, or gone about with a lantern searching for what he could easily have found by God's own daylight."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for indeed I think there is more good in the world—even in the fashionable world—than cynics give it credit for. We look too much at codes, and not enough at individuals—that is all."

"And we are too prone to judge hastily from the outside, to decide from mere appearances," said Katharine, making a personal application of her truism, and thinking how little she had expected to find this young beauty so full of the frank, sweet grace of true womanhood.

"Adela tells me that you are going to sing a Christmas anthem for us," said Miss Vernon, changing the subject. "I am so glad, for I want to hear your voice."

"I am afraid you will not hear very much."

"Will I not? Then Mr. Annesley has certainly lost all sense of truth. If you will excuse me, however, I will take the evidence of his word until I have that of my own ear. When will your music come?"

"Mr. Annesley sent for it before dinner, and it ought to be here now."

"Surely yes—since it is eight o'clock. But, no doubt, the messenger went on into town, and guns, and fire-crackers, and every description of noise, reign there to-night. No creature is so young or so old, so careless or so indifferent, as not to remember and rejoice that this is Christmas Eve."

"I know what it was last year," said Katharine, with a slight shrug. "I never saw people throw themselves with such abandon into rejoicing. I like to see it; yet I cannot help wondering how many have any remembrance of the cause which draws it forth."

"If you mean devout remembrance—thought of Who came to-night, and why He came—I am afraid there are but few. But still, at least they do not forget Him, and is it not better that Christmas should be celebrated thus, than passed over in cold silence?"

"Oh, a thousand times better! Don't mistake me enough to suppose that I think otherwise. But I wish the two could be united."

"Yes, so do I," said Miss Vernon, slightly sighing.

It was just at this moment that a servant entered the room with a large parcel, which he took to Mrs. French. She was talking eagerly, and opened it without thinking—whereupon a music-portfolio tumbled out.

"Oh, it is Miss Tresham's music!" cried she; and, while the gentlemen picked up the scattered sheets that strewed the carpet, she carried the half-emptied portfolio over to its owner.

"Miss Tresham, your music is come," she said, with a smile. "And you must really excuse me for opening it. I was not thinking, and Guy handed it to me without saying a word. Here is a note—I have not opened that, too. Do look and see if the 'Gloria' is all right."

While Katharine was looking for the "Gloria," and failing to find it, Mr. Langdon came up with several pieces of music in his hand, from one of which he was humming a few bars.

"Miss Tresham, do you sing this?" he cried. "It is a lovely thing, and I have never found any young lady who knew it. I heard Malibran sing it when I was in Europe. Won't you sing it for me now?"

"Not if you heard Malibran sing it last, Mr. Langdon.—Mrs. French, the 'Gloria' is not here. It must—"

"Here is some more music, Mrs. French," said a gentleman, coming up.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Talcott.—Miss Tresham, here is the 'Gloria' now. Miss Tresham, Mr. Talcott. I introduce this gentleman partly because he is worth knowing, and partly because I see from his face that he has something he wants you to sing."

Mr. Talcott, who was young and rather diffident, bowed and blushed.

"If Miss Tresham would not mind," he said. "I see a song here—a little ballad—that my mother used to sing, and that I would like to hear."

"Your mother is not half so terrifying as Malibran," said Miss Vernon, laughing. "I am sure Miss Tresham won't refuse."

But Miss Tresham did refuse, or rather Mrs. French refused for her.

"I won't hear of such a thing," said the latter. "Miss Tresham can sing for you all to-morrow; but to-night I don't want anybody to hear her voice until he hears it at twelve o'clock.—Irene, will you come with me a minute. I want to consult you about—"

What was not audible.

The two ladies walked away talking, while the two gentlemen lingered to look over Miss Tresham's music, and show her what they wanted her to sing the next day.

Katharine had the rare art of being able to make herself agreeable to several people at once; so neither of them felt *de trop*, and both of them were so well entertained that they felt no inclination to change their quarters. In fact, they remained so long, that a lady on the other side of the room gave it as her decided opinion that Miss Tresham was a flirt.

"Look how she keeps both those men pinned to her side!" said this astute observer. "I never saw a girl who *wasn't* a flirt succeed in doing that. Of course, there's nothing in keeping one man, for the poor creature may be in such a position that he simply can't get away. But, when there are two, either one of them can go at any

time, and, if they stay, it is certainly because they are well entertained."

Hour after hour the night slipped away—gay talk, laughter, and music, made it speed fast, and few of these heedless people remembered that, while they jested, the minutes rolled on to the verge of the great Feast of the Nativity. Katharine alone thought of the mystical sacrifice which all through this night circles the world, as, wherever the ancient Church has planted her standard, the midnight-mass is offered, the altar blazes with starry lights, the fragrant incense rises, the glad voices break forth, and with their triumphant strains echo those who sung, eighteen hundred years ago, to the shepherds on the plains of Judea. She alone thought of the crowded sanctuaries, and yearned to make one of the happy multitudes who, like the Magi of old, bent before their hidden Lord. But something whispered "Peace!" She stepped to one of the windows, and drew back the curtains. The night was clear starlight, and the great dome of heaven seemed fairly quivering with radiance—fairly ablaze with the splendor of myriad constellations set on a field of deepest steel-blue. In the east, one great planet glowed like a lesser moon. All the frosty night lay sparkling and still before her, but she knew that, over yonder, Tallahoma was ringing with merry uproar, and that, beyond Tallahoma, towns, and cities, and villages, echoed the same mirth.

As she turned her gaze to a hill on her left, a broad red glow met her eyes—the light from the negro-cabins, in which was seen the shifting of many forms, and from which, if the window had been lifted, she could have heard the well-loved sound of the fiddle and the banjo, and the sound of dancing feet. And it was all because of Bethlehem that for a short space the world forgot its feverish strife, and lapsed into these childlike pleasures! O Christian heart, rejoice and take hope! Better to honor ignorantly than not to honor at all, and, while you gaze forth sighing, wider and wider spreads the light of that star which once shone above the Child of Nazareth.

While she was still at the window, and Mr. Talcott still talked unheeded commonplaces, there was a stir in the room which attracted her attention. The door opened, and a servant entered carrying an enormous silver bowl filled with egg-nog, made after a receipt which was the secret of certain Southern households under the old *régime*. Another followed with a salver, bearing glittering goblets and baskets heaped with cake of every order and degree. These refreshments were the regulation "Christmas cheer," and thirty, twenty, nay, ten years ago, Christmas Eve would scarcely have seemed Christmas Eve if they had been lacking. After the bowl was deposited in state on the centre-table, the bearer turned and addressed his young master, who was standing by.

"The Kris-Kingles is out here, Mas'r Morton, and they heard as how some of the ladies said they would like to see 'em."

"I said so!" cried Miss Lester, starting from a sofa, where she had been *tête-à-tête* with an irresistible-looking gentleman—that is, a gentleman who thought himself irresistible—"I said so, Mr. Annesley. Do let them come in! I am so fond of Kris-Kingles!"

"Certainly, Miss Maggie," said Morton, laughing. Then to the servant: "Tell them they may come in, Victor."

Victor said "Yes, sir," and, apparently much gratified, retired with his grinning associate.

After a short interval, which the company in the drawing-room devoted to the egg-nog, there was a shuffling of many feet outside the door, a subdued tittering, a touch or two of the strings of a banjo, then a chorus of voices broke into the wild refrain of some negro-ditty, and, when the door was thrown open, the redoubtable Kris-Kingles—the mingled terror and fascination of every Southern child—appeared drawn up in the hall.

To Katharine alone it was a novel sight, the fantastically-dressed and masked group in the foreground, and the dusky faces, beaming with pride and delight, that made a semicircle round the wall, and peered in at the open door.

"What are they for? what do they do?" she asked of Miss Lester, who chanced to be standing by her.

"Oh, don't you know about Kris-Kingles?" cried that young lady, with surprise. "Why, on Christmas Eve some of the negroes always dress up in this way, and go round to all the cabins, and sometimes scare the others nearly to death. I can remember when I was a child I used to be awfully afraid of them. When they come in the house this way, it is for Christmas-gifts. I wish they could dance for you—

you would like to see that.—Mr. Annesley, would it hurt the floor very much if they danced one dance for us? Miss Tresham never saw any Kris-Kingles before."

"It would not hurt it at all," said Morton. "Boys, give us a dance before you go."

The "Kris-Kingles" were not at all bashful, and needed no second invitation. In a minute, the measure of the music changed, and, still accompanying it with their voices, they broke into a wild, uncouth dance, impossible to imagine, and equally impossible to describe.

"I don't wonder children are afraid of them," thought Katharine, as she watched the hideous pasteboard masks bending backward and forward, the agile feet that kept such well-marked time, and the fantastic figures threading in and out of what seemed inextricable mazes. Some of the steps were most remarkable, and various double-shuffles and pigeon-wings elicited the liveliest applause from the audience. But the performance was soon over.

"Dat's 'nuff, boys," said the leader, coming to a pause. "Don't let the white folks git tired of you. Make your bes' bow now, and tell de ladies and gentlemen you wishes 'em a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year."

"Merry Christmas and happy New-Year to you all!" echoed the ladies and gentlemen aforesaid; and most of them went out into the hall to bestow that Christmas-gift which the Kris-Kingles had delicately refrained from asking. After this, the gay pageant filed out, and went its way over the hill to the quarters, the united voices swelling into fuller song as they receded, and waking all the echoes of the silent night.

"It is eleven o'clock," said Mrs. French, as she went back into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Annesley and a few elderly ladies had the fire all to themselves. "It is time to arrange our *tableaux*, as Morton calls them.—Irene, Maggie, Flora—all of you—come!"

Most of the young ladies rose at this summons, and left the room. The gentlemen fell into knots, and talked principally to each other, during the half-hour which followed. Morton snatched a few minutes with Katharine; but his mother soon managed to call him away. At the end of the half-hour, a messenger came from Mrs. French for Miss Tresham. At a quarter to twelve, a servant entered, and put out all the lights. The hush of the next fifteen minutes was very impressive. Such an idea had never entered Adela French's head; but to more than one present unconsciously solemn thoughts came, and this darkness seemed to typify the shadow which rested over the world before the blessed light of Christmas dawned. In the midst of profound silence, the clocks began to strike twelve. At the first stroke, the folding-doors which divided the two drawing-rooms, and which had been rigidly closed all evening, moved noiselessly apart; into the darkness flashed a dazzling flood of light, a scene so brilliant that it almost blinded the vision, and a chorus of silvery voices, breaking into the "glad tidings of great joy."

Not being very well used to scenic effects, the spectators held their breath in astonished admiration. The room into which they gazed was wreathed with garlands, and blazing with lights until it lost its semblance of a room, and looked rather like some enchanted palace. At the farther end, an arch of green was thrown, and above, in illuminated letters, ran the inscription, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour." Under the centre of this arch stood the Christmas-tree, glittering from the lowest limb to the highest summit with countless tapers and colored lights. Behind was a stage, arranged in careful perspective. Gazing from the darkened room, the full glory of the abounding radiance seemed to centre here, giving an effect beyond description to the figures upon it. In the foreground was an Oriental group—the Judean shepherds, as they watched their flocks—while beyond and around were slender forms clad in pure white, whose voices rose in one united chorus as they sang an anthem exultant enough to tell the world Who had entered it on that December night.

As the chorus died away, the tones of a cabinet-organ fell on the ear, and in the midst of a hush, so deep that it could almost be felt, one pure, liquid voice rose and soared aloft in the sublime "Gloria" of Mozart. In all the great world of tones, there is hardly a strain which, for triumphant majesty and noble worship, can equal this. There is scarcely more than an alloy of earth and earth's supplication in it. We forget that we are still "poor banished children of Eve," that we are yet "weeping and mourning in this valley of tears;" we catch the spirit of the angelic hosts, and our hearts are borne upward by the tones in which the master's genius and devotion live forever.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo!" sang the ineffable sweetness of that silver voice, and few were so cold or so careless as not to echo the cry. In the breathless silence, every word of the grand old Latin was audible, and every word stirred those listening hearts. How full of glorious triumph rang the voice in the "Domine Deus! Agnus Dei! Filius Patris!" How it seemed smote with a sudden remembrance of humanity, a sudden yearning sense of need in the "Qui tollis peccata mundi! miserere nobis!" How grandly it rose again to the very gates of heaven in the "Quoniam tu solus Sanctus!" and, after one great burst of inspired praise, sunk at last into silence.

When the solo ended, people remembered where they were, and, turning, stared at each other. Who was it? What voice had carried them so far out of themselves, and out of the world in which they lived—the smooth, conventional, easy world, in which Christmas was only a pleasant occasion of friendly meeting and convivial sport? All these lights and wreaths, this *tableau* arrangement, and chorus of pretty girls, were a very agreeable entertainment to the eye; but here—here was something which seized them unawares, and, wrenching them out of their ordinary life, made them realize what it was they had met to celebrate, forcing upon them thoughts which to the common worldly mind are any thing but agreeable. It was the greatest proof of Katharine's triumph that her earnestness had so far communicated itself to them that they thought of her and her voice only as a secondary consideration.

"How beautiful!" they cried, when it was over; but they waited until it was over to do so. There was no time to say much, for the chorus broke into the noble strains of Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," and the last verse was still echoing when the folding-doors closed on the scene.

The company found that, while they were engrossed, servants had entered and relighted the candles; so the drawing-room looked quite like itself when they turned round—only very, very commonplace, after that glowing world of sight and sound. Mrs. Annesley was immediately overwhelmed with congratulations, and soon, to her great annoyance, beset with inquiries concerning the singer of the "Gloria." Good Heavens! what a beautiful voice! Was it really that girl who is said to be a governess in Tallahoma? Where could she possibly have learned to sing so divinely?

"For all we know, she may have been an opera-singer before she came to Lagrange," said Mrs. Annesley, striving hard to conceal her vexation, and to speak in a careless tone. "Adela was very anxious to secure her voice, which is, as you say, really beautiful; so I asked her here. But I should not like for any one to think that she is a friend of ours."

"By George! who would have thought the pretty governess could sing like that?" said Mr. Langdon to Morton Annesley.

To which Morton replied, stiffly enough, that he always knew Miss Tresham had an exquisite voice, for he had often heard her sing.

"It did not astonish me at all," he said. "The pretty governess!" he repeated to himself, as he walked off. "And that is the way they talk of her! I wonder how I shall ever contrive to hold my tongue during this week which is to come?"

When the folding-doors were once more opened, and the company were bidden to admire and inspect the Christmas-tree, which was loaded with gifts, Annesley went up to Katharine and held out his hand, without in the least regarding the people standing near.

"Let me thank you for a pleasure which I shall always remember," he said. "You have given me my best Christmas-gift. I shall never again think of St. Cecilia without thinking of you. Don't Catholics always have a patron-saint? She ought to be yours."

It was verging close upon two o'clock when the party finally separated, and Katharine went up to her chamber. On opening the door, she found that Miss Lester had preceded her, and was sitting on the hearth-rug, engaged in petting and soothing Spitfire.

"Cynthia left him up here by himself all the evening," said the young lady, indignantly, when Miss Tresham appeared. "I can't imagine what she meant by it. Of course, she knew that she ought to have brought him down to the drawing-room to me. The poor fellow can't bear to be left alone. Miss Tresham, wasn't it all charming? There's no place like Annesdale, I think. The Christmas-tree was beautiful, and all the presents so elegant! Oh, dear!"—with a tremendous yawn—"I am terribly sleepy. I am sure I shall not get up till dinner to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAHS' LEWIS'S RIDE.

EVVAH sence I kin remembah,
Dis place belong to de Blan's;
Held about six hund'ed akahs;
Wuhkt about twenty-one han'a;
One o' de best o' plantations—
Dat's jest as sho as you bo'n;
Raised a great heap o' tobacco;
Wasn't no eend to de co'n.

'Longed to Mahs' Dan'el, who raised me—
Den when he died, ow Miss Grace
Morried huh cousin, Mahs' Lewis—
Dat's how he come by de place.
He had bin raised in Prince Edwa'd,
Close on de Buckin'm line—
Mighty fine man was Mahs' Lewis!
Yes, sah! he was mighty fine.

See dat bay hoss in de pastah,
Dah wid his neck on de fence?
Mo' dan a good many people
Dat hoss has lahnin' an' sense.
Favo'ite hoss wid Mahs' Lewis;
Offen to me he has sed—
"I'll ride dat hoss, Uncle Petan,
Seems to me, ahter I'm dead."

"Mighty quah hoss in de pastah?"—
Whah fo' he quah?—"You dunno?
"Kase o' de bah places on him?"—
Dem's whah de woun's wah, fo' sho.
Dat hoss has bin in de battle,
Bin whah de blood's runnin' red;
Dat hoss come back from de battle,
Totin' de fo'm o' de dead.

Dis way it happen: De Yankees
Come yeh dat yeah in great fo'ce;
Grant was dah ginnul commandah—
Guy 'em a pow'ful disco'se.
All o' de monsus grand skrimmage,
We f'om de po'ch yeh could see—
Yandah was Grant an' de Yankees;
Yandah de rebels an' Lee.

Yeh on de po'ch sot de mahstah;
Yandah smoke rose in de breeze;
Blue an' gray lines in de distance
Went in an' out o' de trees.
Dah we saw light in de distance
Flashin'—an' 'twasn't de sun's;
Hud de bim boom o' de cannons,
Hud de ping pang o' de guns.

Suddintly sung out Mahs' Lewis:
"Dah ah de cust Yankee cuhz!
Retch f'om de hooks dah my sabah!
Retch me my swo'd-belt an' spuhz!
Saddle an' bridle Suh Ahchy!
Bring him aroun' to de do'!
He'll tote me safe f'om de battle,
Aw I'll come back nevvah mo'!"

Den I felt bad. S'I, "Mahs' Lewis!
Knows you ain't fit fo' de waw;
You ah too ole fo' sitch fightin';
Bettah stay yeh whah you ah."
S'e—an' his eyes flashed like fox-fire—
"Bring me Suh Ahchy, I say!
One man, dough aged an' feeble,
Might tu'n de tide o' the day."

Well, sah, he'd heah to no reason,
Dahfo' Suh Ahchy I fotched;

An' when he rid down de high-road,
 Yeh, I sot patient an' watched—
 Watched yeh, an' lissent, an' lissent,
 Hea'in de rattle an' ro';
 Seein' 'em, backwa'd an' fo'wa'd,
 Blue an' gray lines come an' go.

So dey fit dah all de daylight,
 Fit 'twell de sun had gone down;
 Den come de dahkness an' silence
 Shadin' de whole place aroun'.
 Yeh, on de po'ch I sot waitin',
 Waitin', an' dreckly I heah
 Clank o' dat swo'd on de saddle,
 Ring o' dat hoss comin' neah.

Fastah an' fastah I heah 'em,
 Poundin' an' poundin' de groun'—
 "Lo'd be praised, dat is Mahs' Lewis!"—
 Dat I knowed well by de soun'.
 Up in a gallop, Suh Ahchy
 Come to de po'ch, den he stan';
 Dah, in de saddle, Mahs' Lewis
 Sot like a captain so gran'.

"Welcome back! Welcome, Mahs' Lewis!
 Bet you made somumum die!
 S'pose you 'light dah at de hoss-block;
 Dat's a heap easier," s'I.
 Seein' he made me no answer,
 Tetched him—Lo'd! how I did staht!
 Dah he sot, stiff in de saddle,
 Dead, sah! shot right froo de heaht!

A LABOR OF PEACE.

THE Righi, famed for its extensive and beautiful prospect, is familiar to every Swiss traveller. Almost in the centre of Switzerland, an independent mountain, it rises to the height of five thousand five hundred feet, its western slope bordered by the majestic Lake of the Four Cantons with its many steamers. Its rich Alpine pastures are browsed, in summer, by some three thousand kine, and numberless flocks of sheep and goats, a hundred and fifty *Sennhütten* (cowherds' sheds) are scattered over its meadows, and many paths lead up to the summit, the Kulen, which, as every one knows, offers at sunset and early sunrise an extraordinary, almost an un-

equalled view. Among these paths are some of no great steepness, though scattered here and there with rocky steps two or three feet in height. Many, however, of the fifty thousand annual Righi tourists will be glad to hear of an enterprise which will be a relief to tired wayfarers by this autumn, but promises even greater things for the future. We have to thank the discernment and perseverance of the Swiss engineers, Colonel Adolph Raff in St. Gallen, N. Riggensbach in Olten, and Olivier Zschokke in Aarau, for the Righi Railway. To inspect personally this enterprise, the very possibility of which has been so contemptuously doubted, I started one fine morning from Vitznau, a quiet, smiling village on the right bank of the lake.

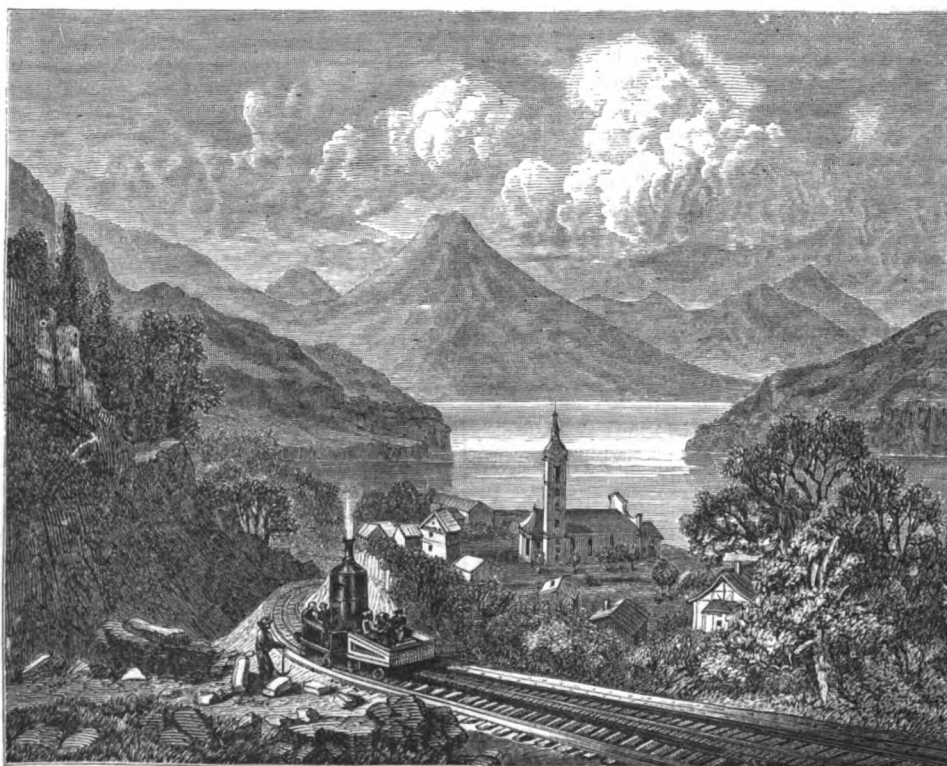
A few minutes' walk up the road brought me to the still unfinished station, a trim little building in the Swiss chalet style, but without ornamental carved work. Beside the waiting-room are the ticket office, employés' room, etc., but nothing on the whole of particular interest. Some twenty paces off are the locomotive and carriage shed and between the two buildings is the turn-table to set the locomotive on the line which debouches here.

From this point my pilgrimage began, rising from level to level as in a staircase, and at first going pretty straight in and with gentle grade, so that I had ample leisure to watch the laying of the rails.

On the oak sleepers, laid scarcely two feet apart, were longitudinal timbers mortised into them, so that the rails lie upon a sort of gridiron. This system is evidently unavoidable to prevent any thin like displacement, especially slipping down, and fully answers its purpose. If any "giving" had been possible, it must have occurred before now, for during the building the locomotive has carried up heavier freights in building-material than it will perhaps ever have to stand again.

Between the metals runs the firm, massive cog-rail into which the cog-wheel of the locomotive must gear, the rail itself being of wrought iron, while the cogs, for solidity, are of cast-steel and welded in. This rail is the only essential feature of difference from ordinary lines, according to the well-known American system for mountain railways which has proved not only practical but durable, not to mention its cheapness for repairs.

Directly over Vitznau, the line strikes a sharp grade along the mountain, the so-called Vitznauer Stock, which it keeps as far as the tunnel, requiring here the first cutting through the stratum of the mountain giant. And here the first real difficulty of the construction shows itself; talus-slopes could in many places not be used, and the



THE RHIGI RAILROAD.—I.

road had to be built up with high buttresses where the ground falls away in steep precipices or deep chasms. The necessary blasting operation have nipped many hands some chestnut-trees in the valley and they look mournfully upward to the work of human hands, to the towering cliffs under whose shelter they have peacefully thriven for so many a year.

The farther I climb, the more fas-

minating be-
comes the
whole opera-
tion of laying
out the road ;
I have never
seen a tract
which offered
such variety
of construction
in so
short a space.
Here they had
to use a high
dike — there
a rock-cut-
ting, a but-
tress, a talus,
a bridge; and
then, besides
all this, what
a superb, nay,
magical pan-
orama of Na-
ture! fairer,
richer, grand-
er, as I
mount.

For a short
distance the
line leads
through a
wood, and
emerging we

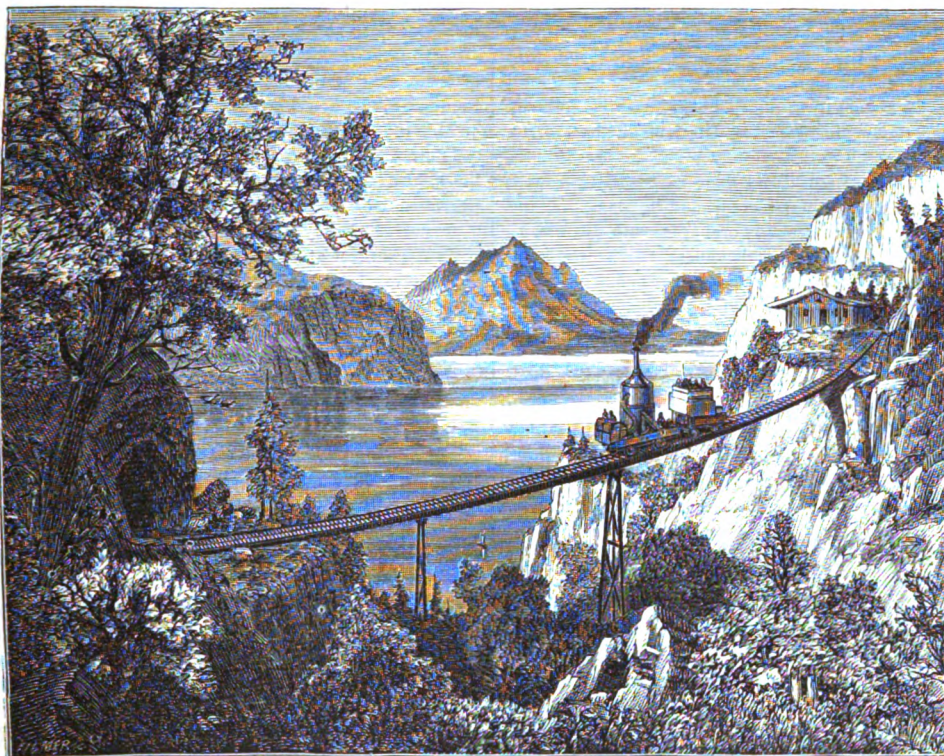
have the most superb prospect spread before our eyes. At our feet lies pleasant Vitznau, a long reach of splendid orchards; and, beyond, the Lake of the Four Cantons, its gleaming surface coquetting with the sunbeams and casting them up to us in dazzling radiance. A steamer is creeping solitary over its surface, bearing its cargo up the lake to Eusau and Brunnen, and down to Stanstad and Hergiswyl. The Büsgenstock lifts its gloomy head from the lake, and over it peep down the haughty heads of the Bernese Alps, Jungfrau, Eiger, Wetterhorn, etc., and farther to the left the Uri Rothstock, Titlis, and the rest of them, mighty forms of the older world, the bearers of eternal snows glowing at the sun's first kisses, and purple with its departing beams. The series ends with grotesque old Pilatus, serious and almost awful in his grandeur, casting his shadow deep down to the lake, and reaching with his pinnacles aloft to the clouds. Pilatus is the confidential friend of these vaporous palms. While, at the approach of bad weather, he is the first to fold himself in misty mantle, on fine days he wears his hat, as to-day. How many a fair legend hangs about this proud majestic mountain giant, to one of which, indeed, he owes his name.

The Roman governor, Pilate, who delivered up our Saviour to the people, in his despair is said to have plunged into a lake in this mountain, rising even now, a vision of fright, from its depths, when the lightning flashes and the thunder rolls. And so the mountain got its name.

So standing, one never wearies gazing out over the lovely landscape, and I don't know how long I had stood there when the sudden whistle of the locomotive scared me from my reverie.

Down comes the train from above, but without danger, or reason for apprehension; it is running, its usual rate, at about the speed of a horse's trot. Nearer and nearer it comes, and suddenly, with a jerk, it halts. A man jumps from the train and comes toward me; it is my old school-friend, the director of the works. He had recognized me, and, there being no passengers aboard, had the train stopped; and so I had the best of chances to inspect both locomotive and carriages.

Very queer is the locomotive with its upright boiler, necessarily so set, to keep the depth of water the same throughout, which would have been impossible with a horizontal boiler. For further assurance, the boiler is so built that on the grades it stands perpendicular, and consequently sloping when on a dead level.



THE RHIGI RAILROAD.—II.

In place of the driving wheel come the two flanged cog-wheels, which gear into the cog-rail. The fear of accident by the breaking of a cog, is quite groundless, as almost at the same instant three cogs bite the rail, so that in the supposed case nothing more than a slight jar could result. An essential auxiliary to this is the admirable system of brakes, by which the train can be stopped in an instant; and here it may

not be out of place to mention all the precautions for the safety of the train, to get rid of every prejudice, with its resultant anxiety.

The brakes, on the lever system, are applied not only on the locomotive, but on every carriage as well, and, as the carriages are never coupled, each separate carriage can be easily stopped, a matter of great importance in down-grades. On up-grades the locomotive is never before, but behind, so that the carriages are not pulled but pushed, an arrangement showing the caution with which the whole thing is managed.

My friend declared that, in the long time during which the road had already been in use, not the slightest accident had happened, and the only imaginable one would be the rolling down of a mass of rock, or a smaller stone getting on the line and damaging the flanges of the driving-wheels. But, not to mention that the road, during use, is under constant inspection, such an accident is really impossible with decent attention from the employés on the locomotive, who always have the train completely under command, and can at any time stop it quickly enough to remove the obstacle or let the danger pass by.

The carriages, wedged up over the wheels to stand perpendicular in the sloping line, are also different from those on ordinary roads, being omnibuses with eighty-one places each, forty-five below, and thirty-six on top. The last will probably be used by bolder tourists, and in fine weather, as they are without roof, and so offer a capital chance at the prospect; it must be sheer luxury to ride up and down in this way. I declined it, however, spite of my friend's invitation, wishing to walk farther up the line.

"We shall meet again!" cried he, after me; the train rumbled downward, and I set my stick and my face mountainward. I had scarcely got over fifty paces when the line made a sharp curve; on the left were dark thickly-wooded slopes, on the right the grotesque world of mountain-shapes, and right ahead the tunnel, some hundred and fifty feet long, through a mighty cliff of solid rock. Where we step out of the tunnel the rock falls away almost perpendicularly to a depth of at least thirty to forty metres. Above it rises more gradually to an immense height, in smooth gray walls, the terrible Grubisfluh. Farther down a brook shoots foaming through, under the road, and rushes roaring down along the walls of this mighty chasm, which has been spanned with a viaduct of almost unequalled beauty. On two piers of trestle-work, the bridge, seventy-seven metres long, makes a bold sweep over the abyss to the abutments on the other

side, where with steeper grade it gradually straightens out from its zigzag course. The hither abutment is formed by the rock. From a distance the bridge looks a little doubtful—especially as the train is passing, it seems every instant as if it must give way; but, for all its light appearance, it stands firm and solid, and it is scarcely within possibility that the winter weather will damage the trestle-work.

The view from the bridge is amazingly fine; in the background, the towering cliffs; beneath, the noisy torrent, and the dark firs, and still farther down juicy meadows and shady orchards, with the gleaming lake and majestic Pilatus beyond. This superb view is the more striking from the limitation of our range of view just before.

Higher still I mount upon the road-bed; above the bridge the grade grows gentler; up to the tunnel it was not under twenty-five per cent., but now averages from twenty-one to twenty-two per cent. With the diminished grade the construction grows easier, though here and there a bridge still has to be built over a deep chasm, or a gallery blasted for the continuance of the line. We come here to the high pasture-region and softer strata, and the masses of stone and rubble from below were used here to great advantage.

The *Kaltbad* is reached; for a little way farther, to about the level of the *Staffel*, the line continues, and ends at the junction of the different paths leading to the Kulen, which is some hundreds of feet higher. Here we find a station building, and the traveller has reached the first famous point of view on the Righi. I ordered a little refreshment, took a hasty look around among the strangers, who, "*Berlepsch*" in hand, were admiring the superb prospect, and then started downward as I had come. How much more calmly can one enjoy the landscape, how light and free the respiration, when one walks on in this fashion toward all the splendors which meet the eye! In a short time I was back again at the bridge. The locomotive which had wheezed its way up in the mean time, was steaming in the tunnel, and this time I was glad enough to take a trip, and especially to risk the dreaded downward journey. I got in, the locomotive started, and the carriage rolled after, just as quietly as in a buggy on a country road. As I got out I had no occasion to investigate whether my joints were all in order, a research which we have to institute often enough on our railroads. The speed is, to be sure, not frantically swift; a good runner could keep up with it, down-hill, that is. An instance of this is, that it takes an hour, at least according to time-table, to get over the seventeen thousand feet or so of road. During the season there will be at most three regular trains daily, but extra trains according to occasion. That the road will be well supported, is sure, and it needs it, for the cost of construction amounts to the pretty little sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

That the line will steal from the mountain, as such, its poetic character, is a groundless assertion; no one of the Righi's characteristic beauties will be cast in the shade, and the utmost it can do will be to bring together a busier throng. The croakers will soon have to hold their tongues, and all voices will cry a hearty welcome to the new undertaking.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

"DIDN'T you hear it?"

"When?"

"Just now."

"No."

"They say it foretells death. Hush!"

The two men sat motionless. Not a sound broke the silence, not even a creak of the old boards in the floor, or a sigh of the wind, or a flapping shutter.

"They say it foretells death. I heard it last night and the night before. What's that?"

"Nothing. It's stiller than a graveyard."

"I heard it last night and the night before about this time, near one. 'Tain't a very pleasant sound, and this old garret's dismal enough any way."

"Monk, you're afraid. It's nothing. Don't waste no more time. I'm dead-tired and sleepy. You wouldn't have been in this old hole now if it hadn't been for Peters."

"No, if it hadn't been for Peters, the strike, like enough, would have took. But he won't stand in nobody's way again."

While Monk spoke, he drew out a sharp, slender knife, and ran his finger along the blade.

"I tell you, Shiftet, we must do it the night after this blast's done, and the men in the shed say the coal will run out on the 6th, that's to-morrow. When Peters is fixed, the manager will have to give in or quit runnin' the furnace."

Both men sat with their arms leaning on the table, and the flickering light of the tallow-candle between them showed two faces, rough and begrimed by smoke and soot, and disfigured by evil passions, though grew fiercer as they calmly plotted against the life of a fellow-being.

"We'll meet at one, where the roads cross. It'll be quiet then, and Peters's house is alone."

"I'll be all right," said Shiftet, with a grin that rendered his brute-like countenance doubly repulsive. "I'm confounded tired. Bring your candle and light me down them infernal stairs."

The men stood up. Monk, small and slim, was dwarfed by the almost giant stature of his companion. With a few parting words as to secrecy and silence, they separated.

Monk stood on the upper step until Shiftet disappeared, then closed the door and replaced the candle on the table.

The room, neither large nor small, was a mere hole, smoked, dirty, and unplastered, high up in a frame tenement-house. Two or three chairs, an old chest of drawers, a rickety bedstead, and pine table, composed its furniture. Some old boots and broken pieces of pig-iron lay scattered about. The small, box-shaped window was set just below where the ceiling or roof sloped to the wall. The only door led directly to the stairs that went down two, three flights to the ground. There were many such places in Agatha, where the furnace-hands lived.

Monk walked rapidly up and down the room, as if making an effort to wear off the excitement that the last few moments had brought upon him. His features had lost much of the malignant expression, which was by no means habitual. His countenance was not hardened or stamped with the impress of crime like Shiftet's, who had just parted from him at the door—a countenance in which every trace of conscience had long ago been erased. Monk's face was neither good nor bad, neither bright nor dull; but he was a man easily wrought into a passion, governed by impulse.

Crossing to the table, he slung his coat over a chair, and stretched out his hand to extinguish the light. Midway in the action he suddenly checked himself, looked hurriedly around the room for an instant, and stood motionless, with inclined head, listening intently. Not a sound disturbed the stillness. Pinching out the light, he threw himself on the bed, and in the darkness there soon came the heavy, regular respiration of sleep.

The houses at Agatha nestled under the north cliff. A hundred feet above them the railroad lost itself in the black mouth of a tunnel and reappeared beyond, a high wall of trestlework stretching southward down the valley to Ely's Mines. Hours ago, the toiling men and cattle had lain down to rest, and now the wild, rocky hills around slept in the moonlight. No sound broke upon the stillness but the muffled puff, puff, of the furnace, and a murmur of frogs that rose and fell interruptedly along the shrunken water-course. The cabins under the cliff shone white and sharp; the iron on the metal-switch flashed with a million gems; the rails upon the trestle, receding, turned to silver, and the foliage of early summer glittered on the trees. A few passionless stars blinked feebly in the yellow light, where the hill-tops cut against the sky, and sank below the verge. Calmly, peacefully waned the night—calmly and peacefully, as though the spirit of evil had not stalked abroad plotting the death and ruin of men's bodies and souls.

That narrow spot of ground, with the houses down in the valley, formed the world for four hundred people. The furnace-hands and their families saw nothing beyond the hills and rocks that hemmed in their village; knew nothing of the mad tumults outside. An untaught, sturdy race of men, they differed little one from another. Every day, when the sun rose, they went forth to toil, and every night, when the great furnace over the creek glimmered red, they lay down to sleep. But ignorance and superstition filled their hearts, and anger, and hate, and jealousy, were as rife among them as in the crowded cities.

Another day passed, and the night which followed it was dark and cloudy. Near midnight, the great bell signalled for the last run of iron. Occasionally blue flames leaped up from the furnace, lurid as the fiery tongues of a volcano. The long and narrow roof brooded

over the sand-bed like the black wings of some monster bird hovering in the air. Under its shadow groups of men were but wavering, dusky figures. Suddenly, as an electric flash, a dazzling yellow glare broke out, and a fierce, scorching, withering blast swept from an opening that seemed the mouth of hell itself. Slowly out of the burning cavern a hissing stream of molten iron came creeping down. It crawled, and turned and crawled, rib after rib, until it lay like some huge skeleton stretched upon the ground. A thin vapor floated up in the sulphurous air and quivered with reflected splendor. The scarlet-shirted men looked weird in the unearthly brightness. The yellow glow faded to red, that deepened to a blood-colored spot in the night. The bell rang to discharge the hands, and squads of men broke up, scattering in the dark.

Monk went to his garret-room, hesitated a moment at the door, then passed in and shut it so violently that the floor shook. He struck a match. In the brimstone light a horrible demon countenance wavered, blue and ghastly; but, when the candle flamed, it grew into Monk's face, covered by the black scowl of rage that had disfigured it once before—a rage that was freshly roused.

"If I'd had my knife, I'd have done it just now, when I stumbled against him. But he dies to-morrow night at—"

The words froze on his lips, and his black, scowling face was suddenly overspread by a strange pallor. He stood motionless, as if chained to the floor, his eyes darted quickly about, and he seemed to suspend his very breath.

A clear, distinct, ticking sound occurred at regular intervals for a minute, and left profound silence.

Monk raised his head.

"It's a sign of coming death. That's for Peters. There it is again!"

The strange sound, like a faint metallic click, repeated itself several times.

"D—n it! I don't like to hear the thing. But there *will* be a sudden death."

Time after time Monk heard at intervals the same faint sound, like the ticking of a watch for a minute, and it made his blood run cold. He found himself listening to it with terror, and in the long silence, always straining his ears to catch it, always expecting, dreading its repetition, until the thing grew more horrible to him than a nightmare. Sometimes he would fall into a doze, and, waking with a start, hear it, while cold perspiration broke in drops on his forehead.

It grew intolerable. He swore he would find the thing and kill it, but it mocked him in his search. The sound seemed to come from the table, but when he stood beside the table it ticked so distinctly at the window that he thought he could put his finger on the spot; but when he tried to, it had changed again, and sounded at the head of his bed. Sometimes it seemed close at his right, and he turned only to hear it on the other side, then in front, then behind. Again and again he searched, and swore in his exasperation and disappointment.

The sound became exaggerated by his distempered imagination, till he trembled lest some one else should hear this omen which so plainly foretold his anticipated crime. Once an hour dragged by, and his unseen tormentor was silent. His eyes, that had glittered with deadly hatred, now wore a startled look, and wandered restlessly about the room.

An owl, that perched on the topmost branch of a high tree near by, screamed loud and long. A bat flew in at the open window, banged against the ceiling, and darted out.

Monk shivered. Leaning his head between his arms, he drummed nervously on the table with his fingers. Instantly the clear metallic click sounded again. He looked up, and a strange light broke into his face, a mixed expression of amazement and fright. For a moment he seemed stupefied, then raising his hand he tapped lightly against the wood with his finger-nail. The last tap had not died until it was answered by what seemed like a fainter repetition of itself.

Uttering a fearful oath, Monk recoiled from the table, but, as if drawn back and held by a weird fascination, he sat an hour striking the hard surface with his nails, and pausing for the response that each time came clear and distinct.

Gray streaks crept along the east, and quivered like a faded fringe bordering the black canopy. Still he sat tapping, but no answer

came. He waited, listened vainly; no echo, no sound, and the dull, hueless light of the cloudy morning glimmered at his window. Then he threw himself on his bed and fell into restless slumbers.

A damp thick fog enveloped the houses in its slimy embrace. At nightfall its reeking folds gathered themselves from the ground, and a noiseless drizzle came suddenly down.

Monk had not stirred from his room all day. The feverish sleep into which he had fallen fled from him before noon, and now he stood at his window looking out into the blackness. A clammy air blew against his face. He stretched out his hand and drew it back suddenly, as if he had touched the dead. It was cold and moist. He rubbed it violently against his clothes, as though he could not wipe off the dampness. A tremor seized upon him. Hark! was that the dripping of water? No. A sickly smile played over his countenance. He went to the table and tapped lightly with his fingers, as he had done before. In another moment the taps were answered, and he involuntarily counted as they came, one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—then all was silent. He made the call a second time, he tried it over and over, and at each response it ticked seven times, never more, never less, but seven times clearly, distinctly. Suddenly he sprang up, and through shut teeth hissed:

"The seventh day, by Heaven! But I'll cheat you—I'll not kill him!"

He darted noiselessly down the stairs, and struck out through the woods. In half an hour he emerged on the edge of a clearing, a dozen yards from a chopper's cabin. Creeping stealthily to the door he shook it, then after a moment's irresolution cried out:

"Peters! Peters! look out for Shiftet. He has sworn to murder you to-night."

Without waiting for a reply he sprang away, and was quickly lost among the trees.

A moment afterward a tall form arose out of the shadow of a stump near the cabin, and passed rapidly in an opposite direction.

At the summit of the hill east of Agatha, a steep precipice is formed by a great, bare, projecting rock. From the valley, its outline resembles an enormous face in profile, and they call it "The Devil's Head." The full moon rendered the unbroken mass of cloud translucent, producing a peculiarly sinister effect. The mist still blew through the air, but in the zenith there was a dull ashen hue, and the surrounding cloud was the color of earth. The far-off hills loomed up majestic, terrible, against the gloom; nearer objects were strangely magnified in the tawny light. At the foot of this phantom crag, on a terrace, is the ore-bank and blackened coal-shed. Below rose the metal-stack, from whose stone hearth a waste of sand sloped gently to the creek. The furnace squatted grim and black. Its blood-shot eye was shut; its gaping throat uttered no sigh, no groan; its throbbing pulse was stilled—the fierce, struggling monster was dead. The only bright spot in all the valley was the yellow circle made by the watchman's lantern in the coal-shed.

After leaving the "choppings," Monk threaded his way through the forest, coming out at last on the open road. This road led directly over the "Devil's Head," and entered the valley by a steep descent half a mile to the south. At the precipice Monk paused. The wind eddied with a mournful wail, and the constant motion of tall trees gave the scene almost the wavering, unsubstantial appearance of a vision. There was something oppressive in this strange midnight twilight, but Monk did not feel it. He only felt relief, inexpressible relief; he only stopped there to breathe, to breathe freely once more with the heavy weight thrown from him. After a moment he ran carelessly down the hill, passed under the ore-cars and into the coal-shed. He hailed Patterson, the watchman, and the lantern threw gigantic shadows of the two men over the ground. Then he walked along the narrow cinder-road leading to the bridge over the creek. Sometimes the willows, that grew on either side, swept their damp hair against his face. An hour ago he would have started convulsively, now he heeded not, for he was free and light of heart.

Monk reached the stairs, and ascended to his room. As he passed in, the powerful figure of Shiftet sprang upon him from behind. There was a scuffle, some muttered oaths, then a heavy fall. Monk lay stretched upon the floor motionless, lifeless, and the echo of fleeing steps died away, leaving the place still as the now silent *death-watch*.

FLORENCE McLANDBURGH.

SONNET

TO THE AUTHORESS OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

FLUSHED in the blended dawn of youth and art
 Thou stand'st, sweet Priestess! their fresh splendors spread,
 Half halo-wise, around thy radiant head,
 And all their soft enchantments in thy heart;
 Heaven grant thee grace to bear thy glorious part
 In the brave toils to which thy soul is wed;
 May all thy wingèd fancies, nobly sped,
 Like birds of happy omen, range the mart,
 And wild alike, to find their favored rest,
 (Laden with olive-leaves, and sprays of love),
 In many a troubled home and anguished breast;
 And ever may thy mind's aspiring aim
 Glance sunward, fixed on shining goals, above
 The transient glowworm lights of mortal fame!

A VISIT TO ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV RASCH.

IT was a beautiful, clear winter's day, in the month of February, 1870. The sky was cloudless, and the sun shone forth in all its splendor, but imparted little warmth to the cold and bracing air. It was one of those February days that seemed to have halted on its journey, and, amid surroundings of snow and ice, to remind us that we were on the verge of spring.

I was seated in a handsomely-furnished apartment at the Hôtel de Bavière in Paris. Carlotta Deckner had just finished playing Ernst's "Elegy." She had rendered this exquisite *morceau* in truly splendid style, and was still holding her magnificent cremona in her hand. She cast her beautiful dark eyes first at her violin; then, laying it aside, she looked at me inquiringly. I understood the expression of those eyes, and said:

"Miss Carlotta, your artistic and delicate play has made a deep impression upon my mind. I am enraptured and carried away by the spell of your marvellous execution, so that even now the sweet and dulcet melody of Ernst's immortal masterpiece sounds in my ear. I can only say that you have rendered it in an exquisite and delightful manner. I hope you will play the 'Elegy' when you give your next concert."

Carlotta answered:

"Certainly; I shall play the 'Elegy' on that occasion. I intend to commence the second part of my programme with this *pièce de résistance*. But what do you say—suppose we pay our proposed visit to Alexandre Dumas to-day? My concert will take place day after tomorrow. I will invite him. Didn't you say, the other day, that you would like to make the acquaintance of the author of 'Le Comte de Monte Cristo?' I called on him about a week ago, in company with my sister Stéphanie; he received us with great cordiality and kindness. I want him to write a line in my album. His daughter is charming. We shall find her at home about this time."

"I am very much pleased with your proposition, Miss Carlotta," I replied. "Let us start as soon as possible. *A propos*, I must not forget to fulfil a promise which I made to Louisa Mühlbach. She requested me to give her best respects to the famous French author, if I should succeed in having an interview with him. And, then, the sun shines so bright to-day. It is not often that the inhabitants of Paris are favored with such a splendid day as this in the month of February."

I rang the bell, and ordered a carriage. It is a considerable distance from the Rue de Conservatoire to the Boulevard Malesherbes. In the course of half an hour we alighted in front of a large four-story house, situated on the Boulevard Malesherbes, not far from the Parc Monceau. We ascended a broad marble staircase, until we had reached the fourth floor. Upon ringing the bell, an elderly female came to the door. She took our cards, and went back into the room. In the course of a few minutes, she returned with an invitation to come in. We entered a spacious apartment. A library-table stood on the right of the

door, near one of the windows. At this table sat a middle-sized gentleman of powerful frame and olive complexion. His eyes were as black as jet. His hair, which had once been of the same color, was quite white, short, curly, and standing up, as if its owner often ran his fingers through it. He turned around as we entered, and, when his eyes fell on Carlotta—who, as I have already mentioned, had once before called on him, together with her sister—he rose from his seat. Smiling and putting out his hand, he advanced and welcomed us in a very hearty manner.

Alexandre Dumas was born at Villers-Cotterets, on the 24th of July, 1803; at the time of our visit he was, consequently, sixty-seven years of age. His father was Alexandre Davy Dumas (de la Pailleterie), a French general, born in Jérémie, Hayti, on the 25th of March, 1762. He was the son of a wealthy planter, the Marquis Antoine Davy de la Pailleterie, by an African negro-girl named Tinette Dumas. It is said that the Marquis de la Pailleterie for several years held the position of Governor of St. Domingo. But he soon returned to France, taking his son with him. At the age of fourteen, the boy entered the French army, and enlisted, under his mother's name of Dumas, as a private in a cavalry-regiment. He made himself known by his vivacious temper, handsome figure, and prodigious strength, being able, it is said, to strangle a horse between his knees; but this did not much improve his condition, as at the age of sixteen years he was merely a non-commissioned officer. But, while serving under Dumouriez, he performed several daring acts, distinguishing himself by great personal courage in all the engagements in which he participated, and soon displayed soldierly abilities which pointed him out for promotion. He rapidly passed through every rank, until, in September, 1798, he was appointed general of division. In 1796 and 1797 he served in Italy under Bonaparte, and was especially employed in the Tyrol, where, at the battle of Brixen, he alone defended a bridge against the enemy, giving the French time to come to the rescue, in consequence of which Bonaparte presented him to the Directory as "the Horatius Coclès of the Tyrol." He served with no less distinction in Egypt; but upon some disagreement with Berthier he departed for France. The ship on board of which he had embarked being obliged to put into Taranto, he was arrested by the Neapolitan government, and detained for two years. After his release, the first consul declined to give him an appointment, on account of his republican opinions. He retired to Villers-Cotterets, a small town, where he had married. Here he remained in private life until his death, which took place on the 26th of February, 1806. He died of consumption, in a state bordering on destitution.

The son of this General Dumas, and grandson of the Marquis de la Pailleterie and of the negro-girl Tinette Dumas, is the famous author of "Le Comte de Monte-Cristo."

Carlotta introduced me to him; he extended to me a very cordial welcome. At a small desk, which stood in a corner on the farther end of the room, and which was covered with books, manuscripts, and papers, sat the private secretary of Dumas, a handsome young man, with mustache and goatee, leisurely writing. Upon seeing us enter, he too got up from his seat, and, pushing two commodious arm-chairs in front of the fire which was burning in a grate, politely requested us to be seated. He then resumed his work. Dumas remained standing, with his right arm leaning on the mantel-piece.

The apartment presented a very comfortable appearance; it was papered with a delicately-tinted paper, and its deeply-recessed windows looked out upon the boulevard. They were draped with some soft-textured blue material. Besides the library-table and the secretary's writing-desk, the furniture of the room consisted of half a dozen chairs, a handsomely-carved oaken table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, and a very large bedstead, covered with a fine quilt. This latter piece of furniture took up considerable room. The walls were hung with a number of pictures; there were some really fine oil-paintings among them. The most prominent one, which attracted my attention, was the life-size portrait of a middle-aged man. "My son," said Alexandre Dumas, smiling, when he noticed that this picture, of all others, interested me. He at the same time cast a look at it, full of the most tender love. "He is not at all fond of handsome women," he then added, turning to Carlotta. It was in vain that I tried to find an ironical expression in his countenance, as he uttered these words. The only expression which his olive-complexioned smiling features wore, as he looked at his son's portrait, was one of tenderness and fatherly love.

Alexandre Dumas, though the son of a white woman, presented all

the characteristics of the mulatto. Indeed, it is said that he showed his descent from the negro race even more strongly than his father did.

His dress, on the occasion of our visit, was somewhat showy and grotesque. It consisted of a pair of wide linen trousers, a pair of shoes made of green leather, and a short coat of dark-blue velvet, cut in the shape of a blouse. It was unbuttoned, and displayed an expanse of shirt-front between a pair of heavy shoulders. His powerful, muscular neck was bare, with the exception of a silken tie which he wore under a shirt-collar of immaculate whiteness.

"I am pretty sure you do not know where I saw you for the first time, M. Dumas," I said, as we were comfortably seated before the blazing fire. "It was nearly ten years ago, at Naples, at the entrance of the Cabinetto Reservato in the Museo Borbonico, which you had caused to be opened. I accompanied the captain who entered with you."

"Ah, yes, I remember! A military officer, a gentleman in citizen's dress, and several soldiers, entered together with the masons, to whom I had given directions to break open the door. So you were the gentleman in citizen's dress?"

"It was I. But there is still another city besides Naples which both you and I have visited, though not at the same time," I said—"Marseilles. I, of course, went to see that horrible prison, Castle If, which has been rendered famous by your work 'Le Comte de Monte Cristo.' The old wife of the castellan—I suppose you recollect her—conducted me to the cells of Abbé Faria and of Edmond Dantes, after she had shown me the dungeon of the Duke of Orleans and that of the Man with the Iron Mask."

Alexandre Dumas smiled.

"Abbé Faria and Edmond Dantes have never existed, except in my imagination," he said; "they are both fictitious persons. So the castellan's wife spoke of them to you as of two persons who had in reality been incarcerated in Castle If? That is strange, very strange, indeed!"

"Certainly she did. But I must beg your pardon for what I am going to say. Edmond Dantes and Abbé Faria have been imprisoned in Castle If, the former during the space of twelve years, while Faria spent fourteen years in his horrible dungeon, where he died, having become a maniac. It is said that he was an Italian conspirator. Edmond Dantes was released after having been incarcerated for twelve long years. He had been accused of sympathizing with the Bonapartists. Both prisoners were never granted a trial; they were never brought before a tribunal. The two unfortunate men were arrested at the instance of the King of France, and were by him imprisoned in Castle If."

Alexandre Dumas looked at me with an expression of countenance which it is not quite easy to describe. The glance of his eyes seemed to indicate his impression that he was confronting a person who, with the greatest possible nonchalance, tells an incredible story, with the expectation that his gullible hearers will accept as true all he says. After the lapse of a few moments, Dumas exclaimed: "I tell you, Edmond Dantes and Abbé Faria never existed in reality; I have invented both *caractères*."

"You are mistaken, M. Dumas," I answered. "Both prisoners are historical personages, of whom you have made use for the better illustration of your work. The Count of Monte Cristo, I admit, is an invention of your *fantaisie*, the product of your imagination; but Captain Edmond Dantes is an historical personage, and so is Abbé Faria."

Our conversation had, indeed, entered upon an interesting phase. When, full twenty years ago, in silent rapture, I perused one of the most famous works of the celebrated French author, I little thought that, at some future day, I was to carry on an animated discussion with him as to whether two of his most celebrated characters were truth or fiction. In support of my side of the question, I simply cited historical facts; still, I did not succeed in convincing Dumas that he was in the wrong, although I assured him that he might accept my information as historically reliable. He remained firm in his assertion that he had been "the original inventor" of the two characters in question. Entirely ignoring whatever arguments I had advanced in order to convince him that he was mistaken, he at last said: "I will now prove to you beyond a doubt that I invented both Abbé Faria and Edmond Dantes. Listen! When my work 'Le Comte de Monte Cristo' was first published, it created quite a sensation in France, whereupon

the city of Marseilles offered to make me a present of the house in which Mercedes had lived. All endeavors, however, to find this house were in vain; its location could not be ascertained. I informed the commune of Marseilles that Mercedes was a fictitious person, who had been in existence only in my *imagination*; and that, consequently, the city of Marseilles might save itself all further trouble in trying to find the house. Are you convinced?"

"Not at all! I am perfectly willing to admit that Mercedes has had her existence exclusively in your imagination. As to Edmond Dantes and Abbé Faria, however, I still maintain that both are historical personages. In order to write an article about Marseilles and Castle If, I some time ago made minute researches into the history of the epoch to which you refer in 'Le Comte de Monte Cristo;' and I can assure you that I have found ample proof in support of my assertion, viz., that both Edmond Dantes and Abbé Faria have been inmates of Castle If. The *historical* records which I have examined furnish sufficient evidence of this end."

Our dispute could not be brought to a final decision, there being no historian present to act as umpire. We therefore changed the subject of our conversation. Carlotta invited Dumas to attend her concert, at the same time laying two tickets on the table. He returned thanks in the most complimentary terms for her kindness, adding, however, that he should not be able to come in person. While expressing his regret at his inability to be present on that occasion, he stated that he never went out, but he would give the tickets to his daughter, who would with much pleasure attend the concert in his place.

"Do you know my daughter?" he continued, addressing this question to me. Upon my informing him that I had not the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance, he said to his secretary: "Henri, please call my daughter!" He then added: "Of course, you must make the acquaintance of my daughter!"

While the secretary was gone, Carlotta asked, very much astonished: "Did I understand you to say that you never go out, M. Dumas? Why not?"

"I don't feel like climbing up and down eighty-six steps every time I want to go into the street. I am an old man. My son—" he again cast a look full of fatherly love and tenderness at the before-mentioned life-size portrait of the author of "Camille"—comes to see me quite often, and asks me to go out with him; but I invariably refuse to comply with his request."

"But do you never go to the theatre?" Carlotta continued. "Do you never go to see a new piece?"

"No; I don't care for that. I myself have written too much for the stage, and I feel no desire to attend any more theatrical performances."

"And do you never go to the opera?"

"No; I have heard plenty of music in my lifetime."

Here the secretary returned and informed us that *madame* would make her appearance in the course of a few minutes. Carlotta requested the author of "Le Comte de Monte Cristo" to favor her with his autograph for her album. He readily consented, and, asking the secretary for pen and ink, and calling Carlotta *mon bijou*, he wrote a few lines on a leaf of the album. She asked for another autograph, which she wanted to give to a lady friend in Germany. Dumas also complied with this request. I then spoke to him about Louisa Mühlbach, the celebrated German novelist. He said that he had quite recently read an article about the German authoress in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He requested me to return his compliments to her without fail. I then asked him what work he was engaged on. He replied that he was occupied on his new novel, entitled "Création et Rédemption," which at that time was being published in the *feuilleton* of the *Siècle*. He added that he considered this novel one of his best productions; then, turning to Carlotta, he spoke to her about Pesth, which place he had visited in order to superintend the performances of some of his dramas at the "Hungarian Theatre" in that city.

It is not generally known that Dumas was married; such was the case, however. He was united in marriage in 1842 to Mlle. Ida Ferrier, an actress of the "Porte St. Martin."

Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a lady. Her figure was tall and slender, while her features were regular and handsome. Her luxuriant dark-brown hair shaded her smooth brow, and her dark eyes were large and luminous. I could not doubt for a moment who this lady was. Carlotta rose and was welcomed by her in the most cordial manner. Alexandre Dumas, addressing me,

then said, "My daughter!" He caught hold of her hand and looked at her with a kind and tender expression of countenance.

She took a seat near the fireplace, and promised Carlotta that she would come to the concert. Our conversation then turned on different subjects; we spoke about the unusually fine winter weather, music, the drama, etc. At last Carlotta said to me: "I suppose you are not aware that M. Dumas's daughter is quite an *artiste*?" Then, addressing that lady, she added: "Will you not be so kind as to show this gentleman those pictures from 'Faust' in the *salon*?" Dumas's daughter at once consented, and requested me to step into an adjoining room. We all rose; Carlotta and I took our leave of Alexandre Dumas. He pressed his lips upon Carlotta's hand and handed her a letter of introduction, which, during our conversation with his daughter, he had caused to be addressed by his secretary to one of his *confrères*, requesting him to write an editorial notice of Carlotta's concert in one of the principal daily papers.

The only daughter of Alexandre Dumas had been married to a Spaniard. She obtained a divorce from him several years ago. Since that time she has lived with her father, superintending his household affairs. After the separation from her husband had taken place, she again assumed the celebrated name of her father. At the time of our visit to Alexandre Dumas, he was once more in reduced circumstances. Strictly speaking, his financial affairs have *always* been deranged, notwithstanding the very large income which he has enjoyed through the production of an enormous number of novels and dramas. No other European author has ever been in receipt of any thing like a similar revenue. Money, however, possesses no value in Dumas's eyes. He was brought up at Villers-Cotterets, in which place he remained till he attained his nineteenth year, when the pressure of family difficulties sent him to Paris. After his father's death, he was left to the care of his mother, who left him entirely to his own guidance. She sent him, indeed, to school; but the boy was very irregular in his attendance, learned very little French, and less Latin, but became a good horseman, billiard-player, fencer, and shot. At the age of fifteen he was placed as copying clerk with a notary, by whom he was employed for several years.

At that time there resided at Villers-Cotterets a family by the name of De Leuven, which had left Paris in 1815, an eventful year, which brought about vast changes in that city. A member of this family, Adolphe de Leuven, was possessed of some little dramatic talent, and employed his leisure hours in writing *vaudevilles*. He encouraged young Dumas to try his luck in the same line. Together they now wrote three plays; but, unfortunately, these productions were returned to them by the managers of the different theatres in Paris. But Alexandre Dumas did not lose courage. He went to Paris, in order to seek his fortune, arriving in that city with only a few *louis d'or* in his pocket. He took lodgings in a garret on the fourth floor of a house fronting the Place des Italiens. Being personally without influential friends, and as poor as a church-mouse, it was up-hill work with him. He experienced all the hardships of the young scribbler's fate. At last an idea struck him. He applied to his father's friends to obtain employment for him. Marshal Jourdan, Marshal Sebastiani, and the Duke de Belluno, were among this number. He visited them all; but the reception he met with at their hands was not very encouraging. After several disappointments, he was befriended by General Foy, who procured for him a small office in the household of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans. His salary amounted to twelve hundred francs per year, "in consideration of his excellent penmanship." This sum was a fortune to the young man.

"For the present I shall live by my penmanship, general," he said to General Foy; "but I promise you that one day I shall live by my pen alone!"

Alexandre Dumas kept his promise. There never lived another author who squandered as much money as he did, after first earning it by strokes of his pen. His son—Alexandre Dumas fils, as he is generally called—makes up for the old gentleman's extravagance. The author of "*La Dame aux Camélias*" is said to be very saving. A French writer says: "Dumas fils presents a striking contrast to his father; instead of imprudently lavishing his wit and money, he uses both with a sparing hand."

Still, Alexandre Dumas's success was not established quite so soon as he had expected. Like all other men of genius who have won their way to fame and fortune by strokes of the pen, Dumas had to toil and achieve greatness step by step. It was, as I have said, a rough road

for him; but he spurned all obstacles, until he commenced that career which he followed with such persistency and indomitable pluck that success—a great success—at last crowned his efforts. Since then, how many bright scintillations have burned and dropped from his almost magic pen! For freshness and conciseness of dialogue, he has had but few equals.

But, to return to the period when Dumas first arrived in Paris. A play written by him and his friend in Villers-Cotterets shared the fate of their former dramatic efforts. They could not get it placed on the stage even by managers of the minor theatres. Yet Dumas struggled on through many and hard privations, and suffered all the well-known trials of young authors. He wrote another play, and for this succeeded in finding a purchaser. He received for it the sum of four francs. His next effort yielded him six francs. Then followed two dramas, which, being considered failures by the managers to whom they had been sent, were never brought out. Dumas now wrote his tragedy "*Christine*," or "*Stockholm, Fontainebleau et Rome*," and through this effort became a *protégé* of Charles Nodier. The latter induced Baron Taylor, at that time "royal commissary" of the Théâtre Français, to accept Dumas's tragedy, in order to have it produced at this establishment. But here another misfortune befell the young author. Baron Taylor made a tour to Egypt, and his secretary refused to place Dumas's tragedy upon the stage of the Théâtre Français in his absence. Dumas was almost beside himself. At last the contending parties agreed that they would leave the decision to Picard.

"Do you possess means?" he asked Dumas.

"Not one sou."

"Well, how do you manage to live?"

"I hold a situation which yields me a yearly salary of twelve hundred francs."

"My young friend," said Picard, "I advise you to keep your situation, and to attend well to your duties. That is far more sensible than writing for the stage."

This cruel advice was truly disheartening. But Dumas was not to be discouraged in this manner. He at once set to work and wrote an historical play, entitled "*Henri III et sa Cour*." With the aid of the Duke of Orleans, who in the mean time had procured for him the comfortable position of librarian in the library of the Palais Royal, which was quite a change for the better, when compared with his old situation in the duke's household, he at last succeeded in having this drama placed upon the stage of the Théâtre Français. It was brought out in 1828, and, although constructed with utter disregard of the ordinary rules, it was well received, and created a lively sensation. It was vigorously assailed by the critics; but it was enthusiastically applauded by the public. The young author realized from this drama no less than thirty thousand francs in a few months. His tragedy "*Christine*," or "*Stockholm, Fontainebleau et Rome*," which was brought out at the Odéon in 1830, also met with decided success; and new pieces from his fertile pen appeared in rapid succession, which, while eliciting severe criticism, drew crowded houses. Dumas was now unquestionably the first among the French dramatists. His star had risen above the dramatic firmament of France; it rose still higher from year to year. Dumas was soon in the very zenith of his triumph, and thus found himself in the possession of fame and fortune. He was *fêted*, flattered, and caressed beyond measure, and had no reason to be sorry that he had embraced writing for the stage as a profession. It is almost incredible what large sums of money he received for his literary productions; for soon he did not confine himself to writing for the stage alone. As a dramatic writer he was remarkable for the aptitude he displayed in writing on all subjects, and for the originality of his ideas.

In the mean time, however, the stage, as I have said, had already begun to prove too small a field for his talent and ambition. His active mind aimed at still higher pursuits. The success with which his dramatic efforts had been attended first induced Dumas to entertain the idea of entering the field of novel-writing, and with the boldness of true genius he ventured to write several works of this character. The result is well known. He began with "*Isabelle de Bavière*," a romantic picture of France in the fifteenth century. The public soon found that the stirring dramatist was a still more enticing story-teller. Dumas himself had not been aware how great a talent he possessed for story-telling. Some of his novels have had a larger circulation than any other productions of this description. Their success has been marvellous. It is not too much to say that they have caused a com-

plete revolution in French novel-writing. They are remarkable for their dramatic interest, and, notwithstanding the faults incident to his writing so much and so fast, his books enjoy a popularity, even in other languages, such as few can boast. It is probable that literary labor never before brought a man so large a fortune. In skillfulness of arrangement, vivacity and sustained interest of narrative, and inventive faculty, no living French author rivals him; but it cannot be denied that most of his writings pander to a morbid love of the extravagant, eccentric, melodramatic, and frivolous, and tend rather to amuse and dazzle the fancy than to produce any abiding influence upon the mind of the reader. From the time when "*Le Comte de Monte Cristo*" was first published to the present day, there have been, probably, over half a million copies sold in France alone. Before the appearance of this work, Dumas's name had been but little mentioned outside of France. It is well known that this novel made a prodigious sensation, and that Dumas soon acquired world-wide celebrity as its author. Probably no literary work, published in Europe or America, ever won so much attention as this. Dumas has written plenty of other novels; but none of them became so famous as "*Le Comte de Monte Cristo*." This production has been called a *chef-d'œuvre* even by Dumas's enemies, and as such it will remain forever a monument of the literary abilities and genius of the author.

The English translations of Dumas's principal novels have attained an immense circulation in the United States.

The time had indeed come to which the poor employé in the household of the Duke of Orleans had alluded, when, addressing General Foy in prophetic language, he confidently asserted: "*Je vais vivre de mon écriture; mais je vous promets de vivre un jour de ma plume!*"

Unfortunately, Dumas turned out to be a great spendthrift; he squandered millions upon travels, villas, horses, equipages, presents, dinners, and suppers. Previous to 1848 he had undertaken, near Saint-Germain, the building of a small but fantastic and costly country-seat, which became celebrated under the name of *Château de Monte Cristo*. The Revolution cutting short his means, the *château*, upon which he had already expended four hundred and fifty thousand francs, was offered at auction in 1854, and sold for less than a tenth of its original cost.

One day, Dumas paid a visit to one of his numerous friends. When taking his leave, he said: "I have left my pocket-book at home. Please let me have twenty louis d'or." His friend handed him the money. Dumas gave these twenty louis d'or to the servant who helped him to put on his overcoat. He then entered his *fiacre* and drove away. In the course of an hour he brought up before the house of another friend. He was about to pay the driver; on putting his hand in his pocket, however, he noticed that he had no money. He entered the house, borrowed ten louis d'or from his friend, went to the door, made the driver of the *fiacre* a present of the ten louis d'or, and then took a long walk on the boulevards. There are hundreds of anecdotes of this character regarding Alexandre Dumas in circulation in Paris. When Isabella, the lately-exiled Queen of Spain, at the age of only fifteen years mounted the Spanish throne through the intrigues of the *moderados*, who wished to keep the reins of government in their hands, Dumas succeeded in being sent to Madrid in some official capacity. Upon his arrival at the Spanish capital, he immediately assumed the title of his grandfather, Marquis de la Pailletterie; and by the most lavish and extravagant expenditure of money, as well as by the display of great pomp and show on the occasion of the young queen's coronation, he attracted much attention, and entirely threw into the shade the ambassadors of all the European monarchs. One day he attended a bull-fight, and at the end of the performance threw to the *matador*, who had killed the last bull, a cigar-case, richly inlaid with pearls and diamonds, representing in all the sum of *thirty thousand francs!* Is it to be wondered at that, under these circumstances, of all the money that the French reading public and French play-goers for years and years have been putting in his pockets, not a single franc has been left? Only a short time before I called on Dumas at his residence on the Boulevard Malesherbes, up four flights of stairs, his creditors had once more found themselves compelled to hold a meeting, on which occasion a committee was appointed, upon which devolved the duty to take in hand the management of his financial affairs. This committee took charge of whatever income Dumas was still in receipt of from publishers and stage-managers. Out of this revenue it paid part of his debts, giving, however, to his daughter sufficient money for the defrayal of all necessary household expenses.

The saloon, to which Dumas's daughter escorted Carlotta and myself, was neither very spacious nor handsome. Its furniture was of a very plain description. The walls were adorned with pictures, painted by herself and representing scenes from "*Faust*;" they were not unimportant in merit. It was quite chilly in the saloon; no fire burnt in the grate of the large fireplace. Marie Dumas noticed that Carlotta and I felt uncomfortably cold. "Come into my room, it is too cold here," she said, when I had finished my examination of *Faust*, *Gretchen*, and *Mephistopheles*. Her apartment was small, but every thing about it wore a cheerful look. It was neatly furnished, with due regard to taste and comfort. Before the window, which looked out on a little grass-plot in the rear of the house, stood a few choice exotics. The floor was covered with a handsome, heavy Brussels carpet. An upright piano stood near the window, while a very well-executed portrait of Alexandre Dumas hung over the mantel-piece. We sat down before a cheery fire and spent another hour in pleasant conversation on different subjects. Marie Dumas spoke quite enthusiastically of Spain, she having accompanied her father on a pleasure-tour through that country. Carlotta and I then took our leave, after having received an urgent invitation to call again at an early day.

A few days after my visit to Dumas, I met in the garden of the Tuileries an *attaché* of the Prussian legation at Paris with whom I was well acquainted. I told him of my visit. "What is that?" he exclaimed, laughing; "has Dumas really told you that he never leaves his room, that he never goes to a theatre, and that he never attends a concert? Why, I met him on the Boulevard des Italiens only a few days ago. He very frequently goes to the theatre, for he is entirely too vain to forego the personal gratification of showing himself in public from time to time. He always occupies a seat in one of the proscenium boxes. Did you say he spoke with paternal affection regarding his son? I assure you that father and son have no intercourse whatever. It is very seldom, indeed, that they meet one another. His love for his daughter, however, is real; and she fully deserves her father's affection; she is an estimable lady, of charming, benevolent temper, and her good-nature, attractive presence, and pleasant manners, have won for her the hearts of those who have the good fortune of being acquainted with her. But I do not mean to say that Dumas has intentionally told you that batch of lies. His *fantaisie* often carries him beyond the bounds of veracity. His imaginative power is of a tremendous order. I am candidly of the opinion that he made to you those communications in perfect good faith, and that, for the time being, he really believed to be true all that he told you. Maybe that, when you called on him, he was just engaged on the composition of a new novel; depicting the miseries of some unfortunate invalid, who is confined to his room and prevented from going to the theatre or from attending a concert. Or, perhaps, he was just describing the parental affection of a loving, tender-hearted father, and his boundless imagination so worked upon his mind that he fancied himself to be the invalid or the tender-hearted parent. We can take a stroll to the Boulevard Malesherbes some day next week if you should feel inclined to do so, and we can then pay another visit to Dumas and his daughter. I am well acquainted with both of them."

Unfortunately, I was prevented from making this proposed visit in company with my friend. I left Paris without having seen Alexandre Dumas a second time. I thus had no opportunity to come to a final understanding with the celebrated author of "*Le Comte de Monte Cristo*" regarding our dispute—whether Edmond Dantes and Abbé Faria have been human beings of flesh and blood, or whether they existed only in the author's tremendous imagination.

Alexandre Dumas died at Dieppe on the 9th of December, 1870, having attained not quite his sixty-eighth year when his summons came. Few men have written so industriously and successfully as he for the past forty-five years, and none so well in what must be called his *spécialité*—the historical French drama and novel—of which he must be regarded as the founder. Such was the confidence of Dumas in the fertility of his imagination that, in 1846, he made a contract to furnish two newspapers with an amount of manuscript equal to sixty volumes a year; and this exclusive of his plays and other occasional productions. Such abnormal fecundity raised the question whether he was really the author of the books bearing his name. A lawsuit, in 1847, with the directors of the *Presse* and *Constitutionnel* brought to light the fact that he had engaged to furnish those journals with more volumes than a rapid writer could even copy.

SKETCHES WITH PEN AND PENCIL.—NO. 1.

By F. O. C. DARLEY.

ITALIAN SCENES.

THERE certainly is no country in the world more fitted to charm the eye of every lover of the picturesque, than beautiful Italy. Forlorn as are most of the towns and villages through which you pass, afflicted with any amount of dirt, and every variety of odor, they never fail to supply the artist with endless subjects for his portfolio; though so animated is the whole scene, so full of life, so continually changing, that no sooner has he put pencil to paper—than—"Presto, change!" the whole thing becomes a dissolving view, group after group rapidly succeeding each other like the motley figures in a magic-lantern. The tortuous streets turning and twisting right and left, are ill-paved, have no sidewalks, and are so narrow as to admit only a

grave of aspect, with the scholar's pallid complexion, and absorbed, apparently, in the study of some holy book, on which his keen, dark eyes are reverently bent. Many, however, are not quite so ascetic in appearance, often bearing beneath their long robes aldermanic proportions, that "shake when they laugh, like a bowl full of jelly," and you cannot help thinking, as you look at the broad, humorous face, and observe the fat fingers that protrude from the sleeve to make the sign of the cross, while passing one of the street-shrines, how well the good Italians feed their saints.

One can hardly call the street-shrines picturesque, with their poor Madonnas almost smothered in garlands, crowns, and flowers—sometimes there is only a wretched daub under a glass case, exposing a



RETURNING FROM THE COUNTRY FAIR.

glimpse of clear blue sky between the unwholesome-looking houses, sending down here and there a bright ray of light upon the countless crowds that swarm below. Among them what capital groups, lounging about in every variety of easy attitude! There seems to be an innate sense of beauty in these extraordinary tatterdemalions, who carry their weather-beaten drapery in a fashion that would not ill become the noblest signor, and you doubt, as you observe their extreme loftiness of bearing and perfect unconcern, whether they would be willing to exchange positions with Victor Emmanuel himself. The very beggar that clings to your carriage-wheels thanks you for the trifle you throw him with an ease and grace that almost makes you feel ashamed of your very limited charity. The unfortunate donkey never fails to make his appearance, staggering along under a pile of firewood, and with huge panniers crammed with fruit, vegetables, and poultry; his driver sprawling above all, face down, like a frog sunning himself on the surface of a pond. No Italian street would be complete without the monk; there, you are sure to see him pacing quietly along, with his cowl thrown back from his shaven crown, and the ample folds of his brown frock falling to his stockingless, sandalled feet; sometimes

blood-dropping heart, pierced with many daggers, like a cushion stuck full of pins. The little stone wayside shrine, often moss-stained and wreathed with vines, its red-tiled roof protecting from the weather the carved, unadorned figure beneath, is a much more interesting object. I remember, on one of my sketching expeditions, being quite charmed with the capital effect of a peasant at his devotions in front of one of these. His goat-skin breeches, his leggins bound with leathern thongs, his tattered blue cloak, his really fine head with flowing hair and beard, were quite striking, and you could scarcely doubt his sincerity as you saw him bending with closed eyes and telling his beads before the rude object of his devotion.

Another character, almost as familiar to the eye of the traveller as the monk, is the goat-milker, followed by his hirsute family of "milky mothers;" his shaggy head, and wild, black eyes generally set off by the conical hat, with, perhaps, a feather or two stuck in the bright-colored band. He seems to be the best-natured fellow in the world, has a good word and a pleasant smile for each of his customers, gossiping with the old women and young girls who gather about him to receive his milky treasures, while his four-footed friends lie huddled

together in the sun, contentedly nibbling at the stray leaves of vegetables with which the streets are plentifully garnished.

Nothing could furnish scenes more full of life, character, animation, and amusement, than are to be met with in the crowds returning from the country fairs. On such occasions the road seems to be literally covered with moving, jostling, laughing groups; each girl bestriding her donkey like the man who sits behind her with his arms around her waist; she, in a shawl of some gaudy color and staring pattern, and he with a scarlet vest, and a huge bunch of glass flowers in his hat, luxuries no doubt the result of their visit to the fair. Sturdy young fellows go trotting along on foot; one I saw dexterously balancing half a dozen hats upon his head, one within the other, like a nest of flower-pots; another curiously encumbered with a lively young pig, which he carried about his neck, manfully resisting its vigorous tugs, and answering its imploring cries with shouts of uproarious laughter.

The braying of donkeys, the jingling of bells, the squeaking of penny trumpets, the shrill laughter of women, and rough jests of the men, as, by rapid gesticulation with the fingers they convey to each other the events or business of the day, make altogether a scene of uproar, dust, and confusion, not easy to describe.

It seems quite remarkable that, of the numberless female faces that meet the eye in all these animated crowds, scarcely one can be said to have any claim to beauty. In fact, as far as my observation went, this seems to be the case among all the Italian women of the lower classes; their features are not regular, and their complexions, even among young girls, are sallow, with no warmth of color in the cheek. They very often, however, have wonderfully fine eyes, and a certain vivacity and grace of manner, which, if combined with a liberal use of soap and water, would make them quite charming. The old women—and they are very old at forty—are simply hideous; their mahogany-colored faces hashed with a thousand wrinkles, looking not unlike a muddy, wheel-furrowed road. I remember being particularly struck with one of these antique dames on the road to Rome.

There was nothing effeminate about her but her dress; she was as dark as one of our Indian women, her features bold, masculine, and repulsively ugly; her small, bead-like eyes almost lost under her griz-

zled brows, and her wrinkled lips coming together, like a tightly-drawn purse, over two discolored fang-like teeth. With one hand she led a cow by a rope, to drink from a little stream that ran sparkling under

an arch, while the other held her distaff and spindle. The gay colors of her dress, the scarlet handkerchief about her head, her blue bodice, with the gray stone bridge and purple hills beyond, in spite of the hideousness of the poor old woman, made a most admirable "bit" for the pencil.

Never shall I cease to remember my three-days' sojourn at the lovely town of Sorrento, beautifully situated on high cliffs which overlook the glorious bay of Naples. There are whole gardens of olives and oranges—the latter filling the air with their delicious perfume, and, although it was early in the month of February, both flowers and fruit were thick upon the trees. Our hotel stood in the midst of foliage loaded with golden balls, and silvery with fragrant blossoms; a Persian garden is not more full of roses. It was exquisite pleasure to lean from the balconied window, and, while inhaling their delightful perfume, gaze with a feeling of perfect rapture on the magnificent view that lay before me. The cloudless sky, the dazzling, glittering sea, reflecting a thousand tints; its restless waves of blue, and gold, and bronze, lying in the warm embrace of the purple mountains—gray old Vesuvius crowning all with his grand, white plume of smoke-cloud—formed altogether a scene of indescribable loveliness. Innumerable boats were dancing on the sea, some laden with fruit,

others carrying pleasure-parties to Capri; many bearing men and women in their picturesque costumes—bare-legged fishermen hurrying with their nets, women with the distaff—and both singing gayly in chorus, as if inspired by the enchantment of sky, and air, and sea, and shore. While my companions were gone into the town in search

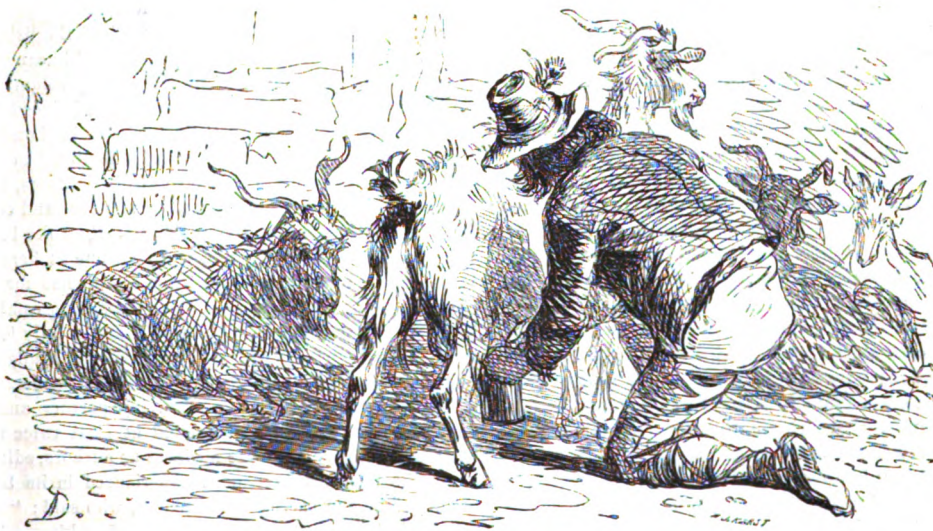
of some specimens of carved and inlaid wood, for which Sorrento is quite celebrated, I remained at the window, unable to tear myself away.

The next morning, under the softest sky, and with the wind in our favor, we hired a boat to carry us to Capri, that it might not be said we had failed to visit the far-famed Blue Grotto, which

travellers generally do before they enter the town. When half-way there the breeze suddenly fell, compelling the men to use their oars, which they did most lustily, singing cheerily the while, either to lighten



THE SHRINE.



THE GOAT-MILKER.

their labors, or, according to the tenor of the words, to encourage each other with a prospect of "wine" and "macaroni." However, we were obliged to resign all hope of paying a visit to the "Cave of the Nymphs," the tide being too high to admit of our passage through the opening, which, as everybody knows, is both very narrow and low. So, amiably submitting to our disappointment, and with the ladies of our party decidedly the worse for their attempt to brave "the deep, deep sea," we recrossed the tossing waves, and, feasting our eyes with beauty on the way, landed once more amid the orange-groves of Sorrento.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, the younger of the two brothers whose copartnership, under the style of W. & R. CHAMBERS, fills so large a space in the bibliography of the nineteenth century, was born at Peebles, a pleasant and pretty town in the south of Scotland, July 9, 1802. His father was at one time in the enjoyment of comparative affluence; but, becoming security for the liabilities of two friends whose failure involved him in utter ruin, he betook himself to the humble handicraft of a weaver. A few years later he died, in the vigor of life, leaving his widow and seven children wholly unprovided for. After her husband's death, Mrs. Chambers, in the year 1813, removed to Edinburgh with her young charge, where she established and successfully conducted a place of public entertainment, well and favorably known at the time as the "White Horse Inn." In consequence of the family misfortunes, Robert was compelled to abandon his aspirations for a university education, and turn his attention to the stern realities of life. At the early age of sixteen he started a small shop in Leith Walk, for the sale of second-hand books, magazines, and music. In this exceedingly humble position he evinced such tact and judgment in the management of his business, and met with such success, that in 1822 he removed to India Place in Edinburgh, where his neat little establishment soon became a favorite resort with book-buyers. One of his first customers at the new shop told me that, whenever he entered, the young bookseller would lay aside his pen, open a little drawer containing goose-quills, and, while conversing on literary topics, would occupy himself in making quill pens, which he sold among other articles of stationary, steel and gold pens being then unknown.

Robert Chambers's first essay in literature was made by commencing a small periodical called the *Kaleidoscope*. The literary work was entirely his, while his elder brother William set the type and printed it without any assistance. It was not a pecuniary success, and in 1823 the *Kaleidoscope*, after a brief existence, was discontinued. The same year his first work appeared, entitled "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," a pleasant anecdotal volume, which at once attracted for the young author the notice of the leading literary men of Edinburgh. Jeffrey, then at the height of his own fame, and wielding the powerful pen of the *Review*, with the quick intuition of intellectual clairvoyance, said, "There's mettle in that lad."

In 1824, Mr. Chambers put forth his "Traditions of Edinburgh." This entertaining work, which has since been frequently reprinted, while full of humor and romance, is at the same time most accurate in its details. It enjoyed almost immediate popularity, and gained for the author the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, Henry Mackenzie, and a host of less illustrious but not less ardent admirers, and a recognition, by the literary magnates of the modern Athens, as a brother craftsman in the guild of literature. In 1826 appeared his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland;" in the following year his "Pictures of Scotland," in the preparation of which he displayed the most conscientious industry, not only in the requisite researches among the best authorities, but in traversing a considerable portion of the kingdom literally on foot, as the best method of securing authentic information about the various out-of-the-way nooks and corners not generally visited by tourists and gleaners of local information. His next works were three volumes of histories of the Scottish rebellions, two of a life of James I., and three volumes of Scottish ballads and songs, followed in 1835 by—a monument of industry and evidently a labor of love—the "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen," in four octavo volumes. About the same time Mr. Chambers published a "History of Scotland for Juvenile Readers." In the year 1829 the brothers united in the production of a "Gazetteer of Scotland," which was completed and

given to the world in 1832. During all these years the brothers had remained apart, each having a bookstore of his own.

In the month of January, 1832, Robert and his elder brother William became partners, and began business in Waterloo Place, and on the 4th of February issued the first number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, at the low price of three half-pence for a folio sheet of closely-printed original matter. The object of the undertaking, to quote the words of the original prospectus, was "to supply intellectual food of the best kind, and in such a form, and at such a price, as must suit the convenience of every man in the British dominions." No such publication had ever before been attempted. It was the pioneer of all our modern cheap literature, and its success was immediate. Within a week fifty thousand copies were sold, and its subsequent circulation exceeded twice that number, notwithstanding the existence of a more extended series of contemporaneous publications of similar scope and character, from the same hands and from various other sources. In 1844 the folio form of the *Journal* was exchanged for its present more convenient octavo sheet. Complete sets of this periodical sometimes occur for sale, and constitute a most valuable repository of instructing and entertaining literature.

Robert Chambers's next important work was his "Cyclopædia of English Literature," a publication of far higher rank than any previous compilation of a similar character. Not less than a quarter of million of copies of this excellent introduction to the British classics have been sold in Great Britain and the United States. This work was followed by his "Life and Letters of Robert Burns," including his poems. This edition is the most complete and useful ever given to the public, and it should not be forgotten that the profits on the work, amounting to over one thousand dollars, were presented to Burns's surviving sister. "A dear and faithful friend has Mr. Chambers been to me," said the old lady to the writer, when he visited her in her beautiful cottage of Bridgehouse, near the banks of the bonny Doon.

"Domestic Annals of Scotland" is the title of Robert Chambers's latest historical work, and he has since edited the "Book of Days" and "Chambers's Encyclopædia," one of the cheapest and most useful books of reference in the language; he also continued to contribute to the *Journal*, for his literary activity knew no abatement with increasing years, fame, and fortune. Turning his attention to geology, he wrote several treatises connected with that branch of science, one of which, published anonymously, created a great sensation in the world of thought. This was the "Vestiges of Creation." He never admitted the authorship; but I am inclined to say, with Professor Silliman, who, in writing to a friend on the subject, said: "If Robert Chambers did not write the 'Vestiges of Creation,' I should like to know who did!"

Among the numerous works which were edited by the two brothers, may be mentioned "Information for the People," of which even more copies have been sold than of Robert's "Cyclopædia of English Literature," "People's Editions of Standard English Works," "Tracts for the People," "Popular History of the Crimean War," and Chambers's educational course, of nearly seventy volumes. The enormous prosperity of their business as publishers induced the firm to establish, in 1854, a branch of their business in London, to which city Robert, in that year, removed with his family. In 1860, in company with Mrs. Chambers, he visited the United States, and many will remember with pleasure his charming manners and conversation. Mr. Chambers's death took place at Edinburgh, on the 17th of March; but the name and style of the firm will continue as heretofore, as he will be succeeded by his eldest son Robert, who has for many years been connected with the business. Their publishing establishment is numbered among the largest in the world, and is only less extensive than that of the Appletons and Harpers. How skilfully it has been conducted, is shown by the fact that Robert Chambers died worth three million dollars, and that the surviving partner and late Lord Provost of Edinburgh has accumulated at least twice that sum, and all made out of their legitimate business as authors, editors, and publishers. The brothers have both experienced in its broadest sense the assurance of the sacred proverbialist, who said: "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

On the appearance, several years since, of a collection of miscellaneous papers under the title of "Select Writings of Robert Chambers," in which were included four volumes of his delightful essays, an eminent critic said: "It is marvellous to imagine how much the writer

who dissipates himself in constant periodical publication does actually produce. On an estimate, it would seem as if his every breath had been a printed sentence; as if his mouth never opened but to deposit types, as the gifted fairy princess dropped diamonds. The many years which Robert Chambers in particular has devoted to literary production, have accumulated a mass which, we believe, would astonish, were it all placed in a manuscript heap before his eyes, even himself. And when we reflect upon the character of the whole—how good it has been, how free from objection, how well calculated to attract and benefit the popular mind in the very humblest circles where the art of reading is taught, yet often addressing the highest and most cultivated—we cannot but consider that the writer has been a marked benefactor to his country and kind. He has displayed great judgment in the choice of his many designs, and great talent in his contributions, to their far and wide acceptance as guides to the useful, and pleasant pastimes to the recreative. Scotland has reason to be proud of his and his brother's labors. The influence they have had nationally is incalculable; and the seed they have sown must bear an inestimable harvest for many a future year, and for tens of thousands yet unborn."

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

ROSE-CHARMS.

THE fragrance of the rose is possessed of such an unqualified, never-cloying, ever-fresh sweetness, that we never can have too much of it—never enough. There is nothing that makes a lady's drawer smell nicer than dried rose-leaves, with a suspicion of lavender added—the very fact of such a fragrance being breathed from her clothes-press would be accepted, even in a court of law, as sufficient evidence that the owner was neat, and gentle-thoughted, and pure-minded. Musk, patchouli, jasmine, while each of them has its admirers, have no power to call up the fresh and pleasing associations that attend upon the scent of rose-leaves.

The perfumers, when they wish to preserve rose-leaves fresh until they have got a sufficient quantity to distil, or use in other ways, are in the habit of pickling them, separating the leaves from the stalks, and mixing them into a paste with salt, in the proportion of six pounds of leaves to one of common salt. This, put in jars, will keep any length of time. Packing alternate layers of salt and fresh rose-leaves away in jars is a first-rate, simple way of getting a fine essence of rose. Let the jars remain covered in the cellar for a month or two, then put the pulp into a crape, and press the moisture from it. Bottle this essence, and let it stand out, corked, in the sun and dew, until it is quite clear. One part of this essence, one part of spirits of wine, and ten parts of spring-water, will give you a fine-flavored rose-water. A good tincture of rose-leaves may be made by simply digesting them in strong spirits; while three parts of leaves of just-opened roses to four parts of sweet olive-oil, pounded in a mortar, kept still for a week, and then expressed, will give you an excellent oil of roses.

I knew an old lady who used to make a great variety of charms, amulets, etc., out of rose-leaves, that were more fragrant and quite as durable as those manufactured out of perfumed clays. Her process was to fill a mortar with roses gathered with the dew on them, sprinkle over them a little powdered cinnamon and cloves, and then bray them thoroughly until they formed a stiff brown mass of about the consistence of putty. This she moulded into beads, crosses, and figures of various kinds, and then dried them in the sun or in an oven. They become as hard as pebbles, and retain their sweetness a long while. Fingers that are skillful at moulding may in this way turn out some very pretty and appropriate mantel-ornaments.

THE ENGLISH WAR SECRETARY.

NO man in England is now more prominently before the public than Edward Cardwell, the Secretary at War. His plan for the reform of the army has attracted to him the attention of all classes, and is the entering wedge into a military system which is more costly and less efficient than that of any other great power. Although not widely known in this country, the secretary's name has long been fa-

miliar to political observers as that of an able and industrious statesman whose career, though not remarkably brilliant, has been full of usefulness and honor.

The Right Honorable EDWARD CARDWELL is the eldest son of a wealthy merchant of Liverpool, where he was born on the 24th of July, 1813. His family connections are highly respectable, and his uncle, the late Rev. Dr. Cardwell, was for many years both the Principal of Alban Hall, Oxford, and Camden Professor of Ancient History in that university. After receiving his early education at Winchester, one of the great public schools of England, he was elected to a scholarship in Balliol College, Oxford. Entering that institution in 1832, he distinguished himself by the brilliancy of his scholarship, receiving his B. A. as a double-first on his graduation in 1835. This distinction was followed, not long afterward, by a fellowship in his college.

On leaving the university he studied law, and, on the 16th of November, 1838, was called to the bar of the Inner Temple. But he had little taste for the drudgery of the profession, so, after travelling the Northern Circuit for a few years, he determined to seek his fortune in political life. His choice was a wise one, for, though undistinguished as a barrister, he became in a comparatively short time a conspicuous member of Parliament. Defeated in his first attempt to enter the House of Commons for the borough of Clitheroe in the general election of 1841 by a majority of five, he was soon afterward admitted to that seat on petition, his opponent being declared to have been unduly elected. The high reputation which he brought from the university secured for him an attentive hearing; his parliamentary talents were soon recognized, and he took a prominent place among the members of that select class who in those days were familiarly spoken of as "Peel's boys." The head of the class, whom the Whig *Examiner* used to call the "Pony Peel," is now the leader of the government to which his former associate is attached.

Sir Robert, who was an excellent judge of men, early discerned the talents of the member for Clitheroe, and, in February, 1845, appointed him Joint-Secretary of the Treasury, a position which he held for exactly a twelvemonth. Following his ministerial leader in his departure from a protectionist policy, his support of Peel's financial changes of 1845-'46 commended him to the support of the electors of his native place, and, at the general election of 1847, he was returned at the head of the poll as a member for Liverpool. He retained that position for five years, being overthrown in the general election of 1852, when he unsuccessfully tried to ride two horses, contesting a seat for Ayrshire as well as the one for Liverpool, which he had just vacated. His next political venture was more fortunate, for in the following year he was returned by the city of Oxford as successor to Sir William Page Wood, who resigned his seat to accept the position of vice-chancellor, and who now, as Baron Hatherly, the present lord-chancellor, is Mr. Cardwell's colleague in the cabinet. It is seldom that a public man enjoys for so long a time such pleasant relations with his constituents as Mr. Cardwell has maintained with Oxford, which he has now represented for eighteen successive years. Even his seeming defeat in 1857 resulted in a similar triumph to that gained at Clitheroe fifteen years before, the apparently-successful candidate being unseated on petition in both cases.

Mr. Cardwell first entered the cabinet in 1852 as a member of Lord Aberdeen's coalition government. In his position as President of the Board of Trade he introduced several important and valuable reforms, which increased his reputation as an energetic and sagacious statesman. On the reconstruction of the ministry by Lord Palmerston in 1855 he was left out of office, but, on the formation of the premier's second administration in June, 1859, he was made Chief Secretary for Ireland. This office he vacated in July, 1861, to accept the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, which he held till April, 1864, when he was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies on the death of the Duke of Newcastle. He retained this position after the death of Palmerston on the reconstruction of the administration under the third premiership of Lord John Russell. When the Derby ministry came into power in July, 1866, Mr. Cardwell went with his colleagues into opposition, but, on the formation of the Gladstone government in December, 1868, he assumed his present position as Secretary of State for War.

Besides his political honors, the secretary has gained distinction in other fields. As far back as 1853 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and ten years afterward received the

honorary degree of D. C. L. from the University of Oxford. His fine intellectual traits were early appreciated by Sir Robert Peel, who appointed him one of his literary executors. His political career has more than satisfied the expectations of judicious friends, who know that the highest honors of the university are not often followed by the most brilliant successes in after-life, and that senior wranglers seldom become great statesmen. He has never been a parliamentary leader, and, though a fluent and graceful speaker, makes no pretensions to oratory. But his industry, learning, and ability, have made his services indispensable to many administrations, and may yet secure for him higher political honors than he has yet attained.

Mr. Cardwell's official career is honorably connected with many important and useful measures. The financial reforms that he has introduced as President of the Board of Trade, the settlement of troubles growing out of the fatal Ashantee expedition, of the New-Zealand War, and of the difficulties in Jamaica and Australia, which he effected while Colonial Secretary, are creditable to his judicious statesmanship. As Secretary of State for War he has been placed in a peculiarly trying position, in which he has borne himself with good sense and moderation. The antagonism that has so long existed between the War Office and the Horse Guards has hampered him as it hampered Lord Palmerston, when as Secretary at War he had to contend against the pretensions of Sir David Dundas. Responsibility without power places a minister in an embarrassing position, and, among the reforms which are absolutely necessary to the regeneration of the War Office is the subordination of the military to the civil authority.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

(FROM THE SURRENDER OF METZ TO THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.)

OCTOBER 23.—The Parisians, in a sortie, drive the Germans from Le Bourget.

OCTOBER 30.—The Germans reoccupy Le Bourget. Thiers, sent to open negotiations for an armistice, arrives in Versailles.

OCTOBER 31.—Attempted insurrection in Paris under the lead of Flourens, Blanqui, and others. General Trochu and some of his associates kept captives, for several hours, at the Hôtel de Ville, until delivered by loyal National Guards.

NOVEMBER 3.—The Parisians, consulted by the Government of National Defence, sustain it by an overwhelming vote against the advocates of "the Commune."

NOVEMBER 6.—The armistice negotiations at Versailles broken off.

NOVEMBER 8.—The Army of the Loire, under General d'Aurelles de Paladines, advances against the positions of General von der Tann, west of Orléans. Surrender of the fortress of Verdun.

NOVEMBER 9.—Von der Tann, after a severe fight against superior forces at Coulmiers, compelled to fall back.

NOVEMBER 10.—D'Aurelles de Paladines occupies Orléans.

NOVEMBER 17.—The Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin disperses, near Dreux, a large force of Mobiles from the west, destined to coöperate with the Army of the Loire for the relief of Paris.

NOVEMBER 21.—Surrender of Ham.

NOVEMBER 23.—Bavaria concludes a treaty of union with the North-German Confederation.

NOVEMBER 25.—Württemberg follows the example of Bavaria.

NOVEMBER 27.—The German First Army, commanded by General von Manteuffel, inflicts a severe defeat, near Amiens, on the French Army of the North.

NOVEMBER 28.—General von Goeben occupies Amiens. The Army of the Loire, confronted before Orléans by encircling forces under Prince Frederick Charles, Von der Tann, and the grand-duke, makes an attempt to break through at Beaune-la-Rolande, but meets with a severe repulse. The forts to the west and south of Paris open a furious cannonade on the adjoining German positions.

NOVEMBER 29.—Combined sorties by the Parisians. General Vinoy assails the Prussian and Bavarian positions near L'Hay, Chevilly, and Choisy-le-Roi.

NOVEMBER 30.—The sorties from Paris renewed on a larger scale. Severe fighting, under General Ducrot, against the Würtembergers and Saxons, around Champigny, Villiers, and Brie, east of the fort of Vincennes. The Germans are repulsed in an attack on Autun.

DECEMBER 1.—Von der Tann successful in various engagements, near Artenay, with the Army of the Loire.

DECEMBER 2.—The grand-duke, on the right of Von der Tann, defeats two French army corps. The Germans assail Ducrot's advanced positions east of Paris. Heavy losses on both sides.

DECEMBER 3.—Prince Frederick Charles forces the Army of the Loire from its intrenched positions at Chevilly, in front of Orléans.

DECEMBER 4.—D'Aurelles de Paladines evacuates Orléans. Ducrot retires within the fortifications of Paris.

DECEMBER 7.—The main division of the former Army of the Loire, the Second Army, commanded by General Chanzy, fights stubbornly but unsuccessfully against the grand-duke at Meung, southwest of Orléans, on the Loire.

DECEMBER 8.—Chanzy forced back from Beaugency, south of Meung.

DECEMBER 9.—Continued successes of the grand-duke. The Diet of the North-German Confederation sanctions the treaties with the South-German States.

DECEMBER 10.—Chanzy assaults the grand-duke, but is repulsed. The French Government delegation transfers its seat from Tours to Bordeaux.

DECEMBER 12.—Surrender of Pfalzburg.

DECEMBER 13.—The Germans occupy Blois.

DECEMBER 14.—The fortress of Montmédy surrenders.

DECEMBER 18.—Von Werder's troops defeat General Cremer, of Garibaldi's command, at Nuits.

DECEMBER 21.—Unsuccessful assault of the Paris garrison on the Prussian Guards and the Saxons, north of the city.

DECEMBER 23.—General von Manteuffel defeats the Army of the North, at Pont-Noyelles, northeast of Amiens.

DECEMBER 27.—The besiegers of Paris open fire on the fortified position on Mont Avron. On the approach of troops under General Bourbaki, the commander of the First Army (a division of the former Army of the Loire), Von Werder evacuates Dijon.

DECEMBER 29.—The French evacuate Mont Avron.

DECEMBER 31.—Forts Nogent, Rosny, and Noisy, east of Paris, shelled by the besiegers.

JANUARY 2.—The fortress of Mézières surrenders. Bourbaki occupies Dijon.

JANUARY 5.—Forts Issy, Vanres, and Montrouge, south of Paris, shelled. Rocroy captured.

JANUARY 8.—The southern parts of Paris shelled.

JANUARY 9.—General Chanzy forced back by Frederick Charles on Le Mans. Severe fighting, at Villersenel, between the armies of Bourbaki and Von Werder. Surrender of Péronne.

JANUARY 11.—Chanzy routed by Frederick Charles before Le Mans. The French lose heavily in prisoners.

JANUARY 12.—Frederick Charles occupies Le Mans. The grand-duke, on the right of the prince, victorious at St.-Corneille. Chanzy's army retreats toward Laval in a demoralized condition.

JANUARY 14.—The Parisians, before dawn, sally against the besiegers at Le Bourget, Drancy, Meudon, and Clamart. They are everywhere repulsed.

JANUARY 15.—Renewed sallies from Paris, without effect. Bourbaki attacks Von Werder in his new positions, south of Belfort. The French are repulsed.

JANUARY 16.—Bourbaki renews his attack with no better success.

JANUARY 17.—After a third repulse, the French begin a disastrous retreat.

JANUARY 18.—King William proclaimed Emperor at Versailles.

JANUARY 19.—The defenders of Paris make a vigorous sortie from Fort Mont Valérien. Heavy fighting. Von Goeben, successor in command of the First Army to General Manteuffel, routs Faidherbe's Army of the North before St.-Quentin.

JANUARY 20.—The French troops at the foot of Mont Valérien withdrawn within the fortifications.

JANUARY 21.—St. Denis opened upon by the besiegers. The troops of General Manteuffel, now commanding the Army of the South, occupy Dôle, with the object of cutting off Bourbaki's retreat.

JANUARY 23.—Tumults in Paris. General Vinoy replaces Trochu in command of the besieged army. Jules Favre goes to Versailles to negotiate for a capitulation. The Germans lose a flag—the only one lost in the war—in a fight with the Garibaldians before Dijon.

JANUARY 25.—Surrender of the fortress of Longwy.

JANUARY 28.—Paris capitulates. A three-weeks' armistice concluded.

JANUARY 29.—The forts around Paris occupied by the Germans. General Manteuffel's troops, near Pontarlier, storm several places occupied by the retreating remnants of Bourbaki's army, now commanded by General Clinchant, and press the demoralized French forces toward the Swiss frontier.

FEBRUARY 1.—General Clinchant, with eighty thousand men, crosses the frontier and lays down arms in Switzerland.

DARIEN CANAL.



TO no part of the Western Hemisphere is there attached so much of romantic interest and mystery as to the long, narrow strip extending from the main-land of Mexico to the broad plains of New Granada. Three hundred and five years ago Benzoni, the Italian traveller, visited it, and his is the first published record of its wonders. The Spaniards had years before made it the scene of their triumphs over the savage natives, and of bloody contests among themselves in their eager lust for gold; but they had given no definite record of its inhabitants or their customs. Since then, one after another of the patient investigators of our world have wandered amid its vast forests and mysterious ruins, or delved in the treasures of its sepulchres, and have given their facts or theories to their fellow-men.

It has ever been looked to, since its discovery, as likely some day to afford the shortest passage to the Indies; reconnaissances of canal and railroad routes have repeatedly been made throughout its length—from the Bay of Tehuantepec to its southern extremity. And though, hundreds of years ago, Cortez hauled his cannon across the passes of the Cordilleras, as yet but one railroad route has cut through that mountain-chain. Another, after long lingering, is soon to be completed in Honduras. But though one and another railroad may span this narrow strip, it is only by the construction of a large, deep ship-canal that commerce can be truly accommodated, and the carrying-trade of the great East attracted to this route rather than to that of the Suez Canal.

The routes, by which it has been proposed to cut a ship-canal are:

1. Across the Tehuantepec Peninsula, *via* the Coatzacoalcos River.
2. *Via* the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua.
3. The present Panama Railroad route.
4. From San Blas or Caledonia Bay to Bay San Miguel on the Pacific.
5. *Via* the Atrato River.

The second has hardly been taken into consideration of late, as a French engineer reported so great a length of route and the necessity of so much lockage. It is said to have been a favorite route with the ex-Emperor Napoleon.

The third has the advantage of the railroad and a low elevation of the Cordilleras; but so poor are the harbors at each side of the isthmus, that it has so far been left out of the calculation.

The fourth was proved impracticable by Commander Selfridge last winter.

The first and fifth are now being carefully surveyed, and the final results of those surveys will determine which, or whether either, is the practicable route for a ship-canal.

It is assumed by many that such a canal, to be a cosmopolitan route and attract the commerce of the world, should be of such width and depth that any ship now afloat can pass through it—that it should be a "thorough cut," without any other than tidal locks.

The most earnest advocates of the Tehuantepec route do not claim the possibility of making there a "thorough cut," but only that a canal of sufficient width and a depth of twenty-five feet may be dug with twenty-five or less locks, going over an elevation of only six hundred feet. They maintain that the disadvantages thereby incurred would be more than compensated for by the diminished cost, the much shorter route, and, we may add, the liberal grants of the Mexican Government. The great difficulty attending this route is, whether at the summit levels it will be possible to get water for the supply of the locks. This point Commodore Shufeldt is especially expected to determine.

The Atrato route is one covering a great breadth of country; and while on the Atlantic side all lines have commenced in the Gulf of Darien—the mouths of the Atrato—yet numerous termini have been suggested on the Pacific side. Of these, three were surveyed by Major J. C. Trautwine for F. M. Kelly, Esq., and none of them found to be practicable. Of the rest, the one now being surveyed by Commander Selfridge is the sole reliance of the friends of a route *via* the Atrato. This route is up the Atrato and the Cascarica for some miles, and thence across the mountains to the valley of the Tuyara River. It is called the Pass of Paya, from a Spaniard who first drew attention to it; a town on the Tuyara also bears his name. In the latest accounts, Commander Selfridge says that he entered the Atrato by one of its northern mouths, and found it a wide, deep stream, flowing at this season with a rapid current. The only obstructions met with were curious floats of grass, so wide that they could not be cut through; but underneath them was a water depth of over fifty feet. When the explorers left the boats, they took an Indian trail, passing over the mountains at an elevation of not more than three hundred feet.

The Gulf of Darien is one of the finest harbors in the world, the anchorage is good, and it has a depth of from six to eighteen fathoms. It was the site of the first Spanish town on the Isthmus; and it was thence that Vasco Nunez de Balboa set out on his expedition which ended in the discovery of the Pacific Ocean, and finally settled the problem as to whether America was a distinct continent and not a part of Asia. It was the rendezvous of all the expeditions in search of El Dorado; and at one time the great commercial hopes of the Western World were centred in Santa Maria del Antigua del Darien.

Trautwine made several reconnaissances of the country, and in his published report gives a fair and thorough account of its products, soil, climate, the character of the people, etc. The country on the upper waters of the Atrato produces gold in abundance, and it may yet be found in the mountains lower down. Coal is said to exist. Near the mouths the country is flat and subject to inundation. The chief exports now are rubber and Tolu-balsam. The country has been surveyed with similar reports by Lieutenant Griffith, United States Navy, and M. Lacharmie. The latter engineer draws positive attention to the route now being surveyed by Commander Selfridge.

So far as examined, the Atrato and the Cascarica are navigable for the largest class of vessels a distance of forty-five miles from the Gulf of Darien. On the Pacific side, the Gulf of San Miguel is equally as fine a harbor as that of Darien, and the Tuyara River is navigable for a distance of forty miles from the ocean. This is stated to leave a distance of fifty miles between these two points, which must be canalised. A large part of this must be by the deepening of the Tuyara River. Supposing this to cost one and a half millions per mile, we should have a total of seventy-five million dollars, certainly no great amount for a work of such immense importance.

If Commodore Shufeldt's survey should determine that sufficient water exists on the Tehuantepec line, the question would then arise whether the disadvantages of locks are such as to overbalance the difference of distance. On that point it is useless to speculate until the surveys are completed.

TABLE-TALK.

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Disraeli, in one of the cleverest passages of "Tancred," expressed his opinion of Darwinism, or at least of that philosophy of development which is now identified with the name of the author of "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man." The passage we refer to is in the ninth chapter of the first book of the novel, and relates the last interview of Tancred with Lady Constance Rawleigh, with whom he thought himself in love, and who, "having gowned her mind with French novels," was a fertile receiver and producer of the freshest "philosophy:"

After making herself very agreeable, Lady Constance took up a book which was at hand, and said, "Do you know this?" And Tancred, opening a volume which he had never seen, and then turning to its title-page, found it was "The Revelations of Chaos," a startling work, just published, and of which a rumor had reached him.

"No," he replied; "I have not seen it."

"I will lend it you, if you like. It is one of those books one must read. It explains every thing, and is written in a very agreeable style."

"It explains every thing?" said Tancred.

"It must, indeed, be a very remarkable book!"

"I think it will just suit you," said Lady Constance. "Do you know, I thought so several times while I was reading it?"

"To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure," said Tancred.

"No longer so," said Lady Constance. "*It is treated scientifically; every thing is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed. Nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapor—the cream of the milky way—a sort of celestial cheese—churned into light—you must read it—it's charming.*"

"Nobody ever saw a star formed," said Tancred.

"Perhaps not. You must read the 'Revelations.' It is all explained. *But what is most interesting is the way in which man has been developed. You know, all is development. The principle is perpetually going on.* First, there was nothing; then there was something; then—I forget the next—I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came—let me see—did we come next? Never mind that—we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us—something with wings. Ah! that's it. We were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it."

"I do not believe I ever was a fish," said Tancred.

"Oh! but it is all proved. You must not argue on my rapid sketch; read the book. *It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand, it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Every thing is proved—by geology, you know. You see exactly how every thing is made, how many worlds there have been, how long they lasted, what went before, what comes next. We are a link in the chain, as inferior animals were that preceded us; we, in turn, shall be inferior; all that will remain of us will be some relics in a new red sandstone. This is development. We had fins—we may have wings.*"

Evidently, Lady Constance would have made a first-rate Darwinian. Her lucid explanation of the doctrines of "The Vestiges

of Creation," the book alluded to under the title of "Revelations of Chaos," has in a high degree the confident and satisfactory tone of the new school, which "explains every thing," which is always "scientific," which is great on "development," and is positive that "it is impossible to contradict" any of its startling assertions, because, "you see, it is all science," and "every thing is proved—by geology, you know." Twenty-five years later, in "Lothair," Mr. Disraeli resumes the same theme, and treats it in a graver way. We quote from Chapter XXXVIII:

And the philosophers and distinguished men of science with whom of late he had frequently enjoyed the opportunity of becoming acquainted—what were their views? They differed among themselves: did any of them agree with him? How they accounted for every thing, except the only point on which man requires revelation! *Chance, necessity, atomic theories, nebular hypotheses, development, evolution, the origin of worlds, human ancestry*—here were high topics, on none of which was there lack of argument, and, in a certain sense, of evidence; and what then? Between the All-wise and the All-benevolent and man, according to the new philosophers, no relations were to be any longer acknowledged. They renounce in despair the possibility of bringing man into connection with that First Cause which they can neither explain nor deny. But man requires that there shall be direct relations between the created and the Creator, and that on those relations he should find a solution of the perplexities of existence. *The brain that teems with illimitable thought will never recognize as his creator any power of Nature, however irresistible, that is not gifted with consciousness.*

In a still higher tone, Mr. Disraeli again recurs to the subject in the General Preface to the new edition of his works, now being issued in London. He says:

The skeptical effects of the discoveries of science, and the uneasy feeling that they cannot coexist with our old religious convictions, have their origin in the circumstance that the general body, who have suddenly become conscious of these physical truths, are not so well acquainted as is desirable with the past history of man. Astonished by their unprepared emergence from ignorance to a certain degree of information, their amazed intelligence takes refuge in the theory of what is conveniently called progress, and every step in scientific discovery seems farther to remove them from the path of primeval inspiration. But there is no fallacy so flagrant as to suppose that the modern ages have the peculiar privilege of scientific discovery, or that they are distinguished as the epochs of the most illustrious inventions. On the contrary, scientific invention has always gone on simultaneously with the revelation of spiritual truths, and, more, the greatest discoveries are not those of modern ages. No one for a moment can pretend that printing is so great a discovery as writing, or algebra as language. What are the most brilliant of our chemical discoveries compared with the invention of fire and the metals? It is a vulgar belief that our astronomical knowledge dates only from the recent century, when it was rescued from the monks who imprisoned Galileo. But Hipparchus, who lived before the Divine Teacher of Galilee, and who, among other sublime achievements, discovered the precision of the equinoxes, ranks with the Newtons and the Keplers; and Copernicus, the modern father of our celestial science, avows himself, in his famous work, as only the champion of Pythagoras, whose system he enforces and illustrates. Even the most modish schemes of

the day on the origin of things, which captivate as much by their novelty as their truth, may find their precursors in ancient sages; and, after a careful analysis of the blended elements of imagination and induction which characterize the new theories, they will be found mainly to rest on the atom of Epicurus and the monad of Thales. Scientific, like spiritual, truth has ever from the beginning been descending from heaven to man. He is a being who organically demands direct relations with his Creator, and he would not have been so organized if his requirements could not be satisfied. We may analyze the sun, and penetrate the stars; but man is conscious that he is made in God's own image, and in his perplexity he will ever appeal to "Our Father which art in heaven."

These remarks of Mr. Disraeli on this important question of the origin of man and his relations to his Creator seem to us eminently worthy of attention, although the illustrious author is not a professed naturalist, and probably does not know how many bones there were in the megatherium, nor what is the exact arrangement of the spines of the stickleback. But he has evidently given much attention to the subject for at least a quarter of a century, and, being well versed in ancient as well as modern modes of thought, and conversant with the highest reaches of the human intellect, has at least a just claim to be heard when he pronounces these modish speculations of the day to be nothing more than the revival of ancient and long-exploded fallacies.

— "What becomes of all the pins?" was at one time a curious speculation in social science; but we do not recollect that any one has ever asked as to the final disposition of all the cook-books. When the reader recollects that the circulation of these culinary mentors ranks only after that of Bibles, almanacs, and spelling-books, he will perceive that the magnitude of this yearly distribution elevates the question we have propounded into one of no little importance. And it is not only what becomes of all the cook-books that may puzzle us, but where or how can their influence be traced. For a man may go East or go West, he may travel North or he may adventure South, and no fact is more patent than that the admonitions of some authority in the art of cooking are the great prevailing need. We believe that the united efforts of all the writers on cooking have not succeeded in establishing the most elementary principles in the art. Cooking, as it is practised in nineteen families out of twenty, is a matter of tradition; and the instructions of the cook-book, whenever they controvert any of those traditions, are treated with open and unqualified contempt. Cook-books are probably consulted for a new variety of pudding, or a new method of making preserves, or a fresh suggestion as to cake; but we boldly aver that they are never studied with a view to obtain a knowledge of principles. If they were so, how can it be that the frying-pan, in almost all parts of the country, retains its supremacy? Does not every authority in cookery establish the gridiron as the rightful king of the coals? and yet, in face of this, does not nearly every housekeeper maintain the usurping frying-pan in its place? Fried beef, fried ham, fried fish, are the flavorless dishes that

in some parts of the country constitute almost the entire *cuisine*; and all the multitude of cooks, of high or low degree, remain as serenely unconscious of the broil as if cook-books had never been written. Vain, indeed, have been the labors of Leslie, of Beecher, of Ellis, of Elliott, of Soyer, of Blot; tradition and sheer obstinacy have defeated them uniformly from the beginning. Cook-books have been purchased extensively. They have, at first, been read honestly; but the cook, soon discovering that they have assailed the very foundations of her errors, has thrown the revolutionary pages into the rubbish-box, and resolutely continued in her career of rendering that which is wholesome unwholesome, of converting that which Nature made excellent into that which the cultivated taste rejects as abominable. There should be connected with every public school in the country a department for instructing girls in the elementary principles of cooking, and every boy and girl should be educated up to an appreciation of wholesome dishes, rightly cooked. Then we should see reestablished the savory roast instead of the bake, the delicate broil instead of the grease-encased fry; and perhaps the abominations of hot cakes, pies, sweetmeats, and all those stomach-demoralizing inventions, will disappear. Cook-books have failed in their mission; perhaps the school method would do better.

— A very curious work on the physical cause of the death of Christ, written by Dr. Stroud, an eminent English physician, has been republished by the Appletons. It shows, by a multitude of facts and arguments, that the usual phenomena of death by crucifixion were not exhibited in the death of our Lord, but that the circumstances, as described in the Gospel, indicate that He died of a disease of the heart caused by excessive suffering and strong emotion. The author narrates many interesting cases of sudden death from similar causes. His work was the result of great labor and long-continued research, and its value and medical authenticity are strongly vouched for by the eminent authority of Sir James Y. Simpson. Together with its medical features, the book contains an elaborate essay on the relation of the alleged cause and method of the death of Christ to the principles and practice of Christianity.

Literary Notes.

AMONG the new novels published in Germany are to be mentioned specially: Brachvogel's "Glancarty," Hackländer's "Petral," Spielhagen's "German Pioneers," a tale founded on episodes from the early emigration of Germans to the State of New York, several new novelettes by Fannie Lewald, "Mexico," an historical romance by Frederick Gerstaecker, Louisa Mühlbach's "Emperor Joseph and his Landsknecht," "The Victims of Religious Fanaticism," Edmund Hoefler's "Land and Sea," Robert Waldmüller's "Legacy of the Millionaire," and Berthold Auerbach's "Mummy-Seed."

Only nineteen novels were published in France during the war. Most of them appeared in Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles; among these were four by Ponson der Ferrail,

who died in January last at Bordeaux. Quite a number of French works appeared during the war at Geneva, Turin, and Milan, and in Germany. The Brussels publishers also displayed an extraordinary activity after the siege of Paris had commenced.

"The Young Housewife's Counsellor and Friend," is the title of a valuable treatise on the art of housekeeping, including the duties of wife and mother, by a Virginia lady, Mrs. Mary Mason. The book contains excellent recipes, rules, and directions, applicable to the kitchen, dairy, laundry, poultry-yard, garden, nursery, sick-room, and, indeed, all the departments that contribute to make up a comfortable and well-regulated home.

Among the best of our journals dedicated to literature is *The Literary World*, published monthly at Boston and devoted to book reviews and literary intelligence. It is not yet more than a year or two old, but promises soon to reach a vigorous maturity, and to enjoy a long career of usefulness.

The great question of State rights as it stood before the civil war, has been ably discussed by Major J. M. Bundy, editor of that very clever and successful paper, the *New York Evening Mail*, in a pamphlet entitled "Are we a Nation?" published by G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Among the curiosities of the German book market within the next few months will be a translation of Homer's "Iliad" into the language of the Nibelungen Lied, by Professor Carl Bartsch, formerly of Rostock, and now of Heidelberg.

The large "Swedish Cyclopædia," now in course of publication at Stockholm, has only between five and six hundred subscribers in the three Scandinavian kingdoms. When completed, the Cyclopædia will contain twenty-four volumes.

A Turkish gentleman, named Murad Effendi, and at present consul-general of the sultan at Temesvar, has written several novels and plays in the German language, which are warmly praised by the critics of Germany and Austria.

Gervinus, the celebrated German historian and literary critic, whose works on Shakespeare have been translated into nearly all living languages, died at Heidelberg, in the middle of March, in his sixty-sixth year.

Seven friends of the late Alexandre Dumas, Sr., will write a joint biography of the great novelist, which will be edited by his daughter Marie.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has passed into the hands of the Duke d'Aumale. M. de Laugel will be its managing editor after the 1st of July next.

A Swedish linguist has translated Frithioff's "Saga" into fifteen different languages.

Scientific Notes.

American Climate.

BY EDWARD DESOR, OF NEUCHÂTEL, SWITZERLAND.

WHEN a German or Swiss emigrant lands at New York he does not perceive that the climate is, on the whole, very different from that of his own country. Nevertheless, after a while, and when he has established himself permanently, he begins to recognize

the differences, which soon oblige him to modify some of his habits, and, at the end of a certain time, compel him to adopt, whether he will or no, those of the Americans, which had been at first the subject of his most bitter criticisms.

This experience, which the greater number of Europeans undergo, does not cease to astonish them after they have reflected upon it. They know that the Northern States are within about the same parallels of latitude as Central Europe. The well educated remember, besides, to have been taught at school that the isothermal lines, or zones of equal temperature, correspond in a still more striking manner. They have, besides, found by experience that winter in the vicinity of New York or Boston is nearly as cold as that of the environs of Frankfurt, Basle, and Zurich, and the summer at least as warm. Nevertheless the two climates have effects altogether different, for which they cannot account. Hence it was that when, a few years since, the *élite* of the German population of Boston organized themselves into a lyceum to establish courses of lectures after the custom of the Americans, the principal, if not the only, question of general physics upon which they manifested an earnest desire to be enlightened was precisely that of climate.

How was it, they asked, that they were all obliged to modify, after a certain time, their habits of life, and even their modes of proceeding in the different arts and trades?

Having been invited to give some lectures on the comparative climatology of the Continents of Europe and America, I was led to investigate in a special manner the nature of those climatic influences and the extent of the modifications which they bring with them.

The phenomena of which we treat are of two kinds: those which relate to common life and which everybody can appreciate, and those which are noticed in the exercise of certain professions.*

To the first category belong the following phenomena:

1. German women are all astonished at the facility with which linen dries, even in the depth of winter, so that washing takes in general less than half the time it does in Europe, which makes the custom so general in the United States of washing every week.

2. On the other hand, those same housekeepers, especially those who live in the country, are in despair at finding how rapidly their bread dries up. Habituated in their native country to making a supply of bread for several weeks, they are in consternation at seeing that their bread, although prepared in the same manner, hardens and becomes uneatable in the course of a few days; they impute it to the quality of the flour or of the water, they lose their temper, they bemoan themselves, and after a while they end in adopting the American custom of making bread every day, or at least every other day.

3. This inconvenience, which is no imaginary one, is compensated in a certain degree by some advantages which we at home do not enjoy. Thus mouldiness is much less to be feared in the United States than with us. It is rare that provisions suffer from it in winter. The cellars, in particular, unless they are in damp and low places, are excellent, whence it is that every kind of food, fruits, and vegetables, are preserved much longer and more surely than with us.

* In speaking of the United States in comparison with Europe, we have especially in view the Northern States of the Union, and not Texas or California, where the climatic conditions are altogether different.

4. The same absence of moisture is observed in a still more striking manner in winter, when the windows of apartments show less moisture upon them than with us. Thus Germans who are accustomed to see at home the window-panes covered with arborizations during a great part of the winter, and can hardly conceive of Christmas without frost-flowers, are disappointed at not seeing them more frequently in America; and yet the weather there is as cold at Christmas as it is at Hamburg or Munich.

5. There are, besides these subjects of common observation, others which bear upon hygiene, and which every one can make in his own person. I will give here but one example—the influence which a residence in the United States has upon the hair, which at the end of a certain period loses its moisture to a considerable degree. Thence comes the greater need of oil and pomatum, and consequently the greater number of hair-dressers. Many a young man who in Switzerland or Germany would recoil from the idea of using pomade or Macassar oil from the fear of seeming effeminate, finds his steps taking more and more frequently the path to the hair-dresser's after having lived for some time in the United States.

The experience undergone in the exercise of the different arts and trades is not less significant. Here are a few examples, which I have received from persons of intelligence and reliability:

1. Builders do not find themselves under any necessity of leaving their houses to dry for a season before surrendering them for occupation. The mason has hardly left when the occupant enters without any fear of rheumatism or any of those infirmities which are so liable to be incurred among us in new houses.

2. House-painters can apply much sooner than with us a second coat of varnish or dis-temper without their work suffering from it.

3. On the other hand, cabinet-makers, and, above all, makers of musical instruments, are obliged to be very careful in the selection of the wood which they work up. Wood which in Europe would be thought abundantly dry could not be made use of in the cabinet-makers' shops of Boston or New York, where it would crack in a very short time. Inlaid floors especially require extreme care, so that they are rarely seen, even in the houses of the most opulent. It is to the same cause that we must attribute the great success of American pianos, while those of Paris and Vienna, perfect as they may be for Europe, deteriorate in America very soon.

4. Carpenters are obliged to make use of a much stronger glue than in Europe.

5. The tanners also have remarked that their skins dry more easily there, which enables them to carry on their operations further in a given time. They are particularly astonished at the rapidity with which the desiccation goes on in winter.

6. Finally, I can cite a fact taken from my own experience as a naturalist. You know what care we have to take in Europe to protect our collections of natural history against dampness; it is only by placing lime or other absorbents in our galleries that we can succeed in protecting them from moisture, especially in new buildings. At Boston I have seen collections of birds and mammiferous animals deposited in apartments which the plasterer had scarcely left without any thought of placing absorbents in them. When I remarked upon this to the curator, expressing my solicitude for so many precious objects which I thought exposed to the risk of being spoiled, "You forget," he replied, "that we are in New England, and not in Europe."

All these different phenomena are referable to one and the same cause, which you have already divined—the greater dryness of the air of the United States. It might even appear idle to dwell as much as I have done upon this peculiarity of the American climate if this result was not apparently in opposition to the meteorological data which we possess relating to that country.

"You assert," it has been often objected to us, "that the climate of the United States is drier than that of Europe; nevertheless we know that it does not rain there any less nor less often than with us."

In fact, the quantity of water which falls in the United States, under the form of rain or snow, not only is not less, but it equals and even surpasses that which falls in Europe. Thus, according to the most recent data which we possess, there falls annually—

In Boston.....	38 inches of water.
In Philadelphia.....	45 " "
In St. Louis.....	32 " "

While in Europe the annual quantity of water which falls at a given point is—

In England.....	32 inches.
In France.....	25 " "
In the centre of Germany.....	20 " "
In Hamburg.....	17 " "

The number of rainy days in the United States is not less than in Europe, with the exception, perhaps, of the British Islands and Norway. On the other hand, it appears to be greater than in Eastern Europe.

Do I need to point out that the contradiction which seems to result from these data is only apparent, and that, notwithstanding the greater quantity of water that falls, the climate is, nevertheless, on the whole, drier in the United States than in Europe? The reason of this is very simple. It is that, during clear weather, the air is less charged with humidity than with us. The atmosphere does not, as in England and the west of Europe, continue in a state nearly that of saturation, but the moment the rain ceases and a change of wind brings back fine weather, the hygrometer falls immediately, and the dew-point keeps sensibly below the temperature of the surrounding air. There is in this respect a similarity between the climate of the United States and that of the Alps. Our mountains, as you know, have furnished results in appearance not less contradictory. Relying on the fact that it rains oftener there than on the plains, the conclusion has been too hastily drawn that the air in the mountainous region was less dry. Thus we see that in the older meteorological manuals, and even in recent works, the climate of the Alps figures among the moist climates, while in reality the air there is much more dry, a fact which any one may verify on a fine, clear day. It is to this very circumstance that we must in great part attribute the fact that we are less fatigued in traversing the mountains than the plains.

The cause of the greater dryness of the American climate it is easy to apprehend. In America, as in Europe, the predominant winds are from the west. On our European coasts those winds come charged with the moisture with which they have become saturated by their contact with the ocean; hence it is that they generally bring with them rain. In the United States it is the reverse. The western winds do not reach the Atlantic coast until after having swept over an entire continent, and during that passage they have lost a great part of their moisture. For that reason they are seldom accompanied with rain. They act the same part that the east winds do with us, which, for the very reason that they come to

us from over the continent, are dry and greedy of moisture. We all know how much more rapidly our roads and our fields dry under the influence of the north wind than that of the south wind (from the lake).*

To what degree do atmospheric conditions, so diverse, influence the conditions of animal and vegetable life? Buffon already, in comparing the animals and plants of the new continent with those of the old, had pointed out a double contrast. He had remarked that the animal species of the American Continent † were in general smaller than their congeners of the old continent, while nearly the reverse was true of plants. He concluded from this that the new continent was more favorable to the vegetable kingdom, while the old was more so to the animal kingdom.

The history of the United States does not extend over a sufficiently long period to furnish us with conclusive data upon the modifications which the different races of animals imported from Europe may have undergone through the influence of climate. It is man himself who will furnish us with the most instructive facts upon this point.

It is now nearly two hundred and fifty years since the first colonists established themselves on the shores of New England. They were, as is well known, dissenters, who expatriated themselves because they wanted a larger share of religious liberty than the English Church was disposed to allow them. They were in every respect true Englishmen, having all the physical and moral characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race. At the present day, after but little more than two centuries, the inhabitant of the United States is no longer simply an Englishman. He has traits which are peculiar to himself, and which cannot be mistaken any more than the English physiognomy could be confounded with the German. He is, in a word, developed as a Yankee or American type. But as this type cannot be the result of a crossing of races, since it is the most marked in the Eastern States, precisely where the race is less mixed, it must be the consequence of external influences, among which we must place in the front rank those of climate.

One of the physiological characteristics of the American is the absence of *embonpoint*. Pass through the streets of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, and you will hardly meet one out of a hundred individuals who elbow you who is corpulent, and that one will most generally be found to be a foreigner or of foreign descent.

What particularly strikes us in the Americans is the length of the neck; not, let it be understood, that they have the neck absolutely longer than ours, but that, being more slender, it appears longer. In turn, the American easily recognizes Europeans by opposite characters. It has happened to me more than once that, in forming conjectures with friends upon the nationality of individuals whom we have met on a public promenade, I had doubts as to their origin, while the Americans decided upon the point without hesitation. "But look," said they, "at the neck. No American has a neck like that."

The same remark applies and with more strength to the fair sex; and what will perhaps

* By a natural consequence of the contrast which I am enunciating, these same east and northeast winds, which with us are generally dry and cold, are in the United States invariably accompanied with rain. All who have lived in New York and New England know but too well the northeasterly storms which are so frequent in spring.

† It will suffice to compare the lion with the panther, the rhinoceros with the tapir, the camel with the llama.

astonish us is that, far from complaining of it, they appear to felicitate themselves on this peculiarity. In fact, it is from this that the delicate and ethereal expression arises which is so much vaunted in the American women. But, while we may recognize what there may be of attraction in this type, which, with or without reason, the poets characterize as angelic, I think I do not deceive myself in supposing that our European women, in being more robust and plump, have not any less claims on our admiration.

The difference which I have just pointed out between the Americans and the Europeans is not only the result of a less development of the muscular system; it depends as much, if not more, on the reduction of the glandular system, and in this regard it merits serious attention on the part of the physiologist, as involving directly the future of the American race. It is this that the most intelligent have foreseen; they have felt that there must be a limit to this excessive delicacy of forms, and it is for this reason that, notwithstanding their instinctive aversion to the Irish (who furnish the largest contingent of immigration), they are far from being opposed to the immigration of that race, who, by the plenitude of their forms and the richness of their glandular system, appear made to resist with better effect the influences of the American climate. The remark has, in fact, often been made that the handsomest women are those born of European parents.

More than this, these influences of climate are observed to operate not only on a new generation, but are seen in many instances in individuals when they change their residence from the Eastern to the Western Continent. Thus it is that few Europeans grow fat in the United States, while Americans who live for a short time in Europe acquire an air of health and well-being which is very remarkable. It is sometimes the same with Europeans who return to Europe after a prolonged residence in the United States. In the person of him who addresses you nothing would be easier than to furnish a proof of this.

When it is demonstrated that the greater dryness of the air can occasion, under similar latitudes, differences so remarkable as those we have pointed out, why should we refuse to recognize an influence from this cause in a more complex domain, but not less dependent on external circumstances? This leads us to say a word upon the differences which are to be recognized, in a moral point of view, between Americans and Europeans.

There is no European who, in landing at New York, Boston, or Baltimore, has not been struck with the feverish activity which prevails on all sides. Everybody is in a hurry. Persons on the wharves and on the sidewalks are running rather than walking. If two friends meet in the street, they content themselves with a shake of the hand, but they have, as a general thing, no time for conversation. It is true that something like this can be seen in the seaports and large towns of England; only the activity of the English appears to me more intentional, while that of the Yankee is more instinctive—the result of habit and a natural impatience, rather than of necessity. Hence it is that it betrays itself on occasions when it is absolutely unseasonable. The Americans have been reproached, and justly, too, for not allowing time enough for dinner. On the part of persons under the pressure of business, it could be accounted for on that ground, were it not that the habit is so general as to seem in a certain degree endemic. This is so true that I have more than once seen passengers on shipboard, who had absolutely nothing to do, who were not the less in a hurry

to leave the table. It is only with effort that this impatience has been kept under restraint at the watering-places; but that has been only accomplished by a recourse to what is the most powerful of levers—by stigmatizing this precipitation as unfashionable.

An impatience so general must necessarily have its source in some general cause. Although we possess as yet no precise data to explain the manner in which a greater or less degree of humidity of the air acts on the nervous system, we think we do not deceive ourselves in attributing this greater nervous irritability of the inhabitants of the United States to the dryness of the American climate. May we not cite in support of this opinion the less durable yet not less constant effect which the northeast wind has upon us? The northeast wind, as we have already remarked, corresponds in its effects to the northwest wind in America. It is the wind blowing over the continent, and we can all confirm its desiccating action. But the influence of our northeast wind, you are aware, does not end here; it is more general. The inhabitants of the Jura know but too well that it acts also upon the nervous system, and even upon the disposition of the mind, to such a degree that when the northeast wind, especially a sharp wind, blows for a length of time, they feel a kind of disquietude, of irritation, which even degenerates sometimes into ill-humor; and it is not perhaps without reason that it is said in some localities that the northeast wind makes the women out of temper. It is then, too, that we have the least need of stimulants, and I have heard a shrewd observer make the remark that one should never invite friends to dinner during a northeast wind.

But if a dry wind produces such marked effects in our own country, where, nevertheless, it blows only exceptionally, we may conceive that its influence must be very much greater in a country where it is the dominant wind, as is the case along the Atlantic coast of the United States. From this cause there is also there less need, in general, of stimulants. Shall we err in assuming that it is to the climate that we must refer the much more pernicious effect of fermented liquors in the United States than elsewhere? It is a well-recognized fact that Europeans, and especially the English, who are in the habit of drinking wine and spirituous liquors at home without being harmed by them, are obliged, if not to renounce them, at least to restrict themselves in the use of them, from the moment that they settle in the United States. It is owing to this experience that temperance societies have been able to exert so preponderating an influence there, and to dictate legislative measures, which, if they were enacted with us, might well transform into revolutionists some of our most determined conservatives.

So, also, the Americans, notwithstanding their apparent coldness, are constitutionally more irritable than Europeans. Their susceptibility is proverbial. Can it be said that on this account they are more violently irritable than we are?

According to this theory, they should be so, and they would perhaps be so, if they had not provided in season against the ill effects of this greater nervous irritability by carefully repressing, more than we do, all movements of impatience. Those who have lived in the United States know what care is there taken in the early instruction of children to inculcate the habit of self-government. Hence it results that a people, the most irritable on the face of the earth, is found to be at the same time the best disciplined. Liberty, especially, is only possible in the large measure in which it exists there, because each individual has been early

accustomed to restrain his impulses. To keep himself in this path, the American has no need of a police. Public opinion, besides, is sufficient to recall him within the limits of decorum when he has strayed away from them. It is in the lowest taste for a man who makes any claim to the title of a gentleman to allow himself to get angry, and still more to resort to acts of violence. Thus the Americans take satisfaction in saying, what is but too true, that, when two individuals fall to fighting in the street, it may be taken for granted that they are either Irishmen or Germans.

God forbid, nevertheless, that we should assume that the position, the prosperity, and the liberty of a country are the consequences of its climate! The example of England, with its climate directly the reverse of that of America, would confute us, if we were to hazard such a paradox. But we think, on the other hand, that the greatness of a nation does not depend so exclusively on its institutions as some eminent authors have thought. The climate of the United States, in inducing the adoption of certain principles of education, has perhaps in that way even facilitated the extraordinary development of the American people, under conditions which otherwise might have proved fatal to their prosperity, and, above all, to their liberty.

Great trouble and expense have been caused by the sinking of a portion of the track of the new Jefferson Railroad, where it crosses a swamp in Ararat township, Pa. "It has been found," says the *Montrose Republican*, "that under the swamp is a subterranean pond, of several acres in extent, and of considerable depth. This pond is covered by about six feet in depth of black earth, which supports a heavy growth of woods. The trees are mostly soft maple, pine, hemlock, and birch, many of them ranging from six inches to three feet in diameter. Last fall it was discovered that the subterranean pond contains many fish, of the kind usually found in ponds in this part of the country—pickereel and 'shiners' among others—but all without eyes! In the darkness of their subterranean abode, they have no use for the organ of vision. The Ball Pond, about a mile and a half distant, is now 'growing over.' A considerable part of it has become subterranean within the last twenty years, and, probably, before many years, it will be entirely covered like the other. This pond is about twenty acres in extent. For some distance from the shore, it is filled with a dense growth of water-lilies, and these, no doubt, furnish the foundation on which the superstructure of earth is commenced."

Miscellany.

Bridal Presents to Princess Louise.

BY the queen, a very large, fine emerald, set with brilliants, as a centre of bracelet; another set, as a centre of necklace; a very fine opal and brilliant necklace, with five large opals set round with brilliants, and connected with diamond chain; a large drop brooch, with two very fine opals set round with brilliants; a pair of opal and diamond ear-rings to correspond; a richly-chased silver-gilt dessert service, consisting of one centre, two sides, and four corner ornaments.

Their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian, a beautifully-chased, silver-gilt tea and coffee service, containing the following pieces: coffee-pot, two tea-pots, one sugar-basin, one hot-milk jug, one cream-ewer, in case.

Their royal highnesses Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, two diamond daisy-flowers, mounted as hair-pins.

The Duchess of Cambridge, a silver-gilt inkstand in the shape of a shell.

The Duke of Cambridge, a richly-engraved silver salver.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll, a tiara formed of a band of emeralds and diamonds, surmounted by a scroll-work also of emeralds and diamonds.

The Marquis of Lorn, a beautiful pendant ornament, with a large and fine sapphire, mounted with brilliants and pearls, and pearl drop; the centre forms a bracelet.

The Clan Campbell, a necklace composed of pearls and diamonds, from which is suspended a locket of oval form, with pendant; the centre of the locket is formed by a large and extremely-beautiful Oriental pearl, surrounded by a closely-set row of diamonds of large size and great brilliancy; the outer border also consists of large diamonds, but set in such a manner as to give an appearance of lightness very seldom obtained in ornaments of a similar description; the pendant, the most characteristic portion of the jewel, is suspended by an emerald sprig of bog-myrtle (the Campbell badge), and bears in the centre the galley of Lorn, composed of sapphires on a *pavé* of diamonds; the border, also of sapphires and diamonds, bears the inscription, "Ne obliviscaris."

The ladies and gentlemen of her majesty's household, one large single candelabrum for five lights, four smaller candelabra for three lights each, a very complete toilet service in silver gilt, with the cipher and coronet engraved on each article.

Her majesty's late household, a silver tea and coffee service, with table mounted in silver.

The bridesmaids, a very handsome gold bracelet, with rubies and diamonds.

The Duke of Roxburghe, a silver-gilt teakettle to correspond with the service presented by their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, a richly-chased, antique pattern, silver toilet-casket.

The Countess of Maclesfield, a case of silver-gilt coffee-spoons.

Viscountess Beaconsfield (the wife of Mr. Disraeli), a neck ornament, with border of fine brilliants; emerald cross centre.

From the people of Windsor, a very handsome all-diamond bracelet, engraved with the following inscription: "From the people of Windsor to her royal highness the Princess Louise, on her marriage, March 21, 1871."

From the Earl of Hardwicke, a coral and diamond bracelet, and a turquoise and diamond bracelet.

From the boys at Eton College, a large massive silver tankard and cover, with chased battle-subject in relief, after "Le Brun," on the body, and engraved as follows: "Presented to the Marquis of Lorn, on his marriage, by the present members of his old school, Eton, 1871."

Among the presents were some exquisite specimens of Minton china. A very *recherché* dessert-service from the Princess of Wales, and a superb set of turquoise china vases from the Duke of Abercorn.

The Duchess of Wellington presented a mirror of large proportions, standing forty-five inches high, and thirty-six inches in width; the frame is six inches broad, of curved outline, composed or filled in with delicate open-work tracery of foliage, flowers, birds, figures, and butterflies, all in *repoussé* work, and in the highest possible relief. The mirror is sup-

ported by two pillars, around which are cupids with garlands of flowers, forming a fine example of the Cinque-Cento style of art. The whole is surmounted by a princess's coronet. The frame is in solid silver, and richly gilt.

Louis Napoleon.

Cæsarism is a bad thing in itself, but Louis Napoleon was by no means a bad Cæsar. For nearly twenty years he ruled France with absolute power, and during that time he gave France very much what she wanted. He may not have given her, and we believe he did not give her, what was best for her to have, but he fulfilled many of the conditions that were needed to satisfy her. What has France really wished for during these last twenty years? It has wished to be secure from its own turbulent and dangerous classes, to be aided in growing rich, to have a predominance in Europe, to be able to bully or patronize its neighbors, to be considered "the great nation" in arts and arms. The bulk of Frenchmen thought that the empire gave them all these good things. We have seen enough of the character of the lower section of the population of Paris, in the last few weeks, to understand something of the enthusiasm which the emperor, in the early days of his reign, awakened when he had made it clearly understood that he could save society—that is, that he knew how to shoot down the cruel, gabbling, mischievous ragamuffins, who seek by tyranny to make the lives of all others as miserable and brutal as their own. Then there can be no doubt that the emperor powerfully aided the material progress of France. It is true that France during the same period would have got rich under any government that could have preserved order, for the twenty years of the empire were twenty years in which railways first began to tell on industry, and in which, as the whole commerce and wealth of the world was rapidly extending, France naturally took her share in the good things going. But the emperor personally bestowed the energies of an inventive mind on the work, and brought ideas that were more than French to aid the progress of his people toward wealth. It was not only Paris that he adorned; he did something to beautify or to enrich almost every provincial French town. As for meddling with Europe, he fooled the French on this head to the very top of their bent. Nothing in Europe was to be settled or thought of or done without his approval and that of France, and France was naturally delighted. He even invented new and unheard-of outlets for French vanity, and inspired, or nearly inspired, Frenchmen with a belief that it was their mission to uphold the Latin races in America, and to cripple the maritime power of England by a settlement in Cochín China. Lastly, he did something to please the two great factions of French society, the liberals and the clericals. He freed Italy, and he supported the papacy. In his later days he threw himself more and more on the clericals, for the simple reason that he found that they could do more for him, and that they were the real people to address when he fancied he should like a plébiscite. But he always wished it to be understood that he was a saint somewhat against his will, and that the sinners ought to know that at bottom he was their very good friend. When we look at the chaos and misery in which France now is, at her humiliated armies, impoverished population, at Paris shorn of its glory, and trembling in face of a knot of rebellious National Guards, and at the total loss of her position in Europe, it is not difficult to comprehend the adhesion which for many years she gave to the policy of a man who offered and secured her the reverse of all these evils.

Abstraction.

The whistle shrilled warning, we entered the tunnel,
And darkness Cimmerian succeeded to light;
And I saw the red cinders flash out from the funnel,
Like shot-stars that sweep down the dusk arch of night.

And thus, I exclaimed, through the tunnel of Trouble,
Does man, the express, rush devotedly on;
Nor cares, though unkindness the darkness may double,
For him if the cinders of hope shall have shone.

From the fire-box, his soul, incandescence they borrow,
And cheerful effulgence unceasingly cast;
And, just as the night brings the dawn of the morrow,
The drear tunnel leads into daylight at last.

Then let him not fear, though the shadows grow deeper,
But, thus as I mused, slowly halted the train,
A twist of my collar, a fist in my peeper,
And out jumped a thief with my watch and my chain.

Fire-Signals.

Fire would naturally suggest itself as the earliest and most ready mode of signalling, as the eye is so easily attracted by light. This, of course, would be most effectual during the night, though a thick smoke would show on a clear day at a considerable distance. Accordingly, as far back as old Homer, we find Simon represented as signalling to the Greek fleet to return from Tenedos, now that the stratagem of the "wooden horse" was successful, by lighting fires on the shore. Æschylus, in his "Agamemnon," describes, by the mouth of *Clytemnestra*, how the long-looked-for capture of Troy was made known at Mycenæ. From point to point the glare of the beacon-flames spreads its news—from Ida to Lemnos, Athos, Macistus, Messapium; from the dun heights of Cithæron to Ægiplanctus, which passes on its tale of victory across the Saronic Gulf to Arachnæus, a hill in the hero's home territory; and the weary sentries of Mycenæ hail with joy the downfall of their foe, and wait their liege lord's speedy return. This passage will recall to the memory the famous parallel, if not imitation, by Macaulay, in his "Lay of the Spanish Armada," where the bale-fires rouse England, from Plymouth to Carlisle, for defence against the foe. Later on, in more historical times than those of Troy, Mardonius, the Persian commander left in Greece by Xerxes, is represented as prepared to telegraph the capture of Athens to his master at Sardis, by similar means. But, at the time of the Persian war, fire-signals had been brought to a considerable degree of accuracy. Herodotus tells us that as the Greek fleet lay at Artemisium, waiting for the Persians, it became known to them by fire-signals that their three lookout ships had been captured by the enemy, though, whether they learned in the same way that the crews had made their escape, is not quite clear from the passage.

Fine Feathers.

A new idea has been put into practice, recently, to furnish more regularly and certainly the fine feathers that make the fine birds of the opera, the fashionable church, and the promenade. Ostriches are now farmed in South Af

rics, solely for their feathers. They are kept in lots containing fifteen or twenty acres, which are enclosed by low stone walls, over which the ostriches never leap. The eggs are hatched artificially; but the feathers obtained from the wild birds are still the more valuable in the market. The mode of hunting them is as follows: The finest adult male bird is singled out of the flock of perhaps six or eight, at the season when the feathers are in the finest condition—that is, when the quills have not arrived at their full hardness or development; the plume of the feathers is then beautifully delicate and soft. These feathers are called the blood-feathers, and are considered of the greatest value. The hunter then follows it at a sharp trot, so as not to alarm the bird thoroughly, but follows it up ten miles or more at the same rate of speed, and then stops, letting his horse feed and rest for about twenty minutes. The ostrich also stops. The hunter then mounts again, and follows up the bird at a fast gallop. The ostrich is now, however, stiff and tired after his previous exertion, and does not go along so fast, so that his pursuer soon runs him down, and knocks him on the head with a thong of rhinoceros-hide, which kills him at once. The long white feathers are worth from one hundred and sixty to two hundred dollars a pound, and it takes about eighty of them to make a pound. The process of cleaning and preparing them for commerce is a somewhat intricate one, and requires considerable skill. An ostrich in good plumage is worth about eighty dollars. Some hunters get from fifty to seventy-five birds in a season.

Birmingham (Eng.) School-masters in 1880.

Such a trio as the three masters of this school could scarcely be equalled; the head master did not confine his punishing propensities to his own boys, but would often invade the second master's ground and thrash away; and to make amends to the wounded feelings of the second master, he would also carry out his brutal taste by thrashing those of the third master with equal gusto. The second master followed the example of the premier, and not only did he use his fist in his passion, but his language was disgusting. The third master, of course, followed suit; but he was the worst of all—particularly when the other masters were absent, and he seemed to enjoy it, for, after giving his brutal floggings, he would chuckle and laugh. His chief delight was to hold a boy by the hair of his head down to his desk with one hand, while he beat the boy on his face. No wonder that the boys were continually playing truant, and coming to school at very irregular hours, when they had such cruel masters over them.

Scottish Scenery.

The visitor to the west coast of Scotland is doubtless often disappointed by the absence of bright colors and brilliant contrasts, such as he has been accustomed to in Italy and Switzerland, and he goes away too often with a malediction on the mist and the rain, and an under-murmur of contempt for Scottish scenery, such as poor Montalembert sadly expressed in his life of the Saint of Iona. But, what many chance-visitors despise, becomes to the living resident a constant source of joy. Those infinitely-varied grays—those melting, melodious, dimmest of browns—those silvery gleams through the fine neutral tint of cloud! one gets to like strong sunlight least; it dwarfs the mountains so, and destroys the beautiful distance. Dark, dreamy days, with the clouds clear and high, and the wind hushed; or wild

days, with the dark heavens blowing by like the rush of a sea, and the shadows driving like mad things over the long grass and the marshy pool; or sad days of rain, with dim pathetic glimpses of the white and weeping orb; or the nights of the round moon, when the air throbs with strange electric light, and the hill is mirrored dark as ebony in the glittering sheet of the loch; or nights of the aurora and lunar rainbow: on days and nights like those is the Land of Lorn beheld in its glory. Even during those superb sunsets for which its coasts are famed—sunsets of fire divine, with all the tints of the prism—only west and east kindle to great brightness; while the landscape between reflects the glorious light dimly and gently, interposing mists and vapors with dreamy shadows of the hills. These bright moments are exceptional; yet is it quite fair to say so when, a dozen times during the rainy day, the heart of grayness bursts open, and the rainbow issues forth in complete semicircle, glittering in glorious evanescence, with its dim ghost fluttering faintly above it on the dark heaven?

Varieties.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says: "There is nothing more offensive to me than to be greeted in that rough, religious way, 'Well, brother Beecher, how is your soul to-day?' None of your business! It is a kind of familiarity that I don't relish. If my father were to come to me on the ferry-boat, and put his arm around my neck, I should look up with pleasure; but, should a stranger do the same thing, I should resent the action as an insult. And what I won't permit to be done to my body, I shall not tolerate on my soul."

The new trowel-bayonets, being manufactured at the Springfield armory, are shaped almost exactly like a sharp-pointed trowel, and the dimensions about the same, or much like the spear-heads of the South-Sea Island warriors. Their design is not so much for charges as an efficient instrument for a skirmishing line, and being furnished with finger-pieces where they are joined to the guns, they can be used either to lop boughs or dig holes for picket defence.

A writer in the Illinois Agricultural Report for 1864, says: "The fences of the United States have cost more than the ships, boats, and vessels, of every description, which sail the ocean, lakes, and rivers; more than any one class of property, aside from real estate, except, it may be, the railroads of our country." This may seem like an exaggerated statement, but a little estimate will show that it is not so extravagant as would first appear.

A letter from a member of the Magellan colony speaks of some of the Patagonians as standing six feet six or seven inches, and "from head to heel symmetry itself." Nor is it unusual to find a Patagonian weighing as much as two hundred and eighty-five pounds. With all their splendid physical characteristics, the race is degenerating "through the use of liquor." Moreover, with all their bodily strength, the people are said to be exceedingly cowardly.

An eccentric, wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field on his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir, are you a contented man?" "Yes, sir, very." "Then what do you want with my field?" The applicant did not stop to reply.

On the average throughout the year, one railroad-train per minute leaves London. That would be five hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred trains in the year.

The express system originated in 1839. One express messenger in New York travelled one million five hundred thousand miles in ten years.

A proposition to do away with the present steamboat system of the Mississippi designs the substitution of powerful tugs for steamboats, the passenger-boats being towed thereby.

Prussia exports linens, woollens, zinc, articles of iron, copper, brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wine, and porcelain.

Not the least serious loss to the French from the war is that of the timber which has been so ruthlessly wasted, and which will take many a long year to restore.

Sabastian Bach is said to have been the first pianist who discovered the use of the human thumb. Previous performers discarded the use of that member.

A thief who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse excused himself on the plea that he only went to take tea.

A laurel-wreath of gold has been voted by the ladies of Munich to the Emperor William, and a statue to Count Moltke.

To lady railroad travellers: For information respecting the last train apply to the leading dressmaker.

The wail of a Western poet: "'Tis sweet to court; but, oh! how bitter, to court a gal and then not git her!"

Father Hyacinthe wants to see more of the United States, and has announced his intention of visiting us during the present summer.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar," is about to be married to a young clergyman.

Henri Rochefort is suffering from consumption, and cannot, in the nature of things, live long.

The exportation of oysters for seed to England, is a new feature in the American oyster-trade.

Why are birds melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are all over dew.

It requires two or three thousand tons of food each day for Paris.

The Museum.

IN the discussion of Darwinism, the advocates of that theory make a considerable point of the fact that certain species of butterflies almost exactly resemble in appearance the leaves of the plants to which they resort. This resemblance, or mimicry, as it is called, is, of course, a great protection from the birds which seek to devour the butterflies. Perhaps the most striking example of it is that of the leaf-butterfly, which is very common in the East Indies. The upper surface of these butterflies is very striking and showy, as they are of a large size, and are adorned with a broad band of rich orange on a deep-bluish ground. The under side is very variable in color, so that out of fifty specimens no two can be found exactly alike, but every one of them will be of some shade of ash, or brown, or ochre, such as are found among dead, dry, or decaying leaves. The apex of the upper wing is produced into an acute point, a very common form in the leaves of tropical shrubs and trees, and the lower wings are also produced into a short narrow tail. Between these two points runs a dark curved line exactly representing the midrib of a leaf, and from this radiate on each side a few oblique lines, which serve to indicate the lateral veins of a leaf. These marks are more clearly seen on the outer portion of the base of the wings and in the inner side toward the middle and apex, and it is very curious to observe how the usual marginal and transverse striae of the group are here modified and strengthened so as to become adapted for an imitation of the venation of a leaf. . . . But this re-

semblance, close as it is, would be of little use if the habits of the insect did not accord with it. If the butterfly sat upon leaves or upon flowers, or opened its wings so as to expose the upper surface, or exposed and moved its head and antennæ as many other butterflies do, its disguise would be of little avail.

We might be sure, however, from the analogy of many other cases, that the habits of the insect are such as still further to aid its deceptive garb; but we are not obliged to make any such supposition, since Mr. Wallace had the good fortune to observe scores of *Kallima paralekta*, in Sumatra, and to capture many of them, and vouches for the accuracy of the following details. These butterflies frequent dry forests, and fly very swiftly. They were seen to settle on a flower or a green leaf, but were many times lost sight of in a bush or tree of dead leaves. On such occasions they were generally searched for in vain, for, while gazing intently at the very spot where one had disappeared, it would often suddenly dart out,



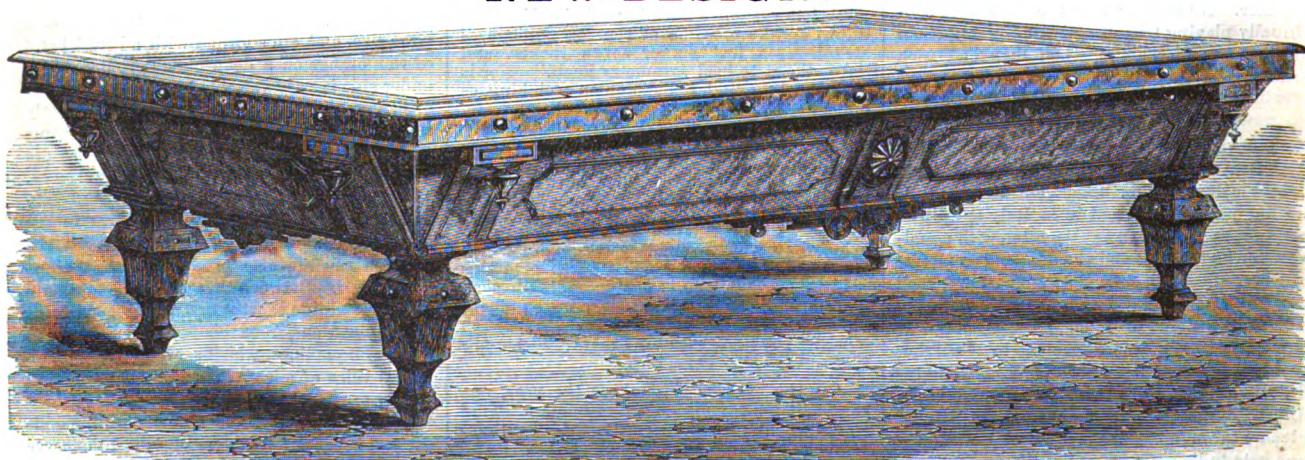
Leaf-butterfly in Flight and Repose.

and again vanish twenty or fifty yards farther on. On one or two occasions the insect was detected reposing, and it could then be seen how completely it assimilates itself to the surrounding leaves. It sits on a nearly upright twig, the wings fitting closely back to back, concealing the antennæ and head, which are drawn up between their bases. The little tails of the hind-wing touch the branch, and form a perfect stalk to the leaf, which is supported in its place by the claws of the middle pair of feet, which are slender and inconspicuous. The irregular outline of the wings gives exactly the perspective effect of a shrivelled leaf. We thus have size, color, form, markings, and habits, all combining together to produce a disguise which may be said to be absolutely perfect; and the protection which it affords is sufficiently indicated by the abundance of the individuals that possess it. We copy this account of the leaf-butterfly and the accompanying illustration from Mi-vart's interesting "Genesis of Species" just published by D. Appleton & Co.

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WITH SUPPLEMENT.



NOTHING IN THE HANDS NOTHING IN THE POCKETS.

FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMACOIS.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER XVII.—THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

MISS LESTER fulfilled her own prophecy, and remained in bed the better part of the next morning; but Katharine rose at a reasonable hour, and went below. As she paused at the foot of the stairs, debating in her own mind which one of the numerous doors around was likely to lead into the breakfast-room, a step sounded behind her, and a pleasant voice said:

"Good-morning, Miss Tresham. Merry Christmas to you!"

"Good-morning, Miss Vernon," answered Katharine, turning to face the speaker, who had come down the staircase in her rear, and was close at hand. "Merry Christmas to you! Is it not a beautiful day?"

"Delightful!" said Miss Vernon. "Let us go to the front door, and look at it."

To the front door they went, accordingly, and met the full brilliance of the sparkling winter morning—the floods of dazzling sunshine, the refraction of light from the gravel sweep, and the frost-gemmed trees and shrubs that stood out clearly in the transparent atmosphere.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!" sang Miss Vernon, softly, as she stood and looked out, shading her eyes with one hand, while the sunbeams turned her hair to shining gold.

"I like your translation better than ours, Miss Tresham; and, oh, I wish you would teach me to sing the Latin as you sang it last night! It seemed to me I never heard a language half so beautiful. You don't pronounce it as our university men do."

"No, indeed, I do not," said Katharine, smiling. "I call their pronunciation barbarous, and so does anybody who has ever heard the other. I'll teach you the 'Gloria' with pleasure, Miss Vernon."

"Thank you; I shall remember the promise. Do you know that, like Lord Byron, you have waked up this morning and found yourself famous—as far as it is in the power of Annesdale to bestow fame?"

"Not I."

"Well, it is true, nevertheless. Everybody is talking about your voice. Here come two of your audience now. Ask them if it is not so."

Katharine, whom the sunlight was nearly blinding, looked in the direction indicated, and perceived two gentlemen advancing along a side-path to the house. As they came near her, she saw that one of them was Morton Annesley, and the other a tall, stalwart, sunburnt person, who had been presented to her on the preceding evening as Mr. Seymour. Before she could answer her companion, they came up the steps, and, all smiling and slightly purple from the cold, were making their Christmas greetings. They had been to the stable to look at their horses; had found the morning charming, but rather cool; and were on their way back for breakfast—had the ladies been to breakfast?

"Not yet," said Miss Vernon. "We will take you in and give you some hot coffee as a reward for your exertions. What can there be so interesting in horses, I wonder, that men should go out and stand in the cold for the pleasure of looking at them? Mr. Seymour, I heard those hounds of yours making a terrible noise this morning. When are you going on a fox-hunt?"

"To-morrow morning at three o'clock, according to our present arrangement," said Mr. Seymour, smiling; and to Katharine, standing by, it was evident that this stout Nimrod was like wax in Irene Vernon's dainty hands, and before the glance of her sunny violet eyes.

"And may I go too?—Miss Tresham, did you ever go fox-hunting? It is the most delightful thing in the world.—Mr. Seymour, may I go too?"

"I am afraid it is impossible, Miss Irene."

"But why? Don't I often go, when I'm down in Apalaska?"

"Certainly you do. But it is different here. This is a rougher

country, and we may have to ride eight or ten miles before we start a fox—at least, Annesley says so."

"I think there is very little doubt of it," said Annesley. "Miss Irene, I am afraid there is no hope of your going; but I am sure Seymour will bring you the brush of the first fox that dies, and you can hang it at the side of your bridle.—By-the-way," he added, turning suddenly to Miss Tresham, "won't you try Ilderim, now that you are here? I should like it very much, and, if you would like it too, there is no possible reason to be urged against it."

"Mr. Annesley, I"—here she broke down, and laughed—"I really think you ought not to tempt me so. If I would like one thing more than another, it would be to ride Ilderim."

"Then, for Heaven's sake, why do you hesitate to do it?"

"Don't be profane, and I will tell you after a while. Now, we must go in to breakfast."

They went in, and found the breakfast-room bright and cheery, and full of the sound of clattering dishes and pleasant voices. It was on the east side of the house, and the bright sunlight was pouring across it in long lines of level light. Half a dozen round tables took the place of one long, solemn board, and at five out of the six sociable groups were drinking their coffee and eating their steak with healthy appetites. The four who came in now took their seats at the unoccupied table, and smiled and nodded in answer to the greetings given from all sides. Miss Vernon, in particular, came in for a large share of these.

"Irene, here are some oysters!" cried one young lady. "Do you know they came from Mobile packed in ice, and Mr. French says they were brought specially for you? Take some; they are very good."

"You are very good," said Irene, looking at Mr. French. "Is it possible they are fresh?"

"Taste them, and see," said Morton, setting a dish before her. "The cold weather stood our friend.—Miss Tresham, do you like oysters?"

"Who does not like oysters, Mr. Annesley?"

"A great many people here in the backwoods, I assure you. Ask Mrs. Dargan over there what she thinks of them."

"I think they are abominable, and not fit for a Christian to look at," said Mrs. Dargan, with a shudder. "I would just as soon eat frogs."

"There is nothing better than a good fricassee of frogs," said Mr. Langdon, who prided himself on being cosmopolitan in tastes and ideas. "You are right, too, Mrs. Dargan—there is something in the flavor not unlike oysters."

"I said nothing about the flavor!" cried Mrs. Dargan. "Goodness, Mr. Langdon! you don't suppose I ever tasted one of the things?"

"If you went to France, my dear madam—" began Mr. Langdon.

"I should be afraid to open my mouth after I got in the country, for fear I might be made to eat some of their dreadful concoctions without knowing it," interrupted the lady.

"Then let me advise you not to go to the country, for a fasting-tour would be any thing but pleasant.—Annesley, my good fellow, what is the best way to eat an oyster?"

"Each to his taste," answered Annesley, with a smile.

"Not by any means," said Mr. Langdon. "The best way, in fact, the only civilized way, is—raw. In that case, they only need a little pepper and salt."

In this vein the conversation flowed back and forth—trivial, but very easy and unrestrained, and occasionally sparkling with a touch of humor or pleasantry. Katharine liked it, as she liked soft fabrics, and rich rooms, and delicate perfumes; for, alas! Mr. Warwick was right, and she was by nature cursed with that sensitive appreciation of refinement and the appliances of refinement which makes life in the lower grades of society nothing more nor less than a positive torture. After a while, Mrs. Annesley came over and sat down by her.

"I suppose I must not include you, Miss Tresham, in the parties made up for church this morning?" she said, by way of excuse for her advent.

"No, I shall not go," answered Katharine, who thought the question quite unnecessary.

"Fortunately—should one say fortunately about such a thing?—gentlemen are not very devout," said the lady. "If they were, I hardly know how all these good people would be conveyed to hear Mr.

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Norwood preach.—Irene, I believe I heard you promise Morton that he should drive you?"

"You heard me promise Mr. Seymour," said Irene, who saw Mrs. Annesley's schemes for throwing Morton and herself together, and always quietly managed to defeat them. "He asked me—or, no, I believe I asked him; but, whichever it was, I am to have the pleasure of going behind those beautiful grays of his."

"Miss Irene, you are utterly faithless," said Morton, laughing. "I shall ask Mrs. Raynor to console me for your desertion."

"She will tell you that George is afraid to trust her with your horses."

"I shall not ask George any thing about it. Yonder she is now."

He rose hastily, and went up to Mrs. Raynor, who entered the room at the moment. Mrs. Annesley watched him with a smile, then quietly took the vacant seat by Katharine. She was very gracious, and talked so pleasantly that the girl was half beguiled out of her unconscious distrust and dislike. But she noticed—even a duller woman would have noticed—how cleverly her hostess contrived that, in leaving the breakfast-room, she should be separated from Morton. It was only what Katharine herself had intended; but, notwithstanding this intention, she could not help resenting Mrs. Annesley's interference. However conscious we may be of our social drawbacks, it is not pleasant to have the perception of them thrust remorselessly upon us. More annoyed than she would have thought possible by such a trifling evidence of what she already knew very well, Katharine went upstairs; and while she was assisting at Miss Lester's toilet, and cultivating Spitfire's acquaintance, her name, if she had only known it, was the topic of conversation with two different groups below-stairs.

Most of the young ladies were engaged in putting on their wrappings for the drive to church; but in the drawing-room a council of elderly ladies was convened around the fire, and Mrs. Annesley found herself courteously but decidedly on trial.

"My dear Mrs. Annesley, I can understand why you wished to gratify Adela in bringing her here," said one of the vigilance-committee; "but, if I had been in your place, I really would have thought twice about it. She is a dangerous girl—I can see that—and with all these young men—"

"The young men can take care of themselves, I suppose," said Mrs. Annesley, smiling, but in her heart feeling any thing but amused.

"Indeed, I think they are twice as foolish as girls," said the first speaker, hastily. "You hardly ever hear of girls acting as many of them do. There was poor Harry Anderson—he married a governess, and she was so extravagant that she nearly ruined him. He did not know any thing about her family, either; and I hear that she had a whole set of disreputable relations who came and lived with him."

"A drunken father," said Mrs. Dargan, solemnly. "Poor Harry at last had to order him out of the house. Do you know any thing about Miss Tresham's family, Mrs. Annesley?"

"My dear Mrs. Dargan, how should I?" asked Mrs. Annesley, becoming less and less amused. "I don't vouch for Miss Tresham in any way. I am civil to her because she is under my own roof; but she is here in—well, I may almost say in a professional capacity."

"We know that," said another lady—the mother of the Mr. Talcott who had been attentive to Katharine the evening before. "But, then, is it right to throw temptation in the way of the young? It seems to me that *that* is the light in which to look at it. The girl is certainly pretty, and, what with her looks and her singing, she might easily turn the heads of—of some of these young men. I am not thinking of my own son," said the poor woman, who was thinking of nobody else; "but there are plenty others here, and—and I can see that they find her very attractive."

"She is an atrocious flirt, that is very clear," said Mrs. Dargan, sharply. "I read her at once, like a book; and I really wonder, Mrs. Annesley, that you did not see what efforts she has made to attract your son."

"Morton paid her some attention at my request," said Mrs. Annesley, with her heart sinking lower every minute. She carried it off very bravely; but really a terrible distrust seized upon her. Had she really done mischief, after all? In the effort to bring Katharine fairly within the scope of her power, had she thrown a firebrand into her party, and made Morton's infatuation the subject of the observation which it had hitherto escaped? Almost all who deal in schemes and stratagems, must sometimes know the dread of having overreached their own end—and, having once known it, they must be aware that

few dreads are more terrible. "Good Heavens! what do they find in her so attractive?" she said at last, almost impatiently. "She seems commonplace enough to me."

"Well, do you know, I think she is very pleasant," said a mild voice from the sofa, where the senior Mrs. Raynor sat—a gentle, pensive lady, all bundled up in a cashmere shawl. "She is a pretty creature, and her manners are so nice. She talked to me for some time last night, and I took quite a fancy to her. She told me a great deal about the West Indies, and I think the climate would certainly suit me. If George is able to leave home, I shall try it next winter."

The other ladies exchanged significant glances. Mrs. Raynor could afford to take a fancy to this girl, for both of Mrs. Raynor's sons were safely tied in the bonds of matrimony, and therefore not in a position to make fools of themselves. While, as for them—there was hardly one of them who had not some young man, some son, or nephew, or prospective son-in-law, for whose safety of head and heart she was at that moment quaking.

Meanwhile, the objects of all this solicitude, the young men aforesaid, were smoking their cigars in and around the front piazza, and, in their free-and-easy fashion, canvassing the governess, who, to them, simply stood on her merits as a woman. It may be as well to state that Morton was absent, for, if he had been present, the conversation would certainly have received a summary check.

"I believe I will send up and ask Miss Tresham to go to church with me," said Mr. Langdon, watching meditatively the elegant equipages which, one after another, swept up before the door. "My horses are not quite as fine as Seymour's, and my buggy isn't half as new as Annesley's; but, still, I think I'll ask her.—Here, Sam—go up to Miss Tresham's room, and give her my compliments—Mr. Langdon's compliments—and say—"

"You may spare yourself that trouble, Tom," said Talcott, who was standing near. "Miss Tresham isn't going to church."

"Did she tell you so?"

"No; I didn't ask her—but she told Mrs. Annesley so. I'd have asked her myself, if it hadn't been for that. But, then, I remembered—she is a Romanist, you know."

"How the deuce should I know?"

"You might have heard her say so—as I did. I asked her something about that song last night, and she told me she was a Catholic. I suppose that's how she came to know Latin. She must be amazingly clever."

"She is certainly amazingly pretty," said Seymour, laughing, while Langdon gravely smoked his pipe, and regarded the horses. "My test of beauty is, whether a woman will make any showing by the side of Irene Vernon. I saw them both together this morning, and Miss Tresham not only made a showing, but a very good one. Who is she? Where does she come from, anyhow?"

"You know Marks—the man who is cashier of the bank in Tallahoma?" said George Raynor. "Well, this girl is a teacher in his family. He picked her up somewhere, and they do say"—here the speaker looked significantly mysterious—"that one of our friends, not a thousand miles away, is seriously smitten."

"Who?—Talcott?" asked Langdon, looking round.

"I smitten!" cried Talcott, reddening up in a minute. "Why, good Heavens! I never thought of such a thing. She's very nice; and I got on very well with her last night—but I don't see how you could say such a thing as that, Raynor."

"There's something in a guilty conscience, Fred," said Raynor, laughing. "I was not even thinking of you. I was thinking of—well, it don't matter who. She is a pretty girl, there's no doubt of that," added he, candidly. "Flora tells me that Irene has taken quite a fancy to her, and that is remarkable, for Irene doesn't often take fancies—especially to women."

"She is too nice for a governess," said another smoker. "Talcott, you'd better go in for the prize. She wouldn't cost you much trouble, and that's a consideration."

"Stop that, Hal," said Seymour, gravely. "I can't bear to hear a woman talked of in such a strain. Governess or no governess, Miss Tresham is a lady, and should be treated as one. Now, I would sooner insult her to her face than behind her back."

"Who thought about insulting her!" demanded the other, flushing, and looking offended.

"You didn't, I suppose; but it is a bad habit to talk in that way, and, if I were you, I would break myself of it."

What the recipient of this frank advice would have replied, was a matter open to conjecture. He frowned, and his answer would probably not have been very amiable, if a group of brightly-dressed girls had not at that moment come down the staircase, and crossed the hall into the piazza.

Immediately all the bustle of departure began, and, before long, carriage after carriage rolled out of the open gates, and down the bright, sunlit road. Mrs. Annesley's was the last to leave, and, when her foot was on the step, she turned suddenly to one of the servants standing near.

"To-day is mail-day," she said. "Has anybody been to the post-office, Joe?"

It was at once evident from Joe's face—a good deal blank, and a little foolish—that such an idea as mail-day or post-office had never entered his Christmas-beset mind. Holding his cap between two fingers, he scratched his head with the others, as he replied: "I don't b'lieve anybody have thought about it, mistiss."

"Take a horse and go at once, then," said his mistress. "Don't forget it now—for I shall expect to find the mail when I get back."

"I sha'n't forget it, ma'am."

And, as Mrs. Annesley drove off, she had the satisfaction of seeing him take his way to the stable with laudable haste.

An hour later Katharine was crossing the hall, when a servant entered with a large and well-filled mail-bag slung across his shoulder. "Letters, ma'am?" he said, touching his cap, as if the announcement must necessarily interest the young lady. But she shook her head with a smile. "I am not expecting any thing," she said; and with that was passing on, when, through the open drawing-room door, Miss Lester's voice sounded.

"Did I hear something about letters, Miss Tresham? Oh, yes, there they are. Would you mind looking over them, and getting mine for me? I know, mamma must have written, and I hate to move—Spitfire is so comfortable, that I can't bear to disturb him."

To prevent Spitfire's being obliged to relinquish his position on his mistress's dress, Katharine made the messenger empty the mail-bag on a table near at hand, and began looking over the different letters. There were some for almost everybody, and she soon found Miss Lester's. As she was turning away with them, she noticed that one missive had dropped to the floor, where it lay face downward. Stooping to pick it up, she saw that, although it was a large, heavy letter, the address was to Mrs. Annesley—and, seeing this, she could not help looking at it a little curiously. There could be no mistake in the character, it was "business" all over, from the seal to the very post-mark, and did "not seem like Christmas," Katharine said to herself. Such a letter should not be opened until the great festival was over, she thought; but still she laid it on top of the pile, and, leaving it with its great broad face upward, went into the drawing-room to Miss Lester.

When the party came back from church, and filled the house with the gay sound of their voices, Morton chanced to be the first person to go up to the hall table and examine the mail. The large, double letter seemed to puzzle him too. He took it up and looked at it, much as Katharine had done, then laid it on one side as if for further examination, and tossed over the others.

"Here, Seymour—Langdon—Talcott," he cried, "here are letters for all of you, and for the ladies, too. Where have they all vanished to?—Miss Irene, don't you want to hear from home? Here are two letters with the Mobile post-mark on them.—Miss Alice, here is one for you.—Yes, Miss Mary, I am sure I saw your name a minute ago."

He was soon surrounded by an eager group, for it is surprising how everybody—excepting, perhaps, a jaded business man—is excited by the prospect of letters, how fond everybody is of receiving them, and how shamefully remiss about answering them. Those who had got letters, were sitting on the chairs nearest around, reading them, and those who had not, were standing about, looking very discontented, when Mrs. Annesley entered and walked up to her son, who was opening his own.

"Any thing for me, Morton?" she asked, as carelessly as possible.

Her son looked up with a start, and held the large missive toward her.

"A letter from Burns," he said. "I wonder what he is writing to you about? He ought to know that I don't like you to be troubled with business matters."

"I wrote to him, and this is merely a reply," Mrs. Annesley answered. "It is about my own business, Morton—you need not be afraid that I will meddle in yours," she added, a little bitterly; and before he could reply, she had taken the letter and passed on upstairs.

As soon as she was safely within her own room, she tore open the sheet of paper that in those days did duty for an envelope, and, without glancing at the lawyer's letter, drew forth the enclosure which it contained. She spread it on the table before her, but her excitement was so great that for a moment she could scarcely see—then a mist seemed suddenly to clear away, and, though she still trembled with eagerness, she was able to read the lines on which depended so much. The letter was addressed to Mr. Burns, by his agent in London, and ran thus:

"WM. F. BURNS, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR: In reply to your favor, I am enabled to say that I have called on Messrs. Rich & Little, and found them quite ready to afford me any information regarding Mr. Henry St. John. He is known to them as the friend and secretary of one of their clients—a wealthy Scotch gentleman; and, although they have never done business on his own account, they speak highly of him from personal acquaintance. With regard to the lady, however, they were decidedly reticent. When I pressed my inquiries on this score, I was checked very shortly, and reminded that a matter of private business could not be discussed with any but the person or persons immediately concerned, and that, if I wished information about Miss Tresham, I had better apply to Mr. St. John. I took the hint, and Mr. St. John's address, and went to Scotland to see him. When I reached the house to which I had been directed, I found it closed and deserted. The servants informed me that both the proprietor and his secretary were absent, and, it was supposed, had left the country. Being near Cumberland, I then went to Donthorne Place, and made my inquiries. Here I met with more success. The lady whom I saw answered my questions without any hesitation. Miss Tresham had been in her family for a year, and had given entire satisfaction. She had not been discharged, but had resigned the situation of her own free-will, and against the wishes of her employers. The lady knew nothing of Miss Tresham's antecedents, except that she was a West Indian, and had come to her very well recommended. She seemed much surprised when I asked her if she knew any thing of her after her departure from Cumberland, and replied at once in the negative. From none of the servants or hangers-on about the place could I obtain any more definite information. Miss Tresham seems to have been very well liked while she was in Cumberland, and to have left a good name behind her when she went away, but nobody considered her of sufficient importance to inquire about or take interest in after she passed out of their lives.

"I am very sorry that this information is so meagre, and that I have not been able to give you more satisfaction, but I have been stopped at every turn—first by the solicitors, then by Mr. St. John's absence, and finally by the complete manner in which all trace of Miss Tresham had vanished from Donthorne Place. If you wish any further inquiries prosecuted, let me hear from you without loss of time.

"Respectfully, etc.,

"T. W. WARD."

Mrs. Annesley read the letter to its end—her lips parted, and her breath coming more quickly, with every minute. When she finished she stopped a second—in blank astonishment, as it were—then let her face drop on her hands, while something like a dry sob rose in her throat. This was all! She had steadily worked herself into the belief that some terrible disclosure was to reward her exertions, some disclosure that would at once open Morton's eyes, and place Katharine in her power; and now this cruel letter came, and, after all the hope, all the expectation, left the mystery as complete as ever! Surely it was bitter! Surely it was hard! She paid no heed to the lawyer's letter lying unread before her. She knew so well what he said, that the mere thought of reading the curt, business-like sentences filled her with disgust. For a time she felt as if her whole plan, and, with her plan, the whole tissue of her life, had suddenly come to an end. If she could show him nothing worse than this, Morton would marry the girl, and then—

But she was not a woman to remain long in such a mood as this. Soon she came to herself, and the first proof which she gave of it was to take up the lawyer's letter and read it. "I will see what he has to say," she muttered. This was what Mr. Burns had to say:

"DEAR MADAM: Herewith you will find enclosed the letter from London of which I spoke in my last. I am sorry to say that my agent has not justified my opinion of him. The information which he sends, any child, who had been told to make the inquiries, could easily have acquired. He tells us no more than we knew before, and does not throw a single ray of light on Mr. St. John or Miss Tresham. I am very sorry, and a little ashamed to think that at my age I should have employed a man who could do no better than this.

"You ask for my opinion of the matter. I know too little yet to form or express an opinion, but if you decide to prosecute your inquiries, I would advise you to do so through certain channels of secret inquiry which are now established in all large cities, and employ agents so well trained in the work, that for a consideration—and, generally, it must be confessed, a very large consideration—it is possible to learn anything about anybody. This mode would be expensive but secure; and if you wish to track the secret down, in the shortest possible time, I would counsel you to let Miss Tresham alone, and follow Mr. St. John and his employer. It is evident to me that there is some close connection between them, and what you desire to know. May not Mr. St. John be acting for his employer in the matter? I merely throw out the suggestion. Trusting that you will let me hear from you on the subject, I am,

"Very respectfully,
"WM. F. BURNS."

When Mrs. Annesley put down this letter, she felt that her face was burning. It was the cool proposition of the lawyer, the cool words, "certain channels of secret inquiry," which had suddenly showed her where she was standing, and what she was doing. She said "Good Heavens!" all at once, as if she had received an unexpected blow; and then she was silent, and tried to look the situation in the face.

She was a selfish woman, and a woman whose whole heart was bound up in her children and their interests—bound up, not with the tender devotion that would make some women martyrs, but with a steady force that would have sacrificed all the rest of the world to them—but she was not at all the scheming *intrigante* of romance. If she proved merciless in the case of her cousin, it was not so much from that desire for Morton House which long indulgence had fostered, as from the rankling dislike born of early envy. With regard to these inquiries about Katharine, she had begun them, and from the first looked upon them as the purest matter of duty. As she told Adela, she had made up her mind that the girl was an unprincipled adventuress, and she would have thought it wrong to hesitate at any means which would remove her from Morton's life. To-day, for the first time, a feeling of dismay came over her. What was she doing? Was this indeed a thing which no man or woman of even the merest worldly honor should be guilty of? She was coolly advised to prosecute secret inquiries into the private life of people she had never seen, and the advice struck her with a sudden sense of shame and humiliation. "It is for him—for Morton," she said, as she had often said before; but somehow the words did not bring their usual reassurance and consolation.

This, however, was not the time for considerations like these. She remembered with a feeling of impatience that it was Christmas Day, that her house was full of guests, and that her own place was downstairs. She put the letters into her secretary, and rang sharply for her maid. But while she changed her dress, she was thinking of the great solemn dinner before her—the Christmas dinner *par excellence*, like which there was no other throughout the entire year—thinking of Katharine, thinking of the expostulating remarks she had heard that morning, thinking also of the letters she had read, thinking of the entire failure of her scheme, and wishing that she had not so uselessly thrown this apple of discord into the midst of her well-ordered party, but had left it in peace in Mr. Marks's garden.

"What on earth will come of it all?" she said to herself, as she slowly went down-stairs, and the sound of Katharine's voice rose from the back drawing-room, mingled with the rich, deep tones of the organ. Mrs. Annesley knew what sort of faces the ladies in the front

drawing-room were wearing, and she actually felt cowardly about going down to meet them. It would have been strange, and consoling, too, perhaps, if she had only known that, when she laid down her weapons, Fate took them up, and from that time forth ceased not to fight for her.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ST. JOHN.

As time went on, matters, from the ladies' point of view, grew decidedly worse instead of better. Perversely enough, the gentlemen persisted in paying attention to Miss Tresham, in stoutly maintaining that she was pretty, and in finding her very entertaining. No girl of the party could gather a larger circle of admirers round her, or keep them amused for a longer space of time—not even Irene Vernon, with all her beauty. How Miss Tresham managed it, nobody was able to explain; but that she did manage it was, to say the least, amply proved. "She must necessarily suffer by a comparison with Irene Vernon," Mrs. Annesley had said, with profound confidence in her own assertion. What words, then, can describe her dismay when she found that there were others besides Morton who had sufficiently bad taste to find a charm in those gray eyes and that pretty mouth, which Irene Vernon's regular features lacked?

"There is no use denying the fact," Miss Lester said, with a little play of the eyebrows, peculiar to herself, "Miss Tresham throws us all in the shade; and for my part I should like to know how she does it."

Mrs. French, to whom this speech was made, shrugged her shoulders with considerable impatience.

"She does it simply on the strength of being something new," she answered. "Men are such fools about a new face! They talk of the fickleness of women, when the fact is, that they would grow tired of Venus herself."

Whether or not this was a correct solution of the matter, it was at least certain that Miss Tresham made a sensation—a sensation not to be doubted, and which took herself as much by surprise as it could possibly have taken anybody else. She enjoyed it, and entered into it with great zest. As she had told Mrs. Gordon she was fond of pleasure, and here was pleasure of the best kind, mingled with that elixir of admiration which is the sweetest draught that can be put to the lips of youth. Mrs. Marks would hardly have recognized her quiet governess in the bright, handsome girl who laughed, and talked, and sang at Annesdale, and who, all of a sudden, developed a power of attraction that quite carried the young men out of their senses. The young ladies were piqued and puzzled, but they managed to console themselves with their own sworn admirers; while the elders looked on in amazement and indignation, too deep for words. Poor Katharine! If they had only known it, they need not have grudged her this short holiday of natural, youthful enjoyment. Even while her heart was lightest and her spirits at their best, a sudden dark cloud arose, and the sunshine went out of her sky for many a long day.

Rapidly and pleasantly the time flew by. Anybody who has ever been in a country-house of this description, knows how rapidly and how pleasantly time can fly on such occasions, yet how impossible it is to give any exact description of the enjoyment that helps its flight. People, as it seems, are doing a dozen things at once, and they all go to make up an harmonious whole. There are flirting couples behind the curtains of the bay-windows, in the shady recesses of the library, in the hall, on the piazzas, walking over the grounds—in fact, flirting is the chief amusement and grand order of the day. Then, there are groups around the piano, and small card-tables, and billiard-players, and people continually driving up in carriages, and riding off on horse-back; and servants coming and going, and dogs everywhere, and a perfect tide of life flowing here and there, and centring every day around the dinner-table. Usually in the morning, about three or four o'clock, there was an uproar of hounds, and horns, and horses, that roused every sleeper in the house, when all the gentlemen, with the exception of one or two who were considered hopeless sybarites, went fox-hunting—dropping in again, about mid-day, either flushed with success or dispirited by failure, but in either case quite ready to take up their respective flirtations just at the point where they had been left off.

On such a morning as this—a morning when the hunters were out and had not yet returned, and the ladies were wandering about aimlessly or yawning in each other's faces—Katharine sat by one of the

drawing-room windows trifling over some needlework, when Irene Vernon came up to her.

"Are you busy?" asked the young lady, abruptly. "If you don't mind leaving that work, suppose we take a walk? It is a lovely day."

Katharine did not mind leaving the work at all; so she put it down, got her bonnet and shawl, and in a few minutes was walking by Miss Vernon's side out of the front door. They went down the piazza steps together and turned into a path to the right, that, winding down among the shrubbery, soon led them out of sight of the house. Irene gave a sigh of relief when the last glimpse of the chimneys was shut out, and they had a wall of green on one side, and a fair outlook of rolling country on the other.

"I am so glad to get away," she said, frankly. "I lose all patience with those girls; they don't seem to have an idea what to do with themselves when the gentlemen are absent. They mope about, and are *ennuyées* and stupid to the last degree, and all because they are thrown on their own resources for a few hours. It is disgusting!" said the young lady, with an expression of face that quite suited her words. "It is really enough to make one ashamed of being a woman!"

"It is natural, I suppose," said Katharine.

"Why should it be natural?" retorted Miss Vernon, indignantly. "It is not natural at all—it is the way they are taught and trained. Men are not so," she went on, with an impatience that amused her listener. "You never hear of their pining and moping because there are no women about. They like each other's society a great deal the best; and they always take it when they can get it. It is only women who are so absurdly and disgustingly dependent—who can find no zest or amusement whatever in the society of other women. Heaven only knows why! I am sure I would rather be talking to you than to any man of all the party."

"Thank you," said Katharine, smiling. Then she added, archly, "Won't you even make an exception in favor of Mr. Seymour?"

"Why should I?" asked the young lady, carelessly. "He is a good fellow—dear, old Godfrey!—and I have known him all my life; but, excepting for that, he is no more to me than any other man. Is there anybody you would prefer as a companion?"

"Nobody at all," answered Katharine, still smiling. "Indeed, I should be at a loss to think of anybody, unless I chose Mr. Langdon, or Mr. Talcott, or that very singular Mr. Hallam, who makes me afraid he is going to snap my head off every time he begins to talk."

"Or Morton Annesley," said her companion.

Katharine started and gave a keen glance at the face beside her, but failed to read any thing there. Miss Vernon was walking along tearing a geranium-leaf to pieces, and did not even raise her eyes.

"I don't know why I should make an exception of Mr. Annesley," said Miss Tresham, a little distantly.

"I thought he was a friend of yours," answered Miss Vernon. "If I had a friend, I would not speak of him in such a tone as that."

"If you had a friend!" repeated Katharine, a little surprised. "Have you no friend, then?"

"Of my own making, independently of family liking and hereditary connection, and all that sort of thing? Not one. All my life I have wished that I might stand on my own merits and see if I could gain a friend who would like me for myself. But I have never done so, and, indeed, it would be quite useless, for, if I cannot attract people with so many aids to win their regard, what would I do without these aids? I should be simply hated—that is all."

"You are one of the last persons in the world I could possibly have expected to hear talk in this way."

"Because I am pretty and rich? Neither of those facts make me less unamiable or less unpopular. Not that I care for the unpopularity, but I should like to have one or two friends, and I have none."

She made the statement in a quiet, decided tone, and Katharine was astonished, and puzzled, and sorry all at once.

"Miss Vernon," she said, "I am sure you do many people great injustice."

"Of course I am not talking of my own family," said Miss Vernon, "They are fond of me, as one will be fond of one's own flesh and blood, let it be ever so disagreeable. And I am very disagreeable," she added, looking the young governess straight in the face.

"I have really been considering you very charming," said the other, trying to preserve an appearance of gravity.

"Then you are the first woman who ever did so," answered her

companion. "The most of them think me detestable, and, indeed, I don't wonder—my temper is so easily upset, and my tongue is so sharp. I try to keep it under control, but somehow I can't. I don't ever hear you make ill-natured remarks, Miss Tresham; and yet you are not silly either. How do you manage it?"

"I don't know that I often feel inclined to make ill-natured remarks; but, when I do, I don't give way to the inclination."

"And I always give way. Then, people think, 'How hateful she is!' and, honestly speaking, I don't blame them. As for my admirers, some of them like me for my face, and some for my fortune; but, if I were to try forever, I could not secure half as much genuine admiration as you have obtained, without trying, during the last few days."

"Miss Vernon, you do yourself as much injustice as you do other people. You are clever, and frank, and unaffected—what more could a woman wish to be?"

"I am sharp, and haughty, and ill-natured," said Miss Vernon, summing up her bad qualities with an utter disregard of this attempt at consolation. "If you knew me long enough, you would be repelled like everybody else. I really believe Godfrey Seymour is the only person who knows all my faults and likes me in spite of them; while I like him—poor, dear fellow!—as if—as if he was a great Newfoundland dog."

"No better?"

"Not a bit better."

She spoke decidedly, and Miss Tresham could not help feeling a little sorry for the gentleman who was liked in this canine fashion. "He deserves something better," she thought; but it was none of her business to say so, and they walked on silently, the bright winter day lying in still beauty all around them, birds singing over their heads, and a faint, purple mist softening the distant hills like a harbinger of spring. Again it was Miss Vernon who spoke first, and spoke abruptly:

"Miss Tresham, do you know it is a plan of our respective relations to marry Morton Annesley and myself to each other?"

"I—" Katharine was quite taken aback by this unexpected question. "Yes, I have heard something of the kind."

"A nice idea, isn't it?" said the young lady, with a smile that was rather too bright to be natural. "I don't think I ever heard any thing more absurd. Frank French is my cousin, you know, and so Adela and Flora took it into their wise heads that Morton and I would make a good match, without any regard to the trifling fact that neither of us ever had any fancy—any special fancy, that is—for the other. Of course, he was repelled by my temper, as everybody is, while I—well, I never thought of him at all. I should have been a fool if I had, considering that he never was more than civil to me. He is a charming gentleman, though," she said, looking at Katharine, "and any woman whom he loved would do well to marry him."

They were almost the same words that Mrs. Gordon had spoken, little more than a week before, and, hearing them thus the second time, they filled Katharine with a sudden sense of surprise and amusement, which it is impossible to describe. She understood perfectly what assurance it was that Miss Vernon wished to convey to her, and the humor of the situation overpowered for the moment every other consideration. It was strange enough that his own cousin, a woman steeped to the lips in the traditions of her class and the pride of blood, should have advised her to marry Morton; but for this young beauty, this girl, who, according to the vulgar melodramatic idea, should have been her "rival," to echo such advice! A comic vision of Mrs. Annesley's horror rose before Katharine, and almost made her laugh.

"I quite agree with you," she answered, as quietly as she had answered Mrs. Gordon. "The woman whom he loved, and who loved him, would do well to marry Mr. Annesley. But how is this? We have come round to the gates."

"By a longer route than the carriage-drive, but one just as sure," said Miss Vernon, smiling. "See! there is some one coming in. Shall we turn and go back the way we came?"

Before Katharine could reply, Spitfire, who had lately taken quite a fancy to her, and had condescended to follow her out, made a wild rush at the figure just entering the gate, barking with a degree of fury almost incomprehensible, considering the size of the body from which the sound proceeded. Notwithstanding his insignificant appearance, he quite startled and overpowered the new-comer. This person—a

tall, slender, well-dressed man—backed against the gate, and began kicking at his assailant with one foot, which proceeding, of course, irritated Spitfire to the extreme of canine wrath.

"Call him off! call him off!" cried Miss Vernon to Katharine. "He will bite the man, or the man will hurt him, and that would make Maggie furious, you know. Do call him off!"

Katharine called and called again; but Spitfire, who did not obey his mistress, was certainly not likely to obey her. He danced round the stranger like a dog that was possessed, and gave no sign of heeding. So Katharine went forward and addressed the other combatant, who kicked quite as furiously as Spitfire barked.

"Pray don't do that!" she cried. "He won't bite, I assure you, and—"

She stopped short. Miss Vernon, standing at a little distance, looking on, saw her suddenly put her hands to her face, and utter a low cry. The kicker dropped his foot, and, disregarding Spitfire, made a quick step forward.

"Katharine!" he said, eagerly—"my dear Katharine!"

But at the sound of his voice the girl raised her face, all white and drawn, and held out her hands, not to welcome, but to keep him back.

"You!" she said, hoarsely; "you!"

"Yes, I," he said, so much the more self-possessed of the two that it was evident this meeting was not entirely unexpected on his part. "I thought you would not be unprepared. I wrote to you not long ago. Did you not receive my letter?"

She made an effort to speak before she succeeded; then, with a sort of dry gasp, the words were articulated:

"Yes, I received it; but I thought—I hoped—that is, I was fool enough to think—to hope—that you might care for me sufficiently to leave me alone."

"To leave you alone, my dear Katharine?" His face expressed the liveliest surprise. "Am I not your natural protector, your—"

"Hush!" she said, so fiercely that he absolutely started back. "Let me hear none of that cant! What do you want with me, now that you have come?"

"I must see and speak to you," he said, a little sulkily. "Will you take me to the house?"

"To the house? to be asked who and what you are? My God, no! Wait here a moment; I will speak—"

She left him, and hastily followed Miss Vernon, who, with well-bred consideration, had walked out of ear-shot of the conversation. Hearing Katharine's step behind her, she paused and turned.

"So you found an acquaintance, Miss Tresham?" she began, with a smile, when the terrible pallor of the girl's face startled her. "Good Heavens! what is the matter?" she cried, in sudden alarm.

"Nothing—nothing," answered Katharine, striving to force a smile that only made her look more ghastly; "only I—I am obliged to ask you to return to the house without me. This gentleman is an acquaintance of mine, and I must stop to speak to him. You will excuse me, I am sure."

"Certainly I will excuse you," said Miss Vernon, trying hard to keep her surprise out of her voice. "But, if you will pardon me, had you not better take your friend to the house? I am sure Mrs. Annesley—"

"I cannot do that," said Katharine, nervously. "I could not think of taking such a liberty. Then, no privacy is possible in the house, and I must see this gentleman privately. My dear Miss Vernon, if you will only be kind enough not to say any thing—"

"Of course, I shall not say any thing," interrupted Miss Vernon, hastily.

Then she called Spitfire, and, without a single backward glance, disappeared down the path.

When the last flutter of her dress vanished from sight, Katharine turned and beckoned to the man, who was still standing where she had left him. He obeyed the signal with alacrity; and, as he walked quickly forward, she moved on in front of him, and did not pause until she had reached the most secluded part of the grounds—a deep, bosky dell, where a little brook ran, and where they were entirely safe from observation. There she turned and faced him—white, but by this time composed and rigidly braced, as it seemed, for any thing.

"Well," she said, with icy coldness, "what is it?"

"By Jove! my dear Katharine, your American sojourn seems to have improved the warmth of your affections," said her companion,

with a smile. "Is this the only greeting you have for me—me, who have come so far to see you?"

"St. John," she cried, passionately, "let me hear no more of this! I cannot, will not, bear it! You have already worked me all the harm that it is in the power of one person to inflict upon another. You are here now, in defiance of your most solemn obligations, to injure me further; and yet—and yet you dare to talk like this! For Heaven's sake, let me hear no more of it!"

"That is just as you please," said he, with a relapse into sulkiness.

Nothing was said after this for several minutes. The two figures stood silently facing each other—the leafless trees and dark evergreens all around them, and the limpid stream flowing at their feet. Katharine's bright winter costume made a beautiful "bit" of color on the somewhat sombre landscape—her companion being, in appearance at least, less interesting. Yet he was not an ill-looking man; on the contrary, many people would have called him handsome, and been justified in doing so. He was, in age, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty—certainly not younger than the one or older than the other—he had a slender, elegant figure, and a dark, well-modelled face—a face with a good complexion, dark eyes, thin lips, and a painfully-narrow forehead. The man was not a sensualist—no man with that mouth could have been—but a physiognomist, looking at him, would have said that he was selfish and unscrupulous, and in so saying would not have gone very far wide of the truth. It was Katharine who spoke first.

"You asked me if I received your letter. Did you get my reply?"

"It was impossible for me to have done so," he answered. "I left England immediately after writing that letter. Was there any thing of importance in yours?"

"Nothing," she answered, drearily. "I asked you to let me alone—that was all, I might have known how useless that was—I might have known that you never did, nor ever will consider any one but yourself. How did you find out where I was?" she added, turning upon him suddenly. "You gave me no explanation of that, and I don't understand how it was."

"There are a great many things you don't understand, my dear Katharine," said he, in a patronizing tone. "This must remain one of them. I found out where you were just as I should find it out if you were foolish enough to go and bury yourself and all your fine talents in the South Sea Islands. I have ways and means—believe me it is useless to attempt to hide from me. I thought I should never reach this place," he went on, with a shrug of the shoulders, "and when I at last arrived, and thought all my difficulties were over, I went to the woman with whom you live, and she told me—"

"What!" cried Katharine, starting. "You have seen Mrs. Marks?"

"Certainly I have," answered he, coolly, "and a dozen or so children, besides. It was she who told me you were here. Did you think I found it out by instinct?"

"And what did you tell her to account for your inquiries?" asked Katharine, almost wringing her hands. "Oh, St. John, you surely have not told her—"

"Nothing at all," said he, roughly. "Don't make a fool of yourself! Am I the devil, or do I look like him, that you should be so afraid of claiming connection with me? I told the woman—she looks like a respectable cook, by-the-way—that I was a friend of yours, from England. She was evidently very curious, but I thought that was enough for her."

"And what am I to tell her when I go back, and she speaks of you, as she is sure to do?"

"Tell her that I am your brother."

"I will not," cried she, indignantly.

"Well, whatever lie may be convenient, then. I am ready to play any part. We might compromise on uncle, since you object to brother, for I am afraid I am rather young to attempt the rôle of father."

"St. John, be serious," she cried, with something like a sob in her throat. "Don't you see that I cannot bear such wretched trifling. Oh! if you had ever cared for me in the least degree, you would never embitter my life like this!"

"If you had a grain of common-sense, you would not make such a fuss over nothing," said he, impatiently. "Have I not a right to

see you when and where I choose? I will go up yonder among your new associates and assert it, if you say so."

"If you dare!" said she, blazing out upon him, with sudden indignation. "Yes, if you dare! You have tracked me down, and I am willing to buy my peace of life at any price you choose to ask—short of this. St. John," she said, sitting down on a rustic seat near by, "this is too much for me. Tell me at once what you want—and—and let me go."

He walked away from her for a short distance, biting his under lip almost savagely; then he turned abruptly, and came back.

"You know what I want," he said. "It is always the same thing—the cursed need of money. Can you let me have any?"

"I can let you have the most of my two years' salary, which is in Mr. Marks's hands, if you will go away then, and leave me in peace."

"So you only care to buy my absence," he said, with a dark cloud coming over his face.

"Ask yourself how I can care for any thing else," she answered, sadly. "But such as the money is, you are welcome to it. I saved it for you, and meant to send it to you—so you are welcome to it."

He moved away, and took another turn—came back again and caught her arm.

"I would not touch a penny of it, if ruin was not staring me in the face," he said. "But, as it is, I see no other chance—not one."

"Has that man—that Fraser—thrown you off, then?"

"Curse him, yes—completely!"

"And you have only me?"

"I have only you, or you may be sure that I would not have come for any such greeting as this has been."

She rose suddenly and held out her hands to him.

"Forgive me, St. John," she cried, with a sudden pathos in her voice. "I did not understand. I thought you had come merely to disturb and make me wretched. I will do any thing in the world for you that I can—you know that. If you say so, I will go away with you, and we will try to live together, and to begin a new life, in some new place."

"And drag each other down, like a couple of millstones. That would be wise, indeed! No, I will only be cur enough to rob you of all your savings, and then I will go away and leave you in the peace you talk so much about. When can you let me have the money?"

"To-morrow—I cannot see Mr. Marks to-day. I will meet you in Tallahoma, or else you can come back here. I will show you a private way to enter the grounds, and this is a very retired place. I shall have to write a note. I suppose you are at the hotel?"

"Yes—registered as Mr. Johns. Don't forget that."

Katharine flushed. She had an instinctive horror of an alias, and this one seemed to her so unnecessary. "Who would have known the other name here?" she asked.

"Nobody, probably; but I believe in precautionary measures, always. Well, I shall look for a note to-morrow, appointing a place where I can see you again. I can tell you, by-the-way, that you are putting yourself in a very bad position by this assignation business. It would be much better, and much safer, to take me to the house yonder, and present me as a foreign friend."

"I cannot—I will not!" she cried. "It might be better, perhaps, but I would rather run more risk, and meet you where nobody has a right to question who and what you are."

"Just as you please. It is your own affair," said he, carelessly. "Are you coming to show me the private entrance you spoke of? I am sure to meet somebody about those large gates."

She went and showed it to him—quaking as she did so, lest some one should meet them; and when he was once safely beyond the boundary of the grounds, she gave a deep sigh of relief, and sped like an arrow toward the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BLINKEY.

A TALE OF THE SOUTHERN PINE-BARRENS.

A DISREPUTABLE-LOOKING personage, certainly!—as he sat there, awkwardly balanced upon the little gray donkey, with its disproportioned head, and meagre, half-starved quarters. I thought, indeed, that I had never seen a "harder" specimen of humanity. He

was tall, rawboned—in fact, a skeleton! The knuckles of his hand, closed about the reins of tarred rope, resembled huge, glistening knobs carved out of some substance as solid as stone. His forehead, slightly covered by a bloody handkerchief, was protuberant and angular to that extent that it impressed one with a sense of ghastly incongruity, a feeling as if he were contemplating a skull long due to the church-yard. This unsavory idea was intensified by the extreme hollowiness of the creature's eyes. They glittered and snapped continually in caverns of deepest gloom, under eyebrows shaggy, white, unresting, but, strange to say, with no visible lashes whatever. A great, tangled, dirty-gray beard rolled over a chest of Hercules (or what once must have been such), and some of the strands of hair, twisted into a string, were tied around the stem of a gigantic clay-pipe, which bobbed and dangled across the remnants of a coarse cotton shirt. The creature's *pants*—for of coat he had none—were truly of the order of "inexpressibles." They were so patched and overlaid, so seamed, and stitched, and variegated, horizontally, vertically, and transversely, that little if any of the original garment remained; while his cow-skin shoes, which might have fitted Goliath of Gath, added much to the unpleasant *grotesquerie* of his appearance. The extreme pallor of his complexion, especially noticeable in the drooping corners of the loose, half-opened mouth, was lit up startlingly by the more than Bardolphian ruddiness of a nose, into which all that remained to the man of genuine vitality seemed to have retired and concentrated itself.

I recognized this person as the *bête noire* of the entire neighborhood. His real name was Newton; but, the rustic mind being fond of nicknames, he had—from a peculiarity already mentioned—been dubbed "Blinkey," and by that name alone was he known, and, in a certain unenviable sense, admired, by a large circle of bumpkins. His story was not altogether a common one.

Once, the toothless, dilapidated scarecrow we have sketched had been a reputable young farmer, owning six hundred acres of the best corn-land to be found among the "pine-barrens," besides a fruitful orchard and considerable capital in stock. Shrewd, intelligent, thrifty, better educated than the ordinary "sand-lappers," and possessed (it was hard to believe it afterward) of a handsome, manly person, Edward Newton courted the prettiest girl in the county, who also happened to be the cleverest, married her despite the rage of a score of rivals, and carried his wife to "Berryford," where, in the cosy farmhouse, they lived a contented and tranquil life for many years. By hard, persistent labor, and sagacious manipulation of the soil, by drainage and the moderate use of fertilizers, Newton vastly increased the value of his land, and was just beginning to take his place as the rich squire, the agriculturist, *par excellence*, of the neighborhood, when an event occurred which wofully and forever changed his prospects.

One autumn morning the farmer was invited to a barbecue. The occasion was political and exciting, and the *locale* of the feast convenient. So Newton went, to be deafened for hours with stump-oratory, or besought by some maudlin statesman in embryo to "come up to the salvation of the country." Bored and weary, the luckless fellow took refuge for the first time in the whiskey-bottle! He got excited, elevated, tipsy, and at last furiously drunk. The liquor, instead of stupefying him, seemed to lend tremendous strength to his whole body. He felt like a Titan, capable of sustaining the weight of Atlas on his shoulders. His superfluous energy and power must be vented somehow. Naturally, therefore, he quarrelled with his best friend, provoked him to a fight, and thrashed the poor fellow until his nose looked like a magnified blue-bottle, and his eyes had wholly withdrawn themselves from public view. Exhilarated to a yet higher pitch by this benevolent triumph, Newton mounted his horse and rode homeward at a killing pace. Along the avenue to the farm he met his wife, who was out walking with his two pretty daughters.

Reining up as quickly as possible, he called her to his side.

Astonished at her husband's unusual condition, and not comprehending what he wanted, the wife did not move. Upon which Newton turned back to where she stood, pale and frightened, seized her about the waist, and lifted her bodily into a seat before him. Then spurring his horse again into a run, he attempted to make him leap the gate of the enclosure around his house. The animal did not refuse the leap, but he failed to clear the upper bars, and, rolling head-foremost along the turf on the other side, not only threw his riders, but crushed

them. Newton, little hurt, staggered at once to his feet, but the woman was killed outright. Her neck was broken!

They say that the farmer, when made fully aware of this result of his drunken folly, neither spoke nor wept. He simply walked home and went to bed. There the doctor found him on the next morning in a condition which seemed cataleptic. With wide-open, staring eyes and a rigid frame, he remained in this state for many weeks, taking no nourishment but what was forced between his lips. As quietly as he had gone to his bed, one day he left it! But the change in his appearance was fearful. His face resembled a parchment mask; his eyes, deeply sunken, had acquired that twitching, convulsive movement which subsequently suggested the nickname Blinkey, and his whole mien betokened an utter, stony hopelessness.

The very first thing he did was to send for a barrel of whiskey, which, set on end in the parlor, became thenceforth poor Blinkey's most familiar friend, or rather fiend!

There are some temperaments, says De Quincey, to which opium is as fire to tow. Likewise there are temperaments that, having once succumbed to the diabolic glamour of alcohol, can never again free themselves from the degrading spell.

Blinkey's, doubtless, was one of these, and, moreover, in his case remorse was added to a constitutional temptation.

Of course, he grew worse and worse with the progress of time. His business was utterly neglected; his lands ran to waste.

Of his fine stock of cattle, every head was sold at a ruinous loss. He kept, at certain seasons, open-house for all the blackguards and scamps in the county. With one of these, a good-looking, raffish, unprincipled adventurer, his eldest daughter eloped, carrying with her a large amount of money which the father had carelessly left within her reach.

Year by year Blinkey's property dwindled. Finally, he encroached upon his capital, and simultaneously took to gambling.

Needless to observe that his ruin was now consummated. Berryford house and Berryford lands were both brought to the hammer. Long previous to this, however, he had driven his remaining daughter from him with blows, because she, apparently a better girl than her sister, had refused to countenance an abandoned woman whom Blinkey had tried to force upon her society.

Ejected from the dwelling, no longer his own, the miserable sot retired to a log-cabin in the woods. Some valuables he managed to carry with him, for, during a year and more, he had the means of procuring his favorite liquor in seemingly-unlimited quantities. A fouler hole than that hut in the forest never existed on earth. Thither his female companion had followed him, and the two wretches would booze, and babble maudlin nonsense or bawl blasphemies until the superstitious country-people grew afraid of the place, declaring that the woman was a witch and the man a sorcerer, if not something worse.

Nearly eighteen months had passed since Blinkey had sought refuge in solitude, when a "track-raiser," or railroad workman, going after sunset to his home, found the dead body of Bet Lukin—as Blinkey's mistress was called—in a thicket near the latter's cabin.

Her throat was cut, and there were shocking bruises about her head and shoulders. Blinkey was arrested without delay, and in due time tried for murder. But the prosecution failed to prove him guilty, and he left the court-house free in law, but morally convicted of the crime by the judgment of all present.

Thenceforth, no wild beast, dangerous and pitiless, could have been more fearfully shunned by the "sand-lappers"—his neighbors—than this lost, lonely, miserable being. Not only his temper, but his powers, were supposed to be infernal. Did a cow contract some mysterious disease, and die, Blinkey had bewitched her; was a mule or horse incapacitated for labor, Blinkey was sure to be somehow at the bottom of the difficulty; did a sow lose her pigs in a manner at all unusual, who should be made responsible but Blinkey? Over matrons in a delicate situation, it was confidently asserted that he exercised at will the spell of "the evil eye." Had not two children with hare-lips, and a baby deficient in the orthodox number of toes and fingers, been born within a few months of each other, not a mile from his pine-wood den?

The people would have killed the monster, had they dared; but, not daring, they supported him instead. No farmer's wife ventured to refuse him food, when he came a-begging; and the stores of butter, eggs, bacon, milk, and honey, which he procured in virtue of his

wickedness, were sold by him, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of his favorite poison.

Such was the history, as I had heard it many a time, of the desolate, detested old man, who, mounted upon a mangy-looking donkey, and clothed in his mendicant's rags, rode up to our cottage-window upon the bright May morning with which this sketch begins.

The greeting I gave him was the reverse of cordial; but Blinkey, nothing daunted, opened his beggar's batteries on me with a whine that would have done honor to the training of the adroitest "professional" of his class in Cordova or Seville.

Shrewdly regarding me as out of the pale of those whom he could deceive or frighten, he appealed with the most loathsome servility to my compassion.

"What do you want?" I inquired, roughly—"any thing to eat?"

Oh, no! He had been sick; his stomach was *bad* ("not to be wondered at," I thought, "after fifteen or twenty years that might be counted as one long period of intoxication"); and he wanted a dram, just one dram, of whiskey.

"O Lord!" he howled, apparently in real pain; "I'm fit to perish, Mr. —, for a dram!" And Blinkey's watery eyes, farther down than ever in their sullen sockets, winked and twitched horribly. The truth is, I had no whiskey to give him; otherwise, I should certainly have granted his request, because I looked upon him as irreclaimable.

My assurance that there was no liquor in the house, he met with an evident and utter disbelief. He simply redoubled his importunity—conduct which provoked me to order him at once from the premises. Then Blinkey flew into a rage, and *such* a rage! It was almost *epic* in its violence and evident profound sincerity. Does the reader recall Charles Reade's description of the anger of Ghysbrecht van Sweeten, the Burgomaster of Tergou, when baffled in his plans, and insulted by the rough soldier Martin Wittenhaagen? Here is a part of it:

"The choleric old man was driven into a fit of impotent fury; he shook his fist at the soldier, and tried to threaten him, but could not speak for rage and mortification; then he gave a sort of screech, and coiled himself up in eye and form, like a rattlesnake about to strike, and spat furiously upon Martin's doublet.

"Once in the saddle, he seemed to gather in a moment unnatural vigor, and the figure that went flying to Tergou was truly weird-like and terrible—so old and wizened the face, so white the streaming hair, so baleful the eye, so fierce the fury which shook the bent frame that went spurring like mad, while the quavering voice yelled, 'I'll make their hearts ache! I'll make their hearts ache! I'll make their hearts ache! all of them—all!'"

Now, in its general outlines, this is an admirable picture of Blinkey's madness. He foamed at the mouth, choked and cursed alternately, and his figure, while he forced the donkey down-hill at a pace I never could have dreamed within the power of that decrepit beast, was the figure of the incensed burgomaster over again—*plus*, of course, the filthy rags.

Revolting as the incident seemed, it had its ludicrous side, at which I was quietly laughing, when our excellent washerwoman—who had seen Blinkey's exit, and heard his vituperations from afar—came up with a very pale face, and the clothes-basket quaking upon the top of her head.

She seemed to think that something terrible would happen to ourselves or our family. Never had she beheld Blinkey so infuriated; and Blinkey, if not the devil himself, was a very near relation of that evil-minded and malignant personage.

On the night following the encounter mentioned, I was seated alone in the library, puzzling over some complicated notes of an historical article which had been sent me for revision by a friend, when, about eleven o'clock, my notice was attracted by a great cackling of geese and clucking of hens in the poultry-yard. Supposing that Master Reynard was at his old nocturnal tricks, I took a gun from the corner, gently opened the back-door, and went into the yard to reconnoitre. A somewhat hazy moonlight made all objects indistinct; but, as I approached the scene of disturbance on tiptoe, both barrels cocked, I saw what appeared to be a human figure, bending over the hen-coops, and busily engaged, no doubt, in appropriating our bantams or high-bred shanghais. This spectacle provoked me, as only the year before our farmstead had been devastated by negro thieves. "And now," thought I, "the sly game has commenced again; but I'll make an example at once, and thus nip the mischief in the bud."

So I crept nearer to the busy figure, intending to surprise and capture the marauder, or, if he attempted escape, to use my gun *sans cérémonie*. It happened, however, through lack of caution, that the gun got entangled in the bushes, and the right-hand barrel was discharged accidentally in the air. To my amazement, the thief—for a thief it evidently was, since I could now detect a large canvas bag, into which the fowls were being hastily thrust—so far from displaying any fright at the loud discharge so near him, coolly proceeded in his work, as if nothing had occurred. Instinctively, without any further attempt at concealment, I rushed up to the coops, and was just on the point of grasping the culprit's shoulder, when the person turned, saw me, and, with a flash-like quickness, ran away.

It proved to be a *child*, a diminutive creature, but swift as any deer. I shouted at the top of my voice, commanding it to stop; but vainly, and, of course, to shoot at a child was an impossible barbarism.

As luck would have it, young nimble-legs, scudding away like the wind, encountered a deep hole, into which it disappeared so suddenly that I rubbed my eyes with a feeling of bewilderment akin to that of poor Caleb Balderstone, when the Laird of Ravenswood vanished in the Kelpies Flow. But the opportunity was not neglected. Hastening to the hole, I dragged out into the moonlight as queer a little object as ever, perhaps, wore the shape of humanity. Judged by its form, the creature might have been ten; judged by its face, it might have been a hundred years old. The latter was seamed, wrinkled, and puckered up, with a dead, dirty-white complexion, which looked ghastly by the uncertain light; the eyes, small, bright, and eager as those of a marmoset, examined my every movement and expression with a sort of animal watchfulness, a keen suspicion, not for an instant to be diverted. Upon its head, a man's slouched hat partly hid the long coarse locks of black hair; but, its only garment being a tattered homespun frock, I concluded that this odd little being must be a female.

"Have I been given over to a visitation of scarecrows," I reflected—"Blinkey this morning, and this anomalous little being to-night?"

"Who are you?" I asked, after a minute's pause, resting one hand on the prisoner's shoulder, and holding her firmly in front of me.

There was no answer; only the keen eyes grew keener, their watchful expression more vigilant.

"Who are you?" I asked again, in a louder tone; "and where do you come from?"

Silence still—but any thing like the increased sharpness of regard, the bright though fearful anticipation in those wonderful eyes, as if a sudden blow or some act of violence on my part were momentarily expected, I had never seen before, except in the eyes of some hunted beast or of a dog who awaits punishment for his misdeeds.

"Obstinate little devil!" I muttered, half angry and half amused. "Where could she have dropped from? The moon, perhaps. Certainly, she does resemble the portentous race of dwarfs who inhabit that satellite, if Edgar Poe's Dutch *savant*, who visited it, is worthy of belief."

Then, in a louder tone still, but as conciliatory as I could make it, "Don't be afraid, child," I said, "nobody shall hurt you; only tell the truth. Who sent you here to steal, and what's your name?"

I might as well have addressed a juvenile ape! Nothing responded but those weird, restless eyes. Growing impatient, I pulled the girl slightly toward me and shook her by the shoulders, though not violently. Whereupon she uttered a sound which, whether intended as a cry of rage or terror, actually chilled my blood. It was a sort of hoarse, inarticulate moan, deep and prolonged, and dying off into a wailing *diminuendo*, wholly indescribable.

Shocked and startled, I attempted no further conversation with the uncanny little savage, but took her to the kitchen, which was empty—our servants being absent—showed her a bed in one corner, and then, having secured the window outwardly and locked the door, left her securely imprisoned for the night.

The next morning early I paid a visit to my captive, but she was gone! Her exit had been made neither through the door nor the window—both of which remained secure—but by means of a plank or two ingeniously removed from the rickety, ill-constructed floor. My curiosity had been so thoroughly awakened as to who and what the little girl-thief could be, that her clever escape, instead of making me laugh, as it would have done under ordinary circumstances, provoked and annoyed me.

That day at breakfast I related the previous night's adventure to my wife.

"How very odd!" she exclaimed. "I must have been sleeping with unusual soundness, or of course the report of your gun would have roused me. My dear, you must make inquiries; you *must* find out who this poor little wretch is!"

"To oblige you," I replied, "yes—but the trouble will be wasted; I'm convinced that a band of trolls or fairies are somewhere in the neighborhood, and that the 'poor little wretch,' as you call her, is one of their unchristian company. Perhaps we had best leave such grewsome folk alone."

"Nonsense!" cried the lady behind the tea-urn, "if you don't make inquiries, why, then, I will. Ah!" (with a burst of excitement), "here comes the very person who can clear up the mystery. How lucky!"

And she pointed to the garden gate, which was being opened at the moment by an individual who knew and was known by every man, woman, and child, in the county—no less a dignitary than Jem Tudor, or "Buggy Jem," the pedler.

We have spoken of the "sand-lapper's" fancy for nicknames. Every man who had the slightest peculiarity of manner or person, was accommodated with a handle to his name in accordance with the idiosyncrasy. If nothing distinctive existed in these respects, the popular ingenuity took account of a man's goods and chattels, and was pretty sure to find among them some suggestive object. Thus, as Jem Tudor had, at a remote period of his career, owned a small "buggy," in which he drove about peddling, "Buggy Jem" was decided upon as his distinguishing title, and "Buggy Jem" he would assuredly be called to the end of the chapter.

He came in now with his pack—a short, wiry, bustling fellow, quick of eye and motion, with a ceaseless habit of elevating and depressing his shoulders after the fashion of the piston of a steam-engine, and a general terrier-like air of snuffing his way into a good stroke of business.

"Good-mornin', kurnul," said he; "good-mornin', Miss ——. It's mighty warm and dry now, ain't it? I've been wishin' for the last four mile to be shet of this here all-fired pack. It's heavy as a breedin' sow (beg pardon, Miss ——), and I'd be right pleased now to lighten it. Want to trade, kurnul?"

I shook my head, knowing too well the quality of "Buggy" Jem's goods to venture upon any commercial dealings with him. But my wife was less scrupulous, having a set purpose in view, and not unwilling to pay Jem if he allowed himself to be duly pumped. So the pack was unslung and opened upon a side table, displaying the usual assortment of cheap calicoes, bright but coarse stuffs, and gilded jewelry.

Pretending to examine these, madame—whose feminine tact and shrewdness upon great occasions and small I have had ten years' opportunity of admiring—rapidly questioned Jem as to his acquaintances in the vicinity.

"Did he know of any poor people who had in their family an odd, stunted little girl who was trained to steal; a cunning, quick-footed creature, particularly fond of appropriating fowls, eggs, etc.?" "Buggy Jem" considered. He assumed an expression profound as that of Talleyrand revolving in the depths of his mind the fate of Europe. But "No," he replied at length. "He couldn't say that he knew of any such family."

I then struck in and told him of my night's adventure, minutely and perhaps—for the fellow's wide-opened eyes of wonder tempted me—with one or two startling additions.

I had by no means finished, when he snapped his fingers exultantly, and declared that he knew "that darned little creatur' like a book!"

"Tell us all about her," we both demanded in a breath. "Buggy Jem" felt in his pocket, extracted therefrom a huge plug of tobacco, which he consigned to a mouth of corresponding size, and favored us with a long story, full of digressions and circumlocutions, the substance of which was this:

Six months ago, a party of wagoners had encamped one night in the pine-woods, not far from Blinkey Newton's cabin. Some hours after they had left, the following morning, Blinkey, passing accidentally by the embers of their fire, saw seated in the ashes a ragged little child, who was rocking herself to and fro and making unintelligible moans and strange gestures with her arms. He asked in his rough way "what ailed her," but could get no answer; so he whipped up

his mule, and was riding away when the child, sputtering and jabbering "more like an animal than a human," seized his stirrup and entreated, by unmistakable gestures, to be taken under his protection. Whether Blinky was touched by being for once voluntarily sought, or whether an unwontedly soft mood possessed him, who can say? but he took the girl in his arms and carried her to his uncouth home, where ever since they had lived inseparable. Abroad too she was continually with him, his very shadow in fact; but as nobody had ever heard her utter a comprehensible word, and as the oddity of her appearance bordered on the ape-like and horrible, all sorts of superstitious rumors were current as to who the creature was and whence she had come. Some swore it was what the Scotch used to call a "brownie," others said it must be a wood-goblin; only one old farmer, shrewder and more practical than his associates, "pooh-poohed" such reports with contempt, declaring the girl to be nothing more than a *daf-mule*, deserted in all probability by her parents, to whom she (poor thing!) had proved a burden. "Well done," I exclaimed, when this theory was broached, "You may stop there, Buggy; you've hit the true nail on the head at last!"

"Do you think so?" he inquired, dubiously, disappointed, it was plain, at so practical and commonplace a solution of the puzzle.

"Think so? I'm positive," said I; "every thing confirms that lucky guess. Indeed, now I remember, 'tis difficult to understand how I failed to come to the same conclusion myself." Depressed by finding the glare of the supernatural thus quenched, like a flaring rocket converted into a stick, Buggy Jem would have departed inconsolable, had not my wife taken pity upon him and purchased from his stock a number of articles of no possible present or future value to anybody. These she put aside with an air of solicitude which said, "Such treasures are beyond price!" The pedler was comforted, and went away whistling like "three-and-twenty blackbirds" rolled into one!

The next two or three weeks were passed in hard work upon the farm, and Blinky and his *protégée* had been forgotten, when one morning I found that our poultry-yard had been invaded with a vengeance! Not only were a dozen of the best breeds of our imported fowls missing, but as many more lay dead upon the ground, their necks scientifically twisted and their feathers scattered in every direction!

It flashed upon me after an instant's reflection that Blinky was responsible for this cruel devastation. He had doubtless been aided by his adopted child or goblin (who, by-the-way, had been fitted by general consent with the title of "Scrub," because, in her ragged scragginess, she was not unlike the common *scrub-oak* of the sand-barrens). At all events, I determined to find out what the worthy couple in question were doing. Therefore, a little after sundown that evening, I rode cautiously toward Blinky's cabin, and, having secured my horse in the surrounding wood, I peered about the premises, seeking information. While I lingered and looked vainly for some sign of life without, there flashed between the cracks of the log-hut a sudden ruddy light, and at the same moment a strain of music, inexpressibly sweet, delicate, and mournful, floated from that rude "shanty" out upon the "gloaming."

Approaching still nearer, I glanced through the interstices of the building, and beheld so *outré* and novel a spectacle that I couldn't help wishing that Doré was with me to perpetuate its details by his eccentric pencil. Seated in the blaze of a huge pine-knot, the inevitable whiskey-bottle within easy reach upon a deal table, was Blinky Newton, his expression a shade less revolting than common, while he played upon the violin with a skill, pathos, and harmony, that took me wholly by surprise. In better days, he had been fond of that instrument, and even the weight of the awful degradation now oppressing him could not destroy his passion for music.

He wielded his bow with marvellous effect, the hard lines of the ruined face softening by degrees, and growing almost tender at the humanizing tones his own hand elicited.

And crouching upon the floor, her chin supported on Blinky's knee, her weird, eldritch eyes raised to his, with a look half-inscrutable, half-devoted, the poor little dumb outcast Scrub could be seen, striving apparently to read her patron's thoughts and to catch the sounds which, by a sort of instinct, she knew he was making upon that odd wooden instrument at his shoulder. Once or twice she regarded the violin with an envious impatience, but, so subtle and evanescent was this expression, that scarcely could one detect it before, like a swift-

flitting cloud, it had passed, leaving the gentler look undarkened and undisturbed.

A coal-black cat, of gigantic proportions and baleful gaze—the completest representative conceivable of the traditional witches' cat—glowered from a corner of the hearth, lifting his ugly head occasionally, and arching his back, as if in protest against any thing so beautiful as his master's musical performance. "What a scene of moral contrasts!" I thought. "Harmonies, the truest and the purest, proceeding from that low, corrupt, unspeakably-depraved being, surrounded by evidences of his fall—sounds of heaven rising out of hades!"

Perhaps it is not possible for any man, though a prince in wickedness, utterly to destroy or stifle conscience. At all events, while I curiously watched him, some stray tone of his violin startled Blinky and overcame his softer emotions.

The bow drooped, and was then dashed from his hand; he began to shake and tremble violently from head to foot; a strange rage and terror possessed him. Glancing round with dilated eyes, he stared into the corners of the room, where fantastic shadows from the fire-light flickered and danced grotesquely. These shadows maddened him. To his diseased fancy they were evidently fiend-like. With a muttered, quivering curse he rose stiffly up, more like some figure moved by galvanism than the human will, and, thrusting his arms and hands outward, with the gesture of one who would keep off a mortal enemy, he slowly retreated sideways toward the door. The veins on his forehead were purple-black and swollen. Every nerve and muscle shivered in agony. His countenance was a living, writhing, palpable nightmare. But, as he glided rather than walked across the floor, Scrub, who had risen too, following with painful intentness his every motion, rushed on a sudden before him, uttering that deep, inarticulate, thrilling cry of hers; she seized his uplifted hands, clasped and kissed them with frantic affection, and besought him by her looks, as plainly as if she had spoken, to be quieted and to take comfort. Here was one in the world that loved him still! Blinky's haggard and haunted face relaxed. He comprehended her tender pantomime, and, quickly gathering the uncouth little comforter to his heart, sobbed and wept over her like a woman.

I turned quietly away and left the place. Somehow my eagerness to convict Blinky of theft, to arrest him, as it were, red-handed (for I felt convinced still that he had my poultry secreted on his premises), had completely evaporated; a profound compassion was the sole feeling I experienced now.

For a long time after this adventure I saw and heard nothing of the oddly-assorted pair. But, on a dismal afternoon in October, I was again honored by a visit from Buggy Jem, whose appearance at once impressed me by its unwonted gravity.

Indeed, he was more than grave. There was a perplexed, startled, one might almost say an awed expression in his sharp little pig's-eyes, which, dilating them unnaturally, gave to his whole face an aspect irresistibly grotesque.

"What's the matter, Jem?" I inquired.

Buggy Jem shut the door with mysterious care. He looked all around him, as if to make sure that no other person was present, and then, lowering his voice to a deep, solemn bass, remarked:

"Kurnul, ef ever a man seed the devil, I've seed the blasted cuss this day!"

"How? where?" I responded.

"Well, kurnul, I was a-passin' by that derved house of Blinky's on my way to Sixteen, when the biggest sort of jabberin' and howlin' just made me stop a spell and look in at the window. Wish I may die ef I didn't see thar at the old bed-head little Scrub a dancin', and yellin', and gallivantin', round a black figur sot up stiff and straight agin' the bolster, with a face yellow-white, like putty, and O Lawd! sich eyes, sich eyes!" And Buggy Jem lifted up his own eyes in amazement and horror.

I knew the fellow's inordinate propensity for exaggeration and even downright lying, but evidently he had, for once, witnessed a horrible spectacle of some sort; therefore, about sunset, I mounted my horse and rode over to Blinky's with a disagreeable presentiment of evil. Both the hour and the season appeared ominous and dreary. Low, wailing, funereal winds moaned among the tops of the swaying pines; huge masses of dark-gray clouds scudded threateningly overhead, while the dead autumnal leaves fell thick and fast along the solitary road.

Having reached the rude "clearing" before the cabin, I dis-

mounted and hitched my horse securely to the bough of a sapling. Then a curious sensation, not certainly of fear, but rather a mixed feeling of suspense and repulsion, took possession of me. I stopped, hesitating and anxious, when the silence was broken by an awful cry, not loud or shrill, but deep, guttural, husky, as from the throat of a person on the point of strangulation, followed by a long, inarticulate quaver, a hundred times wilder than the shrieks of an Irish wake or the hoarse-falling dirge of the bag-pipe.

"That is Scrub's voice," I muttered. "Can the old brute be torturing or killing her?"

Without a second's further delay I went up to the door of the hut and opened it. A stormy light from the west flooded the room, in the full glare of which rested the form of a man starkly outstretched upon the tattered bed.

Dressed in a suit of the finest black broadcloth, I might have supposed that some stranger had temporarily sought the hospitality of the cabin, but the rigid lines of the figure, and the sight of Scrub hovering about its head, moaning or crying her inarticulate cry with unearthly persistence, forbade such an idea as soon almost as it had arisen.

Going nearer, I could see the face distinctly but for a few minutes. Although I recognized it as Blinkey's, death had so transfigured the countenance that I stood gazing upon it with speechless astonishment and awe.

What! Could *these* be the features of the miserable outcast whose every word had been a curse, and whose breath was pollution? As the lurid sunset flickered over them, they seemed, despite their deadly pallor, to be alive—alive with the *dignity of a recaptured soul*, which, asserting itself even in the hour of dissolution, so elevated the ruined face as to impart to it an utterly-indescribable aspect of spirituality! It was not a contented or serene, far less a blissful expression. Rather it resembled the look of one who, in the sudden illumination poured upon him from the Eternal Throne, had at the same instant recognized the enormity of his own sins and the possibility of some future supreme purification. I could not help believing that, in the dreadful, glimmering vagueness of the "valley of the shadow of death," there had come to this man so much of mercy that the devils long possessing him had been cast out, and some ineffable hint of a redemption in the far eternities had been whispered to his heart! How, otherwise, could it be possible to explain the blended humility and majesty, the very abasement of humility, the supremest exaltation of majestic patience (strengthened for an expiation of ages), which then and there separated the countenance of that dead malefactor from all other faces I had ever beheld, quick or dead?

Meantime, with an impish motion, Scrub flitted to and fro near the bed, now peering keenly into the unclosed eyes of the corpse, and then throwing her lean arm upward with a gesture of pathetic abandonment as she uttered her strange shriek.

Once or twice she placed her hands firmly upon the shoulders of her dead protector, shaking him with a sort of fury; and, when nothing came of this—when no sign of life was manifest—the forlorn, distraught little creature seemed for a while paralyzed, and could only moan after the fashion of some animal in pain that was unendurable.

Regarding the careful manner in which Blinkey's body was attired, and the fine quality of the suit he had chosen for his grave-clothes, I conjectured that, feeling the approaches of death, he had determined to assert in *articulo mortis* the reputable position from which he had fallen, or perhaps, as the soul his vices had banished shuddered back toward its desecrated body, just previous to the everlasting separation of both, he desired—obeying an occult instinct—to array himself with cleanliness and decency.

The broadcloth suit itself had probably been preserved by accident among the few articles of personal property brought by its owner years before to the log-cabin in the woods.

As Blinkey had evidently been dead for two days and more, I saw the necessity of his being buried as soon as practicable. Accordingly I took the promptest measures to have the corpse legally identified, and, at a late hour of the night, I stood by the side of his open grave, which a couple of stalwart laborers had been hired to dig, prepared, in the absence of a clergyman, to read the funeral-service myself. This—choosing the magnificent ritual of the Episcopal Church—I proceeded to do, amid the surprised silence of my two workmen, and what seemed the apathetic despair of Scrub, who had followed

the body quietly to the place of sepulture, and was now with folded arms looking down upon it, not a muscle of her poor, wizened, ancient little face stirred by any perceptible emotion. The place chosen for the grave lay between a pair of gigantic pine-trees not far from the cabin-door, and on the summit of a steep desolate hill. Only the solemn starlight shone upon the scene. Shadows of bush, tree, and passing cloud, wavered across the sward, and now and then the voice of a distant night-bird sounded strangely from the tangled depths of swamp or thicket.

The service at length concluded, we prepared to lower the body into the grave; but, scarcely had we taken hold of the linen sheet which I had caused to be wrapped about its darker garments, when Scrub hurled herself upon it, and, with a grasp of absolute frenzy, endeavored to frustrate our purpose. I tried gently to draw her back, but the effort was fruitless. Persuasion, by means of every variety of pantomime, proved also vain; therefore, no choice was left us but to force the poor creature away as considerably and tenderly as we could. The grief of the dumb girl was so violent that finally she became insensible; whereupon we completed our task, and then, under the subdued light, and with a million weird-like whisperings of the forest-leaves in our ears, we left the dead to his long repose.

As for Scrub, borrowing a cart and donkey from one of my assistants, who meanwhile rode my horse, I placed the still unconscious child upon some fragments of hay that strewed the bottom, and slowly drove homeward.

The morning-star was shining brightly in the heavens, when I came to the enclosure about our cottage; and, paying the countryman for his cart, knocked loudly at the front door. My wife, looking, as I told her, provokingly pretty in her variegated *robe de chambre*, at once admitted me, surprised, of course, to find that I was accompanied by *such* an associate. But my story, briefly and earnestly told, reconciled her immediately to the presence of our guest. She rushed off for restoratives of a dozen different sorts, and in a short time we were pleased to see their effect in the partial restoration of the girl to consciousness.

Administering some weak brandy-and-water, we then put her to bed in a vacant room next the library, and left her, as we trusted, to repose.

"Oh," said my wife, with the tears in her eyes, "what a scene you have gone through with to-night! And that wretched child, *what* are we to do with her?"

"Well, my love, we must keep her for a few days at least; our neighbors are ignorant and superstitious, and would let her starve in the woods, rather than have the imp, as they think her, with any one of them."

It seemed, however, do as we might, that Scrub was destined to starvation. For the next sixty hours, not a morsel passed her lips. No persuasion could induce her to eat, though we tempted her with delicate fare.

Tossing and moaning, moaning and tossing on her cot, she grew so wan and haggard, that her usual resemblance to some old, old woman, became so intensified as to appear in the last degree abnormal and grotesque. But about midnight on the third day of this dangerous abstinence, I was awakened by a tremendous clatter, a dash of miscellaneous articles falling in the pantry beneath my chamber. Passing down-stairs with a candle, and appearing on the scene of tumult, there was Scrub coolly seated, like a goblin Marius, amid the ruins of plates, dishes, tumblers, wine-glasses, and saucers, with the breast of a roasted turkey in her lap, and a drumstick of the same luscious bird in the act of being ravenously devoured between her teeth. She had found her way, somehow, to the safe, which being locked, and resisting her efforts to open it, no doubt the half-famished little animal had dragged the cupboard down, burst the fastenings of the door, and thus secured for herself a meal, in the midst of the *débris* of quite a Carthage of crockery.

It happened to be moonlight; therefore she could see to conduct her depredations efficiently.

For a fortnight longer Scrub remained at our house, evidently a restless, unwilling guest. Repeatedly she tried to run away, but we kept a sharp eye upon her, and the tameless young Ishmaelite was always caught, and brought back kicking and struggling, or sullen as an outraged savage.

Once she managed to secure a bottle of our best Madeira, and imbibed the whole of it; consequently, she was made excessively drunk,

to the disgust of my wife, and the amusement of the servants, who encouraged her extravagant antics.

But Scrub's last feat procured her prompt and final banishment from among us.

One morning just after breakfast, a shrill treble was piped from the parlor, where Master Theo, aged eight, our only son and heir, had been sent to learn his reading-lesson. The tableau beheld, as we hastened to the rescue, was more lively than satisfactory. Theo lay sprawling on his back, two mottled legs convulsively *pawing* the air, while, bestriding the urchin's stomach, Scrub, entirely at her ease, was engaged in tattooing the victim's face with her hawk-like finger-nails.

This was too much. Master Theo's mother pounced upon the culprit, and for the first, and I am sure the last time in her life, her fair hands were employed in necessary chastisement.

The day after, Scrub was on her way to the city of F—, to be placed in the celebrated "Deaf and Dumb Asylum," there. A certain surplus sum, which my last work of fiction had unexpectedly brought me, I devoted to Scrub's benefit, and to the securing of extra medical attention to her case.

A month—two months—passed. All accounts received from the asylum of our poor unfortunate were the reverse of encouraging. She was, by turns, sullen and furious, perversely cunning, and openly outrageous. Nothing whatever could be taught her. "Indeed" (the principal of the institution wrote me), "I have never, in all my manifold experience, met with a human creature, to all appearance, so thoroughly *animal*. We are not merely discouraged, but disgusted and repelled."

Finally, during a spell of the severest weather known at the South for thirty years, in the latter portion, I think, of the month of January, news reached me that Scrub had evaded the watchful care of her guardian, and was nowhere to be found. The most rigid search, the widest advertisements, were without avail. As time crept on, it was generally concluded that the ill-fated little Bohemian had come to her death somewhere in the swamps or forests.

I myself began to entertain this opinion, when, in the following March, chance carried me, for the third time in the course of this narrative, to the vicinity of Blinky's cabin, which the superstitious fears of the "sand-lapping" gentry had left untouched. The weather continued unwontedly bleak and cold, the wind being sharp as a razor, and howling sometimes like a famished wolf. As the top of the old familiar hut came in view between the gaunt trunks of the pines, I suddenly drew rein to listen. What sound was that, feebly and flittingly borne upon the gale, and dying off with abrupt, spasmodic harshness? The sound of a *violin*, surely, but a violin played by some ignorant, inexperienced hand.

Instantaneously the thought flashed on me that I should find Scrub in her old home; that her hand, and no other's, held that uncertain bow. Indeed, I was not mistaken; for, upon once more peering through the cabin window, I saw the girl half-sitting, half-lying, along the filthy, disordered bed, nodding her head weakly up and down, with the violin at her shoulder, and imitating—though of course she could hear no sound—the motion with the bow-hand she remembered in Blinky's playing. Again, an angry sunset flooded the room, brought out into strong relief the squalid rafters festooned with cobwebs, the dusty, uneven floor, the few pieces of dilapidated furniture, and, above all, the elfin features of Scrub, many times more weird, uncanny, and elfin-like, than ever.

They were pinched and wasted grievously; a red, feverish spot burned in either cheek, and her eyes, once so small and keen, now looked unnaturally large and languid in their hollow sockets.

As I turned from the window to the door, she detected my presence—leaped from the bed, and strove to make her escape. But the poor wild thing had lost her former activity and strength. She fell just outside the threshold, panting like a wounded partridge, and lifting the dumb agony of her eyes to my face in a manner I could hardly endure. Lost, forlorn, bewildered little savage, coming, God only knew whence, tossed from billow to billow of a life which stunned and wearied her, there was *that* in her expression which plainly told me her release was near.

I could not doubt that the born nomad had wandered for weeks among the wildest, least-frequented localities (after quitting the asylum), stealing her food when she could, and going without it rather than risk the chances of recapture.

Nor could I doubt that some marvellous instinct, akin to the in-

stinct of birds or beasts, had led her through the hundred and odd miles that intervened between the city of F— and her former home in the pine-barrens. And the magnet that drew her on was a lonely, unhonored grave. Meanwhile, as I have said, Scrub lay panting and exhausted. Semi-starvation and exposure had done their work upon her. She had not the energy to resist when I took her in my arms, and laid her gently on the comfortless bed within.

"The child," thought I, "is not long for this world, but still a doctor might help her somewhat." So for a doctor I went. Our county Æsculapius had fortunately returned from his "rounds," and I at once secured his services. He examined Scrub's condition, and, as he did so, remarked: "There's no hope whatever—last stage, you see, of what we call galloping consumption. No use even to remove her; 'twould merely fidget the creature, and make her worse."

Convinced that he was right, I confined my philanthropic efforts to the more cleanly and comfortable arrangement of the bed, from which I felt assured that Scrub would never pass alive. All that night, having made a huge fire of hickory and pine knots on the hearth of the cabin, I watched the child's uneasy slumber. Every now and then, she would start from sleep, sitting perfectly erect, and looking around her with an eager, wistful gaze. The moonlight-shadows came and went across the floor, or crept up the walls, like impalpable tides of a soundless, mysterious sea. The wind, no longer blowing in mad, irregular gusts, moaned through chink and crevice, suggestive of the voice of some misguided spirit calling plaintively upon its fellows. And the rush of a neighboring stream blended with the voice of the wind, over which, occasionally, one could hear the deep, melancholy boom of a falling pine, cut through by the ruthless fangs of fire that had recently devastated the forest. Certainly a "growsome" scene—an hour weird and awful! Still, as the time slowly passed, I continued to brood over the flames that danced and wavered in numberless grotesque shapes, now taking the form of a huge volcanic eruption, and anon forming themselves into beautiful rivers flowing through lands of enchantment—a tropic sunlight irradiating the waves, or flashing upward in jets of purple and gold and amethyst. And so, gradually and unconsciously, I sank from reverie into slumber.

Hours after, the decay of the fire, and the cold wind that preceded morning, awoke me.

I looked round mechanically, rubbing my eyes with stupid surprise, when they rested on the patient's bed and found it empty. The cold moonlight shimmered across the coverlet, and the moaning of the wind now seemed articulate.

I staggered drowsily up, and remarked that the door—previously well secured—was wide open. Looking onward, I could recognize the site of Blinky's grave. A dark object, indistinctly outlined, rested upon the surface of the mound. What was it? Still in a half-dream, I approached the spot; and there, her wasted cheek lovingly pressed against the earth, her arms outstretched as to embrace the dead form beneath, lay the outcast child, as dead and cold as the corpse of him she sought. Outcast—yes; but outcast perhaps no longer! Who shall say that the loyal little heart, so stanch and faithful, through the mists of physical affliction and the perplexities of cruel want, to its one earthly friend, had not gone to the bosom of another and a celestial Friend, even the pitiful Christ, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

PAUL H. HAYNE.

PARIS AFTER THE PEACE.

THERE are, probably, few points of view in Paris better known to the travelling public than the avenue which leads from the Arc de Triomphe to the main entrance to the Bois. It now bears the name of General Urich, the defender of Strasbourg; but to the world at large it is still known, and will be known for many a year, as the Avenue de l'Impératrice. As I write the name, the avenue rises before me as I have witnessed it on many a sunny afternoon. The great broad slopes of turf which line either side of the wide thoroughfare are gay with rich beds of flowers. It is the *retour des courses*, and all Paris has crowded out to see the race-course company drive back into the capital. The trim gravel walks are thronged with family parties of kindly *bourgeois* folk, accompanied by children and nurses innumerable; the riding-path is dotted over with cavalcades of horses; the

great central road is filled with treble lines of carriages, moving slowly to and fro—carriages of all kinds, from the lordly barouche to the humble *fiacre*; from the four-in-hand of the Jockey Club to the Victoria, in which *ces dames* display the marvels of their toilet. Every thing is bright, gorgeous, gay, to look upon. The huge imperial gendarmes, mounted on their iron-gray horses, patrol up and down, keeping the carriages in line. Then, when the avenue was at its fullest, and it seemed impossible to force a way through, the stream of carriages would part asunder, a cavalcade of wild-looking spahis, digging their horses' flanks with their cruel stirrups as they galloped on, would pass through the opening, and in an open barouche, escorted by outriders in green-and-gold liveries, Napoleon III., the "wise prince," as the world, after Mr. Disraeli, then called him, the Badinguet of to-day, would drive past, bowing listlessly to languid salutations. Such is the framework of the constantly-recurring pageant, familiar to me, as to all sojourners within the French capital, associated with the name of the Avenue de l'Impératrice. It has been my fortune to see most of the famous parks, drives, corsos, of which the Old and the New World can boast; and, according to my judgment, there is no promenade I have ever witnessed, which, in brilliancy and outward show, bears any comparison to the avenue to the Bois in the days of the second empire.

Let me recall it now as I saw it but the other day. The grass-covered slopes were covered over with *tentes d'abri*, by whose sides groups of soldiers sat around camp-fires, lounging sullenly. The flower-plots had been trampled under foot, the trees cut down for the most part. The villa-palaces which lined the avenue were closed and deserted. Not a puff of smoke could be seen rising from the chimney-tops. It was just the hour when Paris was wont to drive out to the Bois; but not a carriage was to be discovered from the Arc de Triomphe right down to the walls. An omnibus stood waiting by the gates; a solitary horseman galloped along the riding-path. The gorgeous gendarmes were replaced by two sentries in civilian dress, with broad red stripes down their velvet trousers, who strutted about with their hands in their pockets, their muskets leaning against a wall hard by. The grass-grown walls, which, in spite of the cannon mounted in the embrasures, looked in the old days so quiet and so peaceful, had changed their aspect. Your first thought, had you not known the truth, would have been that some great drainage-works were going on along the sleepy Boulevard de Lannes, which runs inside the ramparts, and had been suspended by a strike of the workmen. As you looked down, you saw that the banks were scored and furrowed with trenches, galleries, bomb-proof passages, and rifle-pits. Whether shells had actually fallen on this portion of the walls, or whether the destruction had been wrought during the removal of the guns, I could not learn. But the whole line of fortifications hereabouts had the look of works which had suffered from heavy fire. There was everywhere that air of wilful, wanton destruction which you see in places that have been knocked about by a bombardment. The solitude was oppressive; the silence of the scene painful. A company of raw recruits were being taught the goose-step in a small square leading out of the Boulevard Lannes. Hard by was a house belonging to an old friend of mine. I rang at the bell, but found the place deserted. The last time I had driven along the road, not a year ago, I remember having seen a group of children playing on the slopes of the walls by the mounted cannon, and thinking how peaceful the whole place looked. I climbed up the walls, and looked down upon what was once the Bois. For a space some half a mile in breadth from the walls there stretched a long, bleak expanse, reminding one of the clearings I have seen in the backwoods of the Western States. The avenues, bosquets, winding paths, banks, and arbors of the Bois had disappeared, and in their place was a plain covered with the stumps of trees, cut some foot or so above the soil. In the distance rose the dark belt of trees which still stands around the lake; and there, no doubt, before many months are over, the fashionable world of Paris will congregate once more; but the bared clearing between the walls and the entrance to the Jardin d'Acclimation will remain for many years as a reminiscence of the siege. For the moment its desolation was complete; a party or two of wood-cutters collecting the fallen branches from amid the stumps, an ambulance-cart with the red cross on its side, were all the moving things that supplied the place of the goodly company which was used to take its pleasure here day after day. The sky was dull, laden with snow-clouds, faint gleams of wintry sunlight flickered from time to time

over the dreary scene; the bare spaces where the guns used to stand added to the look of desertion which surrounded every thing; the ceaseless rat-tat of the drum, keeping time for the recruits' steps, sounded mournfully; half a dozen idlers like myself stood on the walls looking sadly at the solitude before them. Mont Valérien towered on the horizon above the Bois. All was cheerless, forlorn, desolate.

I have dwelt upon this scene because, in as far as I saw of Paris, it is the one sole position in the whole of the city in which the real presence of the war is forced upon you unmistakably. Outside the walls there is ruin and desolation enough to show that a great warfare has just been carried on. But, if you except the view from the walls adjoining the sometime Avenue de l'Impératrice, you might wander about the city for hours without coming on any thing which would show you that war had passed by there. I have no wish to accuse the correspondents who described the siege of Paris in our English papers of wilful exaggeration; but I think, after the wont of chroniclers sadly in want of matter, they generalized from individual incidents, and confounded what they heard was likely to take place with what they knew to have actually taken place. We heard a great deal about the devastation worked by the bombardment. If you want to know what shelling a town really means in earnest, you can acquire the knowledge easily enough at St-Denis or St-Cloud. You will not learn the lesson in Paris. You must walk for a long time and use your eyes sharply about the quarter—that of the Panthéon—where the shells fell thickest, before you see a trace of the bombardment. As far as I could see, there has not been a single street or public building in this quarter which has been materially damaged by the Prussian cannon. Whether dropping a few hundred shells into a crowded city is or is not a more wanton piece of destruction than a serious bombardment, is a point on which I do not care to enter; but of this I am sure, that, whatever the moral effect of the bombardment of Paris may have been, the material effect was absolutely insignificant. So, in like manner, there has been a strange amount of sensational reporting about the external injuries inflicted on Paris by its citizens. The trees which line the Boulevards are untouched; the Champs Elysées are just what they used to be; the Tuileries remain unshorn of their foliage.

Judging from what I see of things, I cannot but fancy that there may likewise have been a great deal of exaggeration about the actual horrors of the siege. Of course, it is impossible to prove a negative; and I cannot pretend to say that the spectacle of famished women gnawing bones like wild beasts, and such like incidents of siege-life in Paris, as portrayed by imaginative chroniclers of the Besieged-Resident order, may not have been witnessed in the streets of the capital. But I am convinced that such incidents were no more characteristic of the daily life of Paris during the siege than deaths by starvation at Bethnal Green are of the daily life of London. Putting together various accounts I heard from many people who lived through that time of trial, I have come to the following conclusions: The great mass of the working-class were by no means badly off. The men had for the most part their thirty sous a day as National Guards; the women and children had their rations; and, though there was much sickness, distress, and suffering, among the operatives, it was scarcely, if at all, greater than in any ordinary hard winter when work is slack. The well-to-do classes, who had money at their disposal, had laid up large stores before the investment began; and, though they also were exposed to great discomfort through the curtailment of their accustomed luxuries, they were as a body never brought face to face with actual want. The real pinch and stress fell almost exclusively on the class of small employés, clerks, shopmen, skilled artisans—in fact, on the whole class which lives by weekly wages paid for brain-labor. The sufferings of this "Mezzo Ceto" portion of the community were terrible; they had no wages or earnings to receive, they had no savings to invest in food; they were too independent to beg for alms, too feeble to hustle and struggle for rations with the crowd. It was among this class, which starved and pined away, died and made no sign, that the mortality was the heaviest; and I have no doubt that, if the true story of the siege could be written, it would reveal piteous cases of cruel misery, sad enough in all conscience, but confined, with few exceptions, to the intermediate class between the workman and the employer. If this theory of mine is correct, it serves to explain a good deal that is otherwise inexplicable in the history of the siege.

How was it, I am often asked, that the population of Paris, so

turbulent, hot-headed, and impatient of control, as its history in the past, and, alas! also in the present, shows it to be, exercised such wonderful self-restraint and moderation throughout their long isolation from the outer world. My answer is, that the governing class and the working-class alike never had their resolution tested by the dire extremity of hunger; and that the class which really bore the burden of the siege is the class which never makes barricades or *coups d'état*, but, under every administration, obeys the powers that be. Let me not be misunderstood as denying to the Parisians the claim of heroism. The resistance of the city would have been impossible, if, amid all classes, there had not been an almost superstitious devotion to the cause of Paris, a readiness to sacrifice personal considerations to the common good—a conviction that the honor of France was intrusted to their hands, and that Europe was watching to see how the trust would be discharged. That this national sentiment has its strong as well as its weak side, I should be the last to deny. I wish I could feel confident that, under like conditions, London would exhibit a like patience and resolution. But I am only stating facts when I declare that the heroism of Paris, be it great or small, was not subjected to the fiery trial of starvation.

And, if I am right in so thinking, I fancy that any patriotic Frenchman, no matter to which particular line of politics he belonged, would feel after revisiting Paris that his country had entered on a better era. The empire has fallen, and Paris has recovered much of the look she wore in earlier and simpler days. How long the reformation may last I do not pretend to guess. But, for the time, the reign of the Coedès and Cocottes is at an end. The Victorias have vanished, and the ladies with the indecorous, gorgeous toilets, which the small journals used to love to chronicle, have disappeared with them. I dare say there is vice and to spare still in Paris, but I am Philistine enough to think that vice, restricted, regulated, and kept in seclusion, is far less injurious to public morals than vice flaunting unrestrained about the streets. The *cafés* along the Boulevards are no longer crowded with public women, and the few you see about are quiet, not to say dowdy, in their costumes. While I was in Paris, a few returned *viveurs* gave a supper-party at the Maison Dorée, where the general portion of the guests belonged to the class which used to make the fortune of the *cabinets particuliers*; and late in the evening, the revel became so uproarious that the sound of the women's voices could be heard on the Boulevards. Forthwith a crowd assembled outside, and informed the landlord that the party must break up at once, or else the establishment would be attacked. At such a crisis as the present revival of the scandals of the empire was an insult to public feeling. And, with all respect for the exercise of individual liberty, it seems to me this manifestation of popular sentiment was not an unhealthy sign.

In like manner, though Paris had now been at peace for weeks, there was no symptom of the revival of the passionate pursuit of pleasure which distinguished the era of the empire. For the first time for a series of years there were no public balls on the night of the *Mi-Carême*. An edict was issued on the evening previous forbidding any masquerades on the night in question; but the edict was much criticised by the press, on the ground that nobody had proposed giving any entertainment of the kind. The only ball advertised was one at Salle Valentino; and that was scantily frequented. And, as far as I could learn, there was not a single casino or *salle de danse* permanently open in the whole of Paris. There were not half a dozen theatres open in the city; not a single new piece was even advertised. Of course this lack of public amusement was due in no small measure to the fact that almost all the public *entrepreneurs* are ruined, and that the theatre and casino-frequenting public is very short of money. I have no idea that the Parisians are likely to become Puritanical, or to be made forthwith moral and virtuous. Before many months are over, the tide of pleasure will doubtless be again in full flow; but I question it ever reaching the height it did under the reign of imperialism. It is no great credit to the Parisians that they should have no heart for merry-making, while the Prussians are within a couple of miles of Paris, and their guns still command portions of the city. It would, however, be an infinite discredit to the Parisians were it otherwise; and when I am told, as I often am, that they are indifferent to the calamities of France, I think it only fair to say that their outward demeanor was that of a population still stunned by a terrible misfortune.

But of all the changes in the aspect of Paris which most strike a visitor who has not seen the city since the days of the empire, the greatest is one which it is easier to appreciate on the spot than to describe at a distance. I know not how better to express it than by saying that the life has somehow gone out of Paris. It is not only that the streets are half empty, that carriages have wellnigh disappeared, that the shop-windows are bare of wares, that trade is obviously at a stand-still, that house after house is shut up, that there is no building going on, that beggars are to be met with everywhere; there is besides all this an unavoidable impression forced upon you as you wander about the city, that Paris has outlived its prime. Much of this impression may be owing to the circumstances of the moment, but still even when order is restored under a settled government, I question if the recovery of Paris will be a very rapid, or even a very thorough one. Beneath the empire Paris was developed by artificial means. The wondrous aggrandisement and embellishment of the city were out of all proportion to the natural growth of the country, marvellous as that growth was. And the artificial stimulus afforded by the imperial system being removed, the grandeur of Paris has, I think, collapsed for many a year to come. Except in the improbable event of a Napoleonic restoration, any government likely to be established in France must rely more upon the provinces than upon the capital. The desire exhibited by the great majority of the Bordeaux Assembly, elected as it is by universal suffrage, to remove the seat of government from the banks of the Seine, was not merely an ebullition of provincial jealousy or reactionary partisanship, but was the expression of a wide-spread, popular conviction that the virtual supremacy of Paris is fatal to the welfare of France. While France remains a nation, Paris must, in my judgment, remain its permanent capital. But the government of the future will have no motive to maintain, still less to augment, the importance of Paris; and therefore I see no prospect that in our days Paris will ever recover her pristine grandeur. That her loss may prove the gain of France, must be the wish of all who, like myself, believe that the existence of France as a prosperous and powerful community is essential to the welfare of Europe.

EDWARD DICKY.

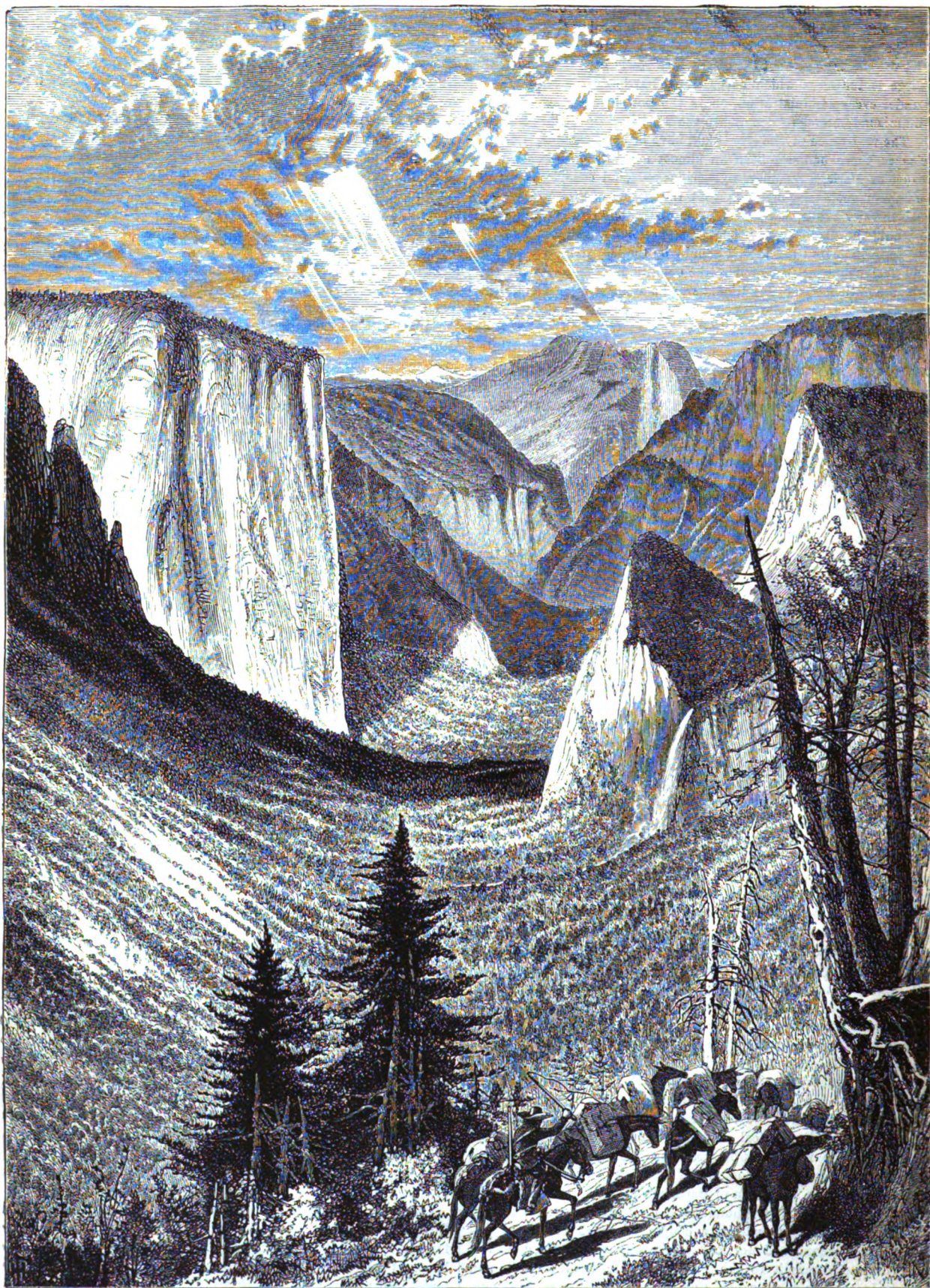
YOSEMITE.

WE give, in this week's JOURNAL, two illustrations of the famous scenery of the Yosemite Valley, in California, drawn by Mr. Fenn from photographs by Anthony. This wonderful chasm is situated on the Merced River, in the southern portion of the county of Mariposa, and one hundred and forty miles a little southeast from San Francisco. It is on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, midway between its eastern and western base, and in the centre of the State, measuring north and south. It is a narrow gorge, eight miles in length, from a half to a mile in width, and enclosed in frowning granite walls rising with almost unbroken and perpendicular faces to the dizzy height of from three to six thousand feet above the green and quiet vale beneath. From the brows of the precipices in several places spring streams of water, which in seasons of rains and melting snows form cataracts of beauty and magnificence surpassing any thing known in mountain-scenery.

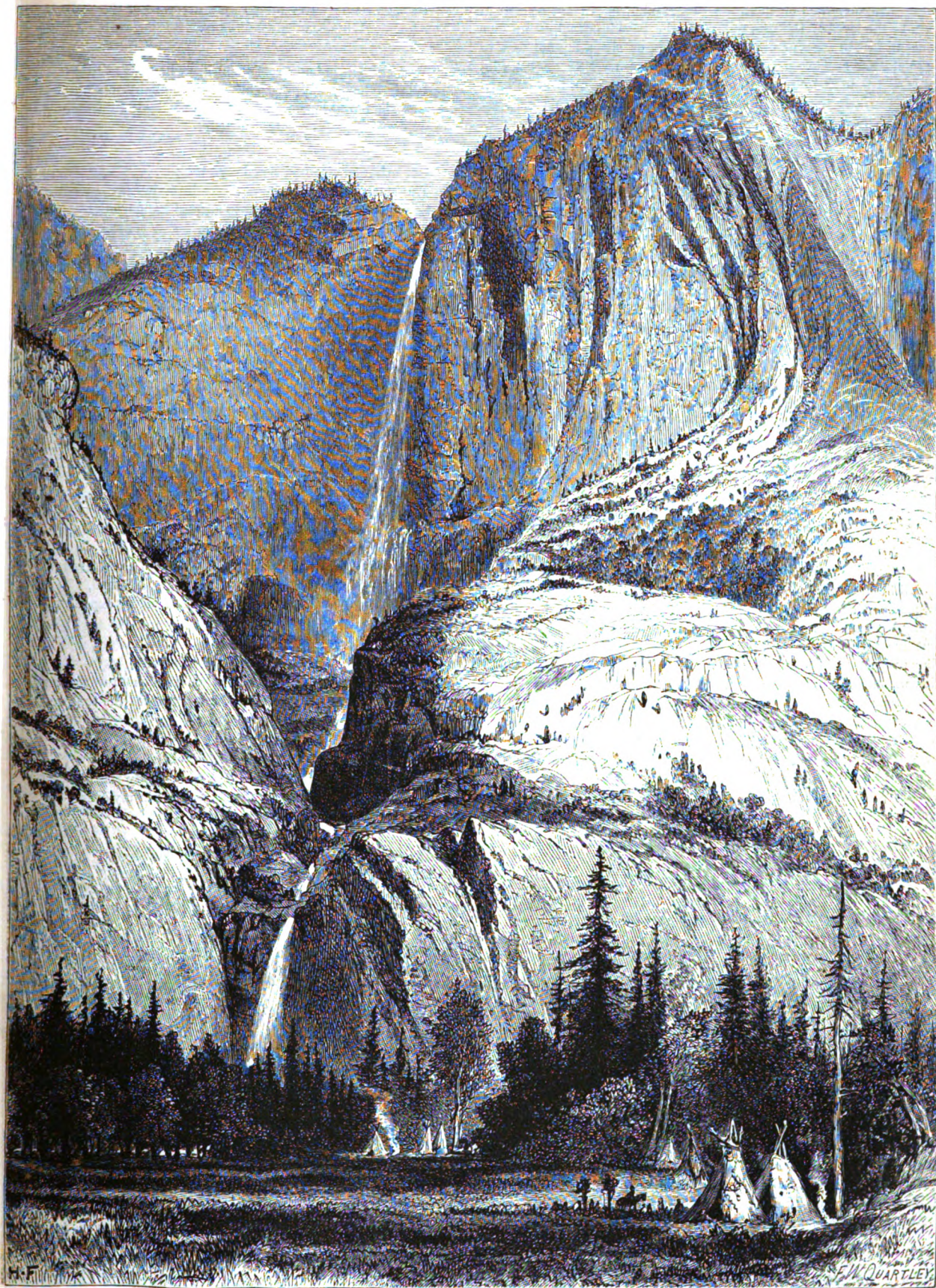
This valley was discovered in the spring of 1851 by a party under command of Major James D. Savage, in pursuit of a band of predatory Indians, who made it their stronghold, considering it inaccessible to the whites. Its name, "Yosemite," pronounced as if terminating in y, was given to it in the belief that it was the Indian term for grizzly-bear. Several Indian names have been given to prominent rocks and falls in the valley, but, as these are difficult of pronunciation, and as it is doubtful if these savages ever had names for such objects, these have been discarded, and the more appropriate and definitive names of our own language adopted, with a few exceptions.

A few years since this section was granted by the United States Government to the State of California, and it will be forever preserved for public use. It is becoming a great resort for tourists, and, as it becomes better known, and the means of access are improved, the interest in it will be greatly increased. The most interesting time for a visit is in May or June, when the streams are full and the falls produce their grandest effects.

It is difficult to find comparisons to give an impression of the



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—YOSEMITE VALLEY, FROM MARIPOSA TRAIL.



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—THE YOSEMITE FALLS.

grandeur of the scenery or of the lofty precipices surrounding the valley. If the reader crosses the continent on the Pacific Railroad, let him imagine, when on the loftiest mountain-pass, that it be cleft in twain to the level of the sea, and from the base he can look up four thousand feet to the summit of El Capitan, or six thousand feet to the glistening crown of the South Dome. If from New England, let him reflect that its loftiest peak—Mount Washington—raises its head only to the height of one of these giant rocks. But this grandest scenery of the world cannot be described.

The great gorge is not the only object that calls the visitor to this section. The vegetable productions are in keeping with the majestic rocks and giddy water-falls. Surrounding it, at distances of from ten to fifty miles, are numerous groves of the great trees which have so astonished the world. These have been principally examined by Whitney and his corps of geologists, and their number is unknown. Those of Calaveras are more accessible and better known, but, large as they are, many are found in the Southern groves exceeding them in size. Whitney measured one of one hundred and six feet in circumference and two hundred and seventy-six feet high. Another, lying prostrate, has been burned so hollow that one can ride on horseback in the cavity for a distance of seventy-six feet and have ample room to turn around. The big trees of this section are not in a single grove, as in Calaveras County, but are scattered through an extensive region at an elevation of from six to seven thousand feet above the sea. One collection, known as Mariposa Grove, lies within about five miles of the road leading from Mariposa to Yosemite, and from this fact has become a great resort for visitors. There are in the grove about six hundred large trees of from thirty to one hundred feet in circumference and from two hundred and thirty to three hundred and twenty-five feet in height. These are of the *taxodium* family, and bear the general name of *Sequoia*, in honor of the Cherokee chief who made an alphabet for his tribe, but are distinguished by the specific name of *gigantia*. This grove is the property of the State of California, and will be preserved as a public resort. The grove is reached from Mariposa or Yosemite by leaving the trail at Clark's, a station about midway between the two places, and taking an easy road to them about five miles distant. Other groves are in the vicinity, and the Indians report still others, with larger trees, farther in the mountains, which white men have never seen.

The tour of the Yosemite and Big Trees is one of unparalleled interest, requiring some preparation and endurance to make it, but is made without danger and at a slight expense. The railroad and stages convey one over a great part of the distance, and saddle-horses and experienced guides conduct one the rest. A good hotel is found in the valley, and comfort and health, as well as novelty, reward the traveller.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

FROM "BLACKWOOD," FOR APRIL, 1871.

(*Darwin loquitur.*)

"MAN comes from a mammal that lived up a tree,
And a great coat of hair on his outside had he,
Very much like the Dreadnaughts we frequently see—
Which nobody can deny.

"He had points to his ears, and a tail to his rump,
To assist him with ease through the branches to jump—
In some cases quite long, and in some a mere stump—
Which nobody can deny.

"This mammal, abstaining from mischievous pranks,
Was thought worthy, in time, to be raised from the ranks,
And, with some small ado, came to stand on two shanks—
Which nobody can deny.

"Thus planted, his course he so prudently steered,
That his hand soon improved and his intellect cleared;
Then his forehead enlarged, and his tail disappeared—
Which nobody can deny.

"Tisn't easy to settle *when* man became man;
When the monkey-type stopped and the human began;
But some very queer things were involved in the plan—
Which nobody can deny.

"Women plainly had beards and big whiskers at first;
While the man supplied milk when the baby was nursed;
And some other strong facts I could tell—if I durst—
Which nobody can deny.

"Our arboreal sire had a pedigree too;
The Marsupial system comes here into view;
So we'll trace him, I think, to a great kangaroo—
Which nobody can deny.

"The kangaroo's parent, perhaps, was a bird;
But an ornithorhynchus would not be absurd:
Then to frogs and strange fishes we back are referred—
Which nobody can deny."

Thus far Darwin has said; but the root of the tree,
Its nature, its name, and what caused it to be,
Seem a secret to him, just as much as to me—
Which nobody can deny.

Did it always exist as a great institution?
And *what* made it start on its first evolution?
As to this our good friend offers no contribution—
Which nobody can deny.

Yet I think, that, if Darwin would make a clean breast,
Some botanical views would be frankly confessed,
And that all flesh is grass would stand boldly expressed—
Which nobody can deny.

The loves of the plants, so deliciously sung,
Must have softened his heart, when his bosom was young,
And the "Temple of Nature" has prompted his tongue—
Which nobody can deny.

But, now, if in future *good breeding* we prize,
To be cherubs and angels, we some day may rise;
And, indeed, some sweet angels are now in my eyes—
Which nobody can deny.

If this is our wish, we must act with due care;
And in choosing our spouses no pains we should spare,
But select only those that are wise, good, and fair—
Which nobody can deny.

Yet however he came by it, man has a soul,
That will not so submit to despotic control,
As to make monks and nuns of three-fourths of the whole—
Which nobody can deny.

The bad may be pretty, the good may be plain;
And sad matches are made from the lucre of gain;
So, perhaps, as we are we shall likely remain—
Which nobody can deny.

After all, then, I ask, what's the object in view?
And what practical good from this creed can ensue?
I can't find in it much that's both useful and new—
Which nobody can deny.

Our old friend Lucretius * explained long ago
How the fittest survive and the weak are laid low;
And our friends of the farm must a thing or two know—
Which nobody can deny.

* Lucretius, v. 887-877.

I would ne'er take offence at what's honestly meant,
Or that truth should be told of our lowly descent;
To be sprung from the dust I am humbly content—
Which nobody can deny.

But this groping and guessing may all be mistaken,
And in sensitive minds may much trouble awaken,
So I'll shut up my book, and go back to my *Bacon* *—
Which nobody can deny.

THE DERBY DAY.

IF there is one pastime or amusement peculiarly conducive to the tastes of John Bull, it is horse-racing; or a day in which he thoroughly enjoys himself, it is, *par excellence*, the "Derby Day." Then is the time to see him in all his glory. He throws business to the winds, shakes off his cloak of *ennui*, and gives himself up solely and entirely to pleasure.

This is about the only day in the year, of course excepting the usual forlorn Sunday, in which you can perceive a palpable difference in the streets of London. West End and East End, it is easy to be seen that something unusual is taking place. Cast your eye down Fleet Street, Cheapside, Ludgate, Ratcliff Highway, Holborn, or the New Cut, it will be easy to tell that there is not the usual amount of traffic. Again, you can with ease and comfort stroll along Regent Street, old Bond Street, or Piccadilly, without risk of a catastrophe; through St. James's Park, or Rotten Row, without being crushed to death by the carriage of some dowager-duchess, or trampled to death by the fiery steed of a pretty horse-breaker. Yes, London is completely turned inside out. Then, where is everybody gone? We have not to wonder long, for, from all quarters of the vast metropolis, throngs upon throngs of pleasure-seekers are wending their way to Epsom, or, in other words, "going to the Darby." If you were to question many of them as to what they were going to see, they could not tell you, except that some kind of racing would take place, but "when, where, or how," they had not the most remote idea.

Yes, without doubt, Derby Day is the great event of the London year, and it is looked forward to with eagerness and expectancy by all parties, from the royal prince, in his splendid equipage, and surrounded by outriders and an escort of dragoons, down to Joe the costermonger, in his donkey-cart—all look forward to the day with a profound relish.

There is, however, unfortunately a dark side to this picture. As a rule, betting runs higher, and more money is placed on the "favorite" for this race, than any other during the season. Many of the flower of the English nobility have been utterly ruined by this foolish system of "plunging." Take, for example, the late Marquis of Hastings, who lost fabulous sums in 1867, when the favorite was nowhere, and a rank outsider, Hermit, the property of Mr. Henry Chaplin, won the race at sixty-six to one. And there is many another marquis, duke, and baronet, who has squandered his fortune and estates on the turf, and, in all human probability, there will be until the end of time. The English nation are proverbial for their love of betting, but, win or lose, they take it all in good part.

Let us accept the invitation of Lord Tearaway and Sir Harry Whipecord, and make one in their splendid turn-out. Our road lies through Kennington, Clapham, Ewell, Cheam, and Morden. What excitement and confusion as we drive along! The road is lined with vehicles of every description, and all are trying to get ahead of each other. But good temper and merriment prevail. Every one seems bent on enjoying himself to the utmost.

After a hot and dusty ride, the Downs are in sight, and, wending our way to the paddock, we pay the usual "half a sov.," and are admitted. There is still the old tree in the centre, which has witnessed

* Certainly the Darwinian theory, though it may be interesting as a theory, is a considerable encroachment on Baconian principles, which require that no theory should be adopted without an adequate induction from facts much more direct and complete than any that the Darwinians have yet discovered—if, indeed, they have discovered any fact at all that infers the possibility of the transformations which they promulgate.

The "Botanic Garden," the work of old Erasmus Darwin, was more popular in its day, and is less popular now, than it deserves to be. His "Temple of Nature," a posthumous publication, announces in "pompos rhyme" nearly the same views of evolution as those now in vogue.

many a defeat or triumph of the favorite. Here is to be seen many a country squire, looking well and hearty; many a fine old English gentleman, who never makes his appearance in the London world except on this occasion. Here are the same old shed-grooms who, ruminate and shake their heads, each with his private piece of information about the various animals, worth about as much as the blade of grass they are so continuously sucking. Here also are the various trainers, whose names are as household words to the sporting portion of the British aristocracy, and who are superintending their charges or making their criticisms.

Having feasted our eyes upon the cracks, and making up our minds which is to win, we wend our way to the course. The grandstand and enclosures are, as usual, thronged with distinguished personages. See, there is the future King of England with his lovely princess, surrounded by her maids of honor, who are almost as lovely as herself. There also is the Prime-minister of England standing by the side of his great political opponent, the illustrious author of "Lothair." But on this occasion all ill-feeling is cast aside, and they are talking together of the great event.

But hark! The bell has rung. They are about to start. All is intense excitement. The prince mixes with the peer, the peer with the peasant; lords and costermongers—all are looking toward one great goal. "Fordham wins!" "Go it, Blue Gown!" "Johnny Daley, Johnny Daley!" "Hurrah! Jimmy Grimshaw has won!" Up goes the flag. The race has been run in less than two and a half minutes. Thousands of pounds have been won—thousands have been lost. The rich has been made poor—the poor man rich. "Telle est la vie!" Little or no interest is taken in the minor events of the day, so we propose to wend our way homeward.

The "return" is the time to see the road to advantage. The foot-paths are crowded with suburbanites, all anxious to participate in the fun. And, of a surety, it is great fun. Many of the inmates of the carriages are dressed in a most grotesque manner. Huge noses, dolls stuck in the hats—any thing and every thing to cause merriment. All along the line, and especially by Clapham Common, bags of flour, rotten eggs, and other available articles, are thrown about. But this is a picture that must be seen to be believed. It cannot be portrayed in writing. So, "with the milk in the morning," come home those who were bent on having a spree, and thus ends the "Darby Day," the day of days to a Britisher.

S. ROMNEY ANDERSON.

THE MASSACRE IN THE PLACE VENDOME.

THERE was an hour on Wednesday, March 22, 1871, when every thing in Paris came to a dead stand-still. The city had received a shock. Omnibuses stopped—shops were shut—streets deserted—business suspended—the Bourse and the banks closed—and a thrill of terror ran through the inhabitants. "Have you heard what has just taken place?" said a friend to me; "a frightful massacre in the Place Vendôme!"

I could scarcely believe it, but it was too true! A body of unarmed, inoffensive citizens, in number about two thousand, had formed a procession, and were carrying a banner on which was inscribed, "Appel aux Amis de l'Ordre." After walking down the Boulevards, they entered the Place Vendôme by the Rue de la Paix. Here were posted, in great numbers, the rebel National Guards, whose hands were already stained with the cold-blooded murder of Generals Clement-Thomas and Lecomte. They barred the progress of these "friends of order." The latter tried to force their way. Upon this the command was given to fire. And immediately the cowards, who had run like sheep before the Prussians, fired, point-blank, into a dense body of their unarmed fellow-citizens, whose only crime was the making a pacific demonstration, and shouting "Vive la république!" "Vive l'ordre!" Immediately some fifty killed or wounded lay weltering in their blood. Among these were a banker, an American gentleman, a newspaper editor, an officer, etc., etc. The former, Monsieur Hottin-guer, was in the act of raising a wounded man, when he was shot through the lungs and arm. The crowd fled in all directions, carrying everywhere the tidings of this terrible onslaught.

At once doors and windows are closed. The Bourse, the shops, the *cafés* are speedily emptied, shutters fly up as if by magic, the "rappel" is sounded, and the surrounding streets are occupied by the

Garde Nationale, and terror spreads through Paris. Meanwhile, about a dozen unrecognized bodies of the murdered citizens were carried off to the morgue; on their way, the people meeting the mournful procession take off their hats, tears filling their eyes, and indignation their hearts, as they mutter, "Assassins," "brigands!" Shortly after the scene I have just described, I entered the Rue Castiglione, and, walking up to the sentry guarding the entrance to the Place Vendôme, was met with a stern refusal. I asked for the commanding officer, and showed him a card stamped with "Société Anglaise de Secours aux Paysans." Whereupon he allowed me to pass, sending a soldier with me. The agitation among the National Guards was still great. The man accompanying me declared a shot had first been fired at them; this, however, is untrue. He showed me the place of slaughter. The street and side-pavement were covered with blood. The *concierge* and servants of the house opposite the spot were mopping up the clotted gore. Every face was pale with terror. One tall, fine-looking man I specially noticed, who was greatly agitated, the drops of perspiration standing on his forehead as he muttered, "C'est affreux!—affreux!" I soon reached the guard keeping the entrance of the Rue de la Paix. Just at this moment an enormously stout man, like an English innkeeper, was being hustled by the crowd, and cries of "Prussien!" "espion!" were raised. Four or five National Guards surrounded and shoved him into the open space, where the officer on guard was appealed to. I must say the man behaved with the greatest *sang-froid*; for, though shoved and dragged, he still kept his hands in his pockets, and a cigar in his mouth, merely opposing his assailants by the *vis inertiae* of his own weight. He was marched off between National Guards. I was then allowed to pass the sentry, and found myself in the seething crowd, which I was glad to get through as soon as possible. They were mostly men in blouses, with savage and scowling faces, hideous with ferocity, beings that appear like stormy petrels on the wild waves of revolution. At the corners of the streets, groups were gathered, discussing the frightful event. Evidently the sympathy of most was with the murdered men. *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, had received a terrible illustration. At this moment Paris is held by a body of brigands. One has often heard of travelling-parties falling under their power; but, for a city of two millions of inhabitants to be held in daily and nightly terror by a body of insurgents who have seized the Hôtel de Ville, the Mairies, the gates of Paris, and all the public offices, setting aside the government just elected by universal suffrage, is a sight the world has never before beheld! The rebels of Belleville and Montmartre, though numbering only one-tenth of the National Guard, have overawed the peaceable inhabitants and shopkeepers of the Boulevards and Rue de Rivoli, and the emasculated manhood of Paris. The end of this tragedy must soon come. Whether the government, backed by the provinces, and joining with the friends of order, can suppress these audacious rebels, with whom too many of the line have fraternized, or whether the Prussians will reënter Paris, will be a question settled ere this meets the eye of the reader. Red republicanism has given us its own interpretation of its motto. *Liberty* for themselves, is tyranny for others. *Equality*, is appropriating by violence their neighbors' honest earnings; and *Fraternity*, is to shoot down a brother whose views differ from their own! The position of France at this moment is reading a lesson to the world. That lesson is this—that the strength and prosperity of a nation are in proportion to its moral virtues. Decay begins within. The fall or collapse of a nation, whether from internal convulsion or external war, is the last stroke of the tempest bringing down the tree already rotten at the heart. The rampant spirit of red republicanism, riding rough-shod over established government and social order, is the same infidel spirit which, at the close of the last century, paid public worship to a courtesan dressed up as the Goddess of Reason. Individual judgment will take place hereafter, but national judgment takes place in *time*. Where religion, the observance of the Lord's-day, social virtue—honor, truth, morality—sink below the waves, can you wonder at an army being demoralized, or the manhood of a nation perishing and drawing down into the vortex its greatness and glory? It has been well said by no less a personage than the Archbishop of Paris: "The whole nation needs a moral change, to which misfortune does not yet appear to have led us. It is suffering from the vices which are dear to it, and which it does not consent to abandon. Love of labor, respect for law, the sentiment of duty, moderation, the spirit of concord, religious faith, the principles of virtue, do not return to the hearts of our people, and do not inspire social life as a whole.

Light and frivolous, we are more occupied in talking loudly, than in acting with constancy; and more occupied, indeed, in offering to act, than in arriving at durable results. There is neither study nor discipline—reflection is too much for us, the law weighs heavily on us, difficulties irritate us, we only admit convenient doctrines, in order that we may compose a doctrine still more convenient. Yet we have under our eyes a spectacle well fitted to awaken in us the ardor of a generous patriotism—to make us feel the need of seeking a refuge of moral grandeur. Around us are heaped up ruins which neither private nor public fortune can for a long time repair; fire, destruction, pillage, sadden and desolate thirty departments; our ancient standards, charged with so many victories, are now covered with mourning, and the foreigner marches insolently over the body of our mutilated country. . . . May God be persuaded by our supplications, and send us His spirit of counsel and wisdom, of strength and piety, that France may know what she wishes—may wish what she really wants, and do what she ought. May she be quickly healed of her wounds, which are chiefly moral ones, and return to religious belief; and, in consequence, to the practice of solid virtues, which are the real strength, the repose, and honor of a nation!"

EDWARD FORBES.

HELIOTROPES.

"True as the dial to the sun."—BARTON BOOTH.

NOWHERE in all Nature do we see the utter dependence of life on the bright, warm rays of the sun more clearly exhibited than in the large class of flowers which awake with the great orb, follow its course in the heavens, and sink into deep sleep when the night gains the victory. Early in the morning our white water-lily rises slowly from its dark couch below to the surface of the water, turning its chaste calyx toward the east; at noon it looks straight up, fully unfolded, and at night it once more closes its beautiful petals, turned to the west, and then sinks silently into the deep. But it is not only the poetical nymphæa, which thus pays allegiance to the sun; even less highly-gifted flowers, the very herbs of the field, acknowledge their dependence, and the wanderer, who in the evening approaches a blooming meadow from the east, sees not a single blossom on the green carpet, all the tiny, bright cups and clusters looking steadfastly toward the west. Nor is it the position only by which blossoms show their worship; the opening and closing of their petals also keeps pace with the progress of their great lord on high; every flower is in slow but steady motion; it has an hour of fullest unfolding, and another moment, twelve hours later, of complete closing. It is true the hour differs, but it returns generally with such unerring regularity that Linnæus could easily compose his flower-clock of plants, each of which opened its flowers precisely at a given time. It need not be said that, of course, temperature, moisture, and other climatic influences, frequently interfere with this punctuality. Some flowers are so sensitive to moisture in the air, that they close before the rain begins, and thus, like a certain marigold, serve as an unfailing barometer. Others close from excessive sensitiveness to light, whenever the sun hides for a few minutes behind dark clouds, and the majority of all flowers fall asleep during an eclipse of some duration. Even the leaves of composite plants partake of this marvellous susceptibility; a visit to our gardens in a dark night shows, by the help of a lantern, a number of locusts (acacias), the common clover, and the wood-sorrel, sleeping fast, with all their leaves folded up, as we close our eyelids. A strange feature in this sensitiveness is the capricious diversity among plants, of which some close and go to sleep—not at night, but in the heat of midday, while others bloom only at night, fearing the ardent rays of the sun, and, like the nymphæa, lotos, or the night-blooming cereus, unfolding their matchless beauty only to the chaste moon.

Plants which turn their fair faces consistently toward the sun, are known as heliotropes, aside from other features which assign them to certain families and classes. In olden days this curious habit of theirs was attributed to an occult sympathy between flowers and sunlight, as another sympathy of the same kind bound up other flowers with moonlight. Even Decandolle spoke only of "a stronger attraction of the sun on one side and a constant increase of evaporation," which caused the stem to twist and the flower to turn. But the connection is far more intimate, since even color and taste depend on the

bright light of the sun. Many plants, opening in the morning, are white till noon, when they turn red, and at times they assume even a third shade at night; others which have an acid taste at an early hour, taste sweetish when the day is advanced, and the whole process of life in plants must, therefore, depend upon light. Spectral analysis, the great discoverer of our day, has established the fact that the blue and violet rays of the prism alone produce these movements in plants, while the red and green rays merely profit by the newly-assumed position to further the activity of life, the coloring, the growth, and the maturing of the seed. Plants raised under a bell of red glass look healthy, but do not grow toward the light; under a blue bell they follow the rays of light, but remain stunted and etiolated.

Generally all plants exhibit a violent longing for light, and only a few, like ivy, ferns, and selaginellæ, turn with the night-blooming flowers toward the shade. Experiments have been made to test the power employed by plants for the purpose of reaching the light, when purposely kept in the shade, and the results have been astounding. Leaves of the vine twist, and turn, and stretch their leaf-stalks beyond all expectation, in order to catch some rays of the sun; the powerful stems of the sunflower show the same magic power; marigold and scabiosa, dandelion and chervil, all follow the sun with unwearied fidelity, and exhibit almost marvellous energy in their efforts.

This mysterious sympathy between plants and the great luminary that gives them life and beauty, and the power of unceasing regeneration, has from the beginning excited the imagination of men. It was this which led to the worship of the lotos in Egypt, and a kindred plant in India. The philosopher Proclus taught distinctly that the former, by opening its fair flower as the sun rose in the heavens, and by closing it when night came, proved its worship of the great God not less than man did by folding his hands and moving his lips in silent prayer. Hence all Egypt abounds with pictures and sculptures representing Horus sheltered by the gigantic blossoms of the *nymphaea stellata*. To the Indians the *nymphaea* was a symbol of creation, and Brahma, the Creator, floated in its magnificent calyx. Sir William Jones tells us, not without deep emotion, how great was his astonishment when he saw a native of Nepal bow low before the sacred flower which happened to stand in his office.

Ovid has a different account of the origin of heliotropes. He tells us of a fair daughter of the sea-god, Clytia, whom Apollo loved beyond all mortals and immortals. But in an evil hour he forgot her and gave his heart to another nymph, whom he deceived by assuming the form of her mother. Clytia, the Bright, filled with jealous rage, betrayed the poor child's sin to her parents, who buried her alive; but then came remorse, and nine days she remained crouching on the ground without food or drink, brooding over her sorrow and her misdeed. She never moved, only following the sun-god with her tearful countenance from morn till night; at last her fair form withered and wasted away, shrinking into a pale, sad-looking plant with a violet-shaped flower, where her face had once shown; and, although held fast by the root, the flower to this day never ceases to gaze at the great god in the heavens, preserving the ancient, unchanging affection.

What flower the poet may have meant, is not known. Pliny believes it to be the heliotrope of our day, "which," he says, "even on cloudy days, follows the course of the sun, so great is its affection for the great orb! At night the sky-blue flower closes as if overcome by its longing for the sun." Modern botanists believe that the poet had in his mind a more modest flower, often called sun-rose (*Helianthemum roseum*), with recumbent stem and flowers, not unlike the violets.

In Northern Europe, however, a far less poetical plant has been substituted. Here botanists almost unanimously designate the common blue chicory as the true representative of heliotropes. It was known of old already as the *Sponsa Solis*, the sun's bride, because it faithfully follows the sun all day long, even when the latter is hid behind dark clouds, and at night closes its petals. Legends, however, abound here also, telling of a faithful but forsaken maiden, who, in her lover's absence, still instinctively followed the sun day after day, hoping at every hour to see him return who had won her heart and broken it forever. The strange fact that an ant running over its blue petals turns them red in an instant—long looked upon as a miracle of Nature, but now ascribed to the acid of the insect—was happily explained as the maiden's blush in rare moments of returning consciousness, when she was ashamed of thus betraying to the world her unrequited love.

It is hardly necessary to add that no ancient writer could have meant the flower which in our day is proverbially taken as the representative of the heliotropes, the sunflower, since this gigantic plant, the flowers of which not unfrequently measure a foot in diameter, is a native of our own continent, and did not reach Europe till late in the sixteenth century. In vain did lovers of Ovid, in vain did poetical minds like Madame de Genlis, deny its American origin; botanists soon established the fact beyond all dispute, and a Spanish physician, Monardes, is quoted as the first author who, in 1583, spoke of the new plant. Unfortunately, besides, the sunflower is by no means as faithful in its allegiance to the sun as a true heliotrope ought to be; for wherever a number of them are found collected, as is now frequently the case in large plantations, used as safeguards against malaria, there are always a number of rebels to be seen, whose broad, staring faces turn everywhere else but toward the sun. The fact is that the flower owes its name to its resemblance to pictures of the sun in ancient art, and not to its imitation of genuine heliotropes.

The great naturalist Kircher was, therefore, utterly astray, when he proposed in his learned work a new, unerring clock, consisting of a kind of sundial, floating on the surface of a pond, with a hand to be guided by the regular motion of a sunflower.

Its enormous size and the almost incredible number of seeds, which furnish a rich, golden oil, made it soon a favorite with painters, who loved to introduce it in pictures of Paradise. As it reached Europe at a time when symbols and emblems were all the rage, it was, of course, soon pressed into service, and appeared everywhere in seals and devices. Turning toward the sun, as an emblem of perfect fidelity, with the motto "*Je suis*," it became in strange self-condemnation, the favorite of courtiers, and, best of all, held by the hand of a youth with bandaged eyes, it personified instinct.

As among men, so there are among plants also some which say:

"Let others hail the rising sun;
I bow to that whose race is run."

Heliotropes sometimes turn from the sun as anxiously as their sisters turn toward the great luminary, and we all know the beautiful jasmine of the Orient, which opens its fragrant snow-white blossoms only when the sun has disappeared in utter darkness, and drops the short-lived offspring with the first blush of morning. Hindostan immortalizes, in this shrub, the sad tree of botanists (*Nyctanthes arbor tristis*), a fair daughter of the land, whom the sun-god loved passionately, but only to deceive and leave her after a short period of ineffable happiness. She ended her life in despair, and her body was burned according to the custom of the land; from the ashes, however, sprang up the new tree, whose flowers ever since shun the sun, and cannot bear its bright light. So true it is that—

"the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

SCHÉLE DE VERE.

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM MORRIS, AFTER READING HIS "L'ENVOY" IN THE THIRD VOLUME OF HIS "EARTHLY PARADISE."

IN some fair realm unbound of time or space,
Where souls of all dead May-times, with their play
Of blissful winds, soft showers, and bird-notes gay,
Make mystic music in the flower-bright place—
Yea, there, O poets! * radiant face to face,
Keen heart to heart, beneath the enchanted day,
Ye meet, each hearkening to the other's lay,
With rapt, sweet eyes, and thoughts of Old-World grace:
"Son," saith the elder bard, "when thou wert born,
So yearned toward thine my spirit's fervency,
Flame-like its warmth on thy deep soul was shed;
Hence the ripe blood of England's lustier morn
Of song burns through thee; hence alone on thee
Fall the rich bays which bloomed round Chaucer's head!"

* Chaucer and the author of "The Earthly Paradise."

TABLE-TALK.

THERE is nothing conceivable more stale than an old newspaper or an old magazine. We refer to them for a date or a fact that has passed out of memory, but we hide them in garrets and out-of-the-way corners, we burn them, we sell them to the ragman and the trunk-maker. They had served us; they had contributed to our pleasure or our knowledge, and died, as truly as the plant that last year gave us fruit, or the summer that gave us beauty. Yet how much labor they have cost! How much genius lies forgotten between covers once brilliant, now faded and defaced! You will find in them verses by the first poets of the age, and essays by the most brilliant writers. But these can no more save them from the oblivion that awaits them than did the spices with which the old Egyptians stuffed their mummies save them from decay. And this is true, too, of books, though their life is not so ephemeral. The shelves of a library are like the grim shelves in the Catacombs of Paris, where you will see the skulls and bones of dead and forgotten generations that once had a life and possessed the world. The soul of books, like the spirit that once moved these nameless bones, will not be confined; and, when it has once departed, there is no cunning art that can bring it back. For every generation is a portion of the world's life, and the written thought a portion of that life expressed. And the newspaper, the magazine, and the book, which does not record the sympathies, the beliefs, the hopes, the fears, the aspirations, and the failures of the generation that produced them, is already dead. How difficult we find it to sympathize with the literature of a hundred years ago! The questions, the hopes, the follies, with which it dealt have been all disposed of by time. We like to know what men of that day thought and what they read, not from any sympathy with their intellectual life, but because we are curious to know what manner of men they were, how they dressed, how they lived, and how they died. They took with them their realities and their illusions, which had perplexed, or amused, or deceived them, to be succeeded by others not less perplexing and deceitful. At first sight it seems a hard fate that the world into which each generation comes must be to it an untried and experimental one; that it should find nothing settled, nothing stable. But a closer view proves this arrangement of things a most beneficent one. It gives to each age a distinctive character, a spirit, a life of its own, which it must develop and satisfy, and at last give up. How miserable would the world be if it were otherwise! How dreadful it would be for any of us to be always young, always the victim of illusions, of ignorance, and of passion! or always burdened with the cares, the anxieties, the responsibilities of middle life! How much more dreadful for the world if the monstrous theological doctrines that confound our age must be the plague of every succeeding age; or if the question of the rights of women in the state, or the question of human servitude, were to be the riddle, the perplexity of all genera-

tions! It is well, it is even necessary, that each generation, as does each man when he quits the world, should carry with it its questions, should only leave to its successor the simple duty which the Indian performs for his dead mate, the placing by its side, in its eternal resting-place, its weapons of hunting and of war. And what a world of trouble this saves us! We are not compelled, we are not even expected, to spend our lives with our ancestors, to keep alive their spirit, to enter into their lives. Leaving the dead to bury their dead, we are compelled to confront the Present and the Future. The field is unincumbered, ready for the new-comer. The new generation is the master of its own destiny as completely as if there had not been a hundred generations before it.

— The search for the picturesque, which soon will animate so many summer tourists, is often an unnecessarily fatiguing one, in consequence of a certain cardinal error which almost universally prevails among those who admire, or affect to admire, fine scenery. This error is the notion that the best prospects are obtained from the highest mountain-peaks. If simply extent of view be the object of the mountain visitor, then of course the higher his altitude the more sweeping is his survey. But prospects from very high mountain peaks lose in vastness of distance all individuality of form, all grouping and massing, all the variety of shade and color that gives to landscape its best charm. A vast space of country, when viewed from a great height, becomes nothing more than a map, dotted with forests, traced with rivers, and marked with scattered villages. The very same view will often have a much greater charm when seen from points halfway up the mountain. The forests then have form, and beautiful play of light and shade; the rivers, glancing through their willow-lined banks, reflect in lovely contrast tree and sky; and the villages, now well massed, show spire and gable through rich embowerings of green. And then any prospect is the more pleasing when seen with good foreground objects. Often, when ascending a mountain-road, the traveller is enchanted with a view of the valley below him, seen through arching trees, which proves a disappointment when spread out bald and map-like under what is called a more commanding position. Scenery is better revealed, like a woman's beauty, by being partially concealed; and, like a woman, it is coy, changeable, and even capricious. A view, delightful in the glancing lights and mellow shadows of a low sun, is meaningless in the downward rays of noon-day. One must not rush staring and precipitately upon a scene that he would enjoy; he must advance with deference and care; he must select with knowledge and taste his point of view, and he must understand the supreme art of enjoying more by attempting less. In every mountain-district there are guides or informants who, in their rude ideas of landscape art, invariably insist upon sending or leading the tourist to the spot that will show him the greatest space with the least real beauty. Let the lover of mountain scenery obey his own better instincts; and, searching out the less familiar and yet

more accessible rocks, have the genuine pleasure of a truly noble picture, instead of the wide, meaningless map the popular resort would lay out before him.

— The *Hartford Evening Post* has some sensible remarks on the evident increase of popular interest in science and in scientific speculations. It does not see in this tendency of the multitude any real danger to religion, and thinks there has been much unnecessary alarm on the subject. It is only an indication of growing culture, and of a laudable thirst for truth. The circle of scientists is no longer limited or exclusive; demonstration is not confined to the laboratory or lecture-room; and crowds throng the auditorium, and watch with intense interest the progress of investigation and discovery. Such men as Darwin, Huxley, Lyell, Herbert Spencer, and Lubbock, have made large contributions to the literature, and wonderfully enriched the thought of the age; and it is a sign of growing thoughtfulness, as well as of increasing earnestness in the search for truth, that their utterances are received and pondered by so vast an audience. But the listeners are not all disciples, by any means. So far as the explorers go by chart and compass, and bring their results to the test of actual demonstration, the seekers after truth readily go with them, and accept their teachings; but, when they venture into the unknowable and undemonstrable, the very mental constitution which has brought the audience together forbids their following when the clew of demonstration is lost. They may wonder at the temerity or applaud the intrepidity of the venturesome scholar; but they cease to follow. They may suffer themselves to be taken to the edge of demonstration, but not beyond; from the open sea of speculation they draw back. Whatever danger there may be in following the vagaries of speculative reasoners—danger of tossing up and down and toying with their fallacies and fancies, until the mind assimilates them—there is certainly none in following the demonstrations of science.

— A paragraph, copied from one of our foreign exchanges, to the effect that the Queen of Portugal is about to quit her husband, on account of his brutal treatment of her, has called out a contradiction from *The Washington Patriot*, whose editor was for several years United-States minister at Lisbon. *The Patriot* says—we have no doubt, truly—that “the King of Portugal is one of the most amiable of men, and in every sense devoted to the queen. As a tender husband and father, his life has been unexceptionable, and won golden opinions from his subjects and from the representatives of foreign governments, who have had an opportunity to know, with some degree of familiarity, his private habits and character. There is not a particle of truth in this or any other report of his alleged ‘brutality.’ The very reverse is true. The queen has suffered with a serious ailment for several years, which at times excites her nervous system to a dangerous degree. She is under constant medical treatment, and has been sent to the waters of Germany several times, but without permanent advantage. Superadded to these causes, the Portuguese court is not particu-

larly brilliant, and the internal condition of the country is bad from misgovernment, owing to the complete failure of the parliamentary experiment after the English model. It has been suggested that the return of the queen for a time to her native scenes and associations might perhaps produce a healing effect, and restore the calmness which nervous excitement often disturbs. And this is probably the only basis for an exaggeration which ascribes to the young queen a purpose of leaving her royal husband for harsh treatment."

— The rule regarding talk, "When you have nothing to say, say it," applies equally to writing. When you really have something to write about, do not peck and scratch round the subject like a hen; pounce upon it boldly like an eagle. Almost every article presented by unpractised writers to magazines—no matter how admirable the subject—drifts to leeward for one or two pages before the writer gets steerage-way on his thoughts, and the reader finds out where he wants to sail to. This fault could easily be avoided by proper revision. Cut out all that does not bear on the subject discussed; every useless adjective; every ineffective repetition of the same idea. Then consider whether you have said what you wanted to say in the best language at your command. If not, write on till you feel satisfied. Then condense and prune. Do not seek for striking metaphor or sprightly epigram, to decorate your article. If such occur naturally, they may be put in, but with caution. Consider whether you really gain anything by them; whether they really add force to your writing, or merely flatter your vanity at the time. Afterward, when all is done in the way of argument, you may here and there carefully add an apt quotation or pungent witticism, to attract attention and make some important sentence snap, like the cracker on a coach-whip. Remember, too, all the time, that facility in composition, as in all other accomplishments, can only be obtained by practice and perseverance.

"True grace, in writing, comes by art, not chance;
As they move easiest who have learned to dance."

— Our illustration on the first page of this number, from a painting by Zamacois, tells its own story pretty plainly, as do all the works of this eminent artist. The official in charge of a park has caught a youngster prowling about the grounds, and, suspecting him of plunder, makes him turn his pockets inside out, and show that he has "nothing in the hands, nothing in the pockets." The high position which Zamacois holds in contemporary French art is due to his wit and satire, to his brilliant coloring, and to something of the *bizarre* in his works. He sought his subjects generally in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in the life of monks, and friars, and priests in modern Italy. He is a painter of character rather than a creator of the beautiful, and seeks to express the comic rather than the ideal. But he is almost unrivalled among modern artists for his exquisite skill and perfect finish, as well as for a richness of coloring, of which, of course, our en-

graving can give no hint. It is now only a few months since art circles were pained and surprised by the announcement of his death.

— The author of the popular novels "Red as a Rose is She," "Cometh up as a Flower," and "Not wisely, but too well," is now known to be Miss Rhoda Broughton. Her next novel, which bears the singular title of "Good-by, Sweetheart," will commence in *Temple Bar* in June, and in the *JOURNAL* early in July.

Literary Notes.

MESSRS. CARLETON & LANAHAN have given to the American public a translation of M. Ernest Naville's "Problem of Evil," a work which has attracted no little attention abroad. M. Naville is an eloquent defender of evangelical religion, and his present work, which is in the form of lectures, treats a profound subject in an animated and popular manner.

"The Prince of Pulpit Orators" is an attempt to give a portraiture of the famous Methodist preacher Whitefield by means of a series of anecdotes and incidents. A book of this fragmentary character, if not of the highest nature, will often arrest the wearied attention, and pleasingly occupy an hour, when more pretentious volumes would be unsuitable.

The book-publishers in Madrid display an unusual activity just now. Two hundred new novels and a large number of historical and scientific books have been published in Madrid, Seville, and Barcelona, in the course of the last twelve months. The nineteenth edition of Jernan Caballero's novels is announced, and the twenty-third of a small volume containing a collection of Castellar's speeches.

"Money in the Garden" is the title of "a vegetable manual, prepared with a view to economy and profit," by Mr. P. T. Quinn, a practical gardener of great experience, whose former work, "Pear-culture for Profit," is already of standard authority. The present book has the valuable characteristics of thoroughness, condensation, and reliability.

Charles Victor Hugo has left the complete manuscript of the second volume of "Victor Hugo, *raconté par un témoin de sa vie*," the first volume of which was written by Victor Hugo's wife and published in 1863. Victor Hugo, however, desires that the second volume shall not be published until after his death.

Hermann Grimm, the German novelist and art critic, who served in the Prussian landwehr in the war against France, and was wounded at Saint-Privat, has arrived at his home in such feeble health that his death is looked for at an early day. His "Life of Michael Angelo" has been translated into five different languages.

The publisher of the Berlin *Kladderadatsch* (Punch) has recently been offered for that paper one hundred and fifty thousand thalers, but he refused to sell it. Twenty-three years ago *Kladderadatsch* was started by three young journalists, who had barely money enough to get the first number printed.

The Danish Government, having heard that Hans Christian Andersen intended to travel in the southern states of Europe, offered him for that purpose the sum of five hundred dollars, but Andersen declined it, say-

ing that he did not intend to leave Denmark any more.

The Schiller-Stiftung in Germany pays life pensions, ranging from one to five hundred thalers, to twenty-two eminent German authors or their widows and orphans, and granted sums of from fifty to five hundred thalers to needy authors in the year 1870.

"The Wonders of Engraving" is the latest volume in Scribner's "Library of Wonders," and contains not only a history of the art, but an interesting description of the various processes, with curious and singularly well-executed engravings.

Napoleon's recent pamphlet on the military reorganization of France is merely a reproduction of his essay on the Prussian army, published many years ago in the fifth volume of his complete works, with a new introduction.

A bookseller in Warsaw announces a new weekly periodical, to be called the *Polyglot Treasury*, and which will contain articles in seven different languages.

Julian Schmidt and Rudolph Gottschall, the two foremost literary critics of Germany, pronounce Gustav Freitag and Fritz Reuter the most gifted novelists of their country.

Professor Albert, of Vienna, has made important discoveries in regard to the spectral analysis, which will shortly be published in the *Austrian Chemical Journal*.

There are at Pesth, in Hungary, nineteen publishing-houses, most of which do a very large business.

Gustav Freitag, the author of "Debit and Credit," has in press a new novel, which will be entitled "On the Frontier."

Twenty-two hundred and eighteen books and pamphlets were published last year in Italy.

Magazines and reviews in eighteen different languages are published in Vienna.

A life of Sainte-Beuve, by his intimate friend Count Nieuwerkerke, is announced at Brussels.

Scientific Notes.

Is the Interior of the Earth solid or fluid?

ALTHOUGH the doctrine that the earth is a molten sphere, surrounded by a thin crust of solid matter, was once almost universally taught by geologists, there have of late years been brought forward several arguments to the contrary, which, apparently, are more in favor of its being a solid, or nearly a solid, mass throughout; and these arguments are fully entitled to our consideration, as our object is not to defend any particular theory, but to arrive, as nearly as we can, at the truth. I will, therefore, in the first place, proceed to scrutinize all which has been brought forward in opposition to the older hypothesis, and then to consider whether any other explanation yet advanced is more in accordance with the facts of the case.

First of all, we are to answer the question as to whether it is possible for such a thin crust to remain solid, and not at once to become melted up and absorbed into the much greater mass of molten matter beneath it? This latter would doubtless be the case, if the fluid mass had any means of keeping up its high tempera-

ture, independently of the amount of heat it actually possessed when it originally assumed the form of an igneous globe. The question, however, in reality, answers itself in the negative, since it is evident that no crust could even commence to form on the surface, unless the sphere itself was at the moment actually giving off more heat, from its outer surface to the surrounding atmosphere, than it could supply from its more central parts, in order to keep the whole in a perfectly fluid condition; so that, when once such a crust, however thin, had formed upon the surface, it is self-evident that it could not again become melted up or reabsorbed into the fluid mass below.

This external process, of solidification due to refrigeration, would then continue going on from the outside inward, until a thickness of crust had been attained sufficient to arrest, or neutralize (owing to its bad conductivity of heat), both the cooling action of the surrounding air and the loss of more heat from the molten mass within; and thus a stage would soon be arrived at when both these actions would so counterbalance one another, that the further cooling down of the earth could be all but arrested; a condition ruling at the present time, since the earth-surface, at this moment, so far from receiving any, or more than a minute amount of heat from the interior, appears to depend entirely, as regards its temperature, upon the heat which it receives from the sun's rays.

We have next to consider the argument that, if the earth's exterior were in reality only such a thin covering, or crust, like the shell of an egg, to which it has often been likened, such a thickness would be altogether insufficient to give to it that stability which we know it to possess, and that, consequently, it could never sustain the enormous weight of its mountain-ranges, such as, for example, the Himalayas of Asia, or the Andes of America, which are, as it were, masses of rock piled up high above its mean surface-level.

At first sight, this style of reasoning not only appears plausible, but even seems to threaten to upset the entire hypothesis altogether. It requires but little sober consideration, however, to prove that it is rather, so to speak, sensational in character than actually founded on the facts of the case; for it is only requisite for us to be able to form in our minds some tangible idea of the relative proportion which the size of even the highest mountain bears to that of the entire globe itself, to convince us, if such a crust could once form and support itself, that it could with ease support the weight of the mountains also. The great Himalayan chain of mountains rises to a maximum altitude of thirty-one thousand eight hundred and sixty feet, or six miles above the level of the sea; and, if the earth could be seen reduced in scale down to the size of an orange, to all intents and purposes it would look like an almost smooth ball, since even the highest mountains and deepest valleys upon its surface would present to the eye no greater inequalities in outline than the little pimples and hollows on the outside of the skin of an ordinary orange. If this thin crust of the earth can support itself, it is not at all likely to be crushed in by the, comparatively speaking, insignificant weight of our greatest mountain-chains; for, in point of fact, it would be quite as unreasonable to maintain such a disposition, as to declare that the shell of a hen's egg would be crushed in by simply laying a piece of a similar egg-shell upon its outside.

That a very thin spheroidal crust, or shell, enclosing a body of liquid matter, such as an ordinary fowl's egg, does possess in itself an

enormous degree of stability and power to resist pressure from without, is easily demonstrated by merely loading a small portion of its surface with weights, as long as it does not give way under them. Even when placed on its side (or least strong position), it is found that a portion of the shell, only one quarter of an inch square, will sustain several pounds weight without showing any symptoms of either cracking or crushing; or, in other words, this simple experiment indicates that, if the external crust of the earth were but as thick and strong in proportion as an egg-shell, it would be fully capable of sustaining masses, equal in volume and weight to many Himalayas, piled up one atop of another, without any danger whatever to its stability. — *Extract from a Lecture by David Forbes, F. R. S.*

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal:

On page 440 of *JOURNAL* for April 15th, Mr. Boyle, in his wonderful essay upon "Scenery of the Moon," inquires: "What has become of the water which must have formerly existed upon its surface?" and he infers a permanence in the quantity of that element upon our planet. Please allow me to ask a question related to this subject, from another stand-point: Whence came the water which is now a constituent of the rocks of the earth's crust?

Hitchcock's "Geology," 32d edition, p. 93, gives analyses of twenty-seven kinds of rocks, showing granite to contain 8 per cent. of water, and an average proportion of it in all rocks to be about 2.6 per cent. Here is certainly a hint of a process of absorption and secretion of water broad enough to affect the destiny of both earth and moon.

During the fused or heated condition of our planet no moisture could in any possible condition exist within it; and, with no reason for supposing it to have been increased or diminished, we may assume that the water as well as the oxygen then present must have been forcibly held aloof from the surface in a slowly-diminishing volume, governed strictly by the increasing receptivity of the planet by cooling.

The present volume of water about the earth Mr. Dana estimates to be equal to an envelope two miles in thickness, and if the cooled crust is but fifty miles in depth, and be supposed to have secreted but two per cent. of its bulk of water, we may confidently assume an earlier condition in the progress of our cycle, when the watery envelope was certainly five thousand feet deeper than to-day, and as certainly predict the entire absorption of the moisture of the surface of the earth when its crust shall have doubled its present thickness.

This reduction is incessant, probably of uniform rate, and follows natural laws. Water presses downward, and invades every pore and cavity of rock with the persistence of five thousand pounds per square inch upon the mean depth of ocean-bed (ten thousand feet). There is a line of fierce strife within the surface where water steadily and successfully attacks, and where fire desperately and fitfully repels, with sorties at times, as volcanic eruptions, of frightful energy, which follow some new and deeper encroachment of the water.

All force and action are parts of an effort to reach an exact balance, or equilibrium. "All matter must oxidize or crystallize." Perhaps the crystallization of all gases and liquids into the solids for which they have affinities will be the completion of the grand cycle of terrestrial forces and matter.

M. Poisson, quoted by Dana, asserts that the earth is millions of years in losing one degree of its internal heat, and, as the absorption of moisture follows only upon that reduction, a

cycle of years which should complete the process, could only be stated by an array of figures outrunning human comprehension.

That the moon had formerly an atmosphere and seas, is little doubted. The spectroscope shows it to have the same mineralogical character as the other planetary bodies, suggesting corresponding elements and life. That it is now utterly barren and void of surface-moisture, is generally believed; and it is assumed that, by reason of its lesser size, it has only so much sooner passed through the several mechanical stages of a destiny which is at once the type and prophecy of the earth's ultimate condition of exhaustion and rest.

W. D. H.

Liquid for Electric Batteries.

According to Dr. Bradley, there is a wide difference in the composition of these liquids. We subjoin some of the most approved admixtures:

One consists of 800 grammes water, 50 grammes bichromate of potash, 50 grammes sulphuric acid, and 2 grammes chromic acid.

McCracken liquid: 1 pound bichromate of potash, 1 gallon of water, 8 pounds sulphuric acid.

Poggendorff liquid: 3 pounds bichromate of potash, 4 pounds concentrated sulphuric acid, 8 pounds (1 gallon) water.

United States Telegraph Company's liquid: 5 gallons water, 6 pounds bichromate of potash, 1 gallon sulphuric acid.

Western Union Telegraph Company's liquid: 18 pounds water, 1 pound saturated solution of bichromate of potash, 1 pound sulphuric acid.

Newton's solution for destroying organic matter: 12 fluidounces water, 1 fluidounce sulphuric acid, 1 ounce bichromate of potash.

Remedy for Festering Wounds and Cancers.

Professor Böttger recommends gun-cotton, saturated with a solution of permanganate of potash, put up in the form of a poultice, and held over an open wound by a bandage, as the best disinfectant for bad odors that can be conveniently applied. The strength of the solution of permanganate, best adapted for the purpose, is one part, by weight, of dry salt in one hundred parts of water. Ordinary cotton cannot be taken, as it readily decomposes; but gun-cotton is permanent, and not liable to explosion when in a moist state.

Foreign Items.

THE Queen of Prussia noticed last year that a good deal of her valuable jewelry disappeared in a mysterious manner, and all efforts to discover the thief proved fruitless. It was finally ascertained that one of her little grandchildren had taken the diamond rings and bracelets and concealed them among its toys in order to play with them. It is believed in Berlin that this affair had something to do with the suicide of the queen's master of ceremonies, who shot himself some time ago at Berlin, and for whose suicide no satisfactory reasons have as yet been given.

Among the princesses of Europe, the Empress of Russia, and the Princess Frederick Charles, are the best painters, the Princess of Wales the best performer on the piano, the Queen of Holland the best poet and author, the Crown-Princess of Prussia the best manager of fairs and public festivities, the Empress of Germany the best conversational-

ist, the Empress of Austria the best-looking lady, and the Queen of Denmark the best housewife. So says Madame Rattazzi in one of her recent novels.

Leverrier, the great French astronomer, is lying hopelessly sick of consumption, at Toulon. An acquaintance, who visited him recently there, spoke to him about the injustice of the Paris *savants*, who denied that Leverrier had rendered any services to science while at the head of the Imperial Observatory. "Oh," exclaimed Leverrier, with a bitter smile, "I have no doubt they will soon deny that I discovered the planet Neptune!"

A deputation of citizens from Kiev, having recently requested of the Czar Alexander II. an enlargement of the liberties of the press, the emperor replied to them quite angrily that, ever since his accession, he had facilitated the appearance of new journals, and that, while in 1855, Russia had less than a dozen periodicals, there were now over three hundred, and that the country had all the freedom of the press it needed.

The death of M. de Germiny, for many years president of the Bank of France, deprives that country of its ablest financier. After the downfall of the empire in September, 1870, Gambetta offered him, in spite of his imperialist proclivities, the portfolio of finance, but Germiny declined it. He began life as a journalist, but soon became a very successful speculator at the Bourse, and died a millionaire.

One Gogny, in Paris, announces in the papers that he has been engaged for two months past in organizing in that city a club, whose members would have to visit every day the leading *cafés*, and insult there the German guests; he also calls upon all travelling agents and drummers to join a league whose members would bind themselves not to stop at any hotels in France where Germans would be admitted.

A new play written by Victorie Sardoun has been rejected by the managers of the Théâtre Français, to whom he offered it. They wrote him that they considered it best not to have any of his plays represented for some time to come. This made him so indignant that he replied that henceforth he would not allow any of his plays to be performed at the Théâtre Français.

Anthony Probsthaher, the last survivor of Lützow's famous raiders of 1813, and who carried the mortally-wounded Theodor Körner, the German poet and dramatist, out of the range of the French bullets, celebrated, a few weeks ago, his golden wedding at Fuerstenberg in Germany, where he is director of the city lyceum.

A man in Berlin, who made a great deal of money last year by selling what purported to be autograph letters of the prominent statesmen and generals of Germany, France, and England, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, it having turned out that he himself wrote most of the letters.

The hall in the palace at Versailles, where the French National Assembly now holds its sessions, is the one in which Louis XIV. held his grand receptions, and where the Gardes du Corps, under Louis XVI., held the banquet which led to the compulsory return of the royal family to Paris.

The *tantômes* which Verdi has thus far received from the managers of various Euro-

pean opera-houses for his "Trovatore," amount to two hundred and eighty-nine thousand one hundred and twelve lire, or over nine times as much as Mozart received for all his operas.

Justus von Liebig has asked the King of Bavaria to grant the sum of three hundred thousand florins for the construction of a new chemical laboratory in Munich, and the king has consented. This new laboratory will be the largest of its kind in Europe.

Raimbeau, Napoleon's equerry, who, in 1867, saved the life of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia by his presence of mind, at the time when Bereowsky, the Pole, fired at the czar, has been appointed lieutenant-colonel in the Russian cuirassiers of the guard.

It is believed on the Continent that the fashionable watering-places in Germany will be crowded this season as never before. At Carlsbad, Baden-Baden, Kissingen, Homburg, and Ems, it is even now difficult to secure eligible quarters.

Paris has at present no public executioner, M. Heidenrix having resigned that position during the siege of the city, and the minister of justice having refused to appoint his successor. During his official career Heidenrix beheaded fourteen persons.

Mirès, the famous French banker, whose death at Marseilles was reported some time ago and afterward denied, was believed to be the wealthiest man in France next to the Rothschilds and the Duke de Lhuynes.

An assassin recently attacked M. Katkoff, editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, and by far the ablest journalist in Russia, and wounded him severely. Political hostility was the cause of the attack.

Assy, the secretary of the great Workingmen's League, *l'Internationale*, and who planned the revolt of the red republicans of Paris, is himself no working-man at all, but the son of a nobleman.

Urbano Rattazzi, the Italian statesman, has purchased the Villa Zanfrini in Rome, where he will henceforth reside permanently. He is believed to be the wealthiest of the prominent public men of Italy.

Prince Charles of Roumania has become so unpopular in his country that he does not venture any more to go to the theatre at Bucharest, for fear of being insulted by the audience.

They say in Paris that the civil list of Louis Napoleon owes the Rothschilds three or four million francs, and that the ex-emperor has informed them that he is at the present time unable to pay that debt.

They say that a son of Napoleon I. and Mademoiselle Georges, the celebrated actress, who died several years ago in poverty at Paris, is one of the custodians in the National Library in that city.

Don Francisco de Assisis, consort of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, is so tired of living abroad that he has applied to King Amadeo for permission to return to Spain.

The youngest daughter of Giacomo Meyerbeer, the composer of "The Huguenots," has been married to a grandson of Scribe, the French dramatist.

The Austrian Archduke Charles, the victor of Custoza, is affected with an eye-disease, in

consequence of which he has been unable to read and write for over a year past.

Madame Miramon lives with her children at Brussels, in the house formerly occupied by Victor Hugo, and in which he wrote the first part of "Les Misérables."

The Emperor of Austria has declined the invitation of the Emperor of Germany to be present at the triumphant entry of the German troops into Berlin.

Hedwig Raabe, and Niemann, the greatest living tenor, have not been married, as some journals have reported, but both are coming to the United States.

Lamartine's niece, the last member of the family of the great French poet, and who nursed him so faithfully during his last sickness, is dead.

Thiers has consented to pay a large pecuniary indemnity to the family of the Prussian Lieutenant Hart, who was unjustly shot as a spy in Paris during the recent war.

The fifty horses of the Emperor Napoleon, which were captured after the capitulation of Sedan, have been distributed among the sovereigns of the various German states.

The Italian Antiquarian Association solicits contributions for a fund to be devoted to a more thorough pursuit of the excavations at Pompeii.

The grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has given the sum of one thousand thalers to the widow of every Mecklenburg soldier killed in France.

Bismarck is now a prince. The Emperor William intended to make him Prince of Strasbourg or Alsace, but Bismarck preferred to be simply called Prince Bismarck.

An illegitimate son of Bernadotte, afterward King of Sweden, is first violinist of the orchestra at the Scala Theatre in Milan. He calls himself Ponte Corvo.

The Prussian protest against the anti-Jew orders of the Royal Consistory has been signed by nearly one hundred and fifty thousand electors.

Gervinus, who died some weeks ago at Heidelberg, left his family in very humble circumstances.

The daughters of Proudhon, the famous French socialist and philosopher, eke out a scanty living at St.-Denis as *blanchisseuses*.

Strousberg, the "railroad king" of Prussia, has settled with his creditors, and has again control of all his property.

During the siege, Paris had seventeen daily papers, after the armistice twenty-nine, and during the rouge revolt sixteen.

Archbishop Darboy, of Paris, is a nephew of the celebrated Royer-Collard, and a distant relative of Casimir Périer.

The Masonic Grand Lodge in Paris has rescinded the resolution expelling the Emperor William from the order.

Count von Beust has won a suit for defamation against an editor who had charged him with being an inveterate gambler.

A great-grand-daughter of J. G. von Herder, the eminent German author, is living in very humble circumstances at Weimar.

Emilio Castellar, the great Spanish orator

and republican leader, recently lost his mother and three sisters.

Gambetta will remain a year in Spain, in order to recover his health.

Nine cities in Germany and two in Italy have Lincoln Streets.

Dr. Nélaton, the celebrated French surgeon, has removed to London.

Emmanuel Geibel, the German poet, is lying dangerously sick at Lubeck.

The new tutor of the sons of the Viceroy of Egypt is an American.

Miscellany.

Christian Names.

TO the various Teutonic tribes—the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes—which came over to this country (England) in the fifth and sixth centuries, and which were at length fused into the Anglo-Saxon race, we owe our really national names. A great variety of personal titles existed among the Anglo-Saxons; for, while their language in general became in course of time accommodated to a common standard, the names applied to individuals among them retained all their original dialectic varieties. These older Teuton titles are now, however, to be sought rather in the lists of our surnames than in those of our personal appellations. But of the names which were of strictly Anglo-Saxon origin, and which were mostly compound words, many have continued to be employed largely at baptism down to our own time; and these, too, in their transit across the period when surnames were gradually spreading downward from the higher to the lower classes, passed freely into family denominations. *Eduard* will at once occur to the reader as among the foremost names of the division we are now considering. *Edward* seems to have been unfailingly popular ever since the period of Saxon rule. It has originated several surnames, one of which, viz., *Edwards*, has belonged to great numbers of persons. The registrar-general has shown that this cognomen stands number twenty as regards commonness among the surnames of England and Wales. The family names *Tedd*, *Edson*, *Edkins*, and *Eduardson*, are also derivatives of the baptismal name *Edward*; so again, perhaps, are *Edison*, *Eddy*, and others. *Edward*, as a personal title, is now proportionately much more frequent in Wales than in England, just as the surname *Edwards* is far commoner there than here. To cite other cases in which Anglo-Saxon titles have come down to us in a probably unbroken line of usage, there is *Alfred*, with its corresponding surnames, *Alfred*, *Alfrey*, *Alverd*, *Albert*; *Edmund*, with a still larger family of derivatives; *Cuthbert*, which is represented in at least three forms among hereditary titles; and *Edgar*, appearing, we believe, only in its original shape in the lists of surnames. To these, many others might, of course, be added; but we need not multiply examples.

The Normans made popular in England an entirely new set of Teutonic Christian names, and among them are to be found many that are now oftenest employed as personal designations. Most prominent of all is the name *William*—that of the Norman Conqueror himself. We shall presently give the reader a notion of the relations in which some of our more ordinary Christian names stand to each other in the matter of frequency; for the present, it is suf-

ficient to say that, of men's names, *William* is in all probability borne by a larger number of persons in England and Wales than any other. It is not uninteresting to note the meaning of the word on which this our principal male title is based. *Willi* was one of the three primeval Teuton deities who together performed the creation of mankind. He was a personification of *will*—not only of inclination (*voluntas*), but of *impetus* also. Among an enterprising and determined race, such as ours, therefore, the name *William* is fittingly conspicuous. But, unfortunately, it must be confessed that its frequency in England denotes no general reference at the time of its importation to the original signification of its root; on the contrary, that frequency merely represents an inclination, universally shown among the vanquished Anglo-Saxons, to imitate the titles that were fashionable in the families of their victors. *Henry* is another still common name of Norman introduction—*Harry* being, as Miss Yonge says, "its right native shape," and the surnames derived from this form of the word (viz., *Harries*, *Harris*, *Harrison*, *Parry*) belonging to a much larger number of people than the derivatives of *Henry*, which latter way of spelling is only an imitation of the French mode, *Henri*. *Robert* is also a title imported at the time of the conquest, and one which continues to be prominent. *Walter*, again, dates from the same era as its introduction among us, but is now considerably less used than the preceding name; while *Gilbert*, and many other Norman titles which are of common occurrence in "Doomsday Book," have in our day fallen into the background as Christian names.

The crusading period gave us *John*, which now competes, and in some years it would seem successfully, with *William* for predominance among the baptismal names of men. As a patronymic (i. e., in the form of *Jones*) it has outrun *William* (or *Williams*) completely, and dares to dispute with *Smith* the honor of naming more individuals among our countrymen than any other family cognomen. *John* was, of course, in the first instance, employed in reference to its saintly associations; but, once naturalized in this connection, it soon ceased to express religious feeling, and was simply given to the son because his father bore it.

Passing on through the later middle ages, we come upon another saintly title, which now appears to be more prevalent in this country than any other, either male or female. This is *Mary*. The adoration of the Virgin Mother in pre-Reformation days has made a mark upon our nomenclature which no subsequent sentiment, whether Puritanic or otherwise, has been able to efface. *Mary* is an existing surname, and the baptismal title appears, at least, to have created other surnames, as *Marrian*, *Mariott*, *Marryat*, *Maryon*, etc.; but some doubt hangs over the derivation of these words, and it has been supposed, indeed, that *Mary* as a family title owns no connection with the personal name, but that it may be identical with the ancient Anglo-Saxon word *mære*, signifying a horse.

Thomas Law.

One of the most notable of the social celebrities of Washington, in the early part of this century, was an Englishman named Thomas Law. He was a younger brother of Lord Ellenborough, who had succeeded Lord Kenyon as Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, being raised to the peerage on his accession to the dignity of Lord Chancellor of England, a second brother being Bishop of Bath and Wells. Mr. Law's early life was passed in In-

dia with Lord Cornwallis, holding there a high civil trust, which he discharged with signal ability, receiving, on the resignation of his office, many gratifying testimonials to the beneficence of his rule. Infected by the spirit of liberty then moving all nations, Mr. Law's enthusiasm was roused in favor of republican institutions, and, inspired with ardent admiration for the character of Washington, he came to America; having, however, no political affinities whatever in this country. He attracted much attention from his fine person, aristocratic connections, and undoubted genius, and also from his wealth, which, accumulated in the golden days of India, was dissipated chiefly through building-speculations, for which he had a mania; while he was also generous—prodigal, indeed—in good works, as in the hospitalities dispensed at his country-seat near Washington. Mr. Law married Miss Anne Custis, sister of the well-known George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington, the adopted son of Washington; but his numerous peculiarities unfitted him for domestic life. His eccentricities were many—one of his habits being to carry in his hand a piece of dough, which he constantly manipulated, the loss of which would cause him to lose the thread of his story. His absence of mind was at times inconvenient, being obliged, when asking on one occasion at the post-office for his letters, to confess that he did not remember his name; but a few moments afterward, meeting a friend who saluted him as Mr. Law, he hurried back, gave his address, and received his mail. Another more embarrassing instance of his distract faculties occurred at Berkeley Springs, where, after a bath, forgetting to dress, he appeared in the crowded grove *in puris naturalibus*, scattering consternation among the promenaders.

Impromptu.

A certain poet (Pierre Dupont), wishing to visit M. Victor Hugo, and not knowing him, wrote the following *impromptu* on his card, and sent it up to the great romancer:

"Si tu voyais une anémone,
Langueuse et près de périr,
Se demander, comme une aumône,
Une goutte d'eau, pour fleurir;

"Si tu voyais une hirondelle,
Un jour d'hiver te supplier,
A ta vitre battre de l'aile,
Demander place à ton foyer—

"L'hirondelle aurait sa retraite,
L'anémone sa goutte d'eau.
Pour toi que ne suis-je, O poète!
Ou l'humble fleur, ou l'humble oiseau?"

Let us try to translate it:

"Should some anemone implore—
When languishing and like to die—
A drop of water to restore
Its fragrance, as thou passest by;

"Or should some trembling swallow beat
Its wing against thy wintry pane,
And ask some hospitable heat
To warm it back to life again—

"That swallow would not beat unheard;
That flower would bloom beneath thy care:
Why am not I or flower or bird,
To win, O poet, entrance there?"

M. M.

Poisonous Fishes.

The noxious properties of some fishes are supposed to be dependent on the nature of their food. Munier, in a letter to the well-known naturalist, Sonnerat, written nearly a century ago, states that in Bourbon, and in Mauritius, none of the genus *Scarus*, or parrot-fishes, which in those islands are called by the popular names of *vielle*, or old wife, perro-

quet, etc., are eaten between December and the beginning of April, being regarded as unwholesome during that period, because they then eat large quantities of coral-polyps. This statement is in part confirmed by Commerçon, who, regarding the cataubleu (*Scarus capitaneus*), says that it gnaws the coral, and is consequently looked upon as a suspicious article of diet, both in the Ile-de-France and in Bourbon. The natives of Bombay are said to reject another species of *Scarus* (*S. harid*) for the same reason. Other forms of animal life, as the beautiful medusa, or jelly-fish, known as the stephanomia, and the well-known Portuguese men-of-war, or physalia, when eaten by fishes, seem also to render the latter unfit for human food, probably on account of their acrid and irritating properties. Risso describes a Mediterranean fish, called Courpata by the Nice fishermen, which cannot safely be eaten at the periods during which it feeds on this medusa, and the sardine of the Antilles (*Harengula humoralis*), is so poisonous, after feeding on the physalia, as to occasion death in a few minutes. The common herring is sometimes very unwholesome, although perhaps scarcely poisonous, in consequence of its living on certain minute worms, which are occasionally so abundant in the North Sea as to give a red tint to the water. Notwithstanding the abominations greedily devoured by eels, these fishes may generally be eaten with impunity. There are, however, occasional instances in which they prove deleterious, and M. Virey, in describing a case in which a whole family were attacked with violent pains and diarrhoea, a few hours after eating eels taken from a stagnant castle-ditch, near Orleans, refers to several similar accidents.

Raw Silk.

The following table gives the estimated production of raw silk in the several silk-producing countries of the world:

Chinese Empire.....	\$81,200,000
Japan	17,000,000
Persia	5,000,000
Asia Minor.....	5,200,000
Syria.....	1,800,000
Toorkistan (Chinese).....	400,000
Toorkistan.....	1,400,000
Corean Archipelago.....	100,000
France.....	25,600,000
Italy.....	39,200,000
Turkey in Europe.....	7,000,000
Spain and Portugal.....	3,200,000
Pontifical States.....	1,300,000
Greece.....	840,000
Morocco	300,000
Austria.....	1,280,000
India.....	24,000,000
America.....	80,000

Total.....\$214,900,000

Holker Hall.

Holker Hall, one of the stately seats of the Duke of Devonshire, near Ulverstone, has been destroyed by fire, with a fine library, and nearly the whole of a valuable collection of paintings. The pecuniary loss is over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; but what gives the occurrence more interest than this trifling damage to the duke's immense estate is the fact that this was one of those grand old mansions whose associations reach far back in the history of England. It was the family mansion of the Prestons in the reign of Elizabeth, and passed from them to the Lawthers. The duke himself was staying at the hall when the fire occurred, and succeeded in saving one choice painting by having it cut from the frame, which was too large to be passed through a window.

Varieties.

S^T. JEROME mentions a widow who married her twenty-third husband, who, in his turn, had been married to twenty wives. A woman named Elizabeth Massi, who died at Florence in 1786, had been married to seven husbands, all of whom she outlived. She espoused the last at the mature age of sixty. When on her death-bed, she recalled the good and bad points in each of her husbands, and having impartially weighed them in the balance, she singled out her fifth spouse as her favorite, and desired that her remains might be interred near his. The death of a soldier is recorded in 1784, who had five wives, and his widow, aged ninety, wept over the grave of her fourth husband.

The reports concerning the cotton-factory at Augusta, Georgia, are gratifying, and show the encouraging prospects of Southern manufacture. This factory has been gradually extending its operations, till now it runs 15,000 spindles and 600 looms, and consumes 130 bales of cotton per week. The average daily product is 524 yards per loom, or 25,000 yards in all, making some eight million yards yearly. At its organization the company had \$200,000 capital, which, by its earnings, has increased to \$600,000. The par value of the stock is \$100, on which it has paid for five years past an annual dividend of twenty per cent. The stock is now worth \$155.

Queen Victoria has been noted for affably bowing without a moment's cessation in her state progresses through the city. A London correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* says this bowing is all a deceit. "There is a curious contrivance attached to the seat of the royal carriage, by whose means the royal body is gently swayed as in the act of bowing, while in reality the said body lolls comfortably and makes no exertion whatever." Some Yankee has but to invent a hand-shaking machine, to earn the eternal gratitude of all American public men.

The following little nursery-rhyme deserves to be incorporated into "Mother Goose's Melodies:"

"There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
That hung right down on her forehead;
And when she was good
She was very good, indeed,
But when she was bad, she was horrid."

Von Moltke can speak every dialect and language of Europe.

A resident of Salem, Mass., is very angry with some young jovial friends of his who, the other day, for the sake of the joke, caused him to be annoyed by a long procession of callers, including two expressmen, a man with a load of wood, another with furniture, a third with a bundle of hay, a colored barber, a grocer with a can of oil, and finally a hearse and two carriages to attend his funeral.

It is said that Boston, Worcester, Lawrence, and Fall River, the four largest towns in Massachusetts, are no longer genuine Yankee communities, as none have so many native-born inhabitants as foreigners. In Boston, for instance, out of 248,866 inhabitants 158,116 have either or both parents of foreign birth.

They have temperance insurance societies in Georgia, which are somewhat original. Each member pays five dollars as an initiation-fee and five dollars dues each month. At the end of the year the money is divided among those who have remained faithful to the pledge.

A live cat was found in the mail-bag at a town in Maine one day last week. The postmaster made diligent search through all the United States postage-laws to ascertain the amount of postage on the animal, but found nothing touching the case.

North Carolina has "an old man of the mountains," who lives about forty miles from Greenville, and has reached the age of one hundred and forty-three years. At the time of Braddock's defeat he was twenty years old, and had a wife and three children.

Gladstone is reported to be in straitened financial circumstances. He has recently been

forced to sell most of his private property to meet his obligations, incurred, it is stated, by his liberal mode of entertaining.

A Washington man has won five hundred dollars by eating a partridge every day, between 9 and 10 A. M., for a month. According to the terms of the wager, he could eat any thing else he liked.

The Western States are, one after the other, abolishing the old rule of paying women school-teachers less than men for the same services. This is simple justice.

Philadelphia has six thousand manufacturing establishments of all kinds, which give employment to one hundred and twenty thousand men, women, and children.

It is said that out of twenty-one millions of Italians, seventeen millions are still unable to read or write.

A lady at Schenectady advertises her fugitive husband, and declares she will pay no more of his debts.

A conclusive argument against suicide is, that it is the height of impoliteness to go anywhere till you are sent for.

In the reign of Francis I., more than one hundred thousand witches are said to have been put to death.

Blot says, wrinkles are produced by the want of a variety of food. That's a new wrinkle.

The assertion is made that more than one-half the hotels of the country are kept by natives of New Hampshire and Vermont.

About six thousand women have so far signed the memorials to Congress, asking that suffrage should not be extended to their sex.

The Girard College in Philadelphia is said to be the best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world.

About fifteen million dollars' worth of artificial flowers are used annually in America. They are chiefly made in France.

A young lady of Cincinnati last year made twelve hundred dollars profit out of her sewing-machine.

Is it proper to say of an artist just verging on delirium tremens, that he is putting the finishing touches to a colossal bust?

Mlle. Henrietta d'Angeville, the first lady who ever made the ascent of Mont Blanc, died at Lausanne, lately, aged seventy-seven.

A merchant should always have a partner, if he wishes to conduct his business on a "firm" basis.

Brigham Young is said to have lost twenty-seven mothers-in-law in five years.

"The mob of Paris rings the neck of France."—*Dr. O. W. Holmes.*

Seventy-eight women are now regularly ordained preachers in the United States.

A tea-totaller—The man who drinks nothing but tea.

Net-proceeds—Fish.

Strange faces—Masks.

A military air—A pla-toon.

The Museum.

WE give this week an illustration representing a Kaffre chief in his full war-uniform. He bears on his left arm a great war-shield, the color, when white, denoting that he is a married man. The long, slender feather which is fastened in his head-ring is that of the South-African crane, and is a conventional symbol of war. The whole person of the chief is nearly covered with barbaric ornaments. His apron is made of leopards' tails, and his knees and ankles are decorated with tufts made of the long, flowing hair of the Angora goat. Twisted strips of rare furs hang

from his neck and chest, while his right hand holds the long knob-kerrie which is so much in use among the Zulu warriors. The councillors who stand behind him are appalled with nearly as much gorgeousness as their chief, all wearing plenty of feathers on their heads. The different-shaped head-dresses which these subordinates wear indicate the regiments to which they belong. This group is engraved from a photograph of a famous Kaffre chief, Goza, and his two principal councillors. The Kaffre warriors are divided into two great groups—namely, the married men and the bachelors, or, as they are popularly called, the “men” and the “boys.” But each of these great groups, or divisions, if we may use that word in its military sense, is composed of several regiments, varying from six hundred to a thousand or more in strength. Each of these regiments inhabits a single military *kraal*, or garrison-town, and is command-



Kaffre Chief in his War-dress.

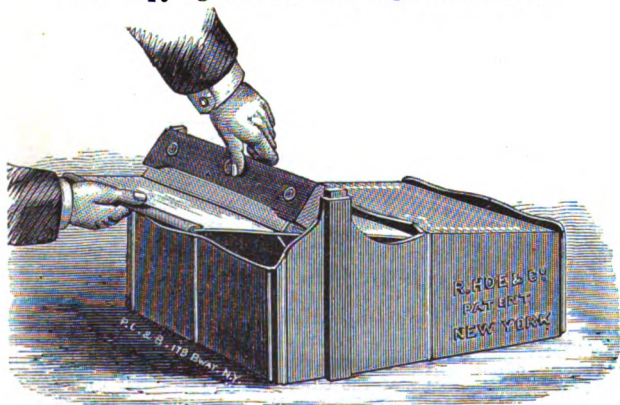
ed by the head man of that *kraal*. Moreover, the regiments are subdivided into companies, each of which is under the command of an officer of lower grade; and so thoroughly is this system carried out that European soldiers feel almost startled when they find that these savages have organized a system of army-management nearly identical with their own. The regiments are almost invariably called by the name of some animal, and the soldiers are placed in them according to their physical characteristics. Thus, the Elephant Regiment consists of the largest and strongest warriors; then, the Lion Regiment is composed of men who have distinguished themselves by special acts of daring; while the Springbok Regiment would be formed of men noted for their activity. There are twenty-six of these regiments in the Zulu army, and they can be easily distinguished by their uniform.

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RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[“RALPH THE HEIR,” SUPPLEMENT No. XXII.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF APRIL 29.]

CHAPTER LII.—Continued.

“Neeft has gone mad lately,” said Captain Fooks, with a good-natured determination to stand by his friend in misfortune.

“But how about the girl, Newton?” asked his lordship.

“You may have her yourself, Poll—if she don’t prefer a young shoemaker, to whom I believe she’s engaged. She’s very pretty, and has got a lot of money—which will suit you to a T.” He tried to put a good face on it; but, nevertheless, he was very hot and red in the face.

“I’d put a stop to this if I were you,” said another friend, confidentially, and in a whisper. “He’s not only telling everybody, but writing letters about it.”

“Oh, I know,” said Ralph. “How can I help what a madman does? It’s a bore, of course.”

Then he sauntered out again, feeling sure that his transactions with Mr. Neeft would form the subject of conversation in the club billiard-room for the next hour and a half. It would certainly become expedient that he should travel abroad.

He felt it to be quite a relief when he found that Mr. Neeft was not waiting for him at his chambers. “Adolphe,” he said, as soon as he was dressed, “that man must never be allowed to put his foot inside the door again.”

“Ah—the Apollo gone! And he did it express!”

“I don’t mind the figure—but he must never be allowed to enter the place again. I shall not stay up long, but while we are here you must not leave the place till six. He won’t come in the evening.” Then he put a sovereign into the man’s hand, and went out to dine at Lady Eardham’s.

Lady Eardham had three fair daughters, with pretty necks, and flaxen hair, and blue eyes, and pug noses, all wonderfully alike. They ranged from twenty-seven to twenty-one, there being sons between—and it began to be desirable that they should be married. Since Ralph had been in town the Eardham mansion in Cavendish Square had been opened to him with almost maternal kindness. He had accepted the kindness; but being fully alive to the purposes of matronly intrigue, had had his little jokes in reference to the young ladies. He liked young ladies generally, but was well aware that a young man is not obliged to offer his hand and heart to every girl that is civil to him. He and the Eardham girls had been exceedingly intimate, but he had had no idea whatever of sharing Newton

Priory with an Eardham. Now, however, in his misery, he was glad to go to a house in which he would be received with an assured welcome.

Everybody smiled upon him. Sir George in these days was very cordial, greeting him with that genial esoteric warmth which is always felt by one English country gentleman with a large estate for another equally blessed. Six months ago, when it was believed that Ralph had sold his inheritance to his uncle, Sir George when he met the young man addressed him in a very different fashion. As he entered the room he felt the warmth of the welcoming. The girls, one and all, had ever so many things to say to him. They all hunted, and they all wanted him to look at horses for them. Lady Eardham was more matronly than ever, and at the same time was a little fussy. She would not leave him among the girls, and at last succeeded in getting him off into a corner of the back drawing-room.

“Now, Mr. Newton,” she said, “I am going to show you that I put the greatest confidence in you.”

“So you may,” said Ralph, wondering whether one of the girls was to be offered to him, out of hand. At the present moment he was so low in spirits that he would probably have taken either.

“I have had a letter,” said Lady Eardham, whispering the words into his ear—and then she paused. “Such a strange letter, and very abominable. I’ve shown it to no one—not even to Sir George. I wouldn’t let one of the girls see it for ever so much.” Then there was another pause. “I don’t believe a word of it, Mr. Newton; but I think it right to show it to you—because it’s about you.”

“About me?” said Ralph, with his mind fixed at once upon Mr. Neeft.

“Yes, indeed—and when I tell you it refers to my girls too, you will see how strong is my confidence in you. If either had been specially named, of course I could not have shown it.”

Then she handed him the letter, which poor Ralph read, as follows:

“MY LADY: I’m told as Mr. Ralph Newton, of Newton Priory, is sweet upon one of your ladyship’s daughters. I think it my duty to tell your ladyship he’s engaged to marry my girl, Maryanne Neeft.

“Yours most respectful,

“THOMAS NEEFIT,

“Breeches-maker, Conduit Street.”

“It’s a lie,” said Ralph.

“I’m sure it’s a lie,” said Lady Eardham, “only I thought it right to show it you.”

Ralph took Gus Eardham down to dinner, and did his very best to make himself agreeable. Gus was the middle one of the three, and was certainly a fine girl. The Eardham girls would have no money; but Ralph was not a greedy man—except when he was in great need. It must be supposed, however, that on this occasion he made up his mind to marry Gus Eardham. But, as on previous occasions, he had been able to hold all the Eardhams in a kind of subjection to himself, feeling himself to be bigger than they—as hitherto he had been conscious that he was bestowing and they receiving—so now, in his present misfortune, did he recognize that Gus was a little bigger than himself, and that it was for her to give and for him to take. And Gus was able to talk to him as though she also entertained the same conviction. Gus was very kind to him, and he felt grateful to her.

Lady Eardham saw Gus alone in her bedroom that night. “I believe he’s a very good young man,” said Lady Eardham, “if he’s managed rightly. And as for all this about the horrid man’s daughter, it don’t matter at all. He’d live it down in a month if he were married.”

“I don’t think any thing about that, mamma. I dare say he’s had his fun—just like other men.”

“Only, my dear, he’s one of that sort that have to be fixed.”

“It’s so hard to fix them, mamma.”

“It needn’t be hard to fix him—that is, if you’ll only be steady. He’s not sharp and hard and callous, like some of them. He doesn’t mean any harm, and if he once speaks out, he isn’t one that can’t be kept to time. His manners are nice. I don’t think the property is involved; but I’ll find out from papa; and he’s just the man to think his wife the pink of perfection.” Lady Eardham had read our hero’s character not inaccurately.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE END OF POLLY NEEFIT.

RUMORS, well-supported rumors, as to the kind of life which Mr. Neeft was leading, reached Alexandria Cottage, filling Mrs. Neeft’s mind with dismay, and making Polly

very angry indeed. He came home always somewhat the worse for drink, and would talk of punching the heads both of Mr. Newton and of Mr. Ontario Moggs. Waddle, who was very true to his master's interests, had taken an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Neeft, and of expressing a very distinct idea that the business was going to the mischief. Mrs. Neeft was of opinion that in this emergency the business should be sold, and that they might safely remove themselves to some distant country—to Tunbridge, or perhaps to Ware. Polly, however, would not accede to her mother's views. The evil must, she thought, be cured at once. "If father goes on like this, I shall just walk straight out of the house, and marry Moggs at once," Polly said. "Father makes no account of my name, and so I must look out for myself." She had not as yet communicated these intentions to Ontario, but she was quite sure that she would be supported in her views by him whenever she should choose to do so.

Once or twice Ontario came down to the cottage, and when he did so, Mr. Neeft was always told of the visit. "I ain't going to keep any thing from father, mother," Polly would say. "If he chooses to misbehave, that isn't my fault. I mean to have Mr. Moggs, and it's only natural I should like to see him."

Neeft, when informed of these visits, after swearing that Moggs junior was a sneaking scoundrel to come to his house in his absence, would call upon Moggs senior, and swear with many threats that his daughter should have nothing but what she stood up in. Moggs senior would stand quite silent, cutting the skin on his hand with his shoemaker's knife, and would simply bid the infuriated breeches-maker good-morning, when he left the shop. But, in truth, Mr. Moggs senior had begun to doubt. "I'd leave it a while, Onty, if I was you," he said. "May be, after all, he'll give her nothing."

"I'll take her the first day she'll come to me—money or no money," said Moggs junior.

Foiled ambition had, in truth, driven the breeches-maker to madness. But there were moments in which he was softened, melancholy, and almost penitent. "Why didn't you have him when he come down to Margate?" he said, with the tears running down his cheeks, that very evening after eating his rump-steak in Mr. Newton's rooms. The soda-water and brandy, with a little gin-and-water after it, had reduced him to an almost maudlin condition, so that he was unable to support his parental authority.

"Because I didn't choose, father. It wasn't his fault. He spoke fair enough—though I don't suppose he ever wanted it. Why should he?"

"You might have had him then. He'd 've never dared to go back. I'd a killed him if he had."

"What good would it have done, father? He'd never have loved me, and he'd have despised you and mother."

"I wouldn't 've minded that," said Mr. Neeft, wiping his eyes.

"But I should have minded. What should I have felt with a husband as wouldn't have wanted me ever to have my own father in his house? Would that have made me happy?"

"It 'd 've made me happy to know as you was there."

"No, father; there would have been no happiness in it. When I came to see what he was I knew I should never love him. He was just willing to take me because of his word—and was I going to a man like that? No, father—certainly not." The poor man was at that moment too far gone in his misery to argue the matter further, and he lay on the old sofa, very much at Polly's mercy. "Drop it, father," she said. "It wasn't to be, and it couldn't have been. You'd better say you'll drop it." But, sick and uncomfortable as he was on that evening, he couldn't be got to say that he would drop it.

Nor could he be got to drop it for some ten days after that—but on a certain evening he had come home very uncomfortable from the effects of gin-and-water, and had been spoken to very sensibly both by his wife and daughter.

By seven on the following morning Ontario Moggs was sitting in the front parlor of the house at Hendon, and Polly Neeft was sitting with him. He had never been there at so early an hour before, and it was thought afterward by both Mr. and Mrs. Neeft that his appearance, so unexpected by them, had not surprised their daughter Polly. Could it have been possible that she had sent a message to him after that little scene with her father? There he was, at any rate, and Polly was up to receive him. "Now, Onty, that'll do. I didn't want to talk nonsense, but just to settle something."

"But you'll tell a fellow that you're glad to see him?"

"No I won't. I won't tell a fellow any thing he doesn't know already. You and I have got to get married."

"Of course we have."

"But we want father's consent. I'm not going to have him made unhappy, if I can help it. He's that wretched sometimes at present that my heart is half killed about him."

"The things he says are monstrous," asserted Moggs, thinking of the protestation lately made by the breeches-maker in his own hearing, to the effect that Ralph Newton should yet be made to marry his daughter.

"All the same I've got to think about him. There's a dozen or so of men as would marry me, Mr. Moggs; but I can never have another father."

"I'll be the first of the dozen any way," said the gallant Ontario.

"That depends. However, mother says so, and if father'll consent, I won't go against it. I'll go to him now, before he's up, and I'll tell him you're here. I'll bring him to his senses if I can. I don't know

whatever made him think so much about gentlemen."

"He didn't learn it from you, Polly."

"Perhaps he did, after all; and if so, that's the more reason why I'd forgive him."

So saying, Polly went up-stairs upon her mission. On the landing she met her mother, and made known the fact that Ontario was in the parlor. "Don't you go to him, mother—not yet," said Polly. Whereby it may be presumed that Mrs. Neeft had been informed of Mr. Moggs's visit before Polly had gone to him.

Mr. Neeft was in bed, and his condition apparently was not a happy one. He was lying with his head between his hands, and was groaning, not loudly, but very bitterly. His mode of life for the last month had not been of a kind to make him comfortable, and his conscience, too, was ill at ease. He had been a hard-working man, who had loved respectability and been careful of his wife and child. He had been proud to think that nobody could say any thing against him, and that he had always paid his way. Up to the time of this disastrous fit of ambition on Polly's behalf, he had never made himself ridiculous, and had been a prosperous tradesman, well thought of by his customers. Suddenly he had become mad, but not so mad as to be unconscious of his own madness. The failure of his hopes, joined to the inexpressibly bitter feeling that in their joint transactions young Newton had received all that had been necessary to him, whereas he, Neeft, had got none of that for which he had bargained—these together had so upset him that he had lost his balance, had travelled out of his usual grooves, and had made an ass of himself. He knew he had made an ass of himself—and was hopelessly endeavoring to show himself to be less of an ass than people thought him, by some success in his violence. If he could only punish young Newton terribly, people would understand why he had done all this. But drink had been necessary to give him courage for his violence, and now as he lay miserable in bed, his courage was very low.

"Father," said Polly, "shall I give you a drink?"

Neeft muttered something, and took the cold tea that was offered to him. It was cold tea, with just a spoonful of brandy in it to make it acceptable.

"Father, there ought to be an end of all this—oughtn't there?"

"I don't know about no ends. I'll be down on him yet."

"No you won't, father. And why should you? He has done nothing wrong to you or me. I wouldn't have him if it was ever so."

"It's all been your fault, Polly."

"Yes—my fault; that I wouldn't be made what you call a lady; to be taken away, so that I'd never see any more of you and mother!" Then she put her hand gently on his shoulder. I couldn't stand that, father."

"I'd make him let you come to us."

"A wife must obey her husband, father. Mother always obeyed you."

"No, she didn't. She's again me now."

"Besides, I don't want to be a lady," said Polly, seeing that she had better leave that question of marital obedience; "and I won't be a lady. I won't be better than you and mother."

"You've been brought up better."

"I'll show my breeding, then, by being true to you, and true to the man I love. What would you think of your girl, if she was to give her hand to a—gentleman, when she'd given her heart to a—shoemaker?"

"Oh, d— the shoemaker!"

"No, father, I won't have it. What is there against Ontario? He's a fine-hearted fellow, as isn't greedy after money—as 'd kiss the very ground I stand on he's that true to me, and is a tradesman as yourself. If we had a little place of our own, wouldn't Ontario be proud to have you there, and give you the best of every thing; and wouldn't I wait upon you, just only trying to know beforehand every tittle as you'd like to have? And if there was to be babies, wouldn't they be brought up to love you? If I'd gone with that young man down to his fine place, do you think it would have been like that? How 'd I've felt when he was too proud to let his boy know as you was my father?"

Neeft turned on his bed and groaned. He was too ill at ease as to his inner man to argue the subject from a high point of view, or to assert that he was content to be abased himself in order that his child and grandchildren might be raised in the world.

"Father," said Polly, "you have always been kind to me. Be kind to me now."

"The young 'uns is always to have their own way," said Neeft.

"Hasn't my way been your way, father?"

"Not when you wouldn't take the captain when he come to Margate."

"I didn't love him, father. Dear father, say the word. We haven't been happy lately—have we, father?"

"I ain't been very 'appy," said Neeft, bursting out into sobs.

She put her face upon his brow and kissed it. "Father, let us be happy again. Ontario is down-stairs—in the parlor now."

"Ontario Moggs in my parlor!" said Neeft, jumping up in bed.

"Yes, father; Ontario Moggs—my husband, as will be; the man I honor and love; the man that will honor and love you; as true a fellow as ever made a young woman happy by taking her. Let me tell him that you will have him for a son." In truth, Neeft did not speak the word—but when Polly left the room, which she presently did after a long embrace, Mr. Neeft was aware that his consent to the union would be conveyed to Ontario Moggs in less than five minutes.

"And now you can name the day," said Ontario.

"I cannot do any such thing," replied Polly; "and I think that quite enough has been settled for one morning. It's give an inch and take an ell with some folks."

Ontario waited for breakfast, and had an interview with his future father-in-law. It

was an hour after the scene up-stairs before Mr. Neeft could descend, and, when he did come down, he was not very jovial at the breakfast-table. "It isn't what I like, Moggs," was the first word that he spoke when the young politician rose to grasp the hand of his future father-in-law.

"I hope you'll live to like it, Mr. Neeft," said Ontario, who, now that he was to have his way in regard to Polly, was prepared to disregard entirely any minor annoyances.

"I don't know how that may be. I think my girl might have done better. I told her so, and I just tell you the same. She might a' done a deal better, but women is always restive."

"We like to have our own way about our young men, father," said Polly, who was standing behind her father's chair.

"Bother young men!" said the breeches-maker. After that the interview passed off, if not very pleasantly, at least smoothly—and it was understood that Mr. Neeft was to abandon that system of persecution against Ralph Newton to which his life had been devoted for the last few weeks.

After that there was a pretty little correspondence between Polly and Ralph, with which the story of Polly's maiden life may be presumed to be ended, and which shall be given to the reader, although by doing so the facts of our tale will be somewhat anticipated. Polly, with her father's permission, communicated the fact of her engagement to her former lover

"HENDON, Saturday.

"DEAR SIR: Father thinks it best that I should tell you that I am engaged to marry Mr. Ontario Moggs—whom you will remember. He is a most respectable tradesman, and stood once for a member of Parliament, and I think he will make me quite happy; and I'm quite sure that's what I'm fitted for." Whether Polly meant that she was fittest to be made happy, or fitted to be the wife of a tradesman who stood for Parliament, did not appear quite clearly.

"There have been things which we are very sorry for, and hope you'll forgive and forget. Father bids me to say how sorry he is he broke a figure of a pretty little man in your room. He would get another, only he would not know where to go for it.

"Wishing you always may be happy, believe me to remain,

"Yours most respectfully,

"MARY ANNE NEEFIT."

Ralph's answer was dated about a fortnight afterward.

"—, CAVENDISH SQUARE, June 1, 186—.

"MY DEAR POLLY: I hope you will allow me to call you so now for the last time. I am, indeed, happy that you are going to be married. I believe Mr. Moggs to be a most excellent fellow. I hope I may often see him—and sometimes you. He must allow you to accept a little present which I send you, and never be jealous if you wear it at your waist.

"The pretty little man that your father

broke by accident in my rooms did not signify at all. Pray tell him so from me.

"Believe me to be

"Your very sincere friend,

"RALPH NEWTON."

"I may as well tell you my own secret. I am going to be married, too. The young lady lives in this house, and her name is Augusta Eardham."

This letter was sent by messenger from Cavendish Square, with a very handsome watch and chain. A month afterward, when he was preparing to leave London for Bray-boro' Park, he received a little packet, with a note as follows:

"LINTON, DEVONSHIRE, Wednesday.

"DEAR MR. NEWTON: I am so much obliged for the watch, and so is Ontario, who will never be jealous, I'm sure. It is a most beautiful thing, and I shall value it, oh! so much. I am very glad you are going to be married, and should have answered before, only I wanted to finish making with my own hand a little chain which I send you. And I hope your sweetheart won't be jealous, either. We looked her out in a book, and found she is the daughter of a great gentleman with a title. That is all just as it should be. Ontario sends his respects. We have come down here for the honeymoon.

"I remain, yours very sincerely,

"MARY ANNE MOGGS."

CHAPTER LIV.

MY MARY.

BOTH the invitations sent by Patience Underwood were accepted, and Sir Thomas, on the day named, was at home to receive them. Nothing had as yet been done as to the constructing of those cases which he so suddenly ordered to be made for his books; and, indeed, Stemm had resolved to take the order as meaning nothing. It would not be for him to accelerate his master's departure from Southampton Buildings, and he knew enough of the man to be aware that he must have some very strong motive indeed before so great a change could be really made. When Sir Thomas left Southampton Buildings for Fulham, on the day named for the dinner, not a word further had been said about packing the books.

There was no company at the villa besides Sir Thomas, the three girls, and the two young men. As to Clarissa, Patience said not a word, even to her father—that must still be left till time should further cure the wound that had been made—but she did venture to suggest, in private with Sir Thomas, that it was a pity that he who was certainly the more worthy of the two Ralphs should not be made to understand that others did not think so much of the present inferiority of his position in the world as he seemed to think himself.

"You mean that Mary would take him?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Why should she not, if she likes him? He is very good."

"I can't tell him to offer to her, without telling him also that he would be accepted."

"No—I suppose not," said Patience.

Nevertheless, Sir Thomas did speak to Ralph Newton before dinner—stuttering and muttering, and only half-finishing his sentence. "We had a correspondence once, Mr. Newton. I dare say you remember."

"I remember it very well, Sir Thomas."

"I only wanted to tell you—you seem to think more about what has taken place—I mean as to the property—than we do—that is, than I do."

"It has made a change."

"Yes; of course. But I don't know that a large place like Newton is sure to make a man happy. Perhaps you'd like to wash your hands before dinner." Gregory, in the meantime was walking round the garden with Mary and Clarissa.

The dinner was very quiet, but pleasant and cheerful. Sir Thomas talked a good deal, and so did Patience. Mary also was at her ease, and able to do all that was required of her. Ralph certainly was not gay. He was seated next to Clarissa, and spoke a few words now and again; but he was arranging matters in his mind; and Patience, who was observing them all, knew that he was preoccupied. Clarissa, who now and again would forget her sorrow and revert to her former self—as she had done in the picture-gallery—could not now, under the eye as it were of her father, her sister, and her old lover, forget her troubles. She knew what was expected of her; but she could not do it—she could not do it at least as yet. Nevertheless, Patience, who was the engineer in the present crisis, was upon the whole contented with the way in which things were going.

The three girls sat with the gentlemen for a quarter of an hour after the decanters were put upon the table, and then withdrew. Sir Thomas immediately began to talk about Newton Priory, and to ask questions which might interest the parson, without, as he thought, hurting the feelings of the disinherited Ralph. This went on for about five minutes, during which Gregory was very eloquent about his church and his people, when, suddenly, Ralph rose from his chair and withdrew. "Have I said any thing that annoyed him?" asked Sir Thomas, anxiously.

"Is it not that, I think," said Gregory.

Ralph walked across the passage, opened the door of the drawing-room, in which the three girls were at work, walked up to the chair in which Mary Bonner was sitting, and said something in so low a voice that neither of the sisters heard him.

"Certainly I will," said Mary, rising from her chair. Patience glanced round, and could see that the color, always present in her cousin's face, was heightened—ever so little indeed; but still the tell-tale blush had told its tale. Ralph stood for a moment while Mary moved away to the door, and then followed her without speaking a word

to the other girls, or bestowing a glance on either of them.

"He is going to propose to her," said Clarissa, as soon as the door was shut.

"No one can be sure," said Patience.

"Only fancy—asking a girl to go out of the room—in that brave manner! I shouldn't have gone, because I'm a coward; but it's just what Mary will like."

"Let me get my hat, Mr. Newton," said Mary, taking the opportunity to trip upstairs, though her hat was hanging in the hall. When she was in her room she merely stood upright there, for half a minute, in the middle of the chamber, erect and stiff, with her arms and fingers stretched out, thinking how she would behave herself. Half a minute sufficed for her to find her clew, and then she came down as quickly as her feet would carry her. He had opened the front door, and was standing outside upon the gravel, and there she joined him.

"I had no other way but this of speaking to you," he said.

"I don't dislike coming out at all," she answered. Then there was silence for a moment or two as they walked along into the gloom of the shrubbery. "I suppose you are going down to Norfolk soon?" she said.

"I do not quite know. I thought of going to-morrow."

"So soon as that?"

"But I've got something I want to settle. I think you must know what it is." Then he paused again, almost as though he expected her to confess that she did know. But Mary was well aware that it was not for her to say another word till he had fully explained in most open detail what it was that he desired to settle. "You know a good deal of my history, Miss Bonner. When I thought that things were going well with me—much better than I had ever allowed myself to expect in early days, I—I—became acquainted with you." Again he paused, but she had not a word to say. "I dare say you were not told, but I wrote to your uncle then, asking him whether I might have his consent to—just to ask you to be my wife." Again he paused, but after that he hurried on, speaking the words as quickly as he could throw them forth from his mouth. "My father died, and of course that changed every thing. I told your uncle that all ground for pretension that I might have had before was cut from under me. He knew the circumstances of my birth—and I supposed that you would know it also."

Then she did speak. "Yes, I did," she said.

"Perhaps I was foolish to think that the property would make a difference. But the truth of it is, I have not got over the feeling, and shall never get over it. I love you with all my heart—and, though it be for no good, I must tell you so."

"The property can make no difference," she said. "You ought to have known that, Mr. Newton."

"Ah—but it does. I tried to tell you the other day something of my present home."

"Yes—I know you did—and I remember it all."

"There is nothing more to be said—only to ask you to share it with me."

She walked on with him in silence for a minute; but he said nothing more to press his suit, and certainly it was her turn to speak now. "I will share it with you," she said, pressing her arm upon his.

"My Mary!"

"Yes—your Mary—if you please." Then he took her in his arms, and pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her lips and forehead, and threw back her hat, and put his fingers among her hair. "Why did you say that the property would make a difference?" she asked, in a whisper. To this he made no answer, but walked on silently, with his arm round her waist, till they came out from among the trees, and stood upon the bank of the river. "There are people in the boats. You must put your arm down," she said.

"I wonder how you will like to be a farmer's wife?" he asked.

"I have not an idea."

"I fear so much that you'll find it rough and hard."

"But I have an idea about something." She took his hand, and looked up into his face, as she continued. "I have an idea that I shall like to be your wife." He was in a seventh heaven of happiness, and would have stood there gazing on the river with her all night, if she would have allowed him. At last they walked back into the house together—and into the room where the others were assembled, with very little outward show of embarrassment. Mary was the first to enter the room, and though she blushed she smiled also, and every one knew what had taken place. There was no secret or mystery, and in five minutes her cousins were congratulating her.

"It's all settled for you now," said Clarissa, laughing.

"Yes, it's all settled for me now, and I wouldn't have it unsettled for all the world."

While this was being said in the drawing-room—being said even in the presence of poor Gregory, who could not but have felt how hard it was for him to behold such bliss, Sir Thomas and Ralph had withdrawn into the opposite room. Ralph began to apologize for his own misfortunes—his misfortune in having lost the inheritance, his misfortune in being illegitimate; but Sir Thomas soon cut his apologies short. "You think a great deal more of it than she does, or than I do," said Sir Thomas.

"If she does not regard it, I will never think of it again," said Ralph. "My greatest glory in what had been promised me was in thinking that it might help to win her."

"You have won her without such help as that," said Sir Thomas, with his arm on the young man's shoulder.

There was another delicious hour in store for him as they sat over their late tea. "Do you still think of going to Norfolk to-morrow?" she said to him, with that composure which in her was so beautiful, and, at the same time, so expressive.

"By an early train in the morning."

"I thought that perhaps you might have stayed another day now."

"I thought that perhaps you might want me to come back again," said Ralph—"and, if so, I could make arrangements—perhaps for a week or ten days."

"Do come back," she said. "And do stay."

Ralph's triumph as he returned that evening to London received Gregory's fullest sympathy; but still it must have been hard to bear. Perhaps his cousin's parting words contained for him some comfort. "Give her a little time, and she will be yours yet. I shall find it all out from Mary, and you may be sure we shall help you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A STRANGE BORDER.

IT is the melancholy fate of most cities to be befringed by impurities and disagreeables of one character or another; to fray out into barely habitable dinginess in the matter of dwellings and door-yards; to melt away by slow degrees into noisy regions of machinists'

iron paths emerging from banks of green, miles away, glistening and intermingling as they come; into dripping docks redolent of scourings and opaque fluctuating washings; into various landings rich in new associations, and new beginnings reflected upon by heavy-eyed, grate-



A SCENE IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF NEW YORK.

shops, where grime and smoke abound; into wide, salty marshes, cropped and uncropped, ditched and staked; into dreary tracts of gravelly barrenness, diffuse of quivering heats or blinding with pathless snows; into tumultuous river-sides with adjacent towering, unclean hives for the wretches of the quarter; into low burrowings for the villains and debauchees of everywhere; into focuses of straggling

ful foreigners; into a general indefiniteness, an uncomfortable, unrefreshing state of beginning and ending; into a seeming hopeless inability to be any thing but an incorrigible, tiresome waste.

All assemblages of human habitations thus wear their skirts, from hamlets of six houses to the Londons of as many hundred thousands. They all sweep outward much to the same purpose,

varying only perhaps in the build of structures or the dress and volubility of the inevitable haunting dust-assorters. But our country affords at least one great sample of a new element in the power of disorder without being barren of all the rest of the catalogue. What we allude to is the singular character of the northern outlying portions of the city of New York. It is a broken, unkempt, dismantled area, upon which habitations appear to have been showered by an untasteful architectural pepper-box. It is a place of rocky asperities and high, hard, barren, stony outcroppings, bursting out upon every hand and at every distance, as if the great city below had, by its weight, in some manner gradually pressed the substance of the soil to the surface as it advanced. Its principal power seems to be the generation of fierce heats, which are gathered up by the full breezes from the lower grounds and are blown at the multitudinous settlers of the vast region, scorching and embrowning them.

It is everywhere; it obstinately and suddenly chokes off streets while in full burst for somewhere, while others it strangles at their conceptions, and derisively bears upon its silicious, glittering front, their numbers, much as if some thoroughfare was there buried forever, and the cliff was its respectful, sorrowful monument, while, in reality, it is but its hypocritical stiffer.

It is forever being hacked at—shivered by blasts, pried and battered by blows. There are numerous excavations constantly going on, where bony horses, racked and awkward carts, load themselves with some trivial fragments, and jolt off, and some venturer's cellar is thus picked out piecemeal. Lofty derricks with huge swinging arms spring out of it at all points; streets which have persevered and conquered in their efforts to get through it, transform themselves into damp causeways, with jagged, gloomy sides. Its flinty hardness breaks out from under some inches of deceptive soil, and checks and balks the improvers in matters of water, gas, and pavements, with an exasperating and costly frequency. It is the mortal enemy to grades and levels, and therefore, to the end of reducing it, you find many groups of men perched in its crevices, upon its inclined shelves, and upon its bald, hot surfaces, forever raining lazy, rhythmic blows upon iron drills perpetually turned by other seated men, dressed in dusty blue with slouched hats, and who seem to be lulled into deep apathy by the regular muffled ring of the blows showered about them.

In some mysterious fashion soil has drifted into the many depressions in the wide acres of sterility, lying slightly in most places, but deeply in a few, very much as a winter's snow sweeps over the place and sinks into the same depressions. Wide, dusty avenues strike boldly off northward, disappearing suddenly at the tops of long hills, up which there run railways, glistening and narrowing as they climb. Abortive structures show themselves in the wretched region; such as sewer-mouths, piles of masonry through which water may run at some time or another, but which with many stacks of yawning, black pipes, and rusty, continuous lines of other pipes, stand up out of the surrounding soil as if some great tide had suddenly swept down, and, bearing away all but heavy matter, left them forlorn, dry, and useless. Every thing appears to begin in dust. Long lines of tottering plants and weeds, endless wall-barriers, gaunt telegraph-poles; some sickly, leafless, stunted trees project feebly upward, carrying upon them a whitish pall of the same dust, and appear to be well advanced in the process of crumbling, and of resolving themselves back to earth again, and also seem disgusted at ever having started from it.

By the road-sides, and also rising directly from the dust, and also carrying mounds and drifts of it upon every trifling projection, as well as every great one, you have some whitish decrepit two-storied inns, tottering all awry, out of shape and coherence, as if some earthquake had tossed them for miles, and finally allowed them to settle, bottom up. You find wretched bars by crossing cracked floors; some soiled, cackling geese stalking after some incessantly-screaming children; a veil of the inevitable dust thinly spread everywhere; a scant row of poisonous bottles, a perspective of mildewed walls, and a general atmosphere of rankness and unclean habit. The rears of these dismal structures sink away into muddy pools; distorted windows, which open upon bad air, look upon distorted and surprising landscapes; rusty iron funnels break out at all corners; and useless gutters, long since innocent of conveying water, hang broken and swinging from impossible eaves.

They have dangerous parodies upon porticos where tilting boards make footholds unsafe; and staggering pillars support dismantled roofs which are equally threatening. Whittled and well-worn seats

abound, occupied mostly by men and boys of two foul garments each, who stare and mumble, and who only speak to curse, even among themselves. In the winter it is fearful, in the summer it is horrible. Back of these rows of buildings, which confront the avenues, with rough signs giving out the fact of their publicity in uncouth flaring letters, dusty, like all else, there lives a strange people, dwellers in the pepper-boxed habitations before mentioned. They are the fag-ends of society, and live upon nothing, but are useful and amount to much. River-sailors, bargemen, day-laborers, cartmen, *chiffonniers*, dust-gatherers, licensed vendors, and the nameless throng of wretches who live by inexplicable means, descend upon open spaces, wherever found, and violently build their houses in a night, in the midst of the clamors of those who have preceded them to neighboring sites.

Decently-clad men of the city streets turn up here; those neatly-dressed, powerful women, with Indian-like faces and shrill voices, who are merchants of berries and fruits, are here the landed proprietors of many yards and sentry-box mansions. The daily recurring six o'clock p. m. witnesses a strange and hungry absorption of motley crowds, who plunge from organized streets and totally disappear. Factory-girls, proud of the ribbons of a month's savings; distillery and mill hands with gleaming pails; wearied teams owned by contractors in the fetching and carrying of dirt, more or less of which still soils them; pick-men and shovellers with their implements and outer jackets upon their arms, and who unconsciously work into a swaying file as they rapidly stride onward; begrimed boys, proud of a day's labor done, and which pride shows out in their glances; swarthy women with knotted bundles upon their erect heads, and whimpering children at their skirts; wearied *gamins*, who thus acknowledge the only law they know, that of satisfying hunger; and artful, uncouth beggars, of both sexes, habited in rags, and, by custom, in doleful countenances—all flow into this intricate region a great deal as if some Pied Piper of Hamelin were perched upon the high rocks, piping the same old mysterious seductive tune which drew the happy children from everywhere, or, as if the place were a huge sponge, sopping up unclean currents of humanity for the sake of the purity of all the rest.

It is as intricate as the Maze at Woodstock. Lanes set out, as did certain railways at Mugby Junction, with the brave intention of going somewhere, but only to bring up with ignominious shortness. Alleys stretch away for forty feet, and are then blocked by a dog-kennel, the abode of a family. Paths are tramped out over arid rocks and through knee-high weeds, with bridges of unsafe planks spanning greenish and purplish streams. Splinters of rock catch currents of sewerage, and some beautiful green leaves spring from out the foulness. All is confused, haphazard, and unintelligible. Ten seconds in one direction will balk you to the right, where ten more seconds will carry you through a domicile and over a precipice. Whitish houses, seven feet high, are the common staple, and each one is planted with an extravagant disregard of the position of the others. There is presented a wilderness of rough corners badly fitted and trimmed; bewildering half-views, with proportion and perspective gone mad; full-front-views, with gaping leather-hinged doors and glassless sashes which hang and tremble loosely, quite ready to drop altogether. The buildings back up upon one another in close contact, as if room were scarce; and then others, inconsistently with this idea, stand alone with tottering independence in a handful of sandy gravel, or upon bulging rocks. They are fixed upon steep descents, clinging to precarious shelves, apparently in great danger of slipping, or planted in miniature valleys where there is as much danger of being fallen upon. In the insufferable heat they seemingly shrink and crack, and to emerge from the clouds of dust which sweep down upon them in a weakened condition. Seen from anywhere, the prospect is most forlorn and comfortless. Nothing stands of itself, but all is braced, supported, wedged, and withed. Nothing is whole, but all is patched, mended, or wanting patching and mending. Nothing is new, but all is old, decayed, foreign to its present use, sadly out of place, and dispiriting in its raggedness and unfitness. Roofs are made of three times the necessary thickness by a continuous piling on of planks, stones, and of any thing which has a surface. Walls with no foundations slip and stagger under the heaps of strengthening ignorantly put upon them, and which makes them precarious and good for nothing. These strange habitations are multitudinous. Built of rubbish individually, they hold a rubbishy appearance collectively. Seeing them from above, below, and from all sides, and in all weathers, you have a spectacle of ideal misery.

But, as misery is only misery when felt by the miserable, and not as it is understood by the comfortable, this strange, gypsy-like, uncitizenized herd of some thousands, show none of it upon examination. They are simply a mass of stragglers, totally without vanity.

Pity and commiseration would be thrown back upon your hands. Their original capital is abject poverty, a lack of pride, and, in some cases, an ignorance of our language. With this stock in trade they begin life, and live it with a remarkable degree of comfort, as they understand comfort. Begging, a little shrewd stealing, and the gathering, separating, and reselling of refuse, require no money, and they trade in second-handed necessities among themselves.

There are many rumors of fierce feuds and *vendettas* among the dwellers in the place, arising out of disputed rights. Long and undisturbed occupancy of a certain spot, gives a supposed hold upon a certain view, a certain amount of air and light; and a hard way is his whose fancy inclines him to interrupt any of these privileges by erecting his own fig-tree. Certain it is that long tales are told of valorous demolitions, by the termagants of the intruded spots, who, in their turns, tell of fierce battles fought to establish their own now acknowledged claims.

Strange little gardens crop out into a dusty luxuriance of kitchen-stuff, intermingled with some tall-stalked, flaring flowers, and are laid out with an irregularity which is wonderful to observe. The fences which enclose them are marvels of ingenuity in composition; all kinds of refuse which will cover a hand's breadth going to make them up; and especially remarkable in point of obstruction to marauding geese is the fence of one Chôisé, an industrious *chiffonnier*, and a large capitalist in his way, and also a man of incorrigible hatred to intruders. Having this last peculiarity in a great degree, he has surrounded his little fortress, of two scant rooms and a beggarly stoop, with a remarkable wall. In it, interwoven among laths and upright splinters of wood driven into the ground, are fork-tines, scythe-edges, table-knife blades, sharp scraps of tin, pot-covers, coverless umbrellas, long hooks ingeniously fabricated of wire, many bent, unserviceable nails, and all metals which could in any manner inflict an injury upon an invader, and which the proprietor has selected in the course of four years of wandering. He is a man of establishment. On your approach to his fearful gate, you come upon a hand-cart duly labelled with his license, and properly road-stained, as any well-worked cart should be. Three dogs howl dismally as you apply at a fortified gate, and stand erect upon their gaunt legs, ready to fly at one with great ferocity. Their racket brings to view Chôisé's burly madame, who scowls by way of habit, but whose hard looks disappear at the sight of visitors, who are very welcome.

The dwarfed, uncouth dwelling, is an excellent example of all the rest which lie around it. It is built of odds and ends, and appears highly infirm and unsafe, and as though a moderate push would demolish it, and cause it to fly away in a cloud of splinters.

First comes a garden, as large as the top of an omnibus, and about as fertile. Some twenty pale cabbages languish among as many bowlders; and a few potato-hills, parched out of all promise of yield, lie brown and sproutless, gravely mausoleums of agricultural hopes. Some sunflowers, however, boldly raise their flaming heads, but nothing else masters the sterility. Three hogsheads, tilted upon their sides, serve for kennels for the three black dogs, whose harnesses encumber the little porch. Inside, Chôisé himself is to be found—a tall, attenuated, hairy-breasted, bright-eyed man of fifty, with stooping shoulders and slow utterance. He shakes hands as if he were clutching a valuable atom of coal which proved to have just come from the grate. He shows off his house and its belongings with much pride, and protests that he is happy, and doing very well in spite of the summer.

His main room contains a huge, brass-mounted, foreign-looking chest of drawers, an immovable bedstead beside a small window, whose sill holds a box of yellowish-speckled geraniums, a dining-table of small size covered with an enamelled cloth, and some chairs. About the walls is a print of the Crucifixion, some brightly-burnished pans, one or two porcelain pipes of enormous depths, with faded tassels, and some odd knick-knacks upon shelves.

Here is comfort. Every thing scrupulously neat, the bed-linen very white, the articles all in their respective places, and there is a general effect of decency, not to say taste. The other apartment is hung with sieves, rough, home-made affairs, patched with leather strips, and ingeniously kept whole by thongs, thus illustrating a sharp

economy. Sundry barrels crowd the way, and there is pendent from the ceiling a thick fringe of articles of prospective value, all of which have been scrupulously collected, and thus disposed like rusty ragged stalactites. There is an odd collection—some fire-burnt grates, handleless fire-shovels, chipped flat-irons, wooden rolling-pins, bunches of thick-necked bottles, resembling enormous grapes, cracked stove-castings, with numberless festoons of rope in various stages of uselessness and decay. At all these Chôisé looks admiringly, and fondly rings them with his professional poker with its curved end, which he always carries in his hand, as if to be ever ready to fall upon an accidental dust-heap and drag it to pieces.

There is an all-pervading smell of mustiness, as if the air were filled with carpet-fibre, or particles of decaying cordage, and a damp tumbled bed in one corner, looking miserably uninviting. Chôisé hints that it belongs to the boys, and instantly calls them, in a high key. Upon this, two young beings emerge from the gloom, caused by some barrels, holding in their hands the remains of a bread-and-butter breakfast.

"Look at 'em," cried Chôisé, "alwis munchin an grubbin, alwis stuffin' of themselves." Here the boys look reproachfully at each other, as if demanding what they meant by it. "I never see two such vultures, never. You can't fill 'em; ain't they vicious-lookin', eh?" They look any thing but vicious, or over-stout for that matter, but have the brown color and ruggedness of a couple of quick-witted tramps. Their trousers are rolled up to their knees, and they have enormous checked shirts, with other enormous articles of apparel, including felt hats. Chôisé regards them a moment in contemplative silence, and then breaks out in spontaneous admiration.

"I haven't any notion of grumblin' at 'em, bless 'em; it's only my play. I love to see 'em stuff, it's a mighty sign of heartiness. Them chunks of bread is so much siftin' and sortin' to me. Just look at them fingers, them long arms, made a-puppos for layin' out cinders and bones." The two boys here contemplate their own arms, as if this were an entirely new light to look at them in, and afterward take some surreptitious nourishment.

"That one to the right," continued Chôisé, who, though he bore a French name, had not the slightest foreign accent—"that one to the right, with the biggest bread, is a roarin' tiger after rubbage." He never by any chance mentions rubbish. "Put your barr'ls on the sidewalk of a morning, and he'll know it two blocks off, round the corner, even afore you've shut the door on 'em; that's strange, but true. And you should see 'em separatin'. Nothin' like it. 'Coal can't get away from 'em. Give us two heaps of ashes of the same size, and them young villins will beat me by an even peck to the two bushels afore my very eyes."

He again gazes upon them in mingled amazement and pleasure, as he feels the justice of his own summing up, and they, meanwhile, slip back sheepishly into the obscurity, to finish their bread uninterrupted.

Chôisé here leads the way to the garden again, where he thus notices the dogs, who are stretched in the hot sand, in grumbling contentment.

"Here's a curious set. Here's brains for you. Here's sharpness and knowin'ness. That one there, he's the middle one, he has the say of the other two, and a wonderful lot he is. He's partic'lar on such truck as bones. You can't get him past bones. Ah, and what would I give for such an eye for ashes as he's got! If you lopped his tail off with an axe, you couldn't hurt his feelin's more than to go by a box full of red-ash cinders. He'll howl as if his heart would break, and down he'll go onto the pavement and work hisself into such a tear that the crowd 'ud pitch me inter the river fur fo'punce; and so I have to go and get the ashes in spite of myself."

At this reflection, Chôisé wags his head with amusement, and glows upon the red-eyed, sulky, and rather doubtful-looking dog, with much the same fond admiration he previously lavished upon the boys. After some time he suddenly volunteers, under a hint of beer, to harness up his team. He rushes off into the house, uttering some voluble, unintelligible commands to his establishment as he goes, and quickly reappears in a frock of Dundee sacking, a rimless cap, with a twist of cloth about his waist, and a longer and more effective-looking hook in his hand. He plunges upon the patched and clumsy harnesses, and quickly adjusts them to the ready dogs, who, having minded his cries, have backed patiently up to the door. They immediately trot off to the cart, where the boys seize some diminutive

whippetrees and attach them to it, and then grasp three common barrels and place them within. Chöisé takes a rapid, field-marshal view, and then steps within the shafts, and after taking a professional position illustrative of watching dust-boxes and garbage-heaps, in which picture his dogs also participate, he then sets off in a short circle designed to show both sides, amid the unchecked enthusiasm of the boys and the pride of madame, who warmly asserts that "she'd know 'em in a howling wiljerness, for they're ez nat'ral as kin be."

A very ragged boy appears upon the scene with a slip of paper, which appears to be an order for coal, which Chöisé instantly fills, pocketing some money with much pleasure.

"Five shillin's a barr'l is the rulin' rate. We've got oceans of custom. There's a laundress beyond on the rocks, who takes as high as two bushel a day in good times. Then the beer-man he comes in for a couple of barr'ls very often. Then there's a hod here at ten pence, and a basket there for five pence, and the making of a kettle of water for less, and so with the bones and iron and junk gen'rally, we squeeze along."

Soon the whole family, madame included, dressed in some of the same Dundee sacking, go to work at a monstrous heap of ashes, having ready to their hands a formidable array of sieves, shovels, and barrels; and almost simultaneously disappear in a whirling cloud of fine reddish dust, from which comes a sound of rapid sifting, raking, breaking, and rattling. A whiff of wind discloses them occasionally, begrimed and half-choked, with their enveloping garments blowing fiercely about them, and their four brown faces transformed into dusty corrugated masks, while from their hands and feet there issues a stifling mass which envelops them, and for the time extinguishes them.

Chöisé's cottage, or rather hovel, is a pattern of most of those which surround it, though in some cases they lack its slatternly build, and show some taste, or attempts at it. The whole place is a great collection of numberless refuses in all senses, a grand heap to be moved on, as soon as intelligence and decency require its place, but as a feature, its forcible extinguishment would do much more serious damage than a sufferance of it would ever entail on the community.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER XIX.—YOU CANNOT LET ME HELP YOU?

WHEN Katharine entered the hall, the sounds which proceeded from the drawing-room assured her at once that the vigil of the ladies was over, and the fox-hunters had returned. On the staircase the first person she met was Annesley, who was descending as she went up. He stopped and held out his hand.

"Good-morning, Miss Tresham," he said, with a smile. "We are back again in a most dispirited and luckless condition—dogs and all fairly outwitted by a fox. Won't you come and take a game of billiards, and help me to forget it?"

"Not just now," said Katharine, hardly knowing what she was saying. "I—I am just going to my room."

He started a little, and still holding her hand, gazed earnestly into her face.

"Something is the matter," he said, quickly. "I never saw you so pale before. Katharine—Miss Tresham, has anybody done anything to annoy you?"

"Nothing," she answered, eagerly. "Why should you think so? Everybody is very kind. There!—please let me pass. I am not well."

"Something is the matter," repeated he, still oblivious of courtesy, and keeping his place before her. "If you would only tell me—if it is any thing I could set straight—"

"It is not any thing you could set straight," interrupted Katharine, almost wild to get away. "Mr. Annesley, will you—will you please let me pass? I have told you I am not well."

He moved aside, and, disregarding the pained look on his face, she

flew by, and the next moment he heard her chamber door open and shut.

The young man stood for a minute where she had left him—pain gradually giving way to surprise on his face. Then he went down, and, as he crossed the hall, his mother came out of the library and joined him.

"Are you going out, Morton?" she said. "I will walk with you a little way. I have something to say to you."

"I was not going out," he answered; "but I can go, if you wish to speak to me."

Without any further words, they passed out, and took the same path which Katharine and Miss Vernon had taken an hour or two before. After they had gone a short distance, Mrs. Annesley was the first to break the silence.

"Was that Miss Tresham you met on the staircase, Morton?"

"Yes, it was Miss Tresham," he answered, and in a moment it flashed across his mind that somebody had been guilty of slighting or annoying Katharine, and that his mother knew of it. "Something was the matter with her," he said. "I never saw her look so offended. She did not seem like herself at all. Somebody must have offended her," continued the young man, with suppressed anger in his voice. "Mother, if you know who it is, if any—"

"Stop a moment, Morton," said Mrs. Annesley, with dignity. "You forget that you are speaking of your own guests—of ladies and gentlemen who are incapable of being rude to any one. Nobody inside the doors of Annesdale has done any thing to wound or annoy Miss Tresham; but what has occurred outside of them," she added, significantly, "it is quite beyond my power to say."

"What do you mean?" asked Morton, to whom this distinction was quite unintelligible.

"I mean that something has happened which I think you ought to know. I was in the observatory an hour or two ago, showing the view to Mrs. Dancy, when I happened to have my attention directed toward the entrance gates. I saw two figures which I easily identified as Miss Tresham and Irene Vernon emerge from the shrubbery just as a man was entering the gates. Of course, at such a distance the action was rather confused to my sight, but I could distinguish very plainly that a recognition took place between the man and Miss Tresham, and that, after Irene Vernon had first gone on alone, he and she entered the shrubbery together. I thought it singular, but nothing more, until I went down-stairs, and, after a while, Irene came in—still alone. I asked her what had become of Miss Tresham, and she evaded the question. It was only when I told her what I had seen, that she acknowledged she had left Miss Tresham in the grounds with this stranger. She had evidently been requested to keep the matter secret, for she begged me not to mention it, and, of course, I shall not do so—excepting to yourself, who certainly have a right to know. When you met Miss Tresham, she was just coming in; and all this happened I should be afraid to say how long before."

"Did Miss Irene know the man?" said Morton, speaking very grimly.

"No, she had never seen him before. He was a stranger, she said—and young and handsome."

"And what explanation did Miss Tresham give to her?"

"She did not tell me. She was very reticent, and evidently disliked to mention the matter at all. I asked her why she had not urged Miss Tresham to bring her friend to the house. She replied she had done so; but that she—Miss Tresham—had declined."

"And there is no doubt of this?" said Morton at last, after a pause.

"There is not the least doubt of it," answered his mother. Then, after minute: "Morton, is it not all as I told you? Can such a woman as this be trusted?"

"What has this to do with the question of her being trusted?" he asked. "Do you think I will doubt the woman who is every thing to me, because some man—some friend or relation, perhaps, of whom we know nothing—comes to see her, and she, meeting him in the open air, keeps him there, instead of taking him into a house full of people like that yonder?"

"But why should she ask Irene Vernon to keep the matter secret, if it was only some friend or some relation, as you say?"

"Did Miss Vernon say that she had asked her?"

"No; but I saw very plainly—"

"You are determined to see every thing against and nothing for

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her, mother," he said, a little wearily. "Can't you put the matter as if it concerned somebody else?—can't you see that if it did concern somebody else, you would not think it of any importance?"

"I see that you are wilfully blind, and wilfully determined to go your own way," she answered. "Well, I have done my duty—I have warned you. Since you will not heed the warning, you must pay the penalty of your obstinacy and folly, but my heart sinks when I consider what a penalty it will be. We had better go back to the house now—I have a great deal to do."

They went back to the house, and did not speak of the subject again; but, though Morton had so summarily silenced his mother, he could not silence the thoughts of his own mind, or the throbs of his own heart. "What did it mean?" he asked himself again and again, with the same feeling which had overpowered him when that letter, which had been the direct consequence of his mother's act, had dropped from the pages of the "Adelaide." His perplexity was not ended, nor his anxiety stilled, by the fact that Miss Tresham did not appear again that day. She was lying down—she had a headache, he was told, when he inquired about her; and, with this most unsatisfactory information, he was obliged to be content, and make, or try to make, himself agreeable to a score or more of people. It was fine social training, no doubt, but very unpleasant in the process. Any thing that teaches you to conceal your feelings, and smile in the face of the world when your heart is breaking—if hearts ever do break!—is considered a benefit; and, certainly, Morton made great strides in this branch of social art that day. He had to hear a great many remarks from other people, too; for Langdon, Talcott and Co., were quite concerned for Miss Tresham's indisposition, and kept saying how very unlucky it was, and the ball that night, too! "There is no danger but that she will be well enough for the ball," said Miss Lester, who heard some remark of this description. "What! any girl in her senses stay away from the ball—and such a ball, too! I'll believe it when I see it, and if you care to wager, Cousin Tom, I'll bet you a new collar for Spitfire, that she comes down!"

"I'll wager, certainly, Maggie," said Cousin Tom. "A new collar for Spitfire, is it?—against what?"

"Oh, any thing you choose. Shall we say a purse? I wouldn't, if I was not sure that I shall not have the trouble of making it."

"A purse, then," said he, taking out his note-book, and entering an imposing register of the wager.

Dinner was early that day, for the ball was to come off in the evening, and it was necessary that the whole force of the establishment should be employed in preparation. This was the ball of which Katharine had spoken to Mrs. Gordon, of which she had thought as the first and greatest item in her Christmas enjoyment; and now it was with a sick heart and a throbbing head that she faced the prospect of it, and the necessity of rising to dress. As she lay on her bed with the room darkened, the fire burning with a soft, crackling content, a wet handkerchief over her aching eyes, and a bottle of cologne-water in her hand, some despairing thoughts on the perversity of human circumstances occurred to her. She had come to Annesdale meaning to leave her weight of anxiety behind, and to enjoy herself for a short time with the natural enjoyment of youth; and all of a sudden every thing was dashed with bitterness! Poor Katharine! Very stern troubles were staring her in the face, but still she had time to give a sigh to her murdered pleasure. "If it had only been the day after the ball!" she thought to herself—and it is to be hoped that she will not be accounted utterly frivolous for doing so!

She had at last risen languidly, and was looking with critical attention in the mirror, regarding her pale cheeks, her red eyes, and her swollen nose, wondering if it would be possible to bring all these features into order, or if she had not better make a virtue of necessity, and resign the ball, when the door opened and Miss Lester entered.

"So you are up!" cried this young lady, in her liveliest tone. "I am glad of that—glad because you are better, and because I have a wager on your going to the ball. You are going, are you not?"

"I was just considering about it," said Katharine, doubtfully, "Come and tell me what you think. I am looking frightfully, you see."

"I don't see any thing of the kind," said Miss Lester, whose opinion was rather biased by personal interest. "Your eyes are red and—your—nose—a little. But that is because you have been crying. If you don't cry any more, by the time you are dressed they

will be all right. Then you are pale; but a little rouge—do you ever use rouge?"

"Never."

"You don't think it a sin, do you?"

"I don't think any thing about it. As a matter of personal taste, I don't like, and don't use it—that is all. I confess, however, that the sight of it affects me very much in the same way that a coarse perfume does. The two things always seem to me to go together."

"I don't use it myself," said Miss Lester, philosophically, "but a great many girls do. I have a cousin who paints dreadfully. However, paleness is becoming to you—you are generally pale—and I think you might go down. Dancing will soon give you a color. If any personal arguments are needed, Cousin Tom is half crazy to see you, and Spitfire will get a new collar if you go."

Katharine thought of the unwelcome visitor whom Spitfire had forced upon her notice that morning, and felt very little of the grateful esteem which would have made her anxious to secure a new collar for him. But still she suffered herself to be persuaded—especially as she did not need very much persuasion—and, after a short gossip in the fading twilight, the serious business of the toilet began.

The ballroom at Annesdale formed a wing of the main building, and had been built by Morton since affairs came into his hands. It was a large, and (for a ballroom), decidedly tasteful apartment—ornamented sufficiently to avoid the look of disagreeable bareness, yet not overloaded by any means, and with every facility for light and warmth. It was a beautiful apartment, Katharine thought, as she entered it for the first time that evening, and saw the lofty ceiling painted in brilliant fresco, the double line of columns down the sides, the heavy green garlands that swung in festoons from one to another, and the lights glittering in every direction, shining on the scarlet holly-berries, and reflected back from the smoothly-waxed floor. On a raised stand at the upper end of the room, the band was peeling forth a march, and the guests, who had been lingering in the drawing-rooms, in the green-house, in the library, in every place that was thrown open to the public, began to pour in. A few couples were promenading in time to those strains, but with the majority there was an exciting rush to make engagements, and secure a desirable position in certain desirable ball-books.—"Are you engaged for the third set, Miss Josephine?"—"May I have the fifth on your list, Miss Annie?"—"Stand back, Tom, I have a word or two to say—Miss Mary, mayn't I have the second?"—"Bella, I wish you would remember that mamma don't like you to waltz."—"Certainly, Mr. Ford, you can have the pleasure of—the tenth set, did you say?"—"Dancey, who is your partner for the first cotillon?—Get one, man, in a hurry, and be our *vis-à-vis*—Miss Nelly's and mine."—"Stop there, George, stop—come here and help us to make up a set."—"A polka, did you say, Mr. Anderson? I never dance the round dances."

All this was sounding at once in Katharine's ears, as she stood near a large pillar, looking very pale and pretty in her white dress, wreathed with blue convolvulus, when Annesley came up to her.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," he said, hastily, "and I have only time for a word. Will you give me the second set, and save two or three more for me?"

"I cannot give you the second set," she answered. "It is Mr. Talcott's."

"The third, then?"

"That belongs to Mr. Hallam."

"The fourth—fifth—sixth—any thing! Permit me—" he suddenly leaned forward, and, taking the little ivory toy that hung at her waist, ran his eye rapidly over the list of engagements, scribbled his initials in two or three vacant places, then, with a smile and a "Thank you," was gone. A moment later, Mr. Langdon left the side of a young lady with whom he was negotiating for a waltz, and claimed Katharine's hand for the dance about to commence. The measure of the music changed, the confused mass of figures formed into magical squares, the wall-flowers of both sexes fell back and clustered around or beyond the columns, and the amusement of the evening began in earnest. To Katharine it would have been like enchantment, at another time; but now, above the sound of the music, the tread of dancing feet, the shifting to-and-fro of brightly-clad forms, she saw one face and heard one voice that banished all gayety from her heart, and took all lightness from her step. Despite her efforts to the contrary, she seemed so unlike herself that her appear-

ance struck a gentleman standing near the set in which she was dancing, a gentleman whose tall head towered somewhat above the throng of lookers-on—for all La Grange was in force there that night, the county people thinking nothing of a ten-miles' drive to Mrs. Annesley's Christmas-ball. His intent gaze caught Katharine's attention at last. In the course of *chassé* back and forth, she looked up, saw him, and smiled. "Oh, Mr. Warwick!" she said, in a tone that surprised her partner.

"Mr.—*who*?" he asked, looking round.

"Mr. Warwick," answered Katharine, still smiling, and nodding to Mr. Warwick across the set. "I am so glad to see him," she went on. "It is like a home-face in the midst of strangers. I must speak to him as soon as the cotillon is over. I want to ask about Mrs. Marks, and the children, and all of them. I feel—"

She stopped suddenly, and her face changed so much that her companion absolutely stared. A sharp recollection came to her of the difference that these few days had made in her life, of the man who had seen Mrs. Marks, and the inquiries which would meet her when she returned to the familiar house in Tallahoma. Of course Mr. Langdon understood none of this, and, seeing her hesitate and turn pale, he at once conceived a suspicion of Mr. Warwick, and glanced across the room at that gentleman. Being somewhat reassured by his sedate, middle-aged appearance, he took up Katharine's sentence.

"You feel—what? Not home-sick, I trust?"

"I feel as if it had been such a long time since I left home," she answered, absently. "That is always the case, you know, when one has been among new scenes and new people.—First gentleman and lady, did they say? You are the first gentleman, Mr. Langdon."

Meanwhile, Morton was dancing with Miss Vernon, in quite another set, at the upper end of the room. He thought, and so did a great many other people, that Irene had never looked more lovely than on that night. Fashions change very much in thirty years, and to describe her costume would probably be to bring a dreadful picture before the eyes of to-day; but everybody said how charmingly she was dressed, and certainly the shining pink silk that she wore, with rich point lace falling from her shoulders, was as becoming as possible. Then her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were bright, and her hair looked like spun gold, as it gleamed about her graceful head. Morton, who had never thought very much about her beauty, suddenly opened his eyes, and admired it with quite a fervor of enthusiasm. "I never saw you look so well," he could not help telling her more than once—though the remark strictly interpreted was any thing but a compliment.

"Perhaps you never looked at me before," she said, though she hated herself for saying it. "Nobody else seems to think that I am looking unusually well to-night."

"Shall we take a vote on the question, for I don't fancy the imputation of being a mole or a bat?"

"No, thank you. I'll take the fact of my unusual good looks or your unusual good-nature, for granted, in preference to that. *A propos* of appearance, don't you think Miss Tresham is looking very well?"

"Very pretty, but not very well. She is too pale."

"Yes, but she is one of the few people to whom pallor is becoming. And those morning-glories—are they not beautiful?"

"Yes," said Morton, catching a glimpse of the morning-glories in question, as their wearer moved forward in the dance. Then he saw his way to a sudden inquiry, and made it without loss of time.

"I met Miss Tresham on the staircase this morning, just after my return, and she seemed very much distressed and agitated. I hope nothing unpleasant occurred while you and she were in the grounds?"

"Nothing," answered Miss Vernon, with a reticence that did not escape his observation. "How did you know that I was in the grounds with her?" she added, with a keen glance at him.

"My mother told me," he answered. "Don't think that I was busying myself with matters which did not concern me," he added, with a quick flush coming over his face; "but when I met Miss Tresham, I saw at once that something had annoyed her, and I thought it might be something I could remedy, so I went to my mother"—at the moment, Morton really forgot that his mother had gone to him—"and she told me that you had been with Miss Tresham, and mentioned that she met some one—"

"I did not mention it at all," interrupted Miss Vernon, bluntly.

"Miss Tresham asked me—that is, I thought it likely she would not care for me to speak of the matter, so I was sorry Mrs. Annesley had seen the—the person come in the gate. I answered her questions, that was all. I shall not answer yours, Mr. Annesley, so I beg you won't ask any."

"I am not going to ask any," said Morton, a little amused. "I would not think of such a thing as meddling with Miss Tresham's affairs. But she seemed so much agitated—"

"Things agitate at one time, that would have no effect at another," said Miss Vernon, coolly. "I should probably be agitated if I was living in Russia and you suddenly appeared before me—though there is nothing at all agitating in seeing you here, you know."

"I understand. But Miss Tresham I am sure can have no reason for concealing—"

Miss Vernon interrupted him again, remorselessly.

"Miss Tresham did not ask me to conceal any thing, Mr. Annesley but I have learned by experience that silence is golden, and speech is silver—or base copper, rather, when it takes the form of silly tattling. I do as I would be done by. There are many reasons which might make me wish to conceal—that's a hateful word!—the visit of some embarrassing friend or relation, from people who had no right of espionage over my conduct, and so I am not quick to suspect other people for doing the same thing."

"Thank you," said Morton, before he knew what he was about. Then he added, with a blush: "You don't know how much I admire and respect such sentiments. There are not many women like you, Miss Vernon."

"There are thousands much better," said Miss Vernon, with a sharpness that quite took him by surprise.

While this conversation was going on, the cotillon ended, the last bows were made, and, as Mr. Langdon was leading Katharine away, Mr. Warwick came up to her.

"Shall we go into the drawing-room and get an ice?" the obliging Cousin Tom was saying, when he found himself summarily put aside. "Mr. Warwick!—I am so glad to see you," Katharine cried; and Mr. Warwick looked at her companion, as he said: "I have a great many messages for you, from Bessie and the children. Do you care about hearing them?"

"Of course I do," answered she, warmly; and upon this, she withdrew her hand from Mr. Langdon's arm, and took instead the one Mr. Warwick offered.

"I will see you again, when the fourth set comes round," she said, with a smile, to the former gentleman, and in this way he found himself deserted, just as he had flattered himself with the expectation of a pleasantly, uninterrupted *lété-à-lété*.

"So Annesdale and all its gayety has not made you forget Tallahoma and the school-room?" said Mr. Warwick, as they walked away. "I could hardly realize that you were yourself, when I saw you dancing a little while ago."

"If I am I, as I do think I be," said Katharine, with a laugh, "I have certainly not forgotten the school-room, or anybody connected with it, Mr. Warwick. How is Mrs. Marks, and how are the children?—did Sara and Katy go to see their aunt?—and has Nelly's cough given any more trouble?"

"Bessie and all the children are well, and sent you more love than I could carry—Katy and Sara did not go to their aunt's, and Nelly's cough is quite well, I believe."

"Has nothing happened since I went away? I feel as if a great deal ought to have happened."

"I think every thing has gone on exactly as usual, excepting that it may compliment you to hear that you have been very much missed by everybody. When Dick cut his hand the other day, he disgraced his manhood by crying because you were not there to bandage it up."

"Has Dick cut his hand? I am so sorry. How did he do it?"

"I was foolish enough to give him a box of tools as a Christmas-gift, and the result was three accidents in the course of as many days. Katy was very anxious to come with me to-night."

"I wish you could have brought her," said Katharine, sincerely.

They had left the ballroom by this time, and were in the drawing-room, which was thronged with people laughing, talking, eating ices, making picture-like groups everywhere.

"Is there a quiet spot to be found anywhere?" asked Mr. Warwick, looking round. "Twenty years ago, I might have liked this kind of thing; but now I find that I am very much out of my element."

You know those messages I told you about. Is there a quiet place in which I could deliver them?"

"Suppose we try the library," said Katharine.

They crossed the hall to the library, and found only one or two whist-parties in possession of it. At the farther end, a sofa was fitted into a sort of alcove between two bookcases, and to this Katharine led the way. She sat down first, and looked up at her companion out of the soft gloom—her white dress and the blue flowers in her hair showing in bright relief against the dark background.

"Will not this do?" said she, smiling; and somehow the little scene came back to John Warwick long afterward, touching him again as it touched him then.

"Yes, it will do very well," he said, sitting down by her. Then he added, suddenly, "You are looking very badly. Have you been sick?"

"Not at all," answered she, growing a little paler. "I have been quite well, and enjoying myself very much. Do you know that you have terribly keen eyes?" she added, trying to laugh, and not succeeding very well.

"I hope I have serviceable eyes," he answered; "but it would not require very keen ones to see that something is the matter with you. If you have not been sick, you have been worried—and that is worse. I may be blundering in speaking of it," he went on, "and, if so, you must forgive me, but I was struck by the change in your appearance when I saw you dancing."

"I have been sick all day," said Katharine, forgetting her contrary assertion of a moment back. "That is, I have had a headache and been in bed with it. One does not look very well after a thing of that kind."

"No," said Mr. Warwick, regarding her with a pair of eyes which, for the first time, she found uncomfortably penetrating. "If you have been in bed all day," he added, "I suppose you did not see a visitor, who called at Bessie's this morning, and whom she directed here?"

Dim as the light was, he noticed—he could not avoid noticing—the crimson tide which in a moment spread over her face and neck.

"Yes, I saw him," she answered; and, as she spoke, she gave a piteous, imploring glance, that reminded him of the look sometimes seen in an animal's eyes before the knife of the butcher descends and strikes home to the heart. Its unconscious pathos touched him; but the lawyer in his composition enabled him to persevere.

"Bessie's curiosity was quite excited," he said. "You know it takes very little to excite her, and it seems that the gentleman—whom she described as young and handsome—asked many questions about you. That was enough to form the groundwork of a romance, which she has been building ever since. Her only fear is, that you may be induced to leave her, and that, she says, would break her heart."

"Mrs. Marks is very good," said Katharine, forcing a smile. "But she need not fear. I am not likely to go away. The gentleman who called to see me was"—a pause, and a great gulp of rage and self-contempt—"was a person whom I knew in England."

"So he said," remarked Mr. Warwick, rather dryly.

"I hope he did not annoy Mrs. Marks in any way?" said Katharine, catching the intonation of his voice. "I—I do not think she is likely to see him again. He will leave Tallahoma in a few days—to-morrow, perhaps."

"He did not annoy her at all," Mr. Warwick answered. "I hope I have not said any thing to make you think so."

There was a pause after this. Katharine felt faint and sick, but she kept her seat—whatever he should say next, she must be ready to answer. Mr. Warwick, meanwhile, said nothing—his face looked somewhat severe, as he gazed past her; but that was its usual expression when at rest. In this lull, the voices of the whist-players sounded.

"Three by cards, and two by honors, sets us five, and four before, is nine."

"You should have returned my lead of spades, Mr. Barry, and we might have—"

"If you had led out trumps, as you ought to have done," cried an excited voice from the other table, "they could not have made a trick. I held every high diamond, sir, and every one of them trumped!"

"We threw away the game by that play of hearts, Mrs. Dargan. It gave them the lead, and then—"

This was the kind of talk which came in and bridged over Katharine's suspense. It is astonishing how oddly conscious people are

of such things at such times. When the last great struggle comes, and the soul is about to go forth, shall we, even then, hear and notice the bird that sings at our window, and the child who laughs in the street below?

"Miss Tresham," said Mr. Warwick, turning round abruptly, "do you remember the day we walked out to the pond, and I told you that something was preying on your health and spirits?"

"Yes," Katharine answered, "I remember it."

"And do you also remember that I asked you if I could do any thing to relieve you?"

"Yes, Mr. Warwick, I remember that also—very gratefully."

"Well, I don't wish to force your confidence, but one glance at your face to-night told me that the anxiety which I saw then had made greater strides—had, in fact, been realized. As I told you before, if it is any thing relating to ideal troubles, I can do nothing for you; but if it is real—if it is practical—Miss Tresham, remember that I am both a man and a lawyer, and that, in either character, I am ready to serve you."

"Mr. Warwick, you are very good—you are more than good," said Katharine, almost ready to give way to the childish relief of tears. "Don't—please don't think me ungrateful. I feel your kindness in my very heart, and—and thank you for it. But I cannot do any thing else."

"You cannot let me help you?"

"No—I cannot."

That ended the matter. After a minute, Mr. Warwick rose and offered his arm. "Your partners will be looking for you," he said. "I must not monopolize you so long. Have you any message for Bessie?"

"My best love, and tell her I will see her to-morrow."

"What, are you coming back to Tallahoma?"

"Not to stay—I promised to remain here until after New-Year—but on business. There is Mr. Talcott coming for me now."

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Miss Tresham," said Mr. Talcott, quite breathless. "The dancing began some time ago, and I am afraid we shall not get a place unless we make haste."

"Don't let me detain you," said Mr. Warwick. "Good-night."

"Shall I not see you again?"

"No, I only looked in to be able to tell Bessie how you are getting on. I am going back to town now."

He was as good as his word, and Katharine had no further glimpse of him that night; but amid all the music and dancing, the gay voices and bright smiles, his voice sounded, and she heard again and again the words, "You cannot let me help you?" Her heart gave back an answer, for every now and then she caught herself murmuring, "If I only could!—ah, if I only could!"

CHAPTER XX.—MR. WARWICK'S NEW CLIENT.

ABOUT the time that Katharine threw herself down on the bed, and was foolish enough to cry until she made her head ache, Babette was tramping along the road which led from Tallahoma to Morton House. She had been sent on an errand by her mistress, and was returning with two or three large parcels under her arm, disdainfully regardless of the fact that she was the object of much attention and remark on the part of several small boys in her rear. They knew better than to come within reach of her hand, of which more than one of them had felt the weight; but, taking care to keep at a respectful distance, they followed her beyond the corporate limits. Indeed, Babette was a sufficiently remarkable figure to excite attention in a place much more used to remarkable figures than quiet Tallahoma. Besides her usual foreign costume, she had, in consideration of the muddy state of the roads, mounted a pair of sabots, and in them she went boldly clattering along, with her dress tucked up even shorter than the walking-skirt of a fashionable girl of the present day. "Good gracious, aunty, where'd you get your shoes?" more than one audacious boy inquired; but aunty's short nose only went a little higher in the air, and her keen black eyes only gave a little quicker gleam by way of reply. Her fierce appearance quite awed the good folk of the village. They had an idea that she was a sort of dragoness, whom Mrs. Gordon had imported for special guard and defence. Poor Babette, whose temper was irascible, but who was really of an excellent disposition, and whose appearance only was against her, had no idea that when

she walked into a shop, with her large gold ear-rings bobbing on each side of her swarthy, stern-looking face, the clerks fairly quaked, and would have given any thing to avoid the perilous duty of serving her.

She was well served, however; and she had made her purchases and was finally on her way home—tramping along the narrow foot-path that ran by the side of the muddy road, close under the zigzag rail-fences, humming to herself in French a sort of jingling refrain, and now and then casting looks of defiance behind to see if any of her troublesome train were in sight. They had given up the pursuit, she found at last, and the gates of Morton House were almost in sight when a man's figure appeared, advancing with quick strides along the foot-path toward her. Babette hardly noticed him, her head being full of other things, for she was making a rough calculation mentally of the money she had spent, and deciding that she had been cheated beyond that point where forbearance is said to be a virtue. It was all her mistress's fault, however. She had bidden her buy the things, and never mind about the price. "Eh bien, if people will be extravagant!" Babette said to herself with a shrug. Meanwhile, the gentleman was thinking just as little of this strangely-clad figure clattering along the road to meet him. In fact, he did not notice her at all. He was thinking of other things, too, and gnawing his under lip as he had gnawed it in speaking of the money a little while before. It would be hard to tell which of them was thrilled with the strangest shock of surprise when they came suddenly face to face, and, looking up, recognized each other.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped Babette, and the parcels absolutely rolled out of her arms into the mud, as she stood helpless and aghast before him.

"What!—Babette!" cried the other, in astonishment evidently as great and uncontrollable as her own. He put out his hand and grasped her arm, as if to make sure of the fact of her bodily presence. But Babette rudely pushed him away. Evidently she had no more desire than Katharine had manifested to salute him cordially.

"Keep your hands to yourself, Monsieur St. Jean," she exclaimed, sharply. "Mon Dieu!—what are you doing here?—as if madame, poor lady, has not suffered enough for you to leave her in peace!"

"So your mistress is here!" said he, quickly. "Good Heavens! how near I was to going away without knowing it! Where—where is she, Babette?"

But the very question betrayed him. Babette saw that this encounter had been accidental, and that whatever reason had brought him here, the presence of Mrs. Gordon had no share in it. "How near I was to going away without knowing it!" he had unwittingly said, and Babette's ears were quick. So were her wits for that matter, and in a moment her reply was ready. She had no time for cunning subterfuge or evasion. The plain road to mislead him was in downright falsehood, and in downright falsehood she unhesitatingly took refuge.

"Madame is not where you are likely to find her, M'sieu St. Jean," she said, with ill-simulated triumph. "Thanks to le bon Dieu, she is far enough away, and it is not I who is going to tell you where she is. Ma foi! I would tell the devil sooner!" she added, bitterly.

"You are telling a lie," said the gentleman, coolly, "and that is not what I expected of a good Catholic like you, Babette. I wonder what the priest will say to this when you go to confession."

Babette's face fell for an instant; but she remembered what was at stake, plucked up courage, and answered boldly and volubly: "It is not for a scoffing heretic like you, M'sieu St. Jean, to tell Christian people that they are liars. I say that madame is not here, nor anywhere that you are likely to find her. And I'll thank you," she went on, raising her voice, "to stand out of the path and let me go on."

"Where have you been, and where are you going, and with whom do you live, if your mistress is not here?" asked St. John, coolly keeping his position in front of her.

"Mon Dieu! what business is it of yours?" demanded she, bursting into one of the sudden furies to which the servants of Morton House were well accustomed. "I shall tell you nothing," she continued, trembling with passion. "Madame is not here. I am staying with *une amie*—I have been to town to make purchases. If you will not let me pass, I shall go round you."

"Pass, by all means," said he, moving aside with a peculiar smile.

She carefully gathered her parcels out of the mud, and, hugging them close in her arms, marched stolidly by him—grateful for, yet half incredulous of, this welcome release. She had not gone five paces

before she heard his step behind, and knew that he was following her. Instantly she faced round upon him, her black eyes gleaming, and her swarthy face all aglow.

"Comment, M'sieu St. Jean!" she cried, indignantly. "You say I may pass, and, after I pass, you follow—you dog me! Call you this conduct of a gentleman?"

"If you won't give me any information, Babette, I must simply find it out," said he, laughing at her anger. "You needn't excite yourself. I am only going with you to your friend's. There is no harm in that, I am sure."

"Mon amie does not wish to see you," said Babette, almost out of her senses, with indignation. "She would sprinkle holy water if you came in sight of the door."

"I have no doubt of that," said he, still smiling so provokingly that she felt inclined to throw her muddy parcels in his face; "but still, I must accompany you."

"Eh bien! then I shall not go," said she; and, to his great surprise, she wrapped her shawl around her more comfortably, and sat down deliberately on a large stone that lay in the fence corner. Once seated, she looked up at him triumphantly. "I can stay here as long as you can, M'sieu St. Jean," she said, "and perhaps a little longer."

For the first time she had the best of the situation, and, for the first time also, St. John lost his temper.

"Confound you!" he said, savagely. "Do you suppose I am such a fool as not to know that your mistress is near at hand somewhere, and that you are lying like the father of lies himself? Do you suppose I can't find out without any help from you? I have only to walk into the village yonder, and ask a few questions, to learn all that I want to know. I shall ask them, too; and you may tell your mistress, with my compliments, that I shall do myself the honor of calling on her before the day is over."

With this, he turned on his heel, and walked off toward the town. Babette eagerly watched him out of sight; she even followed him to a bend of the road, and saw his figure vanish in the distance, before she could believe that he was really gone, and that he might not return and dog her steps. Then, as fast as the sabots would allow, she hurried to the house, making no pause until she had burst in upon Mrs. Gordon with the news which she knew would be to her the most unwelcome that could be told.

"Madame!" she cried, as the startled lady looked up from her cushions in astonishment; "madame!—Ah! what a misfortune! It is terrible!—it is enough to break one's heart," said the excitable Frenchwoman, almost sobbing; "but, as I was coming back from town, madame, I met—out here—in the road—Monsieur St. Jean!"

Mrs. Gordon, who had not done more than languidly cross the room for weeks, gave one convulsive bound from the sofa, and stood erect on the floor.

"Babette!" she gasped. More than that she could not say.

"Monsieur St. Jean!" repeated Babette, lifting her arm with a tragic gesture, as if she called upon Heaven to witness the truth of the fact she asserted. "I met him in the road, madame, not farther from the gate than you could throw a stone; and ah, mon Dieu!" said she, shaking her head, "what shall I have to suffer for all the lies I told!"

"St. John!" said Mrs. Gordon; and she had hardly said it when she grew white as a sheet, and sat down suddenly. "Yonder!—that phial on the table," she panted, brokenly, as Babette hurried to her. Well used as she was to these attacks, the maid was frightened—she had never before seen her mistress look like this; she had never known her face so ghastly, or her breath so painfully short. The severity of the paroxysm did not last more than a minute; but, when it was over, Mrs. Gordon sank back on the sofa utterly exhausted. "Wait—wait a little," she said, when Babette began to speak, and the latter had discretion enough to hold her tongue. She bathed her mistress's face for some time in silence, and it was not until Mrs. Gordon opened her eyes, and said, "Well, Babette?" that she broke into a voluble history of her encounter, and of all that had been said on both sides. By the time she finished, she had worked herself into such a state of emotion, that she was fairly weeping and wringing her hands.

"Madame, let us go!" she exclaimed. "Let us not stay here. He will come.—M'sieu will come—and he will take you and make you wretched. Madame, let us go!—Mon Dieu! let us go!"

"Soyez tranquille!" said Mrs. Gordon, faintly. "We must bear what we must bear, my poor Babette. But you need not fear—he will not take us again. Go and order the carriage."

"To leave here, madame?"

"No—only to drive me into town. Don't waste time, Babette—go!"

Babette went, and, when she returned, she found her mistress dressing with trembling haste. "My bonnet, Babette," she said; and, as Babette ran to seek the bonnet, which had not been used since her mistress entered Morton House, two months before, she could not help wondering vaguely what this sudden movement meant. Whatever it was, Mrs. Gordon certainly looked more like herself than she had done in many a long day before. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks were flushed, and, as she tied the strings of her bonnet, and drew the long crape veil over her face, she felt with a strange, wild thrill, that stagnation was over, and the breath of life and combat had come to her again. It made another woman of her. It gave her strength, and will, and purpose, that no one would have dreamed of her possessing as she lay languidly on her sofa, and watched one dull day after another go by. Before she entered the carriage, she had all the windows put up, and all the curtains put down. Then she bade the coachman drive to Mr. Warwick's office in Tallahoma.

To Mr. Warwick's office in Tallahoma the lumbering old carriage accordingly proceeded, rousing a good deal of interest in the quiet streets of the little village, and startling a group of loungers who were smoking their pipes in the bright sunshine outside Mr. Warwick's door. The lawyer himself was not of the number. A man had called on business, and he had taken him into the office about ten minutes before the carriage appeared. His astonishment, therefore, was great when two or three men came tumbling into his door without any warning, and all at once. "Warwick, here's the Morton carriage!" they cried, excitedly. "What the deuce does it mean? Can Mrs.—Mrs. Gordon be coming here to see you?"

"The Morton carriage!" repeated Mr. Warwick, startled, despite himself. "I don't know, I have no idea what it means," he added. "Are you sure it is coming here?"

Before the others could reply, the carriage drew up before the curbstone; and, the next moment, a half-grown negro boy appeared at the office door, cap in hand.

"Mr. Warruck, mistiss says she would like fur to see you on pa'tic'lar business, sir, if you is at leisure. If you ain't, she say she will come back when you is."

"Where is your mistress?" asked Mr. Warwick.

"In the carriage, sir."

"Tell her I will be there in a minute." He turned to his client, who was listening with open eyes and mouth. "Mr. Sloan, I am sure you will excuse me for deferring this business at present. Mrs. Gordon has come in from the country, and I can't put her off. Just leave the deed, and I will look over it, and you can call to-morrow."

Mr. Sloan was burning with curiosity, but the lawyer's quiet manner left him no room for appeal. He put down the deed, and made his exit, followed by the smokers. "Warwick won't want us, either," they said, and filed off without waiting for a hint to that effect. No sooner was the coast clear, than Mr. Warwick, who certainly would not have hesitated to say that he did not want them, went out to the carriage and opened the door.

"How are you, Mrs. Gordon?" he said, courteously, shaking hands with the black-draped and closely-veiled figure inside. "I am quite at leisure to attend to your commands. Will you come into my office, and let me hear what I can do for you?"

"Are they all gone?" inquired Mrs. Gordon, who had taken an observation through the carriage-window. "I wish to see you alone."

"They are all gone," he answered, extending his hand again, to assist her from the carriage.

She descended rather feebly, as he observed, and, feeling the worse for her unusual exertion, leaned heavily on his arm as they crossed the pavement. When he caught a glimpse of her face, as she put her veil partially aside on entering the office, it looked so pale, that he was afraid she might be about to faint. He placed her in a chair beside the fire, closed the door, and went hastily to a side-table, where he poured out a glass of water, and brought it to her. "Will you let me suggest that you are too much muffled up about the face?" he said. "Permit me—" and he drew the masses of crape back, as she put the water to her lips for a moment. Seeing her countenance thus more distinctly, he was shocked by its appearance, and confirmed in his dread of a fainting-fit. He pulled a small table that was close by, to her elbow, and set the glass of water, which she now gave back to him,

upon it. Then he crossed the room to one of several walnut bookcases that were ranged around the walls, opened a door that revealed to sight three shelves full of respectable-looking volumes bound in calf, while the fourth, and lowest, seemed to be doing duty as a sideboard. From among two or three decanters he selected one, also a wineglass, and returned to Mrs. Gordon's side.

"You look very pale, very ill, I may say," he remarked; "drink this wine. It will do you more good than water."

"Thank you," she said, taking the wineglass which he had just filled. "You are very kind. Yes, I believe I need it."

She drank part of the wine, put the glass on the table, and turned to him. "Sit down," she said, with a slight motion of her hand toward a seat opposite. "I shall not faint, and I have a great deal to say to you."

It was some time before she spoke. Whether it was the memory of the past—of the different manner in which they two had once known each other—or whether it was merely the all-absorbing thought of the threatening present, something overpowered her, and it was some time before she could collect herself sufficiently to break the silence. At last, with an effort, the first words came.

"Mr. Warwick, for a reason that I will tell you presently, I stand in need of the advice of a lawyer. I have come to apply to you for that advice. But, even more than I need a lawyer, I need a friend, and the service that only a friend can render me. I venture, therefore—you may think without any claim—to ask if you remember the old time sufficiently to care to render me this service?"

"Mrs. Gordon must surely have forgotten that she was once Pauline Morton, before she could ask me such a question," said the lawyer, flushing slightly. "There are hereditary claims of friendship between us," he went on, hastily, as he saw an answering flush rise to the pale face opposite him, "and there is, moreover, a particular claim. When I was a struggling boy, your father aided me in a manner I can never forget. What I am to-day, I owe to his generous kindness. I will gladly do any thing in my power to serve his daughter."

Mrs. Gordon understood, as not many people would have done, the delicacy which made him speak thus—which made him allude not to herself, but to her father. Understanding it, she appreciated what she had only felt before, that this man could indeed be trusted, and that he spoke truly when he said that he would do "any thing" to serve her. Instinctively she held out her hand.

"Thank you," she said. "I felt sure that I might rely on you; but I am glad to hear you say that you will help me. Ah, it is a terrible thing to be a woman," said she, looking at him with pathetic eyes. "If I were like you, I should not need help."

"We all need it in some form or other," answered he. "None of us are so strong as to stand quite alone."

"But it is only a woman who is entirely at the mercy of another; who may be crushed in a hundred different ways—each more cruel, more bitter than death. Mr. Warwick, tell me—what power, short of murder, does not the law give a man over his wife?"

"It gives him a great deal," said Mr. Warwick, regarding her keenly, and reading the excitement written on her face. "But what interest has this subject to you? A widow—"

He was stopped by a gesture from her. Suddenly she extended her hand, and taking up the wine, drank it off. Then she put down the glass with a ringing sound, and, leaning forward, looked steadily into his eyes.

"God forgive me!" she said—"God forgive me that I am forced to say it, but He has not been kind enough to set me free. The first thing I have to tell you is that I am no widow. My husband"—the word nearly choked her—"is living."

Mr. Warwick started, but the surprise was not nearly so much of a surprise as might perhaps be imagined. He had suspected something like this before. It is hard to tell what slight circumstances first sowed the seeds of suspicion in his mind, but he had long felt an instinct that Mrs. Gordon's seclusion and impenetrable reticence were not characteristic of a widow, but of a woman who had still something to fear, something to hide from. Then, no one knew the business of the Morton estate as he did, and he had not failed to make his own comments on the fact that, in taking possession of this estate, Mrs. Gordon had absolutely refused to go through any of the usual legal forms. There was no one to contest her claim, she said, and so she quietly assumed her right of control without any sanction from the

law. Over this obstinacy, Mr. Shields shrugged his shoulders. "It's a woman's notion of doing business, Mr. Warwick," he said. But Mr. Warwick himself was of a different mind. He suspected how it was; though the suspicion scarcely took definite form in his brain. He had other and more important things than Mrs. Gordon's private affairs to consider; and notwithstanding the boyish sentiment for which his sister still gave him credit, Mrs. Gordon herself was no more to him than any old friend, liked sincerely—liked with a certain tenderness, perhaps, on account of the past—but making no part of his daily life. And so it was, that he felt very little surprise when she told him that she was not a widow—that her husband was living.

"Do not blame me more than you can help," she went on, as he did not speak. "Do you remember how proud I used to be in the old time? Well, that pride has not quite been crushed out of me. I could not bear to come back here and tell these people what bitter shipwreck had overtaken me! I could not bear to spread before them the history of—of such a life as mine!"

"Why did you come back at all?" said he, hardly knowing what else to say.

"Because it was a place of refuge—and I had no other. Because it was the one place in the world where he was least likely to come—least likely to think of searching for me. When the last awful blow fell," said she, growing fearfully white, "I looked round despairingly and wondered where I could go. Then, like a relief from Heaven came the thought of my father's house. Here I could be safe, here I would be untroubled, here I might live and die unmolested by him. But I have only been at peace a little while. To-day Babette met an agent whom he has sent in search of me."

"An agent?"

"An unscrupulous tool, whom he retains for uses of this kind, named St. John. As soon as he conveys the information of my whereabouts, that man—my husband—will come here. It is not me he wants, it is Felix—but if he takes the child, he must take me too. What I wish to ask you is this"—she rose, and stood before him, with an eager yearning in her eyes—"can he take him from me? Does the law give him that power—here?"

The lawyer's heart was touched with pity for her; but truth was uncompromising, and must be told. "If he can prove that he is his father, it gives him that power anywhere."

The woman—the helpless creature to whom the law gave no power—sank down again into her chair, and covered her face with her hands. When she looked up at last, that face was tense and bloodless.

"Then I must ask that service of which I spoke a short time ago," she said. "Will you take my poor boy, and put him somewhere—away from me—where he will be in safety, and—and cannot be found?"

Mr. Warwick started, and, for a moment, looked more than surprised—in fact, he looked almost aghast. Here was a proposition indeed! that a lawyer who respected the law as the most sacred of earthly obligations, should be instrumental in evading it!—that a man who was full of the dominative opinions of his sex, should lend his aid to a scheme that removed a child from the just control of its father! Pauline Morton certainly stretched the cord of ancient friendship to its utmost tension, when she made such a demand of him.

"Mrs. Gordon," he said, gravely, "I would do any thing to serve you—any thing that was right; but I am not sure this would be right. A father always has a paramount claim to his child."

Instantly all the woman in her blazed out upon him.

"A paramount claim, given by whom?" she demanded. "It is you men that make the laws that grind poor women to the earth—not God, not religion, not any thing that should be respected! It is you who tear the very hearts out of our breasts, and then talk of right and power to do so. Yes, you have a right—the right of the strong to trample the weak! You have a power—the power of the master over the slave! God knows there is no other. But I might have been sure a man would never help me against a man. Therefore, I shall do what must be done, myself—and only ask you not to betray me."

"Stop, Mrs. Gordon," he said, as she rose and moved toward the door. "Stop a moment," he added, following her. "You must not leave me like this. Remember that I have not refused to help you."

I stated a general fact when I said that a father has a paramount claim to his child. It is certainly true, as a general fact; but in particular cases, that claim is sometimes forfeited. If I am to serve you, I must do so with my eyes open—I must know whether the claim has been forfeited in this instance."

"I think I can convince you of that," said she, faintly, as she sat down again. "I am not strong enough for such violent emotion," she went on, panting slightly. "Wait—wait a little, and I will tell you all."

"Take your time," he said, kindly.

"If I do that, I should never speak at all," she answered, hurriedly. "I must do it at once. You heard of my marriage some fifteen years ago, did you not?"

"We heard of it vaguely. You kept up no communication with Lagrange, you know."

"I married a Captain Fraser, an English officer," she went on, apparently unheeding his reply. "I was very much in love with him," she said, with a trembling, scornful smile; "and he—well, he seemed to be in love with me. I was beautiful then, you know, and I had been very much admired. He was highly connected, and he was very handsome—I honestly believe that those were the only reasons I had for liking him. I thought myself able to judge of character, and rank and good looks dazzled me, as they might have dazzled any village school-girl. Well, I married him, and I cannot tell you of the life I led afterward. Look at my face. Every hour of it is written there! Captain Fraser left the army, and we lived on the Continent—there is not a city of Europe that is not full of bitter memories to me. After my mother died, the life grew worse. My husband was dissipated, and recklessly extravagant. My poor brother"—her voice almost choked her—"helped me as much as he could. It was my demands that went to impoverish the estate, and—and I hear that he has all the blame of it. As time went on, and matters grew worse, I would have separated from my husband, if it had not been for Felix. He, who was my youngest child, alone lived, and I could not leave him. It would have been better, perhaps, if I had done so, for"—she stopped here, and something like a ghastly horror came over her face—"for as matters grew no better, as ill-usage increased, my brother at last lost patience. He met us at Baden, where Fraser was at his worst, and—and there was a violent quarrel. I don't know how it was—I have never heard any particulars—but he—my brother—was killed by that man whom the law calls my husband!"

Almost unconsciously, Mr. Warwick uttered an exclamation of horror, but white as was her face, parched as were her lips, she hurried on:

"The next day I was half mad, and I did not know where to turn; but on one thing I was determined—that was, never to see him again. He and this St. John had been obliged to leave Baden, but he sent me word to go to Scotland, where we had been living for some two or three years—I forgot to say that an uncle had died, and left him a large estate, with the condition that he assumed the name of Gordon. Instead of going to Scotland, I came to America. He knows how I always hated the country, and I was sure he would never look for me here—besides he had hardly more than the vaguest idea of where Morton House was situated. I relied on all this, and I thought I might live here, and—and train Felix to be a gentleman. But you see how it has ended! I might have known I could not defy the cunning of these two. It is Felix they want—not me! If they take him, it will be to make him what they are themselves. And sooner than see him that," she cried out, passionately, "I could find the strength to kill him with my own hands!"

Without a word, Warwick rose from his seat, and took two or three turns up and down the room—then suddenly came back and stood before her, looking at her worn, haggard face. "My God!" he said, "what you must have endured! And you went away from us for this?"

"Yes, for this. Don't—don't speak of the old time. I cannot bear it now," she cried out, suddenly.

"No, I will not speak of it," he answered, kindly. "I was only thinking—it seems hard that mistakes should sometimes be punished as bitterly as sins. Well, you were right. I will help you to the very utmost of my power. As long as I can prevent it, the man of whom you speak shall never obtain possession of your son."

"But the law—"

"Such a man as the one you describe is not likely to have recourse

to the law, in the first place—especially in a foreign land. But, if he did, the law could only assign the child to him; it could not find him for him. Get Felix ready for a journey, and I will arrange my plans, meanwhile, and will communicate with you to-morrow at latest. Do not be surprised or unprepared if I call for the child at a very early hour in the morning. That is, if there is need of haste in the matter."

"Yes, yes—there is great need of haste—immediate haste. I do not know how near my husband may be. Probably he is in America."

"This St. John cannot himself molest you?"

"Not unless he were to entice Felix away. The child was always very fond of him—he might do that," said she, suddenly rising, with terror in her eyes. "I must return at once to Morton House. He told Babette that he was coming there. Good Heavens! I don't know what may happen while I am away."

Mr. Warwick did not attempt to detain her. He saw that it would be cruel to do so. Her fears were causeless, for Babette was fully alive to the danger, and St. John could sooner have snatched Felix from the den of a lion than from Morton House, guarded by her, and garrisoned by a troop of servants; but all the same it would have been useless to reason with, and still more useless to detain, a woman whose nerves were strung to the pitch which Mrs. Gordon's now were. He saw this, and opened the office-door. "I will see you to-morrow," he said, and, as he said it, she uttered a sudden, half-stifled cry, and caught his arm—

"There!—there!" she gasped, shrinking back into the room, and pointing eagerly across the street.

His eyes followed the motion of her hand, and he saw a slender, well-dressed man sauntering along. "That is the man?" he asked, though the question was almost unnecessary.

"It is St. John!" cried his companion, with a wild burst of tears. "It is the wretch whom I have not seen since—since—"

He put her gently into a chair, and said in a quiet voice, the very tones of which were reassuring, "Trust to me, and try and compose yourself. If you allow yourself to become unnerved in this manner, you will put yourself entirely at the mercy of this man, if, by any accident, he succeeds in gaining admittance to your presence. And the child—you must think of him. For his sake, endeavor to control yourself."

Without waiting for a reply, he turned and walked to the window, and followed Mr. St. John's retreating figure with his eyes, as far as it could be seen. It was a good thing that Mr. St. John was thinking deeply; or that keen glance might have made itself felt—not comfortably. Few men like to be scrutinized in that searching fashion; and this man especially had good reason for avoiding it. When he finally turned a corner, and was out of sight, Mr. Warwick went back to his companion.

"He is gone," he said, gently. "Let me put you into the carriage now, Mrs. Gordon."

She extended her hand silently, and he conducted her out. After she was in the carriage, and the door had been closed, she leaned forward and spoke. "God bless you!" she said. That was all; but the words, and the sound of the rich, sweet voice that had spoken them, lingered with him long after he went back into his office, and sat down to Mr. Sloan's deed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, the oldest institution of learning in the city of New York, was founded about the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1746, the Legislature authorized two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds to be raised by lottery toward the founding of a college, and in 1751 three thousand four hundred and forty-four pounds having been raised, that sum was vested in trustees, and in 1754 the college charter was granted. In 1753, the trustees elected Dr. Samuel Johnson, of Stratford, Connecticut, the first president of King's College, as the institution was then called. Soon after the incorporation of the college, Trinity Church presented it with all the land between Barclay and Murray Streets, from Church Street to the North River. Upon this land the erection of a suitable college build-

ing was commenced, and on the 23d of August, 1756, the cornerstone was laid, and in May, 1760, the building was so far advanced that the officers and students began to lodge and mess there. The building which was then erected formed the central portion of the edifice in Park Place, occupied by Columbia College until 1857. Dr. Myles Cooper, who succeeded Dr. Johnson in 1763, gives the following description of the situation at that early day:

"The college is situated on a dry, gravelly soil about one hundred and fifty yards from the banks of the Hudson, which it overlooks; commanding, from the eminence on which it stands, a most extensive and beautiful prospect of the opposite shore and country of New Jersey, the city and island of New York, Long Island, Staten Island, New York Bay and its islands, the Narrows forming the mouth of the harbor, etc., and being wholly uncumbered by any adjacent buildings, and admitting the purest circulation of air from the river and every other quarter, has the benefit of as agreeable and healthy situation as can possibly be conceived."

The building had a cupola surmounted by an iron crown, in honor of King George II., after whom the college was named. This crown was, at the time of the Revolution, sawed off and placed in the college library, where it is still preserved. We give an illustration which represents King's College as it stood just before the Revolution. It is copied from an old engraving in the college library. In those days the discipline was very strict, and great attention was paid to all points of etiquette. Among the old statutes we find the following: "If any student shall pass a professor without lifting his hat, he shall be fined two shillings."

The college remained unchanged until the time of the Revolutionary War, when its exercises were necessarily suspended. The president, Dr. Cooper, was a Tory, and distinguished himself in many of the political contests of the day. Among his opponents was Alexander Hamilton, whom Columbia is proud to reckon among her *alumni*, though, owing to the troublous times in which he entered her walls, he was not enabled to complete his academic course. Dr. Cooper, having become very obnoxious on account of his political principles, was obliged to leave this country and flee to England, and the Rev. Benjamin Moore, afterward Bishop of New York, succeeded him as temporary president. But this office in a few months was rendered a sinecure in consequence of the college being converted, in May, 1776, into a military hospital. Most of the apparatus and books disappeared, but some seven hundred volumes, after having for many years been considered as lost with the rest, were found in a room leading off from one of the galleries of St. Paul's Chapel. The college library contained at the time of this dispersion many valuable works. All the governors of the province had made donations to it. And these, together with the gifts of Dr. Bristowe and the Earl of Bute, and a copy of each of the books issued from the University Press at Oxford, had laid the foundations of a very fine and extensive library.

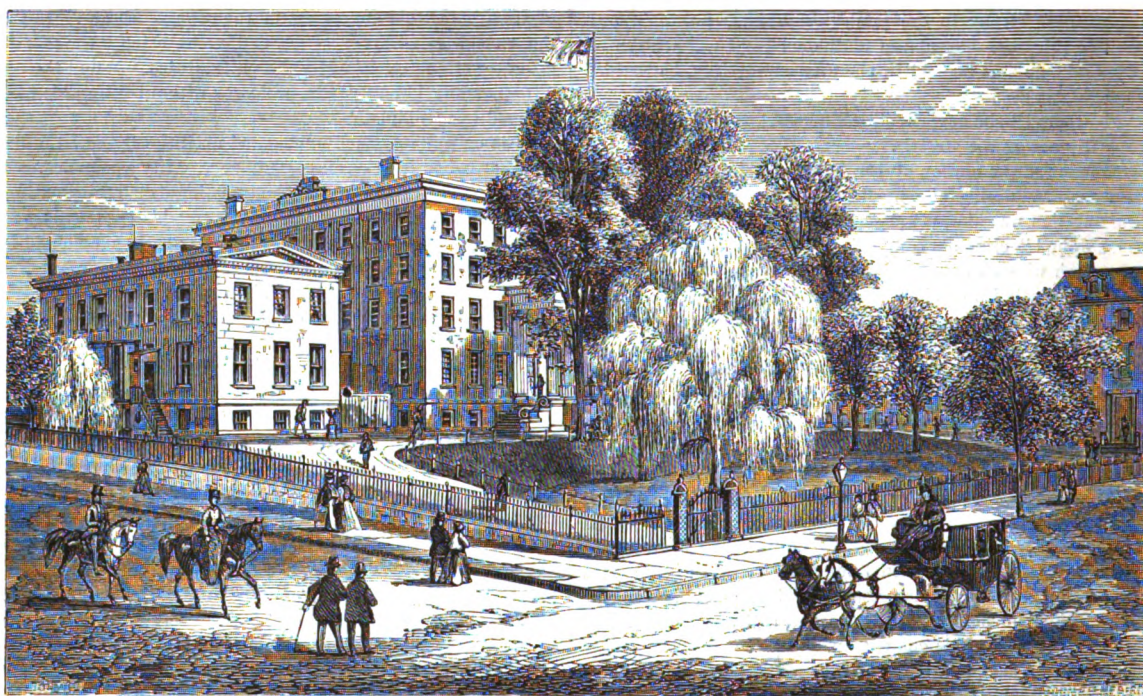
After the close of the war, an act was passed, in 1784, changing the corporate name of the college, and placing the institution under the control of a body of officers styled the Regents of the University. Governor Clinton, as governor of the State, became, *ex officio*, the first chancellor. De Witt Clinton, afterward so celebrated in the history of this State as the projector of its great system of canals, was the first student of the new university. But the plan of a university not being successful, three years afterward the college was restored to its original condition, the name, however, being changed from King's to Columbia. The Board of Regents was continued, but after this time they had general supervision of all the educational institutions of the State. Dr. William Samuel Johnson, a son of the first president, was, by a singular coincidence, made the first president of the college under its amended charter. Dr. Johnson was succeeded in 1801 by Dr. Wharton, who, after a few months, resigned the position, and Bishop Benjamin Moore was appointed president. He had been the temporary president through the war. Under his charge the building was altered somewhat and enlarged. Mr. Harris succeeded him in 1811. During his presidency, in 1816, the grant of the botanical garden of the late Dr. Hosack was made to the college, with the condition that it should be removed there within twelve years. But, some five years afterward, this condition was rescinded. This piece of ground consisted of about twenty acres, situated between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and Forty-seventh and Fifty-first Streets. It was laid out by the late Dr. David Hosack, and called the Elgin Botanic Garden. Here were gathered plants from all parts of the world, either exposed

to their native elements, or protected in suitable conservatories. It was the only collection of the kind in the country, and consequently excited a very great interest among scientific men. Here Dr. Hosack, as Professor of Botany in Columbia College, delivered his lectures. The doctor was a very genial as well as a very learned man, and it was always his custom to terminate his course with a strawberry festival, saying: "We are practical, as well as theoretical, the fragaria is a most appropriate element; Linnaeus cured his gout and protracted his life by strawberries." Dr. Hosack, after he was obliged to discontinue this garden, gave it to the State, by which, as we have already related, it was presented to the college. It now forms by far the most valuable portion of their property, and for the most part is already covered with magnificent mansions. What was then three miles out of town, and worth only two hundred and fifty dollars an acre, is now almost in the heart of the city, and worth millions. In Dr. Harris's presidency the buildings were very much altered, two wings for professors' houses were erected, and a new library and chapel. Soon after Dr. Harris's resignation, which occurred in 1829, that learned jurist, the Hon. William A. Duer, was appointed to succeed him. During his administration, many important changes were

made, but the project, though it met with the general approbation of the learned and scientific men of the city, never seemed to be received with the same favor by the general public. The lectures were very poorly attended, so that, after a few months, the trustees were compelled to discontinue them. Marsh's lectures on the English language, which are now published in book form, were originally delivered in this course.

In 1858 a law department was created, under the name of Columbia Law School, and a building was procured for it in Lafayette Place, opposite the Astor Library. This school has been unusually successful; after an existence of only twelve years, it has upon its rolls nearly twice as many students as the Harvard Law School. Here, besides the ordinary courses of lectures, occasional courses are delivered on special subjects by some of the first jurists of the country. It already has a fine library, including the entire collection of the late Chancellor Kent, with many other valuable works.

Two years later an arrangement was entered into by which the College of Physicians and Surgeons became the Medical Department of Columbia College. At the time of the establishment of this institution, forty-seven years before, the then medical school of the col-



COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—THE PRESENT BUILDINGS.

made in the course of study, and a new course was established, open to all who chose to attend, called the Scientific and Literary. Dr. Duer retained this position for about thirteen years, when he was succeeded by Dr. N. F. Moore, who, in turn, in 1849, was succeeded by the late Charles King. Soon after his election, the trustees began to consider seriously what should be done with their Botanic-Garden property. Though it had now grown to be quite valuable, it had not hitherto been made available, and had been a burden instead of a source of income to the college. It was finally decided to lease it, and it was soon after broken up into lots. This action gave a new impulse to the subject of removal, which had been long talked of, and was soon after rendered necessary by the proposed extension of Park Place through the college grounds. A number of sites were considered, but finally that now occupied by the college, on Forty-ninth Street and Fourth Avenue, was selected as being at once accessible and somewhat retired. The buildings were those formerly used by the State Institution for Deaf Mutes. They are not very handsome, but they are substantial, and on the whole well adapted for the purpose. Since then two other buildings have been erected, one for a laboratory for the newly-established School of Mines, and the other a house for the president. After the removal of the college to the new site, the trustees attempted to carry out the plan of a post-gradu-

ate course, but the project, though it met with the general approbation of the learned and scientific men of the city, never seemed to be received with the same favor by the general public. The lectures were very poorly attended, so that, after a few months, the trustees were compelled to discontinue them. Marsh's lectures on the English language, which are now published in book form, were originally delivered in this course.

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gineering. This could very easily be done by the appointment of one or two additional professors, as much of the ground now travelled over is common to the two subjects. The faculty of this school now num-

of different minerals, and is constantly receiving accessions from all parts of the world. Adjoining the Museum, in the building on Fourth Avenue, is the paleontological collection of Dr. John S. Newberry.



COLUMBIA COLLEGE AS IT WAS IN 1840.

ber fifteen professors and assistants, forming the largest and most complete scientific faculty in the country. The buildings are within the college grounds, and, though not remarkable for elegance, contain a great deal of room, and seem to answer their purposes very well.

This remarkable collection, whose value is estimated at over forty thousand dollars, is considered by scientific men to be one of the most complete geological museums in the world.

Passing from the buildings of the School of Mines, we first come



OLD KING'S COLLEGE.

In the upper story of the building, on Fiftieth Street, is the Museum of the School of Mines. This, considering the short time it has been established, is a fine collection. It consists chiefly of specimens

to the college library and chapel. These are both located in the same building, the chapel being in the first story, and the library in the second. The chapel is very plain. Benches are arranged along the

walls for the students, and the professors sit upon a raised platform in the front; the chaplain occupies a small pulpit against the wall, and before this is the president's chair, which is the same chair in which Franklin presided at the meetings of the Institute in Philadelphia. Over the chapel is the library, which, though it is not very large, is a choice collection of books. Upon the shelves are many rare and valuable works, and, hanging upon the walls, are portraits of the old college presidents and many of the more distinguished professors.

Leaving the library, and turning to the right, we come to the main college building, in which are situated all the lecture-rooms. Ascending the staircase on the side of the building toward the library, the first room we come to was occupied by the late Professor Anthon. The walls of the room are hung with portraits of eminent Greek scholars, such as Porson, Hermann, and others of like character. The doctor was an able and indefatigable instructor, and, though somewhat strict, always endeared himself to his pupils. Dr. Short, the Professor of Latin, now occupies the room.

The next room is the president's. On the same floor are three other lecture-rooms, but, as they have no particular associations connected with them, we will pass them by, and ascend the stairs. Here, at one end of the hall, are the rooms of the Professors of Mathematics and Astronomy, and at the other those of the Professors of Greek and German. Ascending still higher, we come to the lecture-room of the Department of Chemistry. This is somewhat larger than those which we have seen hitherto. The seats rise one above the other, and the room is provided with galleries. All the instruction in this department is given by lectures, illustrated by suitable experiments. On this floor are also the rooms of Dr. Torrey. These contain his immense herbarium, a magnificent collection, which is equalled in size by only one or two in the country. This is the collection from which "The Flora of America" was compiled. Here Dr. Torrey delivers lectures on botany to those of the senior class who choose to attend them.

The only remaining lecture-room is that of the Professor of Physics. This is by far the finest room in the building. It is lighted by windows in the front and rear, and by a dome in the centre of the ceiling. All the instruction here is also by lectures. The apparatus is contained in glass cases, arranged around two sides of the room and the galleries. It is very extensive and very fine, particularly the instruments for polarizing light. Here is the largest Nicol's prism which has yet been constructed, the first Holtz's induction-machine which was ever brought to this country, and many other rare and curious instruments.

We have now completed our survey of the college-buildings, and will conclude with a few words about the government and internal direction of the institution.

The college is under the direction of a Board of twenty-four Trustees, of which the Hon. Hamilton Fish, our present Secretary of State, is the chairman. Four of these are *ex-officio* members, the rector of Trinity Church, the senior minister of the Reformed Dutch Church, the senior minister of the Presbyterian Church, and the president of the college.

The branch schools are managed by a committee of the trustees, with associate members, except the School of Medicine, which has trustees of its own. The whole faculty of the college consists of the president, with seventy-two professors and assistants, of which twenty belong to the School of Letters, or the college proper, and the remaining fifty-two to the associate schools.

The present president is the Rev. Dr. Barnard, who succeeded Dr. King in 1864. He was for many years Chancellor of the University of Mississippi. It was under his direction that the great telescope in the Dearborn Observatory of Chicago was constructed. It was made by Alvan Clark, and was designed originally for the University of Mississippi, but, on the temporary suspension of that institution, it was sold to the Dearborn Observatory. Dr. Barnard is a man of great scientific attainments. Among the faculty also are many distinguished names; as, Dr. Drisler, the editor of the well-known Greek lexicon of Liddell and Scott; Professor Peck, formerly of West Point, and author of many mathematical works; Dr. Short, formerly president of Kenyon College; Professor Rood, who has made many discoveries in Natural Science, especially in relation to the electric spark; Professors Day and Chandler, both well-known chemists; Dr. Willard Parker, the eminent surgeon, and many others.

WILLIAM B. HOOPER.

CONSOLATION.

THERE are once-beloved faces
We gaze on no more,
As we stand in the places
That knew them of yore;
Death came not upon them,
Their smiles still are bright,
But strangers have won them
And live in their light.
Yet age has its wrinkles,
And life has its cares;
And each passing year sprinkles
A few silver hairs:
They must watch the cheek shrivel,
And greet the gray hair;
But to us 'tis unchanging—
For us ever fair.

There are ties that must bind us
Though severed for aye;
There are scar leaves that mind us
Of love's summer day;
There are hopes that still flatter
When Hope long has fled,
Like the flowers that we scatter
With tears o'er the dead.
But dearer, though broken,
Such ties may become,
More sweet than if spoken
Our dead hopes and dumb,
Than the triumph and gloom
Of a fatal success
Which turns into curses
The things that should bless.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

TEN SIEGES OF PARIS.

THERE is no capital which has so often provoked and undergone attack. The first mention of Paris in history records an investment. Fifty years before Christ, it was the stronghold of the Gauls. Labienus, the most able of Cæsar's generals, in that year marched an army against the rebellious place, and, after crossing the Seine, forced the insurgents to evacuate it. Before retreating, Vercingetorix, the chief of the Gauls, burned what there was of a city. But the site was too eligible not to invite the building of a new town. Like Berlin, Paris originally was confined to an island formed by a river, and surrounded by inaccessible swamps. No sooner had the Germans conquered France, than Chlodwig, the leader of the invading tribe, reconstructed ancient Lutetia, and made it the centre of the new empire. During the time his descendants held sway in France, it remained their principal fortress. When their authority began to decline, the defence of Paris against a foreign enemy gave such *prestige* to one of their generals as to enable him to usurp the throne of the decaying dynasty. Before this, however, Charles le Gros, a degenerate scion of Charlemagne, had found himself attacked at Paris by the Normans. A helpless imbecile, he had no choice but to make his peace with the predatory bands, no matter at what cost. On the occasion of a second raid, however, Paris gallantly held out for a whole year, under the command of Count Otto, one of the king's nobles. So great was the renown Otto acquired by this feat of arms, that, on Charles's death, in 888, the Frankish nobility elected him their king. A nephew of this Otto was Hugh Capet, the ancestor of the Bourbons.

In the mean time, the German conquerors of France, comparatively few in number, had become absorbed by the subject nationality, and every now and then had a brush with the old country whence they had proceeded. In 978, when the German Emperor, Otto II., was celebrating the Festival of St. John, at Aix-la-Chapelle, he was surprised by King Lothaire, of France, at the head of an army of thirty thousand men. The German Emperor returned the compliment, and, having

crossed the frontier on the 1st day of October, marched straight upon Paris, overcoming all resistance in his way. Before winter set in he stood at the foot of Montmartre, and invested the city. Very much like the Moltke of our day, he had to detail a portion of his army to ward off the hosts attempting the rescue of the beleaguered place; but, unlike the result in the present instance, he was obliged to withdraw without effecting his object. Winter and disease decimating his troops, he eventually returned the way by which he came. There is an old story that, before leaving, the Germans assembled on Montmartre and sang a *Te Deum* with so vast an energy of lungs, that all Paris echoed the sound. Why they should have offered up their thanks in this boisterous manner, when foiled in their efforts, is a riddle unsolved to this day.

The strength of the place having thus been proved by experience, King Philip Augustus, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, extended its fortifications, adding several hundred towers to the walls. King Charles V., in the latter part of the fourteenth century, surrounded the new suburbs with a fresh *enceinte*, built a citadel called the Bastille, and constructed a fort on the isle of St. Louis. Notwithstanding these new defences, the English took Paris, after the battle of Agincourt, in 1420. The Maid of Orleans, attempting to recapture Paris, 1429, was repulsed by the English, who, however, seven years later, were obliged to march out, owing to the gallantry of Dunois, le Bâtard Royal.

King Henry IV. was the next to assail the devoted capital. As he was a Protestant, it would not recognize his authority. Having defeated the Catholic League at Ivry, March 17, 1590, he approached Paris in forced marches, and, occupying Corbeil, Lagny, and Creil, cut off provisions, then chiefly received by the river. He next planted his guns on Montmartre, and, from this dominant position, left the Parisians—his naughty children, as he jokingly called them—to choose between bread and bombs. Not less obstinate than they are now, fifteen thousand of the inhabitants died of hunger before the town opened negotiations with the king. Just in the nick of time, however, the Spaniards, who assisted the Catholic League, sent General Farnese with a large army from Belgium to the rescue. Henry was compelled to raise the siege, and only entered Paris four years later, when he had embraced Roman Catholicism, and then he was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm.

France now rapidly increasing in power, Paris remained more than two hundred years unvisited by an invading army. In the reign of Louis XIV., the mere idea of the foreigner venturing into the heart of France had come to appear so preposterous as to lead to the razing of the old fortifications. Louis XV. in 1726 again encircled the city with a wall, which, however, was not intended to serve a military purpose. As an open town, Paris underwent the storms of the Revolution. When, in 1814, the allied armies arrived in front of it to avenge the deeds of Napoleon I., a few redoubts, hastily thrown up, were all the impediments in their way. Twenty-five thousand regulars, under Marmont and Mortier, and fifteen thousand National Guards, with one hundred and fifty guns, held the place for a day against forty thousand Prussians and Russians. When Montmartre had been taken by storm, and the Cossacks and Uhlans were swarming in La Chapelle and La Villette, the proud capital surrendered. On March 31st, Frederick William III. of Prussia, the father of William I. of the present day, and Alexander I. of Russia, made their entry into the city.

The following year witnessed the repetition of the feat. On July 2, 1815, the Prussians, under Blücher, took Montrouge and Issy by storm, while Wellington forced his way into the northern and eastern suburbs. On the 7th of July the English and Prussian Guards once more trod the Boulevards.

Such is a brief summary of the history of successive sieges of Paris before the memorable investment of the year 1870.

lina, dividing that State from Tennessee. The range is there called the Unaka or Smoky Mountains. The Blue Ridge proper continues on its southward course until it strikes the South Carolina line; there it turns almost directly westward, and meets the other range. The section of country between these two ranges of mountains has a sort of egg-shape—flattened a little on one side of the broad end. Across this section, and generally at right angles to the main ridge, run other ranges of mountains, between which are found streams of crystal water, with numerous beautiful and sublime cascades, cañons almost as grand and far less known than those of the Sierra Nevada, fertile valleys, and flourishing villages. These streams all rise in or near the Blue Ridge, and flow through the Unaka Mountains. The lowest point of the Blue Ridge is about two thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level, while the highest is about six thousand; in the intermediate land the lowest land surface is about fifteen hundred, and the highest six thousand seven hundred and eleven feet above the sea-level.

Hence we have here a character of valley protected on all sides by mountains. The tops of the highest of these mountains are covered with balsam-trees, which extend down the sides to a certain limit. The geographical centre of this region is near the town of Asheville; and Nature has also made it the topographical centre, as the streams and mountains of a large portion of this region converge at that place. In latitude it is about thirty-five degrees, in longitude about eighty-two. The town is located on a hill above the French Broad River, and is, at its highest point, two thousand two hundred and twelve feet above the sea-level. Thus located its mean of summer temperature in 1870, by data gathered from the meteorological reports of the Government Agricultural Department, was less than that of Oswego, New York, eight degrees farther north; while on the same parallel two hundred and fifty miles east, the mean was twelve degrees higher.

In summer the winds prevail from the southern points of the compass; they come to Asheville cooled by passage over the high mountains, and slightly tintured with the balsamic odors gathered therefrom. In winter, as they come from the northern points, their force is broken by the mountains on that side, and in descending to the valley meet the milder temperature there generated. Then, in the spring, that trying time for consumptives, these winds are the more specially laden with the soothing balsam odor from the bursting buds and "blisters;" indistinguishable it may be, but it has its influence in giving that astonishing property to these winds, so often noted by sufferers, of being pleasant rather than irritating. Standing in the town of Asheville, one may look far west and see the black tops of the Balsam Mountains; north, the still higher peaks of the Roan and its kindred range; while east and north the towering peak of Mount Mitchell and its seven brothers give thousands of acres of surface to the balsam-tree—forming thus a perfect cordon of this growth.

We have stated that the soil of this region is singularly fertile. This is due in the valleys to the wash from the mountains, but many of the mountains of this interior basin present the strange anomaly of being fertile to their very tops. It is a singular fact respecting this country that the sharp-peaked mountains are all poor land, while those which are rounded, and come up rather rolling and gently, are almost invariably rich. There are no lakes in this region, and yet, from the peculiar formation of certain sections, it would seem that there once had been. The soil is generally a decomposition of granite, gneiss, and limestone. It is rich in potash, and contains undissolved particles of mica; its color is dark, and to the touch has a soapy feel. The tree growth is chestnut, oaks, hickory, black and white walnuts, cucumber-tree, ash, linden, and sugar-maple. Dr. Curtis, a distinguished geologist, once said that he found every shrub and flower near Niagara Falls duplicated in Buncombe County, North Carolina.

It has been but a few years since this region was in the possession of the Cherokee Indians, and even yet a respectable remnant of the tribe reside seventy miles west of Asheville. As may be well inferred, much of this land is yet in its native wildness. It is cheap in price, inviting the sturdy settler by its fertile soil and luxuriant tree-growth, while the elastic and invigorating climate offers extraordinary inducements to the invalid. We have presented in the JOURNAL, at different times, various illustrations of this beautiful and yet little known region. The view of the French Broad River, given in this number, will for the present close our series of North Carolina scenes.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY FENN.

A PECULIARITY of Western North Carolina is the union of a rich soil with a healthful climate. This is due to topographical and geological causes. Let any one take a map and examine this extreme western part of North Carolina. It will be found that near Christiansburg, in Virginia, a spur of the Blue Ridge strikes off to the southwest. This spur forms the western boundary of North Caro-



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—ON THE FRENCH BROAD, NORTH CAROLINA.

THE RETREAT.

HERE let us couch in fern,
And gaze adown the forest's dim arcade,
Where little patches of bright sunlight burn,
Companioned of deep shade.

Hark! in the oak o'erhead
The cry of the young ravens, hunger-vexed;
See, too, faint-scented lilies, richly fed,
Hint at the sweet old text.

How hushed the spot and still,
Save for a rustling squirrel frolicsome,
Or from a bird's heart leaps a silver trill,
Too happy to be dumb!

How the green lizards glide
Where, on that broken bank, the sunbeams
sleep!
What beetles, by gemmed corselets glorified,
Among the grasses creep!

Note in yon patch of blue,
Far overhead the lacing boughs among—
His wings a bell, ringed where the light comes
through—
A hawk at hover hung!

Hush! not a stir—no word!
Here come the rabbits flitting through the
bent;
And, quick! a rail—see there! Ah, timid
bird,
The grass nods where it went!

And lo, the forest-king
Down yonder avenue, with wide-branched
brow,
Treads proudly! No alarms the breezes bring
To scare his big heart now!

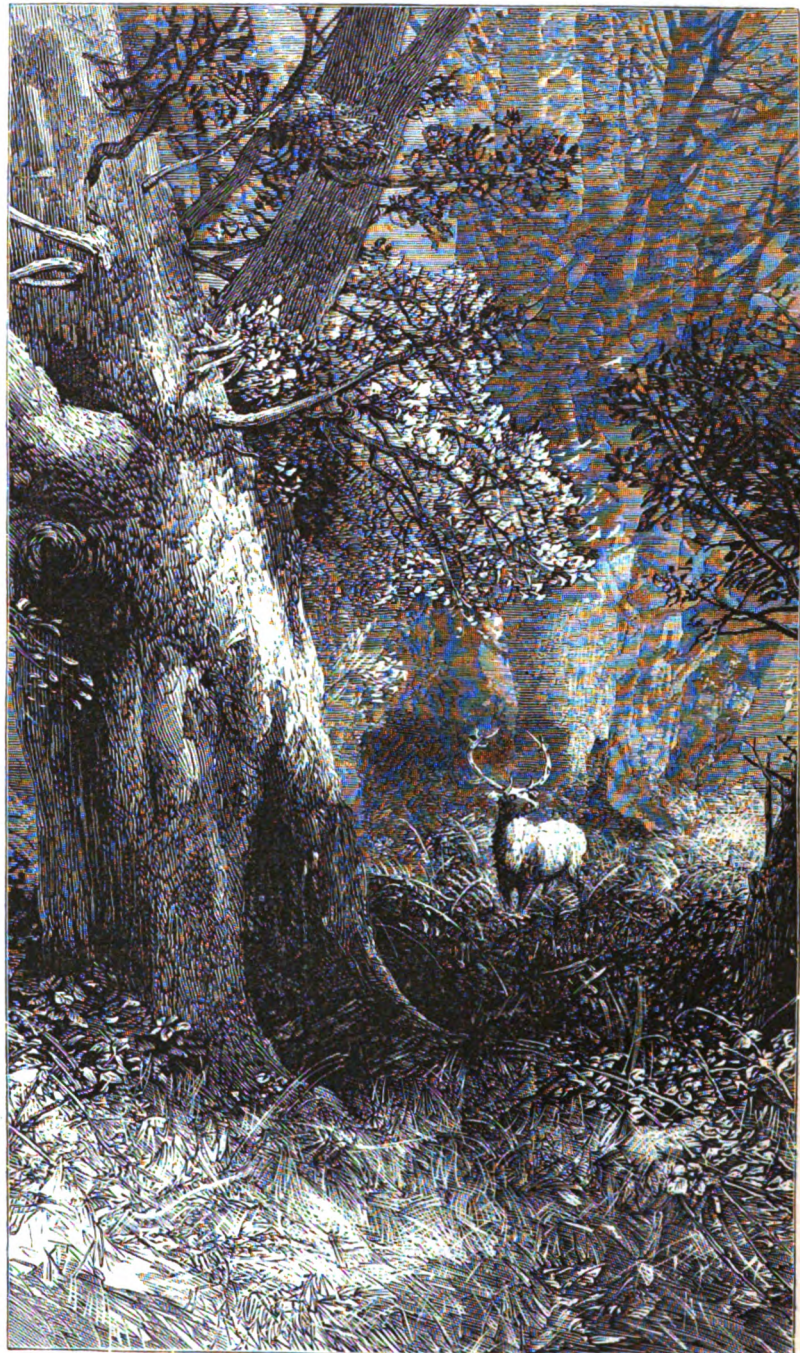
Dragon-flies dart and poise
Above the pool that sleeps beneath the reeds;
All Nature's creatures drink that fount of joys,
Which from mere life proceeds.

How it all teems with life!
See here, this earth I scoop up in my hand,
With little busy workers how 'tis rife,
Whose lives by days are spanned!

Drops from the mighty sea—
The Far Existence—whence is drawn the
store,
That swells the full-pulsed veins of you and
me—
The same, nor less nor more.

Sharing His breath, you mark,
With us at the Creation's dawning dim:
What is man's right to quench the tiniest spark
That took its light from Him?

Come, friend, thank God with me
That we can lie within this woodland still,
And watch His works, how manifold they be—
With no desire to kill!



THE MAGIC WAND.

"Without water no life."—O'Kra.

THE words of the old naturalist are no exaggeration—where there is no water there is no life. It fills the veins of our great mother, Nature, and there is no plant and no living being that can exist a moment without the needful supply. More than two-thirds of man's structure, fearfully and wonderfully made, consists of water; and, if a vegetable star-jelly, or a medusa, be dried, there remains barely enough to attest its former existence. Mosses and algæ, with the great host of infusoria, suspend their existence when water is no more at hand, and, with the first tiny rain-drop, they revive and resume their joyous existence.

Hence the universal worship of the beneficent element and its all-importance in every myth and every faith. All things, taught Thales of Miletus, have been born of water; and the spirit of the Almighty "moved upon the face of the waters." The gods of India are floating meditatively upon the leaves of gigantic water-roses, and the goddess of beauty arose in matchless perfection from the waves of the ocean. Even the Church sanctifies the pure element as the emblem of spiritual regeneration.

It is not strange, therefore, that from time immemorial pure water should have been sought for with eagerness, and that, hence, springs were worshipped and honored far above lakes or rivers. There was no sacred fane known to the ancients, which lacked the symbolic spring by its side, and, even where the pure fountain arose in capricious wilfulness from the briny deep, the precious gift was duly appreciated. The ruins of a temple built over such a spring bubbling up from the Mediterranean, still are seen near Corinth, and midway in the Rhine stands to this day a Roman structure protecting a similar spring. The river-god ever dwelt at the place where it gushed forth from the bosom of the earth, and thence it poured down its rich blessings, making all the lands it touched with its life-giving waters to bloom and bear in abundance. Dragons and sacred serpents watched over the purity of favored springs that brought health and life to suffering men, and the "still waters" of German races, drawn secretly at Easter and Christmas for mysterious purposes, were ever obtained from springs alone. No wonder, then, that a great poet should have loved to dwell by the side of that most famous of all springs, which, born far beneath the mountain-side, bursts forth all of a sudden into a cascade, and, filling a vast basin with its stormy flood, foams at once a mighty stream into the rich plain beneath.

Great is the love of the favored children of our earth, to whom water is given in abundance; but greater far the gratitude of those who, in the midst of Nature's richest gifts, in the tropics or surrounded by fearful deserts, are left for months without the refreshing element. Who can describe the delight with which, in equatorial lands, the first drops of the early rains are hailed by men, who have for months been compelled to live upon the repulsive water of pools and morasses? And what can equal the almost delirious joy with which the wanderer in the Sahara, after days of cruel suffering, rushes up to the precious spring and cools the parched, shrivelled palate with the ineffably sweet, cool fluid? Well says the Arab in his proverb, therefore: "All the treasures of the earth are not equal to a drop of water!"

Fortunately, lands without water are rare on this beautiful earth, and, even where apparently the want is greatest, help is easy and ready at hand. "There is an ocean beneath our feet," had the Touariks of Africa said with instinctive truth for many a generation; and no sooner had the French in Algeria reached the Sahara, than they began sinking artesian wells, and the desert now literally blooms forth as the rose. The Great American Desert on our maps will, in like manner, soon become a misnomer, as by similar means water is brought to light everywhere, and rich crops are raised where a few years ago sterile plains and alum-fields spoke of nothing but solitude and starvation.

But even more favored regions are rarely content with Nature's supply, and long for a greater abundance of the precious elements. In days of old, when science was but an infant, and instinct had to take the place of knowledge, the gods alone were deemed powerful enough to allure the hidden spring from its dark home to the bright light above. But why in all cases gods and men alike should have accom-

plished the miracle by the aid of a rod has never yet been ascertained. Yet such is the fact, from the days of ancient Greece to our own. When new-born Zeus had no water for his first bath, Rhea struck the Arcadian Mountain with her staff, and an ample spring burst forth at her commands. At another time Bacchus knocks his thyrsus against the earth, and water gushes out at once; Poseidon, to gratify the fair daughter of Danaos, whom he loved tenderly, hurled his trident down, and the triple Lernaean spring refreshed the parched lands of Argos. In Eastern Persia the great Jenyeed cleft the earth with his golden sword to conjure up a living spring; and Balder, the white god of Scandinavia, saved in the same manner his despairing army from a miserable death by calling forth a spring during the very heat of the battle.

Godlike heroes and priests, favored with powers from on high, repeated these miracles. Moses struck the rocky sides of Sinai with his rod and "water came out of it;" and the Catholic Church has numerous legends of like character, from the well even now seen in the ruins of the Mamertine prison, which furnished St. Peter miraculously the water for the baptism of his keeper and his companions, to the Spanish saint of a few years ago, who pushed a branch of a tree into the parched ground, and saw living waters gush forth from the hole.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that, from of old, men must have known how to discover hidden waters. Moses, no doubt, learned the art with all the wisdom of the Egyptians which he acquired; and from the same source the Greeks obtained it, for Danaos, who opened fifty springs in thirsty Argos, and was hence called the Giver of Water, came from Egypt. But, of all nations on earth, the Etruscans were beyond comparison the masters of this mysterious art. They had special spring-finders (*aquilegi*) who enjoyed many privileges and were highly esteemed; the few references made by ancient writers to their manner of proceeding seem to indicate that they possessed a surprising knowledge of geology, and hid under mystic forms a truly scientific method. Their art, however, was early lost, and already in the days of Cassiodorus African masters were sent for, to find springs in the suburbs of Rome; but they judged only, as our Indians do to this day, from the appearance of the surface, the abundance of certain plants, the absence of dew, or the early melting of snow.

About a thousand years ago, however, the rod, as a magic wand, began once more to play a prominent part in the search after water. It was commonly a forked branch, cut with certain solemn ceremonies from a hazel-bush; the two ends were seized by the hands of the gifted owner, holding the rod on a level with the ground, as high as the breast, and wherever precious metals or pure water were hidden underground, there the rod would bend and twist, and, if resisted, even break off short. From the fourteenth century to our own this divining-rod has enjoyed the reputation of being a sure means of discovering water, and there is no denying that large numbers of men, in all countries of the earth, who have used the rod, have found springs where they were before neither known nor suspected. The question, however, remains open whether their physical organization was not such as to enable them to accomplish the same end without the rod. For it is certain that now and then men are peculiarly endowed by Nature with a power to feel the presence of water. Bleton, a native of Dauphiné, and a simple shepherd, noticed that he always felt sick when seated upon a large stone, and even when coming near it. The stone was moved to another place, and, behold, the attack ceased, but returned as soon as he approached the place where it had been lying. Some *sourciers*, as the men of the rod are called in Southern France, heard of it, dug there, and discovered a powerful spring. Thereupon Bleton travelled through his native province and the adjoining regions in search of water; whenever he came near a subterranean supply, he felt an oppression near the heart, which was followed by violent tremblings; his legs shook, his hands sunk down helpless, the pulse slackened, and frequently he fainted away. Nevertheless he employed the divining-rod, and during his lifetime even the great masters of science, who took a deep interest in his case, were doubtful as to the power of the magic wand.

A far more remarkable case, however, which forever ended the prestige of the divining-rod, was that of Paramelle, a French priest of Southern France, who added to a peculiar natural gift profound study and extensive research. His fame soon spread far and near, the government prevailed upon him to abandon his sacred office and to become a national benefactor. For more than thirty years this re-

markable man travelled through France, Belgium, and Germany, received everywhere with enthusiasm, and now looked upon by the ignorant with awe as a magician, and now worshipped by the superstitious as a saint. He went on horseback, dressed in the simple garb of his profession, examining the soil, studying the landscape, and then, with unerring accuracy, pointing out the place where springs, water-courses, and subterranean lakes, would be found. Over ten thousand springs were thus opened, furnishing suffering provinces an ample supply, and bestowing rich blessings upon a great kingdom.

While the simple, benevolent priest never used the rod nor accepted a reward, we learn that in our enlightened country the magic wand and its mysticisms are coming to honor once more. Of the ten or twelve thousand oil-wells bored in Pennsylvania, we are told that one thousand at least were located by diviners with a divining-rod, or with a pendulum made of a deerskin bag enclosing a ball of musk, or by spiritualists falling into trances and executing spasmodic evolutions when they felt the influence of the spots to be selected! Surely, when we hear such accounts, when we read of the divining-needle used by Tartars, pointing to cabalistic signs and thus foretelling the future, and compare this with our planchette, and when the witchcraft of Hebrew days is found to have foreshadowed in every feature the exploits of modern rappers—we may well doubt the superiority of our civilization.

SCHELE DE VERE.

IN A BURMESE PRISON.

NEARLY fifty years ago an Englishman named Gouger visited Burmah, then almost unknown to the outside world, for the purpose of regaining his health, which had been undermined by a residence in Bengal. With a view of making money by the expedition, he took with him a stock of Manchester and Birmingham cotton-goods, which he succeeded in selling to the Burmese at an enormous profit. Returning to Calcutta, he invested the proceeds in a mixed cargo, with which he again sailed for Burmah. Here he was successful, both in business and social relations, receiving many attentions from the king and dignitaries of his court, and amassing great wealth by the sale of his wares.

After remaining several months in Ava he was alarmed by news of threatened hostilities between the British and Burmese Governments. The latter, being wholly ignorant of the resources of their opponent, were eager to go to war on a slight pretext, as they thought it would be easy to capture Calcutta and obtain possession of other ports of Bengal. Gouger vainly attempted to convince them of the folly of this course. The favor with which he had been regarded soon changed to hatred. He was charged with being a spy of the British Government, and the fact that he had made sketches of buildings and scenes near Ava was, with other suspicious circumstances, the cause of his arrest and of a long and terrible captivity.

At first he was placed in some old sheds used as barracks in the palace-yard of the king, and guarded by royal sentinels. Among other reports circulated to his prejudice, it was said that he was brother-in-law to the East-India Company, that august personage, as the ignorant Burmese regarded him, having married his sister. After ten days' confinement in the bamboo sheds he was startled by the entrance of a gang of ruffians with cords and long canes in their hands, whose appearance indicated some evil intent. Between these men and the guards a fight took place for the trifling articles of furniture in the room. They then stripped him of part of his clothing, saying, by way of consolation, as jacket and trousers were torn off, "they will be of no use to you, for you are to be carried to the *Let-ma-yoon toun*" (the death-prison). Of the four common prisons in Ava this was the one appropriated to criminals who would probably be condemned to die. Its name in the Burmese language, signifying the extreme of human suffering, aptly symbolized the cruel treatment inflicted on its inmates. This den was guarded by seven or eight condemned malefactors, whose lives had been spared on the condition of their becoming common executioners. The more infamous the criminal, the better fitted he was judged to be for his revolting duties.

To prevent the escape of these wretches by making detection an easy matter, a circular mark was indelibly tattooed on each cheek.

From this brand they were called *pah-quet*, or ring-checked. Such was their detestation of this name that none of the prisoners ever dared by using it to remind them of the execration in which they were held. The nature of their qualifications for their employment was stamped upon their breasts. In order to curry favor with the chief of these miscreants, the prisoners, as well as his subordinates, addressed him as *aphe*, or father. He was a lean, hard-featured old man, whose qualification for his office was indicated by the word *loo-that*, or murderer, tattooed upon his skin. The motto borne by another stamped him as a fratricide. A third was branded *thoo-kho*, or thief, and a fourth *myeng-kho*, horse-stealer. These men were forbidden by law to enter any house except in execution of their office.

In a room about forty feet long by thirty wide, low-studded, and without any window or aperture to admit light or air except a closely-woven bamboo wicket used as a door and always kept closed, Gouger and his companions were confined. They only escaped death by suffocation by breathing the little air which found its way through chinks between the teak-boards composing the badly-constructed walls, or which entered through a hole near the roof of the building, where some decayed plank had been torn off. Among the few articles of furniture in the room was a gigantic row of stocks similar to those formerly used in England, and capable of confining more than a dozen persons. It was compared to a huge alligator that opened and shut its jaws with a loud snap upon its prey. There were also smaller articles of the same kind, though of ruder construction, and even more uncomfortable.

But the most deceptive piece of furniture in the room was a long bamboo suspended from the roof by a rope at each end, and easily raised or lowered by means of pulleys. This affair, which looked something like a swing, was really an instrument of torture. Its simplicity of appearance conveyed no idea of the suffering it was capable of causing. At night it was let down, so that the bamboo could be passed between the legs of the prisoners. After these were fastened to it, it was raised to such a height as to inflict great pain on the prisoners without endangering their lives. Its victims, like those who were confined in the stocks, had their heads and shoulders stretched upon the ground, and in this painful position could obtain only broken and unrefreshing sleep.

There were some forty or fifty prisoners lying on the floor of this room when Gouger entered it, all of them nearly naked, and very few without chains. Their emaciated frames and woe-begone countenances told the story of their wretchedness better than words, and their stolid, silent indifference was more expressive than complaints or groans. It was the silence of hopelessness, the apathy of despair. The condition of the prison can be judged from the fact that it was never washed or even swept. The garbage which had accumulated here offended all the senses. It reeked and even moved with putridity. Among the prisoners was Dr. Judson, the American missionary, an account of whose arrest and incarceration has been given in his wife's letters. The numbness and stiffness of the limbs caused by these nights of torture by the bamboo was partially relieved in the morning by lowering the instrument to within a foot of the ground, thus permitting the blood to circulate more freely. At eight o'clock the prisoners were driven out in gangs of ten or twelve to take the air, five minutes only being allowed for this purpose. Even fresh air, which is elsewhere freely granted to the vilest malefactors, was denied to the inmates of the *Let-ma-yoon*. Gouger was more fortunate than most of the prisoners in receiving a daily supply of food. This was brought by one of his servants to the outside gate, where, after being examined by the officers, it was handed to him by one of the ringed-men. Had it not been for this circumstance he would have been almost starved. As no provisions were furnished by the Burmese authorities to the prisoners, they were almost wholly dependent upon the kind offices of their relatives or friends at large. Even the charity of the natives, which was manifested by occasionally sending to the captives large baskets of rice, was too limited to afford sufficient nourishment. These supplies furnished a single hearty meal to every prisoner, but, as a week or two would often pass before they were renewed, the prisoners had to depend in the mean time on the kindness of such of the inmates as could spare a trifle from their own scanty store. Thus the famished appearance of many of these poor creatures was easily accounted for. When a person was imprisoned for treason or any other crime against the state, many of the most charitably-

disposed natives were afraid to supply him with food lest it should subject them to punishment for sympathizing with the offender. In one case, where a noted Burmese general was sent to prison, he would have starved, had not the British envoy daily supplied him with boiled rice. No other person dared to do it.

Sometimes the *myo-serai*, the assistant to the governor of the city, visited the prison to superintend the punishment of some unfortunate culprit. The victim's denial of guilt being attributed to obstinacy, torture was used to overcome it. In one of these cases a young man was charged with being concerned in a robbery. Although appearances were in his favor, torture was resorted to, to extort from him a confession of guilt. He was forced to sit on a low stool, his legs being bound together by a cord above the knees. Two poles were then inserted between them by the executioners, each of whom took hold of a pole, one end being placed upon the ground, and moved it in all directions, so as to force the limbs asunder. Such was the prisoner's agony that he fainted. After being restored to consciousness by cold-water applications and vigorous rubbing, he was thrown into prison and threatened with fresh inflictions on the morrow, as no confession had been wrung from him. On the next day another kind of torture was resorted to by the *myo-serai*. The victim's arms were first tied together at the wrists behind his back with a stout rope, which was then raised by means of a pulley, so as to just allow his toes to touch the ground. He was left in this position till agonizing pain compelled him to make a confession. In this he charged two respectable persons with being his accomplices in the robbery. As the *myo-serai's* object was to obtain money, this was very satisfactory, for he now had two men in his power who were able to pay. After fleecing the new victims, the prisoner was released. He subsequently acknowledged that, to save himself from fresh torture, he had accused innocent people.

Every afternoon, at three o'clock, an ominous sound startled the inmates of the prison. It was the deep tones of the huge gong suspended in the palace-yard, and announced that a prisoner had been selected for execution.

The mystery shrouding the selection of the doomed man made the suspense more terrible. None knew beforehand who was to suffer. The first intimation was given by the opening of the wicket and the appearance of a spotted man, who silently stalked toward his victim and bore him away to execution. For days Gouger waited in fear and trembling lest the executioner should claim him.

At last, however, by means of bribery, Mrs. Judson secured some relief for her husband, and, on her promising that the other white prisoners should pay as much money as they could raise, Gouger and his companions were removed from their filthy quarters to an open shed looking out on the prison-yard. They were overjoyed at the change, not merely on account of the more comfortable accommodations, but because it removed for a time their fears of a speedy execution. In assuming, however, that such favor would not be granted to persons condemned to death they were mistaken, for it was sold to all who could pay for it, the revenue of the jail establishment being kept up in this way. They also found that the alleviation thus purchased was only partial. Though free from the stench and vermin that infested their former quarters, they were obliged to witness the perpetration of tortures which they were powerless to prevent. The consequence was, that their sensibilities were gradually hardened, and at last they looked with unconcern on scenes which would once have excited the liveliest emotions of horror and pity.

At the end of three or four days they were taken back to their old quarters, where their former discomforts were renewed. In the mean time their houses had been searched and their property confiscated. As it was now known that they had no money which torture could cause them to give up, the bamboo infliction was no longer resorted to, and they were allowed more privileges than formerly. The superstitious fears of the Burmese were well illustrated by the treatment of one of the prisoners who had been incarcerated in the *Let-mayoon*, because he said he could fly. The keeper, who was responsible for his safe-keeping, being terribly afraid that this featherless biped would contrive to take wing during the night, did all he could to prevent such an iniquitous attempt. Thinking that there must be safety in a multitude of contrivances, he had numerous arrangements to keep the *jail-bird* down to earth. He was first put in three pairs of irons, his feet were placed in the stocks, and his wrists bound together with a long rope tied to one of the rafters of the roof of the building.

His long hair was then twisted into braids, each braid being fastened separately to the floor, and another rope, also attached to the floor, was tied round his waist. After taking these precautions the jailer stood over the helpless prisoner, as if to devise some new means of preventing his flight. For further security, the ingenious keeper passed strings through the large holes pierced in the captive's ears, confining them also to the floor. Being still anxious lest the creature should fly away, he gave the savage who stood on guard with his club strict orders to brain it as it rose. Meanwhile the poor lunatic expressed contempt for their precautions and confidence in his ability to elude them. When the jailers became satisfied that he could not carry out his intentions, they gradually released him from his bonds.

Through the kind offices of Mrs. Judson the prisoners were permitted to remove from the fetid inner prison, which would have been intolerable during the heats of summer, to cells outside. Though these were so contracted that it was impossible to stand upright except in the middle, where the roof was highest, yet they were very comfortable compared with their former quarters. Gouger turned even the annoyances of the place to good account, spearing the rats that infested it, and presenting them as a peace-offering to his jailer, who prized them as a great delicacy. He still took pleasure, however, in tormenting the prisoners, reminding them that they would soon share the fate of the rats. Luckily for Gouger, his condition was compassionated by the jailer's daughter, a bright girl of sixteen, who supplied him with water for washing, a luxury which he now enjoyed for the first time during his imprisonment.

One night, while tossing sleeplessly on his bed, he heard shrieks proceeding from the inner prison, and, as his door was then unfastened, he went into the passage-way, and, looking through a chink in the wall, saw a young man stretched on the floor with his feet in the stocks, toward whom one of the ringed executioners was striding. Without saying a word, the *pah-gnet* stamped on the face of his victim with his heavy wooden shoes, and then beat him to death with a huge club. From his hiding-place, where he stood trembling with terror, Gouger could hear the bones of the victim crack and crash. The sight was so horrible that he resolved never to gratify his curiosity in this way again. A fire breaking out in his house not long afterward, he was charged with having been the occasion of it, for the purpose of destroying the combustible city. His life was only saved by the testimony of a friend at court that the fire was purely accidental. This fire came near proving his ruin in another way. In his prosperous days he had kept a diary, in which, among other things, the acts of the governor were commented on rather freely. Fearing that its discovery would compromise his safety, he gave orders, when first imprisoned in the barracks, to have it destroyed. The man intrusted with the execution of this order, knowing the writer's appreciation of his diary, placed it in a small box which he hid in a hole dug in the ground under the house. Fortunately for Gouger, on learning, a few days before the fire broke out, that the book had been concealed in this way, he repeated his order, and it was accordingly dug up and destroyed. This almost providential caution saved his life. The house being burned down, the Burmese, as is their custom, dug all over its site in search for buried treasures. Had the box, with the diary containing strictures on the character and acts of the king and other high officers of the government, been discovered, its owner would undoubtedly have paid the penalty with his life. Mrs. Judson, the missionary's wife, who kept a similar diary, tells us, in the life of her husband, that she destroyed it on the first indication of approaching hostilities.

Among the additions to the native inmates of the prison during the latter part of Gouger's confinement was a man of herculean size and strength, who, from the use made of him by the sovereign, was called the "King's Horse." It was his duty to attend his majesty in his daily walks, and to carry him when tired. His broad shoulders made an excellent saddle, and it was ludicrous to see him kneel down at a given signal while the king mounted the intelligent animal, who rapidly trotted off with his royal load. The creature was put in prison because a town, whose revenues had been given him for provender, was gobbled up by the British army, but the king, finding him indispensable to his comfort, wisely ordered his release before his paces were injured by his fetters, or his constitution undermined by the impurity of his stable.

Gouger afterward passed through a variety of adventures—at one

time narrowly escaping contagion from being chained to a leper, and subsequently kept with some fifty other prisoners in the same quarters with a woman afflicted with the small-pox, owing their immunity from infection to the free use of tobacco; then tormented by fear of being devoured by a lioness, which was brought into the prison for that purpose, but was allowed to die of starvation; the Pacahm-woon, the Burmese generalissimo, having concluded to bury the white prisoners alive at the head of his army, he was only prevented from carrying his threat into execution by his arrest by order of the king on a charge of treason. His punishment was terrible. After being dragged and beaten through the town, he was trodden to death by elephants.

The victorious advance of the British army, and the demand of its general for the instant surrender of his countrymen confined in Burmese prisons as an indispensable condition of peace, resulted in the release of Gouger. He had reason to be grateful for his liberation from a protracted imprisonment, which, in its combination of physical privation and peril, with unceasing and intense anxiety of mind, is one of the most remarkable on record.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

HORSEMANSHIP.

“ON which side of a lady-equestrian should her escort ride, and why?” is the question that came to me from a pleasant “Neighborhood Club” in one of our suburban towns, which is but little less, in fact, than an extension of Fifth Avenue into the hills of Westchester.

The cavalier, to be in the right, should be on the left. If on the right, he is in the wrong. In other words, the gentleman should always be at the lady's *left* hand, having her on *his* right. I use the word always in its full force, applying it to all countries, whatever the local law of the road (excepting only momentary exigencies), and to both styles of riding, whether the barbarous, awkward, and dangerous sideways style for which we are said to be indebted to Ann of Bohemia, or the easy, safe, and *natural* mode practised by the wife and daughters of the Turkish pacha, the Tartar chief, the South-American Gaucho, or the North-American Comanche, and, within a few years, by the wife of a President of Peru and other ladies of Lima.

And now for the *why*.

To meet this branch of the question, let us start from first principles.

Until the fashion changes—and it is likely to last some years longer—a man's right hand is his handiest hand. It may be called his *working* hand, and the left his *holding* hand, on saddle-duty. On horseback, then, the left becomes the bridle-arm, while the right is free for “detached service” with lasso, lance, sabre, or riding-whip.

The theory of horsemanship holds that, in riding, and especially in riding with a lady, the man is master of his steed, and, under all ordinary circumstances, can guide and control him with his bridle-hand alone, leaving his right arm free for any service that may require it. It also assumes that he rides, not merely to accompany the lady, but to protect and assist her in any emergency. And this assumption is an admission not only of his supposed superior mastery of his horse and greater strength, but of his more natural, and, therefore, safer seat in the saddle.

His duty, then, being to guard and aid the lady with his best arm, where should the horseman be placed to render the most efficient service? Unquestionably at the lady's *left* hand, where she is within the readiest and most effective reach of his right. Riding in that position, he can readily place his hand on her bridle-rein, and aid in controlling her horse without interfering with the management of his own. He can converse with her more comfortably for herself, as she can, from her position in the saddle, easily turn her head to her left, while turning it to her right would be awkward and irksome.

On her left he protects her riding-skirt from the contact of passing vehicles, to which, under our law of the road, she is exposed if he rides on her right; and he also prevents her skirt from flying in the wind. At her left he is in the best position to prevent her falling from her horse, whether from the horse's “bolting” or “shying,” one against the other, or from the turning of her saddle through slack-

ened or breaking girths, as, with her sideways seat and the pressure of her foot on the stirrup, her saddle is very much more likely to turn to the left—toward him—than to the right. This turning of the saddle, through carelessness of grooms, or the slackening of girths after a horse has been ridden a while, is by no means infrequent, but, in my own experience, I have never known an instance of its turning to the right.

Again, riding at the lady's left, her escort is in the only proper place to render effective aid in case of a fractious or runaway horse, either by a powerful hold on her bridle-rein, or, in the last emergency, by throwing his strong right arm around her and lifting her from her saddle.

This last feat is almost, if not absolutely, impossible while riding at the lady's right. To say nothing of having to use, in such an attempt, the comparatively weak and awkward left arm, the lady's person and long skirt would have to be drawn over and across the side-saddle and the back of her horse. On the other hand, from her left, with the strong right arm to support her, she has only to clear her right leg from the saddle-horn, drop her reins, and—lifted easily from her seat—her horse passes on from under her.

I have not only practised this in teaching a young lady to ride, but I have seen it handsomely done in actual runaway experience on the road. The lady's horse ran, her saddle turned—to the left, of course—and the pursuing cavalier galloped up on that side, threw his right arm around her, cleared her from her horse, and landed her unharmed on the ground.

The minor reasons sometimes urged against the gentleman's riding on the left, or why he *should* ride at the right of the lady, are scarcely worthy of remark. As there is no telling when the contingency may arise requiring his best and most knightly service, the mounted cavalier should consider himself as strictly on duty, and be always at his proper post. All lesser considerations should give way to that. Upon the lady's right he *cannot* assist her as effectively as when she is on his right. He cannot seize her bridle-rein, except by crossing his right arm awkwardly over his left, or by shifting his own reins and giving his weaker left hand to her service, and he cannot draw her from her saddle and across her own horse with his left.

Some urge that on her left he is likely to be crowded unpleasantly or dangerously against the lady's feet. Not very likely, if he is a horseman, and the horses, as they should be, trained to their work. It is assumed that he is a horseman, or he should not be riding with ladies, and, if he is, he can readily keep his horse in proper position; and, if he does strike against her horse from her left, he can hardly cause her to fall, which she might readily do in a similar case from her right.

The objection that, being on her left, he is likely to soil her skirt, is not worth notice. The idea of the skirt is that it is a mere over-all (often literally such, even now, in the country), of some inexpensive material to keep her dress from soiling, and a well-groomed horse is not likely to soil it seriously.

The mistaken practice, so long in vogue in New York, of having the gentleman ride on the lady's right, is supposed to be a senseless imitation of the alleged English habit in that respect. I say senseless imitation, because, if such is the English fashion, we have adopted it in disregard of the fact that their law of the road is “Keep to the left,” and they ride on her right, it is said, to protect the lady from passing vehicles. But, if such is the English custom, I hold it to be wrong, despite their law of the road. In “keeping to the left,” so that meeting vehicles pass her on her right, a lady-equestrian is not particularly exposed, as there is no skirt on that side to catch, and her horse will look out for himself that he is not struck. There is, therefore, small need for her cavalier there.

Since the opening of our Central Park I am pleased to note that some of our New-York equestrians are dropping the cockneyism of having the lady on the left. There are more out who know how to ride and where to ride.

To recapitulate. My answer, then, to the club question is, in brief, that the gentleman should ride on the lady's left, because it is where his aid is most required and can be best rendered. It is his only proper position as a true horseman on escort duty with ladies.

Our law of the road, horsemanship, ladies' saddle-horses, and bridles and bits, are branches of this subject on which I may venture a note or two hereafter.

A. STEELE PENN.

TABLE-TALK.

IT has long been obvious that, if dramatic art is to maintain a place among the intellectual professions, something must be done to secure more certain accessions of talent. The stage has been supplied solely in a chance way by chance men. Those who have adopted the profession have done so in the face of popular prejudices, and with the certainty of losing social caste. That so many men and women of culture and talent should be found on the stage, in view of all the deterring circumstances, is a matter of surprise; but, if the art in the great future, amid the advancement and development that will mark all other branches of intellectual effort, is to maintain its rank, not only must the social disabilities that have so far been inflicted upon the actor be removed, but academies or colleges will have to be established as sources of supply. The opportunity to found a dramatic college with a competent president now exists. Delsarte, the instructor of Rachel and Sontag, who has formulated the art of dramatic expression, and reduced it to a science, has been ruined by the late war, and looks to our shores for suitable employment of his talents. Mr. James Mackaye, a gifted American pupil of the great teacher, has been expounding and illustrating the methods of Delsarte in Boston and New York to surprised and delighted audiences. Until Delsarte discovered and elaborated the law of expression—and his discovery is as applicable to sculpture and historical painting as to dramatic art—instinct and intuition were the sole guides of the artist. The great artist has usually, no doubt, been right in his intuitions; but no art can be grounded in absolute assurance of truth that cannot be scientifically formulated. That Delsarte has spent forty years in analyzing and classifying the principles of art, that he has found the fixed laws of all varieties of human expression, that he has reduced what seemed variable and capricious to exact formula—these are facts of the profoundest interest, but which we can only here state rather than explain. There will arise in many minds a natural distrust of art enforced by rigid law and exclusively artificial rules. Actors trained by methods of this sort would, according to our first apprehension, descend into facial contortions. But Delsarte is too great an artist not to perceive this danger. He exacts of his pupils a training so complete that the law of expression becomes eventually purely instinctive and spontaneous. He lays down the excellent rule that no gesture should be made except that which the situation imperatively demands, and pronounces the research for gesture the worst of vices. No rule for the public speaker could be better than this. The enforced gesture that marks most of our orators is abominable; and actors who are ever busy attitudinizing and gesticulating are among the least endurable of their class. If Delsarte's method did not serve as well to repress as to correctly direct, it would fulfil but half its duty. That a better training of actors is necessary is only too apparent every time the theatre is visited. The notion that acting is something purely of impulse and genius has been spread-

ing during all the time Delsarte has been building up his method; and now it is almost impossible to find among the younger performers a man who can even read correctly. An academy that would teach young men how to deliver language with good accent and good discretion, and teach them how to correctly express passion by look and gesture, without exaggeration or undue prominence, would serve greatly to advance an art now somewhat in its decline, but which has greater power to please and elevate mankind than almost any other form of intellectual amusement.

— Our venerable and beloved poet Bryant, who has reached the great age of seventy-seven without the usual infirmities of old age, and with his strength, activity, and bodily and mental faculties in remarkably good preservation, has recently given, in a letter to a friend, an account of his habits and of his daily life, from which we may perhaps gather the secret of his longevity and of his wonderful maintenance of strength and health. He says: "I rise early—at this time of year, about half-past five; in summer, half an hour, or even an hour, earlier. Immediately, with very little encumbrance of clothing, I begin a series of exercises, for the most part designed to expand the chest and at the same time call into action all the muscles and articulations of the body. These are performed with dumb-bells—the very lightest—covered with flannel, with a pole, a horizontal bar, and a light chair swung around my head. After a full hour, and sometimes more, passed in this manner, I bathe from head to foot. When at my place in the country, I sometimes shorten my exercises in the chamber, and, going out, occupy myself for half an hour or more in some work which requires brisk exercise. After my bath, if breakfast be not ready, I sit down to my studies until I am called. My breakfast is a simple one—hominy and milk, or, in place of hominy, brown bread, or oatmeal, or wheaten grits, and, in the season, baked sweet apples. Buckwheat-cakes I do not decline, nor any other article of vegetable food; but animal food I never take at breakfast. Tea and coffee I never touch at any time. Sometimes I take a cup of chocolate, which has no narcotic effect, and agrees with me very well. At breakfast I often eat fruit, either in its natural state or freshly stewed. After breakfast I occupy myself with my studies for a while, and then, when in town, I walk down to the office of *The Evening Post*, nearly three miles distant, and, after about three hours, return, always walking, whatever be the weather or the state of the streets. In the country I am engaged in my literary tasks till a feeling of weariness drives me out into the open air, and I go upon my farm or into the garden, and prune the trees, or perform some other work about them which they need, and then go back to my books. I do not often drive out, preferring to walk. In the country I dine early, and it is only at that meal that I take either meat or fish, and of these but a moderate quantity, making my dinner mostly of vegetables. At the meal which is called tea, I take only a little bread and butter, with fruit, if it be on the table. In town, where I dine later, I make but two meals a day. Fruit makes a consid-

erable part of my diet, and I eat it at almost any hour of the day, without inconvenience. My drink is water; yet I sometimes, though rarely, take a glass of wine. I am a natural temperance man, finding myself rather confused than exhilarated by wine. I never meddle with tobacco, except to quarrel with its use. That I may rise early, I, of course, go to bed early—in town, as early as ten; in the country, somewhat earlier. For many years I have avoided in the evening every kind of literary occupation which tasks the faculties, such as composition, even to the writing of letters, for the reason that it excites the nervous system, and prevents sound sleep. My brother told me, not long since, that he had seen in a Chicago newspaper, and several other Western journals, a paragraph in which it was said that I am in the habit of taking quinine as a stimulant, that I have depended upon the excitement it produces in writing my verses, and that, in consequence of using it in that way, I had become as deaf as a post. As to my deafness, you know that to be false, and the rest of the story is equally so. I abominate all drugs and narcotics, and have always carefully avoided every thing which spurs nature to exertions which it would not otherwise make. Even with my food I do not take the usual condiments, such as pepper, and the like."

— Mr. Booth has given us another great Shakespearian revival, this time surrendering the principal character to another actor. "Winter's Tale" has not been among the more popular of the Shakespearian acting-plays, although the part of Leontes affords good scope for an actor, and that of Hermione has a few scenes worthy of the best of our tragic actresses. It is some sixteen years since it was acted in this city, and this fact will make it new to many of our theatre-goers. With that disposition for lavish pictorial embellishment which it is now probably too late to oppose, "Winter's Tale" at Booth's is produced with a somewhat larger appreciation of the setting than of the acting. The principal character, Leontes, is in very good hands; but Hermione, while carefully, is very weakly, rendered; and Perdita—a difficult part to fill, no doubt—while also closely studied, fails to satisfy our idea of this most delightful creation. As a picture, the play is superb. The period of the action affords opportunity for rich and picturesque costuming, and almost every scene is very much enhanced in pictorial effect by the beauty of the groupings in the foreground. The management has taken all pains to give to every scene and accessory entire historical correctness. This painstaking contrasts oddly with the looseness of the poet in the same particular. When anachronisms occur in almost every line, and entire scenes are copies of English rather than Sicilian life, an error of the stage-manager might well be forgiven. But the extraordinary care taken to accurately reproduce the period of the play leads us to believe that no such error exists. The great scene is that in which Hermione appears before the tribunal in the amphitheatre. Here the stage and scenery are so arranged that the spectator gains a complete idea of the vastness of the ancient theatre. It is a complete triumph of

scenic illusion. A group of real figures against a background of painted figures has always been considered an error in art; but in the scene at Booth's this arrangement is so artistically and skilfully managed that the effect, usually in such cases incongruous and absurd, is produced with entire unity and marvellous suggestion of number and extent. This scene, so lofty, so spacious, so animated, so full of life and motion, so splendid in sumptuous contrast of color, is a triumph of what may be called the scenic-historic art. So long as the stage can reproduce historic periods with such marvellous completeness of effect and illusion, the lovers of spectacle have a triumphant argument in defence of the art. But in this very scene, so admirably conceived and executed, is one of the best situations of the unhappy queen; and the lover of the drama is mortified to find a Shakespearian scene presented with so much care in all its accessories, but acted with so little knowledge. There should be an actress on the stage capable of giving Hermione's noble and eloquent appeal with its due effect. It is unworthy of Shakespear, unworthy of true art, unworthy of the management, that the setting of the scene should have been more considered than the intrinsic situation itself. The defect of the acting is more apparent here than elsewhere. All the scenes of the play are, pictorially considered, very beautiful; good taste, careful study, large knowledge, are apparent throughout. We are only prevented from hailing its production with admiration by the fact that the balance of things has not been well preserved, and that—which seems almost inevitable in these revivals—the scenes, characters, passion, and poetry of the play have been too much subordinated to what should be purely accessory.

— The importance of manners has a different measure with every grade of culture. The line between what is essential to good breeding and what is merely conventional is drawn by different persons on a different plane, so that what one assumes to be a mark of culture, is by another derided as an over-refinement. But are not over-refinements better than under-refinements? Is it not better to carry punctiliousness a little too far than continually to be sinning against those minor morals on which the pleasure of intercourse so much depends? In America there is so much general neglect of the nicer qualities of breeding, that those who set punctilious examples ought to be looked upon as public benefactors. But, in order that these mentors should be studied and followed, it is necessary to arouse in the public mind a better appreciation of good-breeding. In the United States, that quality of character expressed by the Yankee word *clever*, is always popular. Good-natured men and women are so heartily liked, that amiability is continually mistaken for good-breeding. A fellow that *means* well is at once assumed to have graduated in the school of manners; his cheerful or accommodating spirit covers a multitude of sins, and he is at once elected to the rank of a gentleman. Such a person may be untidy in person, inelegant in speech, familiar in discourse; he may spit upon the carpet, carry his hands in his pockets, eat with his knife, and

be guilty of numerous offensive habits—these, according to the ideas of the multitude, are venial offences, if offences at all, provided the person has a kindly disposition. But kindness, while a great virtue, is not sufficient for the intercourse of society. Training is necessary to repress and art to express. A good-natured fellow may cover one with his tobacco-saliva, and this is not apt to establish good-nature in the bosom of his victim. A good-natured fellow may sit before you eating, and so bury his knife to the handle every time he carries a morsel to his mouth that, in nervous dread, your own capacity for eating is destroyed. An amiable fellow may so persistently masticate his toothpick while he is talking with you, that you would willingly accept a little acid in his composition in exchange for this unpleasant habit. Just as in greater morals, more mischief arises from heedlessness than from malice, so in manners, more annoyance springs from the carelessness of well-meaning people than from the rudeness of bores. Absolute, intentional rudeness is so rare that it is hardly necessary to denounce it. Social annoyances spring almost altogether from the ignorance or inattention of worthy people; and hence it would seem that the real bar to a better culture is good-nature, which, by prompting to the excuse of bad manners, prevents their reform.

— A gentleman, well acquainted with New York a third of a century ago, but who now resides at a distance from the city, told us, during a recent call at our office, that he well remembered Louis Napoleon when he was here, an exile, in 1837 or thereabout. "I remember," said he, "seeing Fitz-Greene Halleck and the 'nephew of his uncle' taking Bluepoint oysters together, one cold November morning, at Florence's half-shell counter, corner of Park Place and Broadway; and, young and healthful as I was, I envied the imperial exile his splendid appetite, and the cordial manner with which he scraped acquaintance with those illustrious bivalves—hereditary descendants of the 'first families' in their luscious kind. I doubt very much whether the poor deposed emperor enjoys his lunches or his imperial wines now as he did then. But, if his pictures do him any justice now, he must look a great deal better than he did at that time. His aspect was uncomely; his dress, not only careless, but untasteful; his features, certainly not disfigured by expression of any kind; and his eyes, especially, as lack-lustre as a boiled fish's." Speaking of Garibaldi, our friend said: "I met him on different occasions, two or three times. When he was keeping his soap-and-candle manufactory on Staten Island, and resided there, he used to spend his Sundays with Italian friends, most of whom were prominent musical artists in the Italian Opera, at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. A friend, living at Dobb's Ferry—an accomplished student and enthusiastic lover of Italian literature—entertained him at dinner; and I met him once or twice at his table. He was a finely-formed man, self-possessed, with a face of striking intelligence, and great modesty of manner. He was well versed in the works of Italy's great authors, and discussed them with my friend in excellent English—very quiet,

unconsequential, speaking from a full mind when he *did* speak, and saying nothing when he could not."

Literary Notes.

MR. HENRY SUMMER MAINE, whose work on "Ancient Law" marked an epoch in the history of jurisprudence, has recently published a collection of six lectures, delivered last autumn, intended as an introduction to a larger course on the subject of "Village Communities in the East and West." The main subject of the work is "an expansion of a theme distinctly enunciated in the 'Ancient Law,' but now strengthened by a more intimate acquaintance with the village-communities of India—namely, the origin of private property. The historical value of the discussion rests on an assumption that ought to be distinctly stated, although it is one that can hardly be denied by any one who is familiar with Professor Maine's former book; it is to infer the ancient form of an existing institution, not only from historical records, but from analogous examples still to be found in the world. Such a method rests upon the uniformity of social phenomena, and the belief that the higher forms have grown out of the lower, instead of supposing that the lower are a departure from the higher. The speculations of Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, and the other partisans of the theory that society was based originally on contract, and by the willing submission of independent units to a central authority, in order to escape the perils of anarchy, were consistently applied by them to the origin of property. Individual and absolute ownership was considered the original and primitive form of property. Professor Maine contested that view in his 'Ancient Law,' and the present work is a more ample and developed confirmation of his own theory. He holds that property was originally held in common, and the stages by which it passed into individual ownership form one of the most instructive studies in legal history. The interest of the question turns chiefly upon the ownership of land; for, until modern times, other kinds of property were of far less importance. In agricultural communities, such as those of India, and the ancient Germans and Scandinavians, there is little to quarrel over except the land. It appears, then, that we must go to the village-communities to ascertain the ancient ideas on the holding of property in land. On this subject, Professor Maine quotes the results of Von Maurer's investigation into the remnants of communistic usages in England and the Teutonic nations, and compares them with the facts he has been able to ascertain in regard to the village-communities in India."

Messrs. Mills & Co., of Des Moines, Iowa, have published in two large and handsome volumes the "Report on the Geological Survey of the State of Iowa to the Thirteenth General Assembly, January, 1870, containing Results of Examinations and Observations made within the Years 1866, 1867, 1868, and 1869, by Charles A. White, M.D." This valuable and almost exhaustive work divides its theme into several divisions, consisting, first, of a brief history of geological labors previously performed in Iowa; second, descriptions of the boundaries and area of the State, its general topography, drainage, character of its rivers and lakes; third, the general geology of the State; fourth, county and regional geology, in which the resources of various sections are fully and minutely given; fifth, embracing au

account of the minerals of the State, including its stone, and other materials of economic value, with analyses of waters, coals, peats, etc.; sixth, tables of the elevation of each station, stream, and principal point crossed by fourteen railroads of the State, catalogues of all the birds known to inhabit the State, and an illustrated description of government land-surveys. It will be seen by this summary that the work is comprehensive; and, as it is written in a clear, simple, untechnical style, it is of great value to general readers who may wish instruction as to the resources of this State. The volumes would be handsome specimens of book-making anywhere, and are quite notable in this particular, coming from a section where the art might be supposed to be in its infancy.

An interesting volume on celebrated operatic composers, by Carlo Fanti, has recently been published in Milan. The author has taken pains to ascertain as accurately as possible the compensation which the leading composers of our times received for their works. According to his statements, Meyerbeer received for his compositions more than Rossini by nearly three hundred thousand francs; Bellini did not realize over sixty thousand lire for his operas; Donizetti received altogether about two hundred thousand lire, but left his family hardly money enough to pay for his funeral expenses. Gounod has realized for his "Faust" alone two hundred and twelve thousand francs up to the year 1870; and Richard Wagner received up to the same time for his "Tannhauser" about one hundred and thirty-five thousand francs. Verdi's average income since 1850 is stated at thirty-four thousand lire. Boieldieu's heirs still receive every year between seven and eight thousand francs for his "Dame Blanche."

Miss Yonge's "Musings over 'The Christian Year,'" and "Lyra Innocentium," will interest every admirer of Keble's famous work. The "Musings" gain value and interest from the "Gleanings of Recollections" of the reverend author, which form a large part of the volume. Keble's "Christian Year" has filled a place among one portion of the religious community second in affectionate regard only to Bunyan's great allegory. It has cheered, soothed, sweetened, and inspired many minds; and all who have derived pleasure from its pages will be glad to establish that better personal acquaintance with the poet which this volume affords them the opportunity to do.

Baring-Gould's "Gabrielle André" is a novel of the first French Revolution, powerfully written, and of great dramatic interest. It will surprise many readers to find a writer, known principally hitherto in literature as the author of learned philosophical and historical treatises, devoting himself to works of imagination. In "Gabrielle André," Mr. Baring-Gould conspicuously exhibits his genius for this class of literature. He has great talent for description, excellent perception of character, and, what in fiction is more necessary than any thing else, genius for incident and dramatic action.

"The Fight at Dame Europa's School, showing how the German Boy thrashed the French Boy, and how the English Boy looked on," is a satirical *brochure*, which in England obtained an immense circulation, and is now reprinted here, with illustrations by Thomas Nast. The satire was more successful among English readers than its merits warranted; but here it has double point by means of the comic drawings of Mr. Nast, whose pencil enforces

the satire almost more tellingly than does the pen of the author. Felt & Co., of New York, are the publishers.

Ponson du Terrail, the French romancist, who died a few months ago at Bordeaux, was comparatively the most productive writer of fiction France ever had. In the last sixteen years of his life he wrote no fewer than two hundred and three large novels, and it is said that his famous "Rocambole" alone had a sale of one hundred thousand copies. Ponson du Terrail wrote most of his MSS. at a small coffee-house on the Boulevard du Temple, in Paris, which in his honor is now called Café Rocambole.

Russia boasts of having a new Kryloff in the person of Ivan Detloff, of Kiev, whose fables have met with an unprecedented success. Detloff is a tailor by trade, and of German descent. He was nearly twenty years of age before he learned the Russian language, and now, twelve years later, he bids fair to obtain one of the foremost places in Russian literature.

The very general discussion by the press of Darwin's "Descent of Man" has, instead of exhausting public interest in this latest scientific question, greatly stimulated it. The sale of Darwin's work is almost unprecedented in scientific literature. Mr. Mivart's "Genesis of Species," which so ably presents the argument against Darwin, is also very widely read, and contributes much to the interest of the discussion.

If the Germans do not obtain very correct information in regard to the recent war, it will not be the fault of their historians; for, besides the nineteen histories of the war which have already appeared, no fewer than thirty-seven new ones are announced in press. Old General von Moltke will personally write the official history of the war, of which the first part will be issued next October.

Messrs. Scribner & Co. have added to their valuable illustrated library "The Wonders of the Heavens," from the French of Camille Flammarion by Mrs. Norman Lockyer. This volume is fully illustrated, and affords a complete survey of the grand mysteries and wonders of astronomy. It forms the twentieth volume of the wonder series.

The Poems of Lucy Hamilton Hooper have been published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., in a very beautiful volume, which forms an appropriate dress for the graceful and refined contents. Mrs. Hooper has few equals among our living female poets, and we are proud to recognize in this volume several pieces that first saw the light in the pages of this JOURNAL.

The *Academy* states that Mr. W. R. S. Ralston is engaged upon what seems likely to prove an interesting book on the popular literature of Russia. It will be divided into three parts, of which the first will be devoted to the songs of the people, the second to the epic poems, and the third to their prose stories.

Messrs. Devlin & Co., the well-known New-York clothiers, issue for a gratuitous distribution a small hand-volume, entitled "The Metropolis explained and illustrated in Familiar Form." It contains much valuable information for strangers visiting the city, and is accompanied with a good map.

The Italian novelists seem to be quite busy this year. No fewer than ninety-one new novels are announced by the publishers of Milan,

Florence, Rome, Venice, and Naples. Formerly there were few years in which more than fifty novels were issued by Italian publishers.

Gervinus has left an additional volume of critical remarks on Shakespeare's plays, an unfinished manuscript of personal reminiscences, and a volume on Italian art, all of which will be published next fall at Heidelberg.

Some learned Armenians at Constantinople are engaged in translating the Bible again into the Turkish language. The existing translation, especially that of the New Testament, is said to be very imperfect.

Mr. F. T. Palgrave is about to publish a volume of lyrical poems, which have been long in hand, and include "Alcestis," and others of what are now styled the idyllic class.

The three Scandinavian states, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, have at present but four monthly literary magazines and two quarterly reviews.

The daily papers of Berlin have an aggregate circulation of two hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred and ninety-three copies.

Foreign Items.

IT is a somewhat curious fact that several of the sovereigns of Europe do not speak the languages of their respective countries very purely. The Czar of Russia speaks Russian with a marked German accent, and the same is said of the Danish of King Christian IX. of Denmark. Amadeo of Spain speaks the language of his new country very imperfectly, and the Greek of King Georgios is still so broken that it is a standing joke among the disloyal portion of his subjects. Victor Emmanuel's Italian is such that his Sardinian accent is recognized as soon as he opens his mouth. The Emperor William speaks German with a marked Berlin accent, and in Sweden the opposition to King Charles says that he speaks better French than Swedish.

At the last interview which the Princess Salm-Salm had, after the death of her husband at Gravelotte, with the Archduchess Sophia, the mother of the unfortunate Maximilian told the princess that she should receive either an estate in Bohemia in her own right, or an annual pension of three thousand florins. The princess, who does not like to live in Austria, preferred the pension. From the Prussian Government she has received, since her husband's death, three hundred dollars a year.

An extraordinary scene occurred recently at the opera-house in Bucharest. Prince Charles of Roumania and a crowded audience witnessed the performance of Auber's "Masaniello." At the celebrated revolutionary stabbing-scene in the third act, nearly every man in the pit rose from his seat, and the house resounded with furious threats against the prince, who turned very pale, and immediately left the house with his escort.

Urbano Rattazzi, the Italian lawyer and statesman, has amassed a large fortune in the last twenty years, mostly by very judicious real-estate investments. By the removal of the seat of government from Turin to Florence he is reported to have made in the course of two months, by the rise of property he had bought in the latter city, nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

Döllinger, the leading German opponent of the infallibility dogma, and Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence, its ablest defender in Germany, were both members of the German National Assembly in 1848, and Ketteler on one occasion rebuked Döllinger there for what he called his blind ultramontane zeal. And now Ketteler has induced the pope to excommunicate Döllinger for his liberalism.

Prince Christian, of Augustenberg, Queen Victoria's son-in-law, who, previous to his marriage, was so poor that he could not afford, as he acknowledged himself in a letter to a friend, to keep a box at the Berlin Opera-House, has now saved so much money that he has been able to pay all the mortgages on the estates of his family in Schleswig-Holstein.

General Fleury, the intimate friend of Napoleon III., and at the time of the overthrow of the second empire minister to Russia, has recently made several attempts to commit suicide, and his wife has to watch him day and night in order to prevent him from renewing them.

The Princess Pauline de Metternich played the other day in Vienna, at an amateur performance of Offenbach's "Grand-Duchesse," in which only members of the highest Austrian aristocracy participated, the rôle of the grand-duchess to the great satisfaction of the distinguished audience.

It has now been definitively settled that the coronation of William I., as Emperor of Germany, will take place next September at St. Bartholomew's Cathedral in Frankfort-on-the-Main. All the sovereigns of Europe will be invited to be present at the imposing ceremonies.

The Queen of Denmark is a very accomplished needlewoman, and she has told many persons that she was proud of making her own dresses. In her youth she was quite poor, and never dreamed that she would one day sit on a royal throne.

The private advisers of the pope have recently urged him to extricate the papal exchequer from its present troubles, to offer for sale Castle Gandolfo and two or three other country-seats, which, they say, would bring very large prices at present.

The King of Bavaria told Paul Heyse, the German author, recently, that he intended to make the Royal Theatre, at Munich, superior to any dramatic and operatic stage in the world, and that he would spend half a million florins of his private fortune for that purpose.

The restoration of the Germanic Empire will be celebrated on the 1st of July next at the Kyffhäuser Mountain, amid imposing ceremonies, at which all the German princes and delegations from the Legislatures of all German States will be present.

The autograph market in Germany is at present very dull, and the dealers in Leipsic, where upward of a hundred and fifty thousand thalers' worth of autographs are sold annually, have been obliged to reduce their prices fifty per cent.

The petty princes of Reuss, in Germany, are doing a profitable business by selling patents of nobility to ambitious burghers. One hundred thalers are sufficient to make any man a baron by the grace of the potentates of Reuss.

Bishop Dupanloup, it is said in France, is so mortified at a private letter which he has

recently received from the pope, that he intends to resign his position and retire to the large farm which he owns in Touraine.

Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence, who, it is said, will soon receive a cardinal's hat from the pope, and who is now the leader of the Ultramontanes in Germany, was formerly an officer in the Prussian light cavalry.

Hoff, the Berlin malt-extract man, has become in fifteen years a millionaire by extensive advertising. He asserts that he has paid to daily and weekly journals in that space of time the enormous sum of three million thalers.

A box filled with old letters and documents, among them many curious and unpublished papers written by Richelieu and Mazarin, has been discovered in a vault near Mongeville, in France.

The Queen of Prussia has given one thousand thalers to the society started in Berlin for the purpose of devising original German fashions.

Kommissaroff, the peasant who saved the life of Czar Alexander II., in the year 1866, is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

Verdi, the composer, is nearly deaf, and writes his operas in a room where there is no musical instrument whatever.

Queen Victoria is building a very beautiful villa near Coburg, in Duke Ernest's duchy.

Richard Wagner has accepted an invitation from the khédive to visit Egypt.

Miscellany.

Professor Gervinus.

GEORG GOTTFRIED GERVINUS, whose death has been lately recorded, was one of the most eminent writers of the age, and one of Germany's stanchest patriots in times when to be a patriot was to be more or less an outlaw. He was born in Darmstadt, in 1805, and was apprenticed at an early age, first to a bookseller, next to a banker. But already, in 1824, having broken with his commercial career, he enrolled himself among the students of the Giessen University, which he soon left to sit at the feet of Schlosser in Heidelberg, where, in 1830, he became "Docent" in his turn, having produced his first work, "The History of the Anglo-Saxons." Three years later his "Historical Writings" procured him, on Dahlmann's recommendation, the professorship of History and Literature at Göttingen. He then commenced his great work, "The History of the Poetical National Literature of Germany," five volumes (1835-'42), the title of which was changed in its fourth edition into "History of German Poetry." Next followed his "Outlines of Historiography," "On Goethe's Correspondence," a canto of "Gudrun," a fragment like his "History of the Art of Drinking," in which he intended to show how the cultivation of the vine had always gone hand in hand with the culture of the people. In 1837 Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, came to the throne of Hanover, and Gervinus, together with six other Göttingen professors, signed the famous protest against the *coup d'état* with which the former had inaugurated his rule—a protest of which, by-the-way, that unfortunate Professor Ewald, now the loyal "particularist," has never since ceased to "sing and to say." Gervinus was not only the author of the protest, but also its propaga-

tor, and, while the other professors were simply dismissed, he was compelled, by a special rescript, to quit Hanover within three days. He returned to Heidelberg, where, with few interruptions, he has ever since occupied the chair of German Literature. But abstract studies did not suffice him. Ever anxious to awaken the torpid national sense of subdivided and prince-ridden Germany, he busied himself with newspaper work as well, while the movement of the Deutsch-Katholiken gave rise to several separate pamphlets from his pen. His "Heidelberg Address to the Schleswig-Holsteiners" (1846) stirred up one of the most powerful agitations throughout Germany, the consequences of which have indeed been more momentous than its author was probably aware of. In 1847 he founded, together with Mathy, Mittermaier, and Häusser, the *Deutsche Zeitung* the representative organ of German Constitutionalism, which, chiefly in 1848, exercised an enormous influence upon public opinion. Elected to the National Assembly of Frankfort, he soon wearied of its fruitless labors, and eventually, after the miserable *fiasco* of that body, turned entirely from politics to his former studies. In 1849 he produced his work on Shakespeare, and from 1855 to 1866 his *magnum opus*, "The History of the Nineteenth Century since the Vienna Treaties." The introduction to this work, published separately in 1854, brought down upon him another prosecution "for agitation and high-treason," in which, however, the government was not successful. He was first partially condemned, and next entirely acquitted. Apart, however, from all these labors, he cultivated the art of music, and was one of the most zealous apostles of Handel in Germany. The Handel statue in Halle, the Handel Society, and the complete Handel edition, are mainly owing to his indefatigable zeal. His place in the world of culture will not easily be filled.

Schuyler Colfax on the Northern Pacific Railway.

Midway across the continent, at the head of twelve hundred miles of lake navigation, a thousand miles from Buffalo, the western terminus of the Erie Canal, and as near to it by water as Chicago, a hundred miles west of the longitude of St. Louis or Galena, is the young city of Duluth, the initial point of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The great work, so magnificently endowed by the government, is already being pushed rapidly westward, under its energetic controllers; and before the snow flies next fall it will be completed to the western line of Minnesota, where it crosses the Red River of the North, which runs northward to Lake Winnipeg, and one-eighth of its distance to the Pacific Ocean will have been accomplished. Commencing, too, this season, on its western line, the work will be prosecuted from both directions; and long before the nation celebrates its centennial anniversary of independence the lakes will be united by iron bands with that Mediterranean of our Northwest—Puget's Sound.

Of the auspicious influence of this enterprise, which but a few years ago would have been considered so daring, the most sanguine of its friends have scarcely yet a full realization. Even taking Chicago as the starting-point, it will be (*via* St. Paul, where an arm of this railroad is reached) two hundred miles less distance to Puget's Sound than to San Francisco. Besides this, vessels from the Golden Gate to China sail on what is called the grand circle, instead of in a straight line; and any one testing this by a string on a globe will be surprised at the result, if he have not previously studied the effect of the rotundity of the

earth, and its diminished protuberance as he goes northward toward the pole. Hence, when vessels have sailed eight hundred miles from San Francisco, they are only one hundred miles from the entrance to Puget's Sound, and this striking fact shows the advantages this route will have in commanding the through traffic of Asia with our Atlantic States, or that portion of it which will pass over the soil of this nation on its road to Europe.

Nor is this all. Development is the great duty of the republic, after all its recent trials. Resources are the gift of the Creator. Developing them depends on the work of man. Along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, as it follows up the water-courses, the Missouri and the Yellowstone on this side, and descends by the Valley of the Columbia on the other, a vast body of agricultural land is waiting for the plough, with a climate almost exactly the same as that of New York, except that, with less snow, cattle in the larger portion of it can subsist on the open range in winter. Here, if climate and fertility of soil produce their natural result, when railroad facilities open this now isolated region to settlement, will soon be seen waving grain-fields, and happy homes, and growing towns; while ultimately a cordon of prosperous States, teeming with population, and rich in industry and consequent wealth, will occupy that now undeveloped and almost inaccessible portion of our continental area.

But this road is fortunate, also, in its pathway across the two ranges of mountains which tested so severely the Pacific Railroad built on the central line, and the overcoming of which reflected such well-deserved honor on its energetic builders. At the Deer Lodge Pass, in Montana, where it crosses the Rocky Mountains, its altitude above the sea is three thousand five hundred feet less than that of the Union Pacific Railroad at Sherman, which is said to be the highest point at which a locomotive can be found in the world. And on the Pacific side of the continent it is even more fortunate. From Arizona up to the arctic circle, the Columbia is the only river which has torn its way through that mighty range—the Andes of North America—which in California is known as the Sierras, but which in Oregon changes its name to the Cascades. Nature has thus provided a pathway to the Northern Pacific road through these mountains, the scaling of which, on the other line, at an elevation of over seven thousand feet (a most wonderful triumph of engineering), cost the Central Pacific millions of dollars, and compelled them for seventy miles to maintain a grade of over one hundred feet to the mile—twice the maximum of the Northern Pacific at the most difficult points on its entire route.

It is fortunate, also, in its terminus on the Pacific coast. No one who has not been there can realize the beauty of Puget's Sound and its surroundings. One hundred miles long, but so full of inlets and straits that its navigable shore-line measures seventeen hundred and sixty miles; dotted with lovely islets, with gigantic trees almost to the water's edge, and safe anchorage everywhere; and stretching southward, without shoals or bars, from the Straits of Fuca to the capital and centre of Washington Territory—it will be a magnificent *entrepôt* for the commerce of that grandest ocean of the world, the Pacific.

Curious Names.

One of the most frequent causes of the bestowal of strange Christian names, is the existence of a singular or suggestive surname. This affords a temptation to the display of a denominational jocularly which often proves too strong to be resisted. It happens, indeed,

not seldom, that such surname is in reality far from denoting what it appears to denote. But this is of no consequence: the sound or look of the word is enough. We have not far to go for examples; and we will take a few as they present themselves. We notice, in the first place, the name "Sea Gull." Here the surname "Gull" owns no allusion to the bird which is so familiar upon our shores, although its owners facetiously turn it to account in that sense. "Gull" is likely to be from a Norse word meaning "gold;" or it may simply denote a dupe or fool. Then the registration indexes also gives us "River Jordan." In this instance the family name, which has its representative in France (as we remember from the *bourgeois gentilhomme*), and in other European countries, and which makes its appearance among our own surnames under several different aspects, is, in all probability, what it seems to be. The waters of the sacred stream were often brought here in crusading times to be used for baptismal purposes; and in these cases the baptized may sometimes have received the name of the river, which name would be liable, like all other personal titles, to become hereditary. Thus the conjunction "River Jordan" may be much more appropriate than its facetious inventors supposed. Some consider, however, that "Jordan" is a travesty of the word "Hodiernus"—a not unfrequent personal name in former days. "Arch Bishop," again, is a couplet to be found in the indexes. It is at least doubtful whether the surname has any reference to the ecclesiastical office. Among other combinations of the same class, we find in our lists a "Cardinal Wolsey Church," a "Green Leaf," a "Christmas Day," a "Lucky Day," a "Sing Song," a "Rose Budd," a "Seaman Skipper," a "Trial Palmer," a "Valentine Orson," a "Shooting Gallery," a "Royal King," a "Smart Natty," and a "Tempest Sleet." Probably a true explanation of the etymology of most of these surnames would entirely dispel the jocular illusion of the conjunctions.

Spain.

The King of Spain, whose election in the midst of the great war attracted but little attention in Europe, has already received ample warning of the troublesome character and insecurity of his position. The first tidings which met him on his arrival in Spain announced the murder of the prime minister who had selected him for the throne; and after an interval of a few weeks Señor Zorilla, who headed the deputation to Florence, has narrowly escaped assassination. Both crimes probably proceeded from zealots of the ultra-Republican party; but the king has not even the consolation of relying on the support of a united Conservative majority. Spain is not the only country which is divided by factions, or occasionally embarrassed by unprincipled coalitions; but nowhere else is opposition to the existing government so habitually regarded as a sufficient bond of union among those who are nevertheless divided by mutual enmities. At present, differences of political opinion are further complicated by dynastic preferences; and yet the respective adherents of three or four rival pretenders combine with the implacable adversaries of monarchs to weaken or overthrow the existing government. The ministers have themselves to blame for an imprudent act which has caused just discontent to several chiefs of the army. An unnecessary order that all general officers should take an oath of allegiance to the king has been disobeyed by important members of all the malcontent parties. The objections to all promissory oaths apply with comparatively little force to the military oath

which, since Roman days, has been used in almost all armies. No ceremony of the kind ever impeded mutiny, conspiracy, or treason; but tests, if they are in any case useful or justifiable, would seem to be appropriate methods of enforcing the duty of military obedience. A soldier is bound to be faithful, not only to the abstract state, but to its actual rulers; and if he affects to question the title of the reigning sovereign he may be justly punished or dismissed; but in Spain it might have been prudent to connive at hesitating loyalty, instead of forcing it to assume the form of disaffection. It is notorious that the generals of the Spanish army are politicians and partisans, and some of them had the strongest personal reasons for disliking the elevation to the throne of an Italian prince. After a time some of them might have been won over, and the king would have been better able to judge of his own ability to compel unwilling allegiance.

Two Newspaper Correspondents.

In the German camp before Metz, during its recent siege, there were two English newspaper correspondents whom we shall call A and B, each with his particular literary gift. A had great graphic power; but it was necessary for him to have seen what he described. He therefore roughed it with the poor soldiers; lay in the trenches, starved on the outposts; and, on the whole, had a very hard life of it out there. B was, on the other hand, an imaginative genius: it was not necessary for him to see the things that he described, nor even to hear of them; he evoked them out of his own consciousness, like the famous German philosopher—the fellow-countryman of those brave soldiers among whom B did not live. He lived at a hotel, remote from the trenches, and mud, and night-work, and composed his commentaries upon the siege of Metz in a first-floor sitting-room. It was necessary, he said, for an historian to be, above all things, calm and comfortable. News grew rare, and action slack. The Germans sat down outside Metz, the French within; they peered at one another over parapets, and potted each other's sentries (it was a wonder that in Metz they didn't eat potted sentry), but nothing more. The English public were getting eager for stirring details: a week had passed without a sortie. At last there appeared a grand account of one in B's paper; it was a sally of the first class, and full of picturesque incidents. B's paper sold like wildfire, for in this respect it possessed exclusive intelligence. No other paper had a word of the affair. Under these circumstances, the proprietors of A's journal wrote over to him indignantly to know why he had not sent them an account of it. Worse than the dull lover who makes no sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, is the correspondent who leaves a sally undescribed. A mounted his charger, which had been in as many engagements as Wouverman's gray horse, and rode a day's journey—to B's hotel. B received him with effusion; gave him beef instead of horseflesh, *pâté de foie gras* in place of water-rats, and turned away his wrath. "Only," said A at parting, "confine yourself in future to individual combats. I don't mind you drawing upon your imagination for little facts of that kind. But no more general sorties. My proprietors won't stand it."

Snakes and Monkeys.

Brehm gives a curious account of the instinctive dread which his monkeys exhibited toward snakes; but their curiosity was so great they could not desist from occasionally satiating their horror in a most human fashion, by lifting up the lid of the box in which the snakes were kept. I was so much surprised at his ac-

count that I took a stuffed and coiled-up snake into the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens, and the excitement thus caused was one of the most curious spectacles which I ever beheld. Three species of cercopithecus were the most alarmed; they dashed about their cages, and uttered sharp signal-cries of danger, which were understood by the other monkeys. A few young monkeys and one old Anubis baboon alone took no notice of the snake. I then placed the stuffed specimen on the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time, all the monkeys collected round it in a large circle, and, staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous; so that, when a wooden ball, with which they were familiar as a plaything, was accidentally moved in the straw, under which it was partly hidden, they all instantly started away. These monkeys behaved very differently when a dead fish, a mouse, and some other new objects, were placed in their cages; for, though at first frightened, they soon approached, handled, and examined them. I then placed a live snake in a paper bag, with the mouth loosely closed, in one of the larger compartments. One of the monkeys immediately approached, cautiously opened the bag a little, peeped in, and instantly dashed away. Then I witnessed what Brehm has described; for monkey after monkey, with head raised high and turned on one side, could not resist taking momentary peeps into the upright bag, at the dreadful object lying quiet at the bottom. It would almost appear as if monkeys had some notion of zoological affinities, for those kept by Brehm exhibited a strange though mistaken instinctive dread of innocent lizards and frogs. An orang, also, has been known to be much alarmed at the first sight of a turtle.—*The Descent of Man*, by Charles Darwin.

Love's Colors.

Not violets I gave my love,
That in their life are sweet and rare,
And deep in color, as the heart
Whose every thought of her is prayer;
For violets grow pale and dry,
And lose the semblance of her eye.

No lily's buds I gave my love,
Though she is white and pure as they;
For they are cold to smell and touch,
And blossom but a single day,
And, pressed by love, in love's own page,
They yellow into early age.

But cyclamen I chose to give,
Whose pale-white blossoms at the tips
(All else as driven snow) are pink,
And mind me of her perfect lips;
Still, till this flower is kept and old,
Its worth to love is yet untold.

Old, kept, and kissed, it does not lose
As other flowers the hues they wear.
Love is triumphant, and this bloom
Will never whiten from despair;
Rather it deepens as it lies,
This flower that purples when it dies.

So shall my love, as years roll by,
Take kingly colors for its own.
Sole master of her vanquished heart,
Am I not master of a throne?
Crushed by no foot, nor cast away,
My purple love shall rule the day.

Pearls.

Pearls are found in India, in Panama, in Scotland, in many fresh-water streams, but thoroughly good pearls are, notwithstanding, very rare. The value of a pearl is determined by its color and its shape. It may be either one

of three forms—a perfect sphere, egg-shaped, or in form like an acorn, with the base well rounded. The preferable tint is a slight golden one (not a yellow), mixed with a faint blush of pink. Those in which the pink predominate are specially prized. Steel-colored pearls have also their charm, but the tint should be decided, and not too much obscured. Pearls of good color, but of distorted shape, are not uncommon; but, in this form, they are only notable as curiosities. As the pearl is a natural substance, and worn just as it is rescued from the water, we can readily perceive how difficult it is to find one possessing at the same time the double merit of form and lustre. Small pearl, or seed pearl, are procurable in large quantity; they are fashioned by piercing and stringing them into beautiful ornaments, and mounted on mother-of-pearl fastenings. The only true pearl possessing all the merits of excellence is the Indian pearl, found at the island of Ceylon, especially on the Condatchy banks. A notable quantity come from Panama, but these seldom, if ever, have the lustre or accurate conformation of the Indian pearl. Scotch pearls, found in the Tay and Garry Rivers, have received a certain notoriety of late. We notice, particularly, a parure of native Scottish pearls presented to the Princess Louise, on her marriage, by the Duke of Argyll; they had, however, very probably more local fame than intrinsic beauty. It does not require quite so much precision to judge of a pearl as in the selection of a diamond. Accuracy of form is readily ascertained, but it is difficult to appreciate the shades of color. A pearl should have life and brilliancy, a certain softness of tints, for, without this play of color, size cannot make it beautiful. We were recently shown a brooch of mixed diamonds and pearls, at the establishment of Messrs. Starr & Marcus, of No. 22 John Street. One of the pearls was perfectly spherical, and beneath it hung a pear-shaped one, both types of the purest Oriental pearls. In shape and color they presented all those distinguishing traits of excellence peculiar to this chaste and elegant gem.

Varieties.

A GERMAN paper relates the following story: In the house of a clergyman's widow at Würtemberg, Bible-lots were being cast on St.-Sylvester's Eve for all the members of the family. While this was being done the children cried out, "Now we must draw a lot for our new emperor!" No sooner said than done, and they drew the lot from Hagzal ii. verse 9—"The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." Struck with the emphasis of these words, they all declared that the verse should be sent to King William, and a letter was accordingly written to Count Bismarck at Versailles requesting him to forward it to the emperor.

A resident of Taunton, Mass., has obtained his ice for summer use for several winters past in the following manner: Procuring about fifty empty flour-barrels, at a cost of twenty cents each, he gradually pours in water, until each contains a solid mass of ice. The barrels are then put away in his cellar, and entirely covered with sawdust. As ice is required, a barrel is tapped.

When Alaska was ceded to the United States, the Russian Fur Company owned a magnificent library, which embraced the works of the greatest British and American novelists, as well as the more standard publications, in the English, French, German, and Russian languages. By the terms of the treaty this was transferred with the land, and was put up for sale at five cents a pound. A United States artillery company stationed in the region had a fund of two hundred and eighty dollars ac-

cumulated national money, which they invested in books at the stated price, and secured a library that would be worth a fortune almost to a man in the States.

A good story is told of a late college-president near Boston. On one occasion the students substituted a large dictionary in place of the Bible at the morning devotions. On opening the book he at once saw the situation; but he said nothing, and proceeded to the prayer, which he prolonged for an hour. The students got out of all patience; but they appreciated the sly remark of the venerable president on his retiring, that he "found all the words he needed in the volume they had placed on his desk."

The Four Georges have had their fair share of abuse in one way or another, though probably never in a more concentrated form than in this epigram:

"George the First was reckoned vile;
Viler, George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended,
God be praised, the Georges ended!"

A journalist with a statistical turn has found out that the London newspapers have contained in the last three years not less than one hundred and seventy-eight obituaries of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, any of which, he adds, is good enough for a man really dead.

A linguist at Warsaw, Poland, named Prescensky, has just completed a polyglot dictionary in twenty-three languages, upon which he has been at work for over seventeen years. It is believed that the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg will publish the work at its expense.

"Long engagements," writes a young lady, "are going out of fashion, young men being at last convinced of the stupidity of making matrimonial proposals before they are in a position to fulfil their promise at once."

With all the boasted superiority of English railway management, more people were killed there in the last three months by railroad accidents than were killed in the United States from similar causes during the whole of the year 1870.

Robert Browning, although only fifty-eight years old, judged by his face might be thought seventy. Since the death of Mrs. Browning, he has grown old in appearance rapidly, although the vigor of his constitution is said to be unimpaired.

"George," asked the teacher of a Sunday-school class, "who, above all others, shall you wish first to see when you get to heaven?" With a face brightening up with anticipation, the little fellow shouted, "Gerliah!"

An Ohio inventor claims to have devised a process for converting iron into steel of so liquid a quality, that it can be cast into fine threads, ready-sharpened edge-tools, etc., all at one process.

A country journal having declared that during the carnival at Washington, "widows on the avenue were let for from twenty to fifty dollars each," explained the next day by saying, "windows, not widows, were meant."

The latest London blessing is called the digitarium—a small dumb piano. It is said that by means of it pupils can learn to play on all instruments keyed like the piano, without making a noise.

An old stager was compelled by his worthy spouse to "join the cold-water army," which he did, promising not to touch a drop of any thing except in sickness. He has never been well since.

Gail Hamilton thinks that the failure of women in practical business proceeds from her natural qualities and not from the obstacles she meets.

Harriet Martineau has written and published altogether not fewer, it is said, than three hundred volumes and pamphlets, nearly half of them since she was fifty years of age.

Caws and effect—Crows and scarecrows.

The *Medical Press* is discussing the possibility of a secret poison so deadly that the perusal of a letter containing some of it will cause the reader to fall dead, with all the symptoms of asphyxia.

It is claimed by Professor Swallow, engaged in the geological survey of Missouri, that there are larger trees in that State than in California; and he notes a sycamore that is forty-five feet in circumference.

The attempt of the young King of Greece to revive the Olympic games on the same spot and in the same style in which they were celebrated twenty-five centuries ago, has proved an ignominious failure.

The new King of Spain has introduced the greatest economy into his household, reducing the usual expenses to about one-fifth. This conduct of his is received very favorably by the tax-ridden Spaniards.

An Amsterdam journal says New York is so defiant of law, and so full of ruffians, that clergymen carry muskets to church, and that persons who bear around the contribution-box arm themselves with revolvers.

May not the appearance of a colored boy in the House of Representatives at Washington, in the capacity of page, be termed, without offence, "a dark page in American history?"

A young woman of Providence is said to be one of the best blacksmiths in that city. She works side by side with her father in his shop.

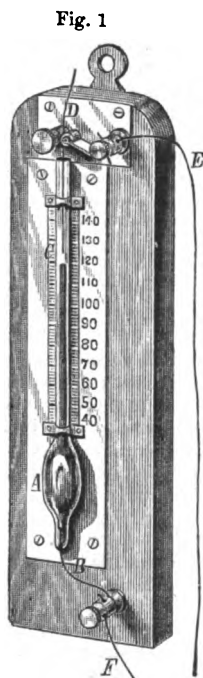
Bread is said to have been first made with yeast by the English about 1650.

The Museum.

OUR illustration this week represents Dr. Sternberg's invention of a Regulating Thermometer, by which electricity is made use of for the automatic regulation of dampers and

valves in stoves and furnaces, and the consequent regulation of the heat of rooms.

The construction of the Regulating Thermometer is shown in Figs. 1 and 2. Fig. 1 is a



thermometer for hanging in any room, the heat of which it is desired to regulate. A platinum wire is hermetically sealed in a portion of the tube prolonged below the bulb. An adjustable

wire slips through the open upper extremity of the thermometer stem, and its end is thrust down the tube. This wire passes between adjusting rollers, by which it is conveniently raised or lowered, until its end stands at any desired degree of the scale. By means of binding screws, the wires B and D have electric connection with the wires E and F, which pass to the furnace or heating apparatus, wherever it may be, and are there connected with the apparatus by which the valve or damper is operated. A battery-cup of any kind is interposed in the circuit at any convenient locality.

As soon as the heat of the room in which the thermometer hangs, causes the mercury to rise in its tube and meet the point of the adjustable wire, an electric circuit is completed, the current, passing through the helix of a temporary magnet, causes its armature to be attracted, moving a lever by which the valve or damper is closed. This closing of the damper causes the heat of the room to be diminished and the mercury to fall below the point of the wire in the thermometer tube. The electric circuit being thus broken, a spring draws the armature from the electro-magnet, and opens the damper. The damper or valve is thus regulated so as to keep the mercury in the thermometer tube oscillating at the point of the wire, and the temperature of the room is kept at very nearly a constant point.

Fig. 2 represents a thermometer especially constructed for immersion in any liquid which it is desired to keep at a fixed temperature. In this thermometer both wires are hermetically sealed in their places, the upper one being so adjusted that the mercury in the thermometer tube shall reach its extremity when subjected to the temperature to which the thermometer is designed to regulate any gas or liquid in which it may be immersed.

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{ WITH SUPPLEMENT.



SCENERY IN NEVADA.

SCULPTURED CANYON, HUMBOLDT RANGE. SEE PAGE 616.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE ATYLMER."

CHAPTER XXI.—MISS TRESHAM KEEPS HER WORD.

THE morning after the ball at Annesdale, Katharine was one of the few people who came down-stairs at the usual hour. Most of the ladies kept their chambers, and the gentlemen dropped into the breakfast-room at irregular intervals, looking the worse for their night's amusement. Miss Tresham received many compliments on her matutinal habits—all of which she answered by a faint smile. "I don't deserve any credit for my energy," she said. "I should have liked very much to sleep longer, and probably would have done so, if I had not been obliged to go to Tallahoma this morning."

Mrs. Annesley was sitting at another table and talking to quite another set of people; but she caught the last words and turned round.

"Did I hear you say something about Tallahoma, Miss Tresham? I hope you are not intending to desert us?"

"Not unless you prohibit my return," answered Katharine, smiling. "I was only talking of going into town for a while this morning—on business," she added, as she saw a slight expression of surprise on Mrs. Annesley's face.

"Hear! hear!" cried Mr. Langdon, laughing. "'On business'—that is, to buy six yards of ribbon, or a pair of gloves. How grandly you ladies talk!"

"To buy something much more important than many yards of ribbon, or many pairs of gloves," answered Miss Tresham, gravely. Then she turned to Mrs. Annesley, and asked if she could send her into town.

"Certainly. The carriage is at your service," her hostess replied. "At what hour shall I order it?"

"Immediately after breakfast, if you please," Katharine answered.

Immediately after breakfast, Miss Tresham went up-stairs, and put on her bonnet and cloak. When she came down, the carriage was standing before the door, and, while she was congratulating herself on her escape from companionship and questioning, lo! from the drawing-room, sallied forth Mrs. French arrayed in full out-door costume.

"You don't object to taking me along, do you, Miss Tresham?" she asked, with a smile that Katharine could not help thinking had the least possible tinge of malicious enjoyment in it. "Mamma wants me to go to the Andersons, and they live on the other side of Tallahoma. I can drop you in the village, and call for you as I return, if you say so."

Katharine said so with the best grace she could summon, and in this way found herself fairly booked to make the best or worst of Mrs. French during a five-miles' drive. For a while, the latter spared her any conversational exertion—being full of the important subject of the ball, on which her tongue ran as glibly as possible.

"Was it pleasant, Miss Tresham?—did you really enjoy yourself?" she asked. "Did other people seem to be enjoying themselves?" Of course everybody told me that it was delightful; but I have said such things dozens of times, when in fact I had been nearly bored to death. After one has told stories of that kind one's self, one isn't apt to believe other people, you know. I am so glad you think every thing went off nicely. Our ball has become quite the Christmas event in Lagrange, and I always like it to be nice. It often strikes me that it is a very daring thing to bring a hundred or so people together, and leave them to amuse themselves—for that is what a ball really comes to, you know."

"Indeed I don't know," said Katharine, smiling. "On the contrary, I think it is on the hostess that the success or failure of a ball principally rests. You must not try to shirk the success of yours, Mrs. French."

"Oh, it was mamma who played hostess," said Mrs. French, with a shrug. "I took no more responsibility of that sort than any of the guests. When I come home, I tried to forget that I am married; and I generally succeed in enjoying myself quite as much as if I was a girl with a dozen or so of admirers. By-the-by, we were talking over the

ball this morning, and there was quite a discussion going on as to who was the belle of it. Tell me who you think is best entitled to that distinction."

"That is hard to say," answered Katharine, trying to keep her wandering thoughts to the subject in question. "Everybody has a different opinion as to who was the belle of the ball. I think Miss Vernon was the most beautiful woman present; but whether other people thought so, or whether that constitutes bellehood, I really don't know."

"I should say that the woman who was most sought and admired was the belle," said Mrs. French, decidedly. "You were very much admired, Miss Tresham," she went on, with surprising candor. "Any number of people asked me who you were, and said you danced so gracefully. I suppose you learned to dance in Europe—in Paris, perhaps."

"Indeed, no," said Katharine, smiling and sighing both at once. "I never was in Paris. I learned to dance at home—in the West Indies—where everybody loves it so."

"But you are English."

"I am West Indian," said Katharine, flushing a little. "Please don't call me English, for I am no more English than you are. Your grandparents, or great-grandparents, probably came from England, and so did mine—that is all."

In this strain, the conversation went on until Tallahoma was in sight, and Katharine, instead of being fresh and ready for what was before her, felt already wearied and downcast.

"Where shall I tell John to stop, Miss Tresham?" asked Mrs. French, with her hand on the check-string, as they entered the town.

"At—" Katharine stopped a moment. She was about to say "Mrs. Marks," but a timely recollection of the lateness of the hour, and of the many detentions that would await her there, came over her. It was imperative that she should see Mr. Marks at once, and that the business which brought her to Tallahoma should be transacted without loss of time; so she finished her sentence by saying—"the bank."

"The bank, John," said Mrs. French, with a little arch of her eyebrows. Then she added, laughingly, "I must tell Mr. Langdon that your business in Tallahoma really was business. One doesn't go to a bank to buy ribbons and gloves."

"I am going to see Mr. Marks about my salary," said Katharine, more annoyed by this remark than was strictly reasonable, and thinking she would put an end to any and all conjectures concerning her business.

"My dear Miss Tresham," said Mrs. French, a little shocked, "I hope you don't think that I meant any thing—that I was so impertinent as to be curious about your affairs. I really beg your pardon, if I said any thing to make you think so."

"You did not say any thing," answered Katharine. "I ought to beg your pardon for mentioning them—only one certainly does not go to a bank to buy ribbons and gloves."

"This is the place now," said Mrs. French, looking out. "Shall I call for you here, Miss Tresham?"

"At Mrs. Marks's, if you please," said Katharine, as the footman opened the door, and she descended to the sidewalk. "I shall be back in about two hours," was the last thing she heard Mrs. French say, as the carriage drove off.

Watching it out of sight, the girl said: "Thank Heaven!" with fervor, then turned, and, opening a gate just before her, went up a short walk bordered with green box, to the door of a somewhat gloomy-looking brick house. She knew the place well, for, during her first year of residence with the Marks family, they had lived here; and it was only because the children were growing large, and the house, with the bank apartments deducted, was uncomfortably small, that they had removed to the outskirts of the village. Nobody was more glad of the change than Katharine; but still, her local attachments were strong, and she gave a kind smile round the yard, with every nook and corner of which she had been familiar. She even stopped a moment to examine a rose-bush, that was clambering over the porch, before she went in. The passage which she entered looked dark and cheerless, but, on a door to the right, the word "Bank" was conspicuously lettered; and, as this door was ajar, a large, well-lighted room, with a counter running across it, was visible. Here all was well-known ground; so Katharine walked in without any hesitation. Two gentlemen were standing at a fireplace behind the counter, and they

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both turned as she entered. One was Mr. Marks, the other Mr. Warwick. A young man was busy with accounts at the other end of the apartment.

"Why, Miss Kate, is it possible!" said the cashier, meeting her in his hearty way. He shook hands, and seemed so glad to see her, that Katharine, who was thoroughly unnerved, felt half-inclined to cry. It is astonishing how every emotion with a woman takes the form of that inclination. "Yes, it is I, Mr. Marks," she said; and, while she was making inquiries about Mrs. Marks and the children, Mr. Warwick, after speaking to her, took his departure. "I'll be back in the course of an hour," he said to Mr. Marks; and then he went out—looking, Katharine thought, a little more grave than was usual with him.

Her own business was soon transacted. If Mr. Marks felt any surprise at the demand she came to make, he had discretion enough not to show it. "The whole amount, Miss Kate?" was all that he said. "The whole amount, if you please, Mr. Marks," she answered. So, after due examination of accounts, and due adding up of interest, Katharine found no less a sum than one thousand dollars in crisp bank-notes, paid to her across the counter. Her heart gave a great leap. She had been so little accustomed to the command of money in her life, that this seemed to her a large amount—quite a moderate fortune, in fact. "Surely it will buy my freedom," she thought to herself, with a strange pang at her heart; and then, while she signed a receipt for the payment, a sudden thought occurred to her, and she startled Mr. Marks by dropping the pen, and looking up at him.

"Mr. Marks, I am sorry," she said, hastily, "but could you let me have the amount in gold?"

"In gold!" echoed Mr. Marks, so much astonished that he could not help showing it. "In gold, Miss Kate?"

"Yes—if it will not inconvenience you—if—"

"If it will not inconvenience you, my dear young lady," interrupted the cashier, laughing a little. "You'll find it rather troublesome, I think; but of course the bank is always ready to pay specie when demanded on its notes. Do you want all that money in gold?"

"All, if you please."

"I must go down into the vault for it, then. We don't keep specie up here," he added, smiling.

As Katharine stood waiting for him to return, she hurriedly reviewed the situation in her mind. Regarded in any light, it was a rather embarrassing one. To conceal a thousand dollars in gold about her person was simply impossible; to carry it in her hand through the streets, without exciting much observation, and incurring much fatigue, was equally impossible. Yet what was to be done? If she paid the bank-notes to St. John, he would certainly convert them immediately into specie; and, as the notes might readily be identified, this would subject her to a great deal of unpleasant conjecture and possible inquiry. The only way to avoid it was to draw the gold at once; and yet, in that case, the problem still remained—how was she to take the amount either to Mrs. Marks, or to Annesdale, being unfortunately unprovided with any convenient pocket or satchel? Necessity, however, is the best spur, not only to invention, but to fertile expedient. As Mr. Marks reentered the apartment, a solution for her difficulty flashed through Katharine's brain. She thanked him, after he had counted the last one of the ringing yellow pieces down before her; and, while he was methodically tying them up in a canvas bag, she asked, quickly:

"Mr. Marks, would you object to my seeing a friend in the parlor yonder, across the passage?"

"Certainly not, Miss Katharine," answered Mr. Marks, speaking without the least hesitation. "By all means, see a half-dozen friends there, if you desire."

"One will do," said Katharine, acknowledging this pleasantry by a faint smile. "Now one thing more—will you give me a pen and some paper?"

Pen and paper were obligingly placed before her; and she wrote a few lines, folded, sealed, and addressed the note to Mr. Henry Johns. As she was about to leave the room in search of a messenger, Mr. Marks spoke:

"If it's a note you want taken anywhere, Miss Kate, Hugh can go for you. He'll not be sorry for a walk," he said, nodding toward the clerk.

"If Mr. Ellis won't mind," said Katharine, looking at him with a smile.

The young man put down his pen, and came forward with an air which plainly showed that he did not mind. In shy, boyish fashion, he was quite an admirer of Miss Tresham, and she knew it.

"You are always ready to oblige me," she said, giving him the note, with a smile that almost turned his head. Then she followed him into the passage. "See the gentleman yourself, please," she said; and Hugh promised that he would.

After he was gone, she went into the unfurnished parlor, and walked up and down the floor, chinking the bag of gold which she kept whispering to herself would buy her freedom—at least, for the present. After a while, however, she found it heavy, and put it down on the window-sill, for tables or chairs there were none. Then, as she stood waiting, the forlorn aspect of every thing around began to strike her. Few things are more forlorn than an empty room—a room of bare floor, naked walls, uncurtained windows—and when, together with these things, the day is cloudy, and the prospect without not a whit more enlivening than the prospect within, it would take a very strong mind indeed to withstand the effect of time and place. Some people are peculiarly susceptible to influences like these, and Katharine was one of them. Those who knew her well thought she deserved a great deal of credit for being as quiet and full of practical common-sense as she generally proved herself; for she possessed in unfortunate degree that sensitiveness to outside events, that capability of being deeply affected by outside things, which sober, phlegmatic folk are fond of calling "nonsense." Engrossed as she now was by thoughts of the coming interview, she was not so engrossed but that she noticed at the time, and remembered afterward, every separate detail that went to make up the scene around her—every grotesque figure on the sickly green wall-paper, every cobweb across the dusty, fly-specked windows, every tree and shrub in the yard outside. She was looking at her watch, and thinking how fast time was going, when the click of the gate-latch made her start, and, looking up, she saw Hugh Ellis ushering in St. John.

As they entered the passage, she opened the parlor door, and motioned the latter to enter. When he obeyed, she closed it again, and, without speaking, walked to the window where the bag of money lay. Taking it in her hand, she turned and held it out as he approached.

"Here it is, St. John," she said. "I wish it was more, but, such as it is, you are welcome to it. Don't think that I grudge you one shilling when I say—will you go now and leave me in peace?"

"You think of nothing but yourself," said he, without touching the money. "From first to last, you have thought of nothing but yourself, and of being 'left in peace.' Yet, there are people who call women unselfish."

"If I think of myself, who forced me to do so?" said she. "St. John, don't let us recriminate now. Here is the money. Take it—believe me, you are welcome to it."

"As a price to get rid of me."

"No—as a relief freely given."

"It's a devilish mean thing to take it," said he. But still he did take it—opening his eyes a little at the amount.

"You must have been hoarding, Katharine," he said. "Or else they pay like princes here."

"They pay very well," she answered, "and I have not spent much. I have had no need to do so."

"What is the amount?"

"A thousand dollars. I took gold, because I thought you would prefer it to bank-notes."

"This is better," said he, a little absently. He weighed the bag in his hand, with an expert gesture. "Two hundred pounds sterling," said he. "Katharine, is it worth while to say that I am much obliged to you?"

"No—it is not worth while."

"Very well," said he, coolly.

He opened the bag, took out some of the coin and looked at it, put it back, and tied up the mouth again. Something slightly nervous in the action, struck Katharine; but, as he did not speak, she spoke herself.

"You will leave Tallahoma to-day, St. John?"

"No," said he, sharply. "Why should you think so?"

"I don't see what should detain you," she answered. "I—this is all I can do for you."

"I am not considering you," he said, coldly.

He turned and walked up and down the room, looking absently at the doors and windows as he passed.

"Is this rickety old place a bank?" he asked, after a while.

"Yes, it is a bank—that is, the bank is in the other room."

"Humph! They must offer a premium for feats of burglary."

"It is secure enough," Katharine answered—adding, suddenly, "St. John, don't waste time like this. Tell me what you mean by saying that you will not leave here."

"I mean that I have found work to do," he answered, coming back, and pausing before her. "I mean, Katharine, that I have found the thing I most need, and least hoped for—a claim on Fraser."

"A claim!—*here*!—St. John, are you mad?"

"If I am, it is the luckiest fit of madness that ever came to anybody," he replied, with a short laugh. "No, I am quite sane, and I tell you—"

"Hush!" said Katharine, catching his arm with a force that surprised him. "Hush!—what is that?"

They both stood quite silent, and listened—St. John full of astonishment, Katharine full of suspense. Through the closed door, there came the sound of a rustling dress and a woman's voice in the passage beyond. As soon as Miss Tresham heard this, she turned and glanced out of the window near by. To her dismay, the Annesley carriage stood before the gate.

"I must go," she said, hastily. "It is Mrs. French. St. John, don't keep me—I must go."

"Who is Mrs. French?" he asked, impatiently. "I want to see you—I want to speak to you about this business."

"I cannot stay now," she said; and, as she spoke, she moved rapidly across the room, and unclosed the door, just as there came a knock on the other side. Opening it suddenly, she faced Mrs. French, who was standing with her hand uplifted, ready to knock again.

"Oh, Miss Tresham," said she, rather taken aback. "I beg pardon—I hope I did not disturb you? The Andersons were not at home, so, thinking you might still be here, I called on my way to Mrs. Marks. Mr. Marks told me that you were in this room, and I merely wanted to let you know that I had come—I hope I did not disturb you."

"Not at all," said Katharine, perfectly conscious that, despite the obstacle of her figure, Mrs. French's eyes had fully explored the room, and fully scrutinized St. John, who was still standing near one of the windows, and immediately within her range of vision. "I am ready to go," she added. "Don't let me detain you."

"My time is quite at your service," said Mrs. French, with most obliging sweetness. "I can wait in the bank until you have finished your business."

"I have entirely finished it," answered Katharine.

In consequence of this reply, Mrs. French had no alternative but to turn from the door, and allow Miss Tresham an exit. As she walked down the passage, Katharine paused a moment, and motioned St. John to approach.

"If you are anxious to see me, you can come out to Annesdale," she said. "If what you have to say is important, you can meet me to-morrow in the place that I showed you before."

"At what hour?" he asked.

"I will try to be there by twelve," she answered, after which she closed the door, and followed Mrs. French.

"Shall I tell John to stop at Mrs. Marks's?" asked this lady, as she moved aside to let Katharine enter the carriage.

"I believe not," Miss Tresham answered. "I won't detain you. It does not matter, since I shall see Mrs. Marks in two or three days."

"Home, John," said Mrs. French, gathering her silk dress in both hands and stepping into the carriage.

Ten minutes after the equipage rolled out of sight, Mr. Warwick came down the street toward the bank. As he entered the gate, he met St. John, who was just going out. A glance only passed between the two men; but sometimes a glance can be very significant. The remembrance of the lawyer's keen eyes gave the adventurer an uncomfortable feeling as he walked along, with Katharine's thousand dollars safely stowed in his pockets, while Mr. Warwick went straight into the bank and asked Mr. Marks what "that man" had wanted there.

"That man!—whom do you mean?" inquired the cashier, in a tone of surprise.

"That St. John, or Johns, as I believe he calls himself—what did he come here for?"

"St. John!—Johns!—There has been nobody here of that name," said Mr. Marks, looking puzzled. "In fact, there has been nobody here at all since you left, excepting Mrs. French, who called for Miss Tresham."

"The gentleman Mr. Warwick means is the one Miss Tresham sent for," said Hugh Ellis, looking up. "I saw him as he went out of the gate."

"Miss Tresham sent for him?" repeated Mr. Warwick.

He said nothing more, but walked to one of the windows, and stood there for a minute gazing out. Then he turned and came back to his brother-in-law.

"Don't think I am meddling," he said, "but if it is not confidential, I should like to know what Miss Tresham's business was. Did she say anything to you about that man?"

"She said nothing about any man," replied Mr. Marks. "She came to draw her money."

"Her money!"

"The whole of her two-years' salary," said the cashier. "A very pretty little sum it was, too," he added, approvingly. "A thousand dollars down in gold."

"Why did you pay it in gold?"

"Because she requested it—from a foreigner's distrust of our paper, I suppose. I did not think of it before," he went on, "but it looks a little as if she meant to go away. If she did, I should be very sorry, for I don't know where I could find another teacher who would suit us all as she does. As for the man, I don't know any thing about him. She wrote a note, and sent it by Hugh; but he hadn't been here more than ten minutes before Mrs. French came."

"Did Miss Tresham go away then?"

"Yes, she went away then."

Mr. Marks paused a moment, looked at his brother-in-law, and added, hastily:

"I hope there's nothing wrong about the man, Warwick? It did not occur to me to think any thing—somehow I always feel as if Miss Tresham could be trusted as we don't trust every woman of her age."

"I am sure Miss Tresham can be trusted," said Mr. Warwick, quickly. "You don't suppose I was thinking of her? Whatever the man may be, there's one thing certain—she can be trusted."

"I am glad to hear you say so," responded Mr. Marks, looking relieved.

"Surely you did not need to hear me say so? Now, about my business. Mrs. Gordon asked me to get this check cashed for her. She wants the money at once."

CHAPTER XXII.—SPITFIRE PLAYS AT HIDE-AND-SEEK.

"MAMMA," said Mrs. French, entering the drawing-room where her mother was sitting with half a dozen ladies, "have you any idea where Miss Tresham is? We want to rehearse the *tableaux* for to-morrow evening, and she is not to be found."

"I saw her go to walk a little while ago," said Mrs. Annesley, looking up from her embroidery. "She went out toward the shrubbery, Adela. You had better send for her if you need her."

"Send Mr. Langdon," said Mrs. Raynor, laughing.

"I wouldn't advise you to do any thing of the kind, if you want to see either of them soon again," remarked Mrs. Dargan. "That young man is really absurd!" she added, with considerable asperity.

"Send Maggie Lester and Morton," said Mrs. Annesley. "Spitfire will soon find her for them."

"That is a good idea!" cried Mrs. French, and, by way of putting it into execution, she immediately returned to the library where the principal portion of the party were assembled. A lively examination of engravings, and discussion of costumes, was going on here, and a great deal of interest and excitement was afloat; for, thirty years ago, *tableaux* were by no means the very common and very boring amusement which they are at present. In those days they were quite novel, especially in country districts—and, in consequence of the novelty, were considered very fascinating. Not long before this, Mrs. French had assisted at an exhibition of the kind in Mobile, and she was anxious to introduce the new amusement into Lagrange. Having abundant material at hand, in the matter of pretty girls, obliging gentlemen, and

an unlimited command of costume, she determined on giving a New-Year entertainment of this character. All the company received the idea with enthusiasm, and the only danger was that their zeal might outrun their discretion, inasmuch as they seemed anxious to prolong the entertainment indefinitely by representing every conceivable scene, and personating every imaginable character within the range of history or fiction. At length, however, this vaulting ambition was somewhat curbed, and the programme, after much weeding, was finally made out. Of course, the usual trouble about the distribution of parts—the trouble which is the bane of private theatricals, and all affairs of the kind—ensued. But, by judicious management, the stormy waters were allayed, and, after many compromises, peace was at length secured. But only peace in partial form. Characters being settled, dress yet remained an open question; and, when Mrs. French entered the library, a warm discussion was in progress.

"I tell you it ought to be black velvet and pearls," Miss Lester was saying, decidedly, as her friend walked up and touched her on the shoulder.

"Let the black velvet alone just now, Maggie," she said. "I want you to go out into the grounds and look for Miss Tresham. Mamma says she went to walk. I wouldn't ask you, only you are so fond of exercise; and, if you take Spitfire, he will soon show you where she is. We must have her to settle about the dress of Queen Mary. Please take Morton with you, and see if you can't find her."

"Do you hear that, Mr. Annesley?" asked Miss Lester, who was ready at once for the part assigned her. "The morning is charming, and I should like nothing better than a walk. Spitfire will like a game of hide-and-seek, too. He will find Miss Tresham for you in no time, Adela. Meanwhile"—this to the lady to whom she had been talking before—"remember that I say black velvet and pearls."

Spitfire was quite willing for a walk and a game of hide-and-seek, while Morton, for his part, was heartily tired of talk about doublets, and ruffs, and colored lights, and gauze screens.

"Oh, we can't let Mr. Annesley go—we haven't settled on the costume of the Master of Ravenswood yet!" cried one or two ladies, as he rose with alacrity to follow Miss Lester from the room.

"He won't be long," said Adela, philosophically. "What do you think Lucy Ashton ought to wear?—a bridal dress, of course; but in what shape?"

"Which way shall we go, Miss Lester?" asked Morton, as they descended the front steps together.

"We will ask Spitfire that," the young lady answered. "Here, Spitfire!—seek, sir, seek! Find Miss Tresham—Oh, I forgot," as Spitfire stood looking very confused and irresolute. "I must have something of Miss Tresham's to show him. Mr. Annesley, run into the hall and see if you can't find me something."

Mr. Annesley did as he was bid—that is, he walked into the hall, and returned after a minute or two with a long crimson scarf. "I think this is Miss Tresham's," he said. "I have seen her wear it several times."

"Here, Spitfire, here!" said his mistress, shaking the scarf at him, as if she was a matadore and Spitfire was the bull she wished to enrage. "Smell it, pet—and now go and seek Miss Tresham."

Thanks to the instructions of "Cousin Tom," Spitfire was tolerably well trained. He sniffed at the scarf, then trotted about a little, sniffed at the ground in much the same disdainful fashion, and finally set off toward the shrubbery.

"Come on," said Miss Lester, beginning to walk very fast; and Morton came on, as requested. Fast walking is not the most graceful thing in the world, as we who live in this day have ample opportunity for observing; but, on the 31st of December, when the sun is clouded over, and the air decidedly sharp, it is at least a comfortable thing. Miss Lester's cheeks had bright roses in them when at last she came to a halt. "Where has Spitfire gone?" she cried, laughing. "I am afraid we shall have to look for him, without the advantage, which he has, of a nose as a guide."

"This way, I think," said Morton, and he turned down a path that led into the wildest and prettiest part of the grounds. The woods, which had been enclosed here, were left almost entirely as Nature arranged them, excepting that the encumbering undergrowth of the forest had been cleared away, and now and then a rustic seat was placed in some shady nook. In spring, summer, or autumn, a lovelier spot was not to be found within the borders of Lagrange; but it looked cheerless enough on this bleak December day, with the leafless trees stand-

ing out like fine pencil tracery against a dull, gray sky, and the brown earth covered only with dry, fallen leaves.

"I don't think Spitfire came this way," said Miss Lester, a little pettishly, for she did not fancy walking down a steep hill with the assured certainty that she would have to walk up again.

"I am sure he did," said Annesley; "but, if you are tired, we won't go on. No doubt he will bring Miss Tresham to us after a while. Here is a seat—pray sit down."

"No, we might as well go on. There!—is not that Spitfire that I hear?"

It was Spitfire, undoubtedly. From no other canine throat could such a volume of shrill sound have issued—a vehement barking, of the most indignant kind, that was borne with singular distinctness through the still air.

"He can't be attacking Miss Tresham in that way," said Morton, quickly.

"Oh, no," said Spitfire's mistress, with the coolness which characterizes the owners of bad dogs, when those dogs are annoying or terrifying other people within an inch of their lives. "He—he has met somebody else—somebody that he don't know. Let us walk faster," she went on, more eagerly, "or he may be hurt."

"The somebody may be hurt, do you mean?" asked Annesley, as he quickened his pace in accordance with her own. "Surely Spitfire will not really bite?"

"The somebody!" echoed the young lady, with an indignation that startled him. "You don't suppose I am thinking of the somebody—I mean that Spitfire himself may be hurt."

"Oh!" said the gentleman, thus enlightened—then he added, with a smile, "perhaps he may. I would not answer for what I might do under such provocation as that."

"That" was the furious sounds of rage to which Spitfire was giving utterance as they approached. Other sounds were also audible now—Katharine's voice calling him off, and a man's voice angrily bidding him be gone.

"Some one is with Miss Tresham," said Morton, stopping with an instinctive hesitation—an instinctive remembrance of that other meeting of which his mother had spoken two days before.

But he stopped too late. Urged by a fear for Spitfire's safety, Miss Lester rushed eagerly forward, and he could not decline to follow. A few more steps brought them into the little dell, of which mention has before been made, and there the combat was raging hotly—Spitfire barking fiercely, and making frantic dashes at the feet and legs of St. John, the latter defending himself with considerable bravery, and Katharine trying, by alternate persuasion and command, to draw off the assailant.

Upon this scene Miss Lester rushed, just as St. John lost patience, and, stooping, took up a stone. Before he could throw it, his arm was peremptorily caught.

"How dare you!" cried the indignant and breathless owner of Spitfire. "How dare"—a long pant—"dare you throw stones at my dog? I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself—a great big man like you to be afraid of a little dog like that!"

"Excuse me," stammered he, turning round in astonishment, and finding himself in the grasp of a young and pretty woman. "I did not mean to hurt him—but he attacked me without provocation, and"—he added, with a sudden effort to recover the self-possession that had escaped him—"though he be but little, he is fierce. You must confess that."

"How could you let him do it?" said Miss Lester, turning to Katharine, "and when Spitfire—poor, dear fellow—came out to look for you, too! But what is the matter?—are you not well?"

"Yes, I am well," said Katharine, trying to smile—a piteous attempt which touched Annesley—"but first Spitfire, and then you, startled me a little. I was not expecting any one."

"Adela sent us to look for you," said Miss Lester, turning her back on the gentleman, all the more determinedly because she was dying of curiosity to look at him. In her own fashion, she was a girl of very high-minded ideas, though; and she kept her eyes steadily fastened on Katharine's face. "Adela sent us for you. She wants to rehearse the *tableaux*, and you forget that you are Queen Mary and Joan of Arc."

"I did forget it entirely," said Katharine. "I will go back with you at once. Mr."—she paused a moment—"Mr. Johns, perhaps Mr. Annesley will be kind enough to show you the way out of the grounds."

"Certainly," said Mr. Annesley, with a grave bow, "unless you will permit me to suggest the amendment that you introduce me to your friend, and that he will do me the honor to return with us to the house."

Katharine cast a quick look of mingled apprehension and entreaty at St. John before going through the form of introduction, in a voice that was not quite steady. She might have spared herself the apprehension she entertained. St. John was equal to the occasion. He bowed with easy grace, and regretted that he could not accept Mr. Annesley's courteous invitation; then bowed again to the ladies, as Katharine said to Miss Lester, "Shall we return now?"

"With all my heart," the young lady answered. "Here, Spitfire! here pet! I am afraid to leave him there," she went on, as Katharine and herself mounted the hill. "He has evidently taken a great dislike to that gentleman, and, when Spitfire takes a dislike to anybody, he never gets over it. He—your friend—was about to hurt him when I came up."

"I think not," said Katharine. Then she added, suddenly: "Don't call him my friend. I know him, and he chanced to be here and meet me—that is all."

"You know him!" repeated Miss Lester, looking at her. "Excuse me, but you say that as if you did not like him."

"I don't like him."

"Then, if I were you," said the other, with sudden frankness, "I would not meet him in this sort of way. I wouldn't do it for a man I liked, and I am sure I would see a man I didn't like shot ten times over first. Don't think me impertinent, Miss Tresham," she went on, "but I like you, and I thought I would tell you how people consider such things here. You are a stranger, and perhaps don't know our customs. Of course, I shall not gossip about the matter, and, as for Morton Annesley, he is true as steel; but still, if I were you, I wouldn't do it. Are you offended with me?"

"Not in the least," said Katharine, smiling faintly. "You mean kindly, and, therefore, I could not be offended. You simply don't understand."

The last words were uttered so quietly, and with so much unconscious dignity, that they had their effect upon Miss Lester. She hesitated a minute before answering.

"No, I don't understand, of course, and I don't mean to judge either. But I can see how things look, Miss Tresham, and it was of looks that I was speaking."

"Yes, I know," said Katharine, absently.

Meanwhile Morton and the companion who had been presented to him were crossing the grounds to the side-gate through which St. John had entered. A few commonplace remarks about the weather were interchanged as they proceeded; but, when they reached the gate, instead of opening it, Annesley stopped and faced the other.

"Excuse me, Mr. Johns," he said, gravely, "if I ask leave to speak a few words before we part. Of course, I do not know why you preferred to see Miss Tresham in the grounds, but permit me to remind you that the house is only a short distance from the place where I met you, and that any one of Miss Tresham's friends is cordially welcome there."

"It was by Miss Tresham's own request that I met her where I did," answered St. John, coldly. "I will bid you good-morning, with the assurance that I shall not invade your domain again."

"I hope you understand that it was on Miss Tresham's account that I spoke," said Morton, flushing a little.

The other lifted his hat with a courtesy so ceremonious that it had not a little of mockery in it.

"In Miss Tresham's name, allow me to thank you," he answered. "The only thing that puzzles me is the cause of this kind solicitude."

"Miss Tresham is one of my mother's guests," said Annesley, with a good deal of unconscious *hauteur*. He opened the gate, and raised his own hat, as St. John passed through. Nothing more was said on either side. They parted with a couple of stiff bows that would have become a pair of duellists; and, as St. John strode away in the direction of Tallahoma, Annesley went back to the house.

When he entered the hall he was at once waylaid by Mr. Langdon, and marched *nolens volens* into the back drawing-room, where a rehearsal was going on.

"No mutiny, young man," said the latter, as Morton tried to get

away on a pretext of business. "I was sent in search of you, and it is as much as my life is worth to go back without you. Queen Adela is *regnant* just now, and she would think nothing of ordering my head to be taken off for disobedience of orders. In with you!"

He gave his captive no time for expostulation, but ushered him straight into the room where the stage of Christmas Eve was again erected. Strangely enough the two women whom Morton had last seen together in the grounds were the first on whom his eye fell as he entered.

They were now confronting each other in tragic attitude—Miss Lester as Queen Elizabeth, Katharine as Queen Mary, in the famous scene from Schiller's "Marie Stuart."

In these days all the world knows that scene, for all the world has seen Ristori act it. But then it was something new, and something for which the world of Lagrange was indebted to Morton Annesley. He, knowing and admiring Schiller with all the enthusiasm of a German student, had suggested the picture, and given his opinion concerning a proper selection of the characters.

"Maggie Lester would do for an immensely-flattered Queen Elizabeth," he said, laughing. "She can't deny that her hair is red. And, if you were to put a Marie-Stuart coif and curls on Miss Tresham, I am sure she would look like the Queen of Scots. The color of her hair and the cast of her features are not unlike the portraits of the royal beauty."

When he came in just now poor Queen Mary was thinking of any thing else but her cowering rival or her deadly wrongs. She saw him enter, and, though she could not turn her head, she shot a wistful glance out of the corners of her eyes which Mrs. French caught as well as himself.

This astute lady had made nothing of Maggie Lester's reserve and self-possession. But a look at her brother's face told her all that she wanted to know.

"He has seen him!" she thought; and the knowledge acted on her like a stimulant, enlivening her spirits as if by magic.

After that the *tableaux* went on bravely, for everybody was held well in hand by their fair ruler, and nobody ventured on any open signs of weariness or dissatisfaction.

It was not until the rehearsal ended, and most of the company had dispersed to dress for dinner, that Katharine found an opportunity of speaking to Morton. He was standing near the stage, directing the servants, who were arranging some of the decorations, when she walked up to him.

"Mr. Annesley," she said, hurriedly, "I should like to speak to you. I have something to say to you. May I say it now?"

"Certainly," he answered, turning at the first sound of her voice. "Shall we go into the library?"

"No, it is only a few words. If you will come here—"

She walked away, and he followed her. Every one, excepting the servants, had now left the room. On one side was a bay-window, and into this Katharine went.

"It is only a few words," she repeated, as Annesley followed her; "but I should not like for any one to hear them."

"There is no danger of any one's doing so here," he answered.

Then he was silent, waiting for her to speak. After a minute she began, with a nervous haste of manner that had grown habitual with her of late.

"It is not about myself, Mr. Annesley. It is about Mrs. Gordon. I know that you are much attached to her, and—and I thought I would tell you, so that perhaps you might be of service to her. She is threatened, if not with danger, at least with serious annoyance."

Now, this was the last sort of communication which Morton could possibly have expected to hear, and the surprise which he naturally felt showed itself at once in his face and manner.

"Mrs. Gordon threatened with serious annoyance!" he repeated, with a start. "Pardon me, but you must be mistaken. There is no one who would dare—"

"There is some one who has the right to dare," she interposed, hastily. "Believe me, I know what I am saying. She is certainly threatened with very serious annoyance and distress."

A sudden dark flush rose over his face, and he frowned as Katharine had never seen him frown before. She recognized then what many other people had recognized before, that to touch Mrs. Gordon was to assail him in one of his most sensitive points.

"By whom, and in what way?" he asked.

"I cannot tell you that. I would if it were my secret; but it is not mine—it is Mrs. Gordon's. It came to my knowledge accidentally, and I cannot repeat it. Go to her, and, if she wishes you to serve her, she will tell you herself. I—I am very sorry for her," said the girl, with tears coming into her eyes. "She has a hard lot. I wish I could help her. Perhaps you can, Mr. Annesley—you are a man."

"I will try, at least," he said. "Shall I—would you advise me to go at once?"

"At once."

He moved away a few steps, turned abruptly, and came back.

"Miss Tresham," he said, quickly, "is there nothing I can do for yourself?"

She knew what he meant. She knew that he would not ask her confidence, or seem to request an explanation of the events of that morning. But she also knew that he gave her an opportunity—perhaps a last one—to right herself in his eyes. Some instinct told her that much hung on her reply, and she gave a slight gasp over it.

"Nothing, Mr. Annesley."

"I am sorry for that," he said.

Then, as if afraid to trust himself to speak another word, he walked away.

In the hall he met his mother.

"Where are you going, Morton?" she asked, as she saw him take his gloves and riding-whip from the stand. "Don't you know that dinner is nearly ready?"

"I shall not be back to dinner," he answered. "Make my apologies, if you please, mother, and say that important business called me away."

"Why, where are you going?"

"I will tell you when I come back. I have not time to talk now."

"But, Morton—"

She spoke in vain. Morton was gone. When she followed him to the door he was walking rapidly in the direction of the stables, and, not long afterward, she saw him, from her chamber window, canter away in the direction of Tallahoma.

It was not to Tallahoma that he was bound, however. The last sun of the Old Year had given a few golden gleams, and was sinking to rest in a bed of soft, violet cloud, when he dismounted from *Il-derim* before the door of Morton House. Rapidly as he had ridden, he noticed along the avenue the fresh track of carriage-wheels, and the fact puzzled him a little. Mrs. Gordon never left home, and nobody ever came to the house. At an ordinary time he might merely have thought that one of these rules had been broken; but now, with the remembrance of Katharine's vague warning in his mind, he felt an uncomfortable foreboding of ill. This foreboding was increased as he approached the terrace and saw a group of negroes loitering with sorrowful faces around the steps.

"What is the matter?" he asked, as one of them came forward and took his horse. "Has any thing happened that you all look as if you had been to a funeral?"

"Mar's Felix is gone, sir," answered the boy addressed, in a tone which indicated that he thought this a sufficient reason for any length of visage.

"Felix!—gone!—" Annesley repeated. A sudden fear, common enough in that country and at that time, startled him. "Do you mean that he is lost?"

"Oh, no, sir," answered the boy, quickly. "Mr. Warwick came and took him away in a carriage. They hadn't left more'n a few minutes before you got here, sir."

"Did his mother—did your mistress go too?"

"No, sir—she's in the house."

"Very well. Keep my horse here. I shall be back directly."

He walked hastily to the house, and on the portico met Harrison, who was wearing a most lugubrious face.

"What is the meaning of this, Harrison?" Morton asked, quickly.

"Where has Felix gone?—and why has he been sent away?"

"The Lord only knows, Mass Morton," said the old man, dolefully. "Miss Pauline and Mr. Warwick done it. I don't think they asked anybody's advice, sir—they just packed up Mass Felix's clothes, and took him right away. It was hard on the poor child, sir, for he didn't want to go; and if you could a-heard him a-crying, sir, it would almost a-broke your heart."

"I am glad I didn't hear him then," said Morton, who saw plain-

ly that the whole feeling of the household was ranged on Felix's side. "But his mother must have had some good reason for sending him away. Where is she?"

"In her own room, Mass Morton," answered Harrison, following the young man into the house. "You better go into the drawing-room, sir, and I'll ask if Miss Pauline can see you. I don't mean to blame Miss Pauline," he added, with an air of severe justice. "To be sure she must a had her reasons unbeknownst to the rest of us. But it was hard on Mass Felix—and him so young."

"A great many things are hard," said Morton, "but they must be done. Send Babette to ask my cousin if she will see me."

In a few minutes, Babette entered the room, and said that Mrs. Gordon would see him. The Frenchwoman's eyes were red with weeping, and her face was sadly swollen from the same cause. Morton felt sorry for her, and said so—at which she startled him by a fresh burst of tears.

"Ah, madame—poor madame!" cried she. "M'sieur, comfort her, if you can. She is heart-broken—she will die of grief, if she is not comforted."

"I will do my best," said he; "but if Felix is gone, I fear that will not be much. Cheer up, Babette! Surely he will be back before long."

"Le bon Dieu only knows," answered Babette. And, as he crossed the hall, he heard her sobbing behind him.

Poor Morton! There is no exaggeration in saying that he would sooner have faced any danger which could possibly be imagined, than the scene which fancy painted as awaiting him in Mrs. Gordon's room. The sobs, the tears—Babette's noisy grief was, of course, only a faint shadow of what the bereaved mother must feel. He set his teeth, as he laid his hand on the door-knob—then turned it, and entered.

All was quiet within. On the hearth the fire burned, outside the windows, a soft, sad requiem of the dying year was moaning through the tall trees; but no human sob or sigh was borne to Annesley's ear. A figure clad in black sat on one side of the fireplace, and held out her hand as he advanced.

"Come in," said Mrs. Gordon, quietly. "You are very welcome. Is it not cold? Draw nearer the fire. Well"—with a faint, mournful smile—"have you heard the news? I am desolate."

"I have heard it," he answered.

He could say no more; for, although he ought to have been relieved, he was, in truth, more deeply affected by her quietude than he could have been by any vehement outbreak whatever. The hopeless accent of the last words went straight to his heart, and touched it more than tears could have done. He said nothing; but he kept her hand tightly clasped in his for several minutes.

"I see you feel for me," she said—"you do not think it is foolish to mind it so."

"No words can say how much I feel for you," he answered.

"It might be foolish, perhaps," she went on, "if he was not my all. But he is, you know—literally every thing that I have on earth."

"But surely you have not sent him far—surely he will not be gone long?" said Morton, unable to contain his surprise.

"I do not know where he has gone," she answered, in the same quiet, hopeless tone; "and I do not know when I shall see him again—perhaps never."

Annesley said, "Good Heavens!"—and then he stopped. A sudden remembrance of Katharine's words and looks came to him. "It is Mrs. Gordon's secret," she had said. "If she wishes you to serve her, she will tell it to you." Here was the secret staring him in the face; and evidently it had been told not to him, but to John Warwick. For a moment, he felt wounded—more deeply wounded than it is possible to describe; but, almost immediately, cooler reason and better feeling triumphed.

"Whatever you have done, I am sure you have done well," he said, in his kind, loyal voice. "Whatever is to be borne, I am sure you will bear well. This is no time for reproaches, but I cannot help asking you why you forgot that I am your kinsman, and ready to do any service for you."

"I did not forget it," said she, holding out again the hand he had relinquished. "Morton, don't reproach me—for that is reproach. After Felix, there is no one so near my heart as you are—both for your own and your father's sake. If I did not ask this service of you, it was only because you were not in a position to render it. Circumstances made it necessary that Felix should be taken away—

far away, where even I might not know where he is—and you had not the requisite time for this.”

“I would have taken the time.”

“I don’t doubt that—but I could not ask it. Besides, I went to John Warwick, as a lawyer, and he advised me as a lawyer, before he served me as a friend.”

“I could not have advised you, perhaps; but I would have served you against any thing—or anybody.”

“There are some things one can only fight with cunning, not with force,” said she—adding, after a moment, “I will tell you every thing if you will remember that I tell it only to you—not to Lagrange, or to anybody in Lagrange. Yet that is a foolish remnant of the old pride, for everybody will know it soon.”

“Consult your own feelings, not mine,” said he. “If it is painful to you to speak, don’t do it. I will serve you ignorantly as readily as with knowledge. Don’t—don’t distress yourself.”

“You deserve confidence from me,” said she, “and you shall have it.”

Then, as if it were a relief—and, indeed, after a fashion, it was a relief—she began and poured forth her pitiful story, going far more into detail than she had done in speaking to John Warwick, and eliciting far more of warm, outspoken sympathy. What the lawyer felt he had shown in deeds, not words; what Morton felt burst forth in eager language, though it would have been equally ready to prove itself by acts. The difference was less in the different natures of the two men than in their different ages.

As Mrs. Gordon went on, Morton’s interest grew warmer, until suddenly there came a cold chill. It would be hard to say what the young man felt when she first spoke of St. John, and an instinct—a sharp convulsion at his heart—told him that this St. John was one and the same with the “Mr. Johns” whom Katharine Tresham had that morning asked him to show out of the grounds of Annesdale. Then, the warning she had given him, the knowledge which she possessed of this carefully-guarded secret—he grew suddenly faint and sick, and turned so pale that Mrs. Gordon noticed it.

“What is the matter?” she asked. “You are thinking of something besides me.”

“I am thinking of this St. John,” he answered. “Don’t you think that he may have come here accidentally—not in search of you, after all?”

“Babette thinks so; but I cannot believe it. However much he may pretend otherwise, I am sure he came here in search of me.”

“But how did he know that you were here?”

“I cannot tell that.”

Morton said no more. He would have cut out his tongue sooner than mention Katharine’s name in the matter; and, although he did not know it, Mr. Warwick had been equally discreet. Mrs. Gordon had not a suspicion that St. John was connected with any one in Lagrange besides herself. Different as the two men were, they had something in common, which they proved by this reticence. Morton was right when he once told Felix that the grand test of a gentleman is the capability of being trusted; and he might have added that it is not only the capability of being loyal to a trust which has been solemnly and explicitly given, but it is also to be found in that fine sense of honor which can appreciate tacit confidence, and respect the secret for which no secrecy has been asked.

When Annesley rode away from Morton House, the last day of the Old Year had died the death common to all things mortal. The last gleam of light had faded in the west; the night hung over all things with its sombre mantle; the stars gleamed with an uncertain fitfulness through a curtain of misty cloud; and even the lights from the wayside houses looked, to the young man’s fancy, more dull and red than cheery and bright. As he rode forward, his heart was strangely heavy, his mind strangely disturbed, and, in a sort of accompaniment to the thoughts that tormented him, a certain verse of a poem he had seen shortly before kept running through his brain. Almost unconsciously, as he looked at the great hosts of Night that were marching steadily forward to the death-bed of the Old Year, he caught himself repeating:

“He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true true-love,
And the New Year will take them away.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAURELLA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

THE sun has not yet risen above the horizon. Over Vesuvius there hangs a broad, gray stratum of fog, that stretches across as far as Naples, and obscures the small towns scattered along the shore. The sea is calm. At the mouth of a small creek, in a little harbor enclosed by the Sorrento Cliffs, fishermen and their wives are already at work drawing their skiffs to land, with the nets that have been set during the night. Others are occupied getting their boats ready for sea—setting their sails, shipping their rudders, and bringing oars and tackle from the grated vaults, built in the cliffs for the protection of their property at night. There are no idlers; even the aged, who no longer go out to sea, fall into the line, and help to draw the nets to shore. Here and there may be seen an old woman, spinning on the flat house-tops, or busy with her grandchildren, while their mother assists her husband.

“Do you see, Rachela?—there is our good Padre Curato,” said one of the old women to a child of ten years that stood beside her. “See—he is just getting into Antonio’s boat to be rowed over to Capri. Maria Santissima! but how sleepy the reverend signor looks!” And she waved her hand to a benevolent-looking little priest, who was making himself comfortable in a row-boat that lay at the mouth of the creek. The others on the shore stopped work to see their pastor start off, an attention to which he responded by many a kindly nod.

“Why must he go to Capri, grandmother?” asked the child. “Have the people over there no pastor, that they must borrow ours?”

“Don’t be so foolish!” chid the old woman; “they have priests enough, and the most beautiful churches, and even a hermit, which we have not. But there is a great signora over there, who used to live here in Sorrento, where she was once so ill that our padre had to go to her very often, for they thought every day would be her last; and still, thanks to the Holy Virgin, she got quite well, and was able to bathe in the sea again. When she went over to Capri, she gave a big pile of ducats to the Church and the poor; and she did not want to go, they say, until our padre promised to go over there, that she might confess to him as before. It is wonderful how much she thinks of him. We may be very proud to have a curate who has learning enough for a bishop, and is so beloved by all the great folks. May the Holy Virgin have him in her keeping!” she exclaimed, and waved her hand to the little boat as it was about to put from shore.

“Shall we have clear weather, my son?” asked the little priest, with a doubtful look toward Naples.

“When the sun rises, that little cloud of fog will soon disappear,” replied the young boatman.

“Well, then, let us be off, so that we may get over before it gets hot.”

Antonio picked up an oar, and was about to push off the boat, when he paused suddenly, and fixed his eyes on the steep path that leads down from the Sorrento Cliffs to the water.

A lithe female figure was visible at the summit of the heights; she waved her handkerchief, and was making all possible haste to descend the stony path. Under her arm she carried a small bundle, and her dress was of the plainest description. Still there was an almost distinguished air about the girl, and that, too, in spite of a wild, defiant way she had of carrying her head, which was adorned with a profusion of dark tresses that she wore tastefully wound round her forehead like a diadem.

“What are you waiting for?” inquired the curate.

“There is some one coming up there that wants to go to Capri—with your permission, padre. We shall not go any slower; for it’s only a slight young girl, scarcely eighteen.”

At this moment the girl appeared from behind the wall that borders the winding path.

“Laurella!” cried the padre. “What has she to do over in Capri?”

Antonio replied with a shrug. The girl, without looking to the right or the left, hastened toward the boat.

“Good-morning, la Rabbiate!” shouted several of the young boatmen. They doubtless would have added more, but for the presence of the curate; for the silent defiance with which the girl received their salutations seemed to tempt the more wanton of them.

"Good-morning, Laurella!" greeted the priest. "Are you going with us to Capri?"

"If I am allowed to, padre."

"Ask Antonio; he is master here. Every man is master—at least, he should be—of his own, as God is the master of us all."

"There is half a carline," said Laurella, without looking at the young boatman—"if I may go for that."

"You have more use for it than I have," muttered the young man, pushing aside some baskets of oranges to make room. He was to sell them in Capri, for the little rocky island does not grow enough for its numerous visitors.

"I will not go for nothing," answered the girl, wrinkling her dark eyebrows.

"Come, come, child," interposed the curate; "he is a good lad, and will not enrich himself from your poverty. Come, step in"—and he reached her his hand—"and sit down here by me. See there! he has spread out his jacket to make a soft seat for you. He did not take so much trouble for me. The young fellows are all alike: for one little maiden they will put themselves out more than for a dozen of us reverend fathers.—Nay, you need not excuse yourself, Tonino—throughout all Nature, like seeks like."

Laurella meanwhile had stepped into the boat, and seated herself beside the padre—first, however, pushing the jacket aside without saying a word. Antonio let it lie, and, muttering something, he pushed vigorously against the pier. The boat sped out into the bay.

"What have you in your bundle?" asked the padre, as they rowed on over the calm sea, that was beginning to be lighted by the rising sun.

"Some silk, some yarn, and a loaf of bread, padre. I am going to sell the silk to a woman who makes ribbons, and the yarn to another."

"Is it of your own spinning?"

"Yes, padre."

"If I remember rightly, you have also learned to weave ribbons?"

"Yes; but mother is so much worse lately that I cannot leave her alone, and we are not able, you know, to buy a loom for ourselves."

"She is worse? I am sorry to hear it. When I called at Easter, she was better than usual."

"She is always worse in the spring; and, since the severe storms and the earthquakes we have had, she has been confined to her bed."

"Do not neglect to pray, my child, that the Holy Virgin may intercede for you. And be good and industrious, that your prayers may be heard.—When you were coming toward the boat, they called out, 'Good-morning, la Rabbia!' to you," continued the curate, after a pause. "Why do they call you so? It is not a nice name for a Christian girl, who should be gentle and humble."

Laurella's olive face became crimson, and her eyes flashed fire.

"They are always jeering at me, because I do not dance and sing and gossip with them. I think they might let me go my way in peace. I never interfere with them."

"But you should be friendly toward every one. Let those dance and sing on whom life sits lighter. A kind word becomes those even who are most sorely tried."

She looked down and drew her eyebrows nearer together, as though she would hide her large dark eyes beneath them. For a while they rowed on in silence. The sun had now risen resplendent above the mountains. The summit of Vesuvius still towered above the clouds that hung around its base, and on the plains of Sorrento the white cottages gleamed amid the verdant orange-groves.

"Have you heard nothing more from the painter, Laurella—I mean the Neapolitan who wanted you to be his wife?" asked the curate.

She shook her head.

"Why did you refuse him when he came to paint your portrait?"

"What did he want of it? There are prettier girls than I am; and, then, who knows what he would have done with it? He might have bewitched me with it, mother said."

"You must not believe such foolish things," said the padre, seriously. "Are you not always in God's keeping, without whose knowledge not one hair of your head can fall? And shall a poor, weak mortal, with such a picture in his hand, prevail against the

Lord? Besides, you might have seen that he wished you well. Would he otherwise have wished to marry you?"

She was silent.

"Why did you refuse him? He was a worthy young man, they say, and handsome and talented, too. He would have provided for you and your invalid mother far better than your spinning will ever provide for you."

"We are so poor, and mother will probably never be much better!" said she, feelingly. "We should only have been a burden to him, and then I should never do for a signora. When his friends came to see him, he would have been ashamed of me."

"What nonsense you do talk, my child! I tell you the man meant well with you. What better proof could you have had than his offer to come and live in Sorrento?"

"I want no husband—never shall!" said she, obstinately, half to herself.

"Is this a vow you have made, or do you think of becoming a nun?"

She shook her head.

"The people who accuse you of being obstinate are, I fear, not altogether wrong. Do you ever reflect that you are alone in the world, and that your perverseness must still further embitter the life of your sick mother? And what good reason have you for refusing a loving hand that would find its greatest happiness in aiding you in your necessities? Tell me, my daughter."

"I have a reason—a good reason, I think—but I had rather not tell what it is," said she, in a low, hesitating tone.

"Not tell what it is! Not to me, your confessor? Am I not your friend?"

Laurella nodded an affirmative.

"Then, child, unburden your heart. If you are right, you may be sure I shall be one of the first to uphold you; but you are young, and know little of the world. The time may come when you will regret having allowed some girlish fancy to stand in the way of your happiness."

She glanced modestly at the young man, who sat at the other end of the boat rowing away vigorously, his woollen cap pulled down over his eyes. He gazed into the distance, and seemed to be absorbed in his own meditations. Her glance did not escape the padre's notice, and he leaned his head closer.

"You did not know my father," she whispered, and a frown clouded her handsome features.

"Your father? He died when you were scarcely ten years old, I think. What can your father have to do with your present perversity?"

"You did not know father. You do not know that he alone was the cause of my mother's illness."

"How so?"

"He misused her, beat her, trampled upon her. How well I remember the nights when he came home in fits of frenzy—when nothing did or could please him! She never said a word, and always did all he bade her, and yet he would beat her till I thought my heart would break. At such times I used to draw the covering over my head and pretend to be asleep, but I cried all night; and then, when he saw her lying on the floor, he would suddenly become compassionate, and raise her up, and almost smother her with kisses. Mother forbade my ever telling of this, but it so injured her constitution that, during all these long years since father died, she has been an invalid. And should she soon die—which may Heaven forbid!—I shall know what it was that killed her."

The little curate shook his head thoughtfully, and seemed undecided what reply he should make. After a pause, he said:

"But you must forgive him, my daughter, as your mother has forgiven him. Let us hope that there are happier days in store for you than you have ever known! You should try to forget these sad scenes."

"Forget them! I never can," said she, with a shudder. "This is the reason, padre, why I am resolved never to marry; I will not be subject to a man who might misuse me. Were a man to want to beat or to kiss me now, I would defend myself, but mother could not, because she loved my father, unkind as he was to her. Now, I will never love any man so as to tamely suffer him to abuse me and to be made ill by him."

"You are a child, and you talk like a child that knows noth-

ing of life. Are all men like your poor father, who, it seems, had never learned to curb his temper, and ill-treated your mother? Do you not see kind and just men enough in the neighborhood—men with whom their wives are happy and contented?"

"But no one knew how my father treated my mother. She would have died sooner than complain, and all because she loved him. If this is love—if love closes our lips when we should cry out for help—if it makes us meekly suffer wrongs greater even than our worst enemy could do us, then I say I want nothing to do with love."

"I tell you that you are a child, and know nothing of such matters. When the time comes, your heart will not ask your little obstinate head whether it shall love or not—then all your resolutions will be of little avail." After a pause, he continued: "And the painter—did you fear that he would be unkind to you?"

"He looked sometimes just as my father used to look when he took my mother in his arms and begged her pardon. I know those eyes; they are no proof that a man will not beat his wife, although she may be a saint or an angel. It always makes my flesh crawl to see such eyes."

The curate thought of more than one wise saying with which he might have admonished the girl, but he was silent on account of the young boatman, who began to be more inclined to listen to what passed between his passengers.

After two hours' rowing they reached the little port of Capri. Antonio took the padre in his arms and carried him through the shallow water of the landing to the shore; but, before he could return for Laurella, she followed them, holding up her scanty skirts with one hand, and carrying her bundle and her wooden shoes with the other.

"I shall remain some time in Capri," said the curate. "You need not wait. I may not return till to-morrow. When you get home, Laurella, remember me to your mother. I will come to see you in the course of the week. You mean to go back, I suppose, before dark?"

"If I get an opportunity," answered Laurella, busying herself with adjusting her dress.

"You know that I, too, must be back in good season," said Antonio, in what he thought was a tone of great indifference. "I will wait for you till Ave Maria; if you are not here by that time, I shall go without you."

"You must try to be here in time," said the little padre. "It would never do for you to leave your mother alone all night. Is it far you have to go?"

"To a vineyard near Anacapri."

"I go in the direction of Capri. God bless you, my daughter, and you, my son."

Laurella kissed his hand, and said one good-by to be divided between the padre and Antonio. The latter, however, seemed little inclined to appropriate his share; he raised his cap to the padre, but did not even look Laurella's way.

But, after they had turned their backs, he let his eyes follow the padre only a short distance, as he toiled over the deep bed of small loose stones; he soon turned them toward Laurella, who had gone to the right, and now began to ascend the heights, holding one hand over her eyes to protect them from the burning sun.

Toward the summit, where the path disappeared behind a wall, she paused, as if to take breath and look around. The rugged rocks rose high around her, below lay the little harbor, while beyond shone the sea in all the splendor of its deepest blue. The scene would well repay a moment's pause. It happened that, in glancing past Antonio's boat, she caught his eye. They both started, as people do who would excuse themselves for some inadvertency, and then Laurella, with one of her darkest frowns, went her way.

It was only an hour after mid-day, and yet Antonio had already been sitting full two hours on the bench in front of the Fishermen's Tavern. He must have been anxiously waiting for some one, for every few minutes he would jump up and go out into the sun to look up the two roads which, parting right and left, led to the two little towns on the island. He did not altogether like the appearance of the weather, he said to the hostess of the little tavern. True it was clear enough, but the peculiar tint of the heavens and the sea was ominous.

It looked just so, he said, before the last great storm, when he had

such difficulty in reaching land with the English family. "You must remember it," he added.

No, she did not, replied the woman.

"Well, if the weather changes before night, you will remember me," said he.

"Have you many fine folk over at Sorrento?" she asked, after a pause.

"They are only beginning to come. The season has been very dull thus far. Those who came to bathe came late."

"It was such a late spring! Have you not been making more than we here at Capri?"

"I should not have made enough to give me macaroni twice a week," replied Antonio, "if I had depended wholly on the boat. Now and then a letter to carry to Naples, or a gentleman to row out fishing, that was all. But you know I have a rich old uncle, who owns more than one fine orange-grove. 'Tonino,' says he, 'so long as I live you shall not want, and at my death you will find I have provided for you.' So, with God's help, I managed to get through the winter very comfortably."

"Has your uncle any children?"

"No, he has never been married. He lived long in foreign parts, where he laid aside many a good piastre. He is about to start a large fishery, and is going to put me in charge of it."

"Why, then you are a made man, Antonio."

The young boatman shrugged his shoulders.

"Every man has his own burden to carry," said he.

Again he went out and looked anxiously right and left, although he must have known that there was but one weather side.

"I will bring you another bottle," said the hostess. "Your uncle can afford to pay for it."

"Only one glass more. Your Capri wine is too fiery. My head is hot already."

"It does not heat the blood. You can drink as much as you like of it. And here comes my husband; you must sit a while and chat with him."

And, sure enough, there came the stalwart host of the little tavern, with his fish-net over his shoulder, and his red cap pulled down low over his curly head. He had been to carry some fish to the great lady whom the little Sorrento curate had gone to visit. When he saw the young boatman he waved him a welcome. Then, after throwing his net aside, he came and sat beside him on the bench. Just as the hostess appeared with a second bottle of genuine Capri, Laurella came down the road from Anacapri. She nodded modestly, and then stopped, apparently embarrassed.

Antonio sprang to his feet.

"I must go," said he; "this is a young girl from Sorrento who came over with the Signor Curato this morning. She must be home with her sick mother before night."

"Well, it's a long time yet till night," interposed the host. "She will have time to drink a glass of wine with us.—Ho, wife, bring another glass!"

"I thank you, I do not care for any," said Laurella, and remained standing at a distance.

"Fill her glass, wife, fill her glass; she must drink with us!"

"Don't urge her," interposed Antonio. "She has a head of her own; a saint could not persuade her to do what she does not want to do." And, taking a hasty leave, he ran down to his boat, loosened the painter, and stood waiting for Laurella, who nodded a good-by to the hostess, and followed with ill-concealed reluctance. She looked around as though she hoped to see some other passenger, but the strand was deserted. The fishermen were asleep, or were rowing about the shore with their rods and nets, a few women and children sat before the doors of the cottages either asleep or spinning, and such strangers as had come over to the island in the morning were waiting for the cool of the evening to return. She had little time to look about, for, before she could remonstrate, Antonio had taken her in his arms, and carried her through the shallow water to the boat, as though she had been a child. Then he leaped in after her, and with a stroke or two of his oars they were in the open bay.

She seated herself in the bow of the boat, and turned partially from him so that he could see only her profile. Her face wore a more determined look than usual—the lips were firmly closed, and around her delicate nostrils there played a defiant expression, that harmonized admirably with the almost wild gleam of her eyes. After they had gone

on for some time in silence, feeling the sun uncomfortably warm, she undid her bundle, threw the handkerchief over her head, and began to make her dinner of the bread she had brought from home, for at Capri she had eaten nothing.

This was soon too much for Antonio. He brought out a couple of the oranges with which his baskets had been filled in the morning, and said:

"Here, eat these with your bread, Laurella; you needn't think I saved them for you. They fell out of the baskets, and I found them when I returned to the boat."

"Eat them yourself; dry bread will do very well for me."

"They will refresh you after your long walk in the hot sun."

"I drank a glass of water just before I came down to the shore—that refreshed me enough."

"As you please," said he; and he threw the oranges into one of the baskets.

Again they were silent. The bay was as smooth as a mirror, not even a ripple was heard under the prow; even the white sea-birds, that nest among the rocks along the shore, flew noiselessly to and fro in search of prey.

"You might take the oranges home to your mother," recommenced Antonio.

"We have plenty, and when they are gone I can buy more."

"Take them to her with my compliments."

"She does not know you."

"But you can tell her who I am."

"I do not know you either."

This was not the first time she had disclaimed acquaintance with him. About a year previously, just after the Neapolitan painter came to Sorrento, Antonio chanced one Sunday to be playing *boccia* with some friends, in a little square near the principal street. During the game Laurella passed, as did the Neapolitan, who, struck by her beauty, stopped to gaze after her, unmindful that he was standing in the way of the players. Suddenly there came a swift ball against his ankles, as a reminder that he should choose some other spot for his reveries. He looked round as though he expected an apology; but the stalwart young boatman, who had thrown the ball, fixed his eyes upon him with such a defiant mien, that the stranger deemed it prudent to go his way and avoid an altercation. Still the incident was made the subject of remark, especially at the time the painter pressed his suit to Laurella. "I do not know him," said she, indignantly to the painter, when he asked her if she refused him on account of the disreputable boatman. And yet the gossip to which the incident gave rise had reached her ears, and she had known Antonio well enough when she had met him.

And now they sat together in the boat like the bitterest of enemies, while both their hearts beat furiously. Antonio's usually good-natured face was scarlet; he rowed so wildly as to throw the water into the boat, and every now and then his lips moved as though he was muttering angry words. Laurella pretended not to notice him, and, putting on her most unconscious look, she leaned over the side of the boat and let the water ripple between her fingers. Then she took the handkerchief off her head and arranged her hair, as though she had been alone. She could not control her eyebrows, however, and it was in vain that she tried to cool her burning cheeks with her wet hands.

They were now well out in the open sea. The island was far behind them, and the coast ahead of them lay equally distant in the hot haze. Not a sail was to be seen near or far; not even a passing gull was there to break the monotony of the scene. A thought seemed to strike Antonio, and he suddenly looked anxiously around. His face became pale, and he let go of his oars. Laurella looked toward him involuntarily—fearless, yet attentive.

"I must put an end to this," he began, breaking silence at last; "it has already lasted too long. I wonder it has not killed me before now. You do not know me, you say? Not know me! And how long is it now that you have seen me pass you like a madman, my heart full of what I had to say to you? If you do not know me, why do you always turn your back and frown when we meet?"

"What have I had to say to you?" she asked. "True, I have seen that you put yourself in my way; but I don't mean to give people any thing to gossip about, if I can help it. I do not want you for a husband—no, neither you nor any one else!"

"Nor any one else? You will not always say so. You say so

now because you refused that painter. Bah! you were only a child then. The time will come when you will feel lonesome enough; then you will be glad to accept the first one who comes."

"No one knows what changes even a day may make. It may be that I shall change my mind. Who knows? But whether I do or do not, what is it to you?"

"What is it to me?" he cried, and sprang to his feet so violently that he came near capsizing the boat. "What is it to me, you ask, when you know very well how I feel toward you?"

"Have I ever promised myself to you? Am I to blame for your folly? What right have you to me?"

"Oh, my right is not written down anywhere, I grant you," he cried; "but, for all that, I know that I have the same right to you that I shall have to heaven, if I live an honest Christian life. Do you think I will see you go to the altar with another, and then afterward see myself the sport of all the girls and fellows in Sorrento?"

"You can do what you please, but you need not think I can be frightened by your threats."

"You will not say so long," said he, and his whole frame trembled with excitement. "I am no milksop to allow my whole life to be wrecked by a stubborn girl like you. Do you know that I have you now in my power?"

She started slightly at the thought, but, quickly recovering her self-possession, she fixed her eyes on him defiantly.

"Very well, you can kill me if you will," said she, calmly.

"I do nothing by halves," said he, in a low, intense tone. "There is room for us both in the sea. I must, I must, my child!" He spoke in a dreamy, compassionate tone. "We must both go down together, both at once, and now too!" he cried, frantically, and seized her in his arms; but he instantly drew back his right hand. It bled profusely from a wound inflicted by her teeth.

"Ha, am I in your power? You can do with me as you please, can you?" she cried, and, pushing him energetically away, she plunged into the water and disappeared beneath the surface. She rose, however, almost immediately. Her skirts clung close to her symmetric figure, and her long hair, loosened by the water, hung heavily about her shoulders. As she came up, without uttering a word, she began to swim steadily toward the shore. Fright seemed for a moment to have robbed him of his senses. He stood up in the boat and gazed at the swimming girl like one petrified with astonishment; then, recovering self-command, he seized his oars, and, in spite of his wound, which bled profusely, he rowed vigorously after her. In a moment, rapidly as she swam, he was at her side.

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, "get into the boat!—I was mad—God only knows what came over me—I knew not what I did! I do not even ask you to forgive me: I ask only that you get into the boat, and do not expose your life!"

She swam on as though she did not hear him.

"You can never swim to the shore; it is full two miles. Think of your mother! If you should be drowned, she would die of grief."

She measured the distance from the coast with her eye, and then, without making any reply, she swam up to the boat and caught hold of its side. As he rose to aid her, the list her weight gave to the boat, caused his jacket, which was lying on one of the thwarts, to slide into the water. Before he could render her any assistance, she was in her former place. Seeing that she was safe, he quickly took to his oars again, while she began to wring out her dripping clothes and hair. As her eyes fell on the bottom of the boat, and saw it covered with blood, she glanced quickly at his hand, which held the oar as though it had been unhurt. "Here, take this," said she, holding out her handkerchief. He shook his head, and went on rowing. She hesitated a moment, then rose and bound the handkerchief carefully around the wounded hand. This done, she took one of the oars, and, in spite of his endeavors to prevent her, she seated herself on the thwart behind him, and began to row with steady and vigorous strokes.

They were both pale and silent.

As they approached the shore, they met numerous fishermen coming out to set their nets for the night. They shouted to Antonio, and bantered Laurella, but neither of them made any reply, or ceased for a moment to ply their oars.

The sun still stood high over Procida when they reached the mouth of the creek. Laurella shook out her skirts—now nearly dry—and

sprang to the shore. The old woman who saw them start in the morning was still spinning on her terrace.

"What's the matter with your hand, Tonino?" she cried out. "Santa Maria! the boat is full of blood!"

"It is nothing, Comare," answered Antonio. "I scratched my hand on a nail—that's all. It will be well in a day or two. It bled freely, and that makes it look worse than it really is."

"I will come and dress it with some of my herbs, Comparello—yes, yes; I must dress it for you!"

"No; it's not worth while, Comare—I thank you. The bandage that's on it now will do very well. It will soon be well—my flesh heals so quickly. I often get these scratches, you know."

"Addio!" said Laurella, and took the path that winds up the cliffs.

"Buona sera!" replied Antonio, without looking up. Then, gathering up his oars and baskets, he slowly ascended the stone steps that led to his hut.

He was alone in the two rooms, and began to walk to and fro in a very uneasy frame of mind. The breeze, as it passed through the open windows, which could be closed only with wooden blinds, was somewhat more refreshing than in the sun on the open sea. He stood long before a little picture of the Virgin, and gazed thoughtfully at the halo around her head, made of stars cut out of silver paper; but he felt no inclination to pray. Now that he had lost, irretrievably lost, what he had so ardently hoped for, what was there left worth the asking?

And the day, it seemed, would never end. He so longed for night to come! He was fatigued, and more exhausted from the loss of blood than he was willing to acknowledge even to himself. His hand pained him severely; so he sat down and loosened the handkerchief. It was badly swollen, and, as soon as the bandage was removed, it began again to bleed. Having, to cool it, immersed it for some time in water, and carefully washed it, he distinctly saw the marks of Laurella's teeth.

"She was right," he muttered; "I was a brute, and deserved no better. To-morrow I will send Giuseppe with her handkerchief; me she shall never see again!"

After he had carefully washed the blood out of the handkerchief, and hung it in the sun to dry, he bound up his hand as well as he could, and threw himself on his bed.

He was not long in falling into a doze; but the bright moonlight, and the pain of his wound, soon awakened him. He had just risen to immerse his hand again in water, when there came a rap at his door.

"Who's there?" he asked, and went to receive his visitor. He opened the door, and Laurella stood before him.

She came in without saying a word, and, almost without looking up, took off the handkerchief she wore over her head, and set a little basket she carried on the table. There was a certain nervousness in her movements, that betrayed an inward struggle in spite of her endeavors to appear composed.

"You have come for your handkerchief?" began Antonio; "if you had waited till to-morrow morning, I would have saved you the trouble by sending Giuseppe with it."

"No, it is not for my handkerchief that I came," she answered, quickly. "I have been up among the hills for herbs to stop the blood. See!" and she raised the cover of her basket.

"It was not worth while to take so much trouble," he said, in a kindly tone. "My hand is already much better; but, if it were worse, it would be no more than I deserve. Why do you come to me at such an hour? If any one should see you!—you know how ready people are to talk."

"Let them talk—what do I care?" said she, impatiently. "But show me your hand, and let me dress the wound with these herbs."

"I tell you it is quite unnecessary."

"Well, let me see it, that I may judge for myself." Despite his remonstrances, she took his hand and removed the old linen bandage he had awkwardly wound around it. "Good Heavens! is it possible?" she cried, with a shudder, when she saw the condition it was in.

"It is swollen some, I know," said he, calmly; "but the swelling will go down in a day or two."

She shook her head incredulously.

"You will not be able to do any thing for a week, at least."

"A week—well, no matter!"

She brought a basin of water, and washed his hand carefully—an operation to which he passively submitted. This done, she covered it with fresh leaves from her basket, and then bound it up with some strips of linen she had also brought with her.

"Thank you," said he, when she had finished. "And now, if you would do me one more favor, not only forgive me for acting so like a madman to-day, but forget all I did and said. What possessed me is more than I can tell. You certainly have never given me cause to act so like a maniac. I will never say any thing to you again that will displease you, I promise you—much less do any thing to displease you."

"It is I who should beg pardon of you," said she; "I should have answered you very differently, and not have angered you with my disagreeable ways. And then to have bitten you so!"

"You did it in self-defence. It was high time to bring me to my senses. Besides, the wound is not serious. Let us say no more about it. You have taught me a wholesome lesson, and I thank you for it. And now I won't keep you any longer. There—there is your handkerchief; you can take it with you."

He handed it to her. Still, she did not go.

"I—I have been the cause of your losing your jacket," said she, after a pause. "I know that all the money for the oranges was in it. I did not think of that at the time. I cannot replace the money now—we have not so much at home, and, if we had, it would be mother's; but I have this silver cross, that the painter left on the table when he came to see us the last time. I have hardly looked at it since then, and do not care to keep it any longer in my box. If you were to sell it—it must be worth a few piastres—you would have part of the money back; the rest I could earn by spinning at night, when mother is asleep."

"If your cross is not sold till I sell it, then it will never be sold," said he.

"You must take it," she replied, laying it on the table. "Who knows how long you will be laid up with your hand? There it lies, and I don't want to ever see it again."

"If you leave it, I'll throw it into the sea."

"I do not offer you a present; I only give you a part of what is your due."

"My due? You owe me nothing; I have no claims on you whatever; and in future, when we meet, do me the favor not to look my way. You would only remind me of what has passed between us to-day, and I would forget it. And now, good-night—yes, and—for the last time!"

He put the handkerchief in her basket, and the cross with it. As he looked up, he was greatly alarmed. Big tears chased one another down her cheeks, and she made no effort to restrain them.

"Maria Santissima! are you ill?" he cried. "You tremble from head to foot!"

"It is nothing; I will go home," she replied, and turned toward the door; but, unable to control herself longer, she leaned her head against the wall, and sobbed bitterly. Then, suddenly, before he in his amazement could decide what to do or say, she turned, and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, I cannot endure it!" she cried. "I cannot bear to go from you in this way, with all this load upon my conscience! If it is true that you love me so much, that you can love me still, after what I have done, then do not drive me from you, but take me and do with me as you will."

He held her for some moments in his arms, speechless with ecstasy.

"Love you still!" he cried, finally. "Do you think the last drop of my heart's blood has run out through this little wound? No, no! my heart throbs at this moment as it never throbbed before! But, if you say you will be mine only to try me, or because you pity me, then go, and I will forget this too. No, I would not allow you to sacrifice yourself, no matter how much I suffered."

"Sacrifice myself!" she cried, looking up from his shoulder into his face with her tearful eyes. "It is no sacrifice, for—for I love you, Tonino!"

"Love me!" exclaimed Antonio, wild with joy.

"And," she continued, "if I have always been so disagreeable, it was because I feared I should love you, and fought against it. But now I will be very different. As for passing you in the street without

looking at you, I never could have done that; and, lest you may fear, when I am gone, that this is all a dream, you shall be able to say to yourself, 'She kissed me,' and Laurella kisses no man she would not have for her husband."

A moment later Laurella was on her way home, and Antonio stood alone, bewildered but joyous, in his little hut.

CONCERNING CATS.

THE following quaint description of the cat is to be found in John Bossewell's "Works of Armorie," published in 1597: "The field is of the Sapphire, on a chief Pearle, a Masion Cruives. This beaste is called a 'Masion,' for that he is enimie to Myse and Rattes. He is slye and wittie, and seeth so sharply that he overcommeth darkness of the nighte by the shynings lyghte of his eyne. In shape of body he is like unto a Leopard, and hathe a greate mouthe. He doth delighte that he enjoyeth his libertie; and in his youth he is swifte, plyante, and merye. He maketh a rufull noyse and a gastefulle, when he profereth to fighte with another. He is a cruell beaste when he is wilde, and falleth on his owne feete from moste highe places; and never is hurt therewith. When he hathe a fayre skinne he is, as it were, proude thereof, and then he goethe muche aboute to be seene."

These are some of the best-known proverbs concerning cats:

"Care will kill a cat."

"A muffled cat is no good mouser."

"That cat is out of kind that sweet milk will not lap."

"Fain would the cat fish eat, but she is loath to wet her feet."

"When the cat winketh, little wots the mouse what the cat thinketh."

"Though the cat winks a while, yet sure she is not blind."

"That that comes of a cat will catch mice."

"A cat may look at a king."

"An old cat laps as much as a young kitten."

"When the cat's away the mice will play."

"When the candle is out all cats are gray."

"I'll keep no more cats than will catch mice."

"Who shall hang the bell about the cat's neck?"

"A cat has nine lives, and a woman has nine cat's lives."

"Cats eat what hussies spare."

"Cats hide their claws."

"The wandering cat gets many a rap."

"The cat is hungry when a crust contents her."

"He lives under the sign of the *cat's-foot*," that is to say, he is henpecked—his wife scratches him.

Shakespeare says:

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage."

And—

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day."

It is taught us that if a cat be carried in a bag from its old home to a new one, let the distance be what it may, it will surely return again; to prevent which, it must be carried backward into the new house.

A cat's eyes wax and wane as the moon waxes and wanes, and the course of the sun is followed by the apples of its eyes.

The brain of a cat is useful as a love-spell, if taken in small doses.

If a man swallow two or three cat's hairs, they will cause him to faint.

As a cure for epilepsy, take three drops of blood from under a cat's tail in water.

The horse ridden by a man who has got any cat's hair on his clothing, will perspire violently and soon become exhausted.

If the wind blows over a cat riding in a vehicle, upon the horse drawing it, it will weary the horse very much.

To preserve your eyesight, burn the head of a black cat to ashes, and have a little of the dust blown into your eyes three times a day.

To cure a whitlow hold the finger affected in a cat's ear for a quarter of an hour every day.

The fat of the wild-cat is good for the curing of epilepsy and

lameness. The skin of the wild-cat worn as coverings will give strength to the limbs.

If one dreams that he hath encountered a cat or killed one, he will commit a thief to prison and prosecute him to the death, for the cat signifies a common thief. If he dreams that he eats cat's flesh, he will have all the thief's goods.

If any one dreams he fights with a cat that scratches him sorely, that denotes some sickness or affliction. If any shall dream that a woman become the mother of a cat instead of a well-shaped baby, it is a bad hieroglyphic, and betokeneth no good to the dreamer.

Among various receipts in occult philosophy published in the *Conjuror's Magazine*, in 1791, are the following directions "how to draw cats together and fascinate them."

"In the new moon gather the herb nepe and dry it in the heat of the sun, when it is temperately hot; gather vervain in the hour ♀, and only expose it in the air while ☉ is under the earth. Hang these together in a net, in a convenient place, and when one of them has scented it, her cry will soon call those about her that are within hearing, and they will rant and run about, leaping and capering to get at the net, which must be hung or placed so that they cannot easily accomplish it, for they will certainly tear it to pieces. Near Bristol there is a field that goes by the appellation of the 'Field of Cats,' from a large number of these animals being drawn together there by this contrivance."

Pussy's connection with the occult sciences has been such as to bring her into very bad repute with those who know the extent of her evil doing in this respect. We have the authority of an old pamphlet entitled "Mewes from Scotland," etc., printed in the year 1591, for the confessions of a witch, who "took a cat and christened it," etc., and that, in the night following, the said cat was conveyed into the "middest of the sea by all these witches sayling in their riddles or cives, so left the said cat right before the towne of Leith, in Scotland. This done there did arise such a tempest at sea, as a greater bath not been seen since."

"Again, it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the King's Majesties shippe, at his coming forthe of Denmark, had a contrarie wind to the rest of the shippes then being in his companie, which thing was moste straunge and true, as the King's Majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a fair and good winde, contrarie and altogether against his Majestie," etc.

In 1618, Margaret and Philip Flower were executed at Lincoln for witchcraft. Their chief crime, it was asserted, was the procuring the death of Lord Henry Mosse, eldest son of the Earl of Rutland, by procuring his right-hand glove, which after being rubbed on the back of their imp Rutterkin, who lived with them in the form of a cat, was plunged into boiling water, pricked with a knife, and buried in a dunghill, so that, as that rotted, the liver of the young man might rot also, which was affirmed to have come to pass.

Lady Duff Gordon, in an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, gives us a glimpse of a strange superstition in Thebes. She says:

"Do you remember the German story of the lad who travelled 'um das gruseln zu lernen' (to learn how to tremble)? Well, I, who never 'gruselte' (quaked) before, had a touch of it a few mornings ago. I was sitting here quietly drinking tea, and four or five men were present, when a cat came to the door. I called 'Bis, bis!' and offered milk; but puss, after looking at us, ran away.

"'Well dost thou, lady,' said a quiet, sensible man, a merchant here, 'to be kind to the cat, for I dare say he gets little enough at home; his father, poor man, cannot cook for his children every day;' and then, in an explanatory tone to the company: 'That's Alee Nassee's boy, Yussef; it must be Yussef, because his fellow-twin, Ismaeen, is with his uncle at Negadeh.'

"'Nur gruselte' (I shuddered), I confess; not but what I have heard things almost as absurd from gentlemen and ladies in Europe, but an 'extravagance' in a caftan has quite a different effect from one in a tail-coat.

"'What! my butcher-boy who brings the meat—a cat!' I gasped.

"To be sure, and he knows well where to look for a bit of good cookery, as you see. All twins go out as cats at night, if they go to sleep hungry; and their own bodies lie at home like dead, meanwhile; but no one must touch them, or they would die. When they grow up to ten or twelve they leave it off. Why, your own boy, Achmet, does it.—Ho, Achmet!"

"Achmet appears.

"'Boy, don't you go out as a cat at night?'

"'No,' said Achmet, tranquilly, 'I am not a twin. My sister's sons do.'

"I inquired if people were not afraid of such cats.

"'No, there is no fear; they only eat a little of the cookery, but, if you beat them, they tell their parents the next day: "So-and-so beat me in his house last night," and show their bruises. No, they are not afreets; they are *beni-Adam*. Only twins do it, and if you give them a sort of onion-broth and some milk the first thing when they are born, they do not do it at all.'

"Omar professed never to have heard it, but I am sure he had, only he dreads being laughed at.

"One of the American missionaries told me something like it, as belonging to the Copts; but it is entirely Egyptian, and common to both religions. I asked several Copts, who assured me it was true, and told it just the same. This notion fully accounts for the horror the people feel at the idea of killing a cat."

A common superstition charges cats with sucking the breath of infants, thereby causing their death by strangulation. This is a false accusation, as pussy's mouth is so formed anatomically that she would not be able to do so sanguinary a deed did she wish it. Instances are on record where cats have crawled into a cradle or a bed, and lain down on an infant's face, not probably with any criminal intent—though children have been found dead under such circumstances—but purely for the sake of the warmth of the infant's body and clothing.

Everybody has heard of the Kilkenny cats who fought in a saw-pit until only a tail of either combatant was left. This is said to be an allegory designed to typify the ruin which centuries of litigation and embroilments on the subject of conflicting rights and liberties brought to the respective exchequers of Kilkenny and Irishtown, separate corporations existing within the limits of one city, and the boundaries of whose respective jurisdictions had never been definitely marked out by an authority which either was willing to recognize. These struggles were commenced A. D. 1377, and fought, as only vestrymen *can* fight, for over three hundred years, at the end of which time, as might be supposed, very little was left, financially speaking, of either party.

There is, however, another story of a great cat-fight in the same neighborhood. One summer night, all the cats in the city and county of Kilkenny were absent from their homes, and the next morning a plain near the city was strewn with thousands of slain cats; and it was supposed that almost all the cats in Ireland joined in the fight, as was shown by collars on the necks of some of the dead, bearing the names of places in all quarters of Ireland. The cause of the quarrel is not known, but there are men alive who knew persons, since dead, who actually inspected the field.

It was once upon a time a trick of a countryman to bring a cat to market in a bag, and substitute it for a sucking pig in another bag, which he sold to the unwary when he got a chance. If the trick was prematurely discovered, it was called *letting the cat out of the bag*; if otherwise, he who made the bad bargain was said to have *bought a pig in a poke*.

Cats usually fall on their feet, because of the ease with which they balance themselves in leaping from a height, which power of balancing is, in some degree, produced by the flexibility of the heel, the bones of which have no fewer than four joints. A cat, when falling with its head downward, curls its body so that the back forms an arch, while the legs remain extended. This so changes the position of the centre of gravity, that the body makes a half-turn in the air, and the feet become lowest.

The French of cat is *chat*; the German, *katze*; the Italian, *gatto*; the Spanish, *gato*; the Dutch and Danish, *kat*; the Welsh, *cath*; the Latin, *catus*; the French of puss is *minette*. The only language in which the name of the cat is significant, is the Zend, where the word *gatu*, almost identical with the Spanish *gato*, means a place—a word peculiarly significant in reference to this animal, whose attachment is peculiar to place, and not to the person, so strikingly indicated by the dog. It is possible that "puss" is derived from the Egyptian name *pashu*; but the derivation is generally agreed to be from the Latin *purus* (a little boy) or *pusa* (a little girl).

In Abyssinia, cats are so valuable that a marriageable girl, who is likely to come in for a cat, is looked upon as quite an heiress.

Apollo created the lion to terrify his sister Diana, and she turned

his fearful beast into ridicule by mimicking it in the form of a cat. Cats were dedicated to Diana, not only when she bore her proper name, but when she was called "Hecate." Witches who worshipped Hecate had always a favorite cat.

There is a cape on the Isle of Cyprus which was once called Cat Cape. A monastery stood there, the monks of which were bound by a vow to keep a great number of cats, to destroy the snakes with which the island abounded. At the sound of a certain bell, the cats came trooping home to their meals, and then rushed out again to the chase. When the Turks conquered the island, both the cats and their home were destroyed, or this wonderful sight might doubtless be still seen.

In the middle ages, cats performed an important part in some religious festivals. At Aix, in Provence, on the festival of Corpus Christi, the finest tomcat in the country, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, like a child, was exhibited in a magnificent shrine to public admiration. Pussy was worshipped with bended knees, strown flowers, and the pouring of incense; but, on the festival of St. John, the poor animal's fate was reversed. A number of cats were placed in a wicker-basket and thrown alive into the midst of an immense fire kindled in the public square. Bishop and clergy officiated on the occasion, hymns and anthems were sung, and processions made by priests and people, in honor of the sacrifice.

Cats have been known to successfully act the part of a police detective. A woman was murdered at Lyons, and when the body was found, as it lay weltering in blood, a large white cat was noticed mounted on the cornice of a cupboard. He sat motionless, his eyes fixed upon the corpse, and his looks expressing horror and affright. Next morning, he was still seen there, and when the room was filled with the officers of justice, and a noisy crowd of lookers-on, he still remained unmoved. As soon, however, as the suspected persons were brought in, his eyes glared with fury, and his hair bristled. He darted into the middle of the room, stopped a moment to gaze upon them, and then fled. The faces of the assassins, for the first time, showed signs of guilt, and, on being brought to trial, they confessed their crime, and were executed.

A State-prison convict once stated that, on a certain occasion, he and two others broke into the house of a gentleman near Harlem. While they were in the act of plundering it, a large black cat flew at one of the robbers, and fixed his claws in both sides of his face. He added that he never saw a man so frightened in his life; and that, in his alarm, he made such an outcry that they had to beat a precipitate retreat to avoid detection.

In September, 1850, the mistress of a public-house, in the Commercial Road, London, going late at night into the tap-room, found her cat in a state of excitement, running wildly to and fro between its mistress and the chimney-piece, and mewing loudly. The landlady becoming alarmed, called for help, and on investigation a robber was discovered hidden in the chimney.

A man in the south of Ireland once severely chastised a cat for some misdemeanor, after which the cat disappeared. A few days after, the man, being from home, met the cat in a narrow path, and, the animal looking at him with a wicked aspect, he endeavored to frighten her away, when she sprang at him, and fastened herself to his hand with so ferocious a grip that it was impossible to make her open her jaws, and the creature's head was actually severed from the body before the hand could be extricated. The man afterward died from his injuries.

FLOWER-FARMS.

THE flower-farms of the modern world are for the most part situated in Europe. In fact, although many of the finest perfumes known to commerce are grown in the East Indies, Ceylon, Mexico, and Peru, the South of Europe is considered the only garden that can be relied on by the modern perfumer.

France and Italy claim about equal prominence as seats of the art. In the former, Grasse and its vicinity are the principal places of flower growth and decoction; in the latter, Nice monopolizes the very flower of the Italian flower-growing reputation. Both these cities command within a short radius those peculiar qualities of climate best suited

to the varied growths of flowers. As, for instance, on their mutual sea-coast, their carlie (that all in all, almost, to a perfumer) grows without possible danger of frost, a single night of which would destroy all the blossoms of a season; while nearer the Alps—which bloom all the sweeter for a touch of Winter's icy breath, or a suggestion of it, to say the least—the most marvellous and sweetest violets are produced which can be found in all Europe.

But, speaking of violets, sweet even as are the violets of Nice, those of England, together with the lavender and peppermint, are the violets of commerce. The specialty of Sardinia, however, in default of the British, is for the cultivation of *violet* and *rézèda*.

Sicily prides herself especially upon her lemon, bergamot, and orange.

Cannes, in France, delights in the exportation of blossoms and all the products resulting from the fragrant varieties of rose, tuberose, cassia, jasmine, and orange-neroli. At Nismes, the cultivators direct their chief attention to thyme, rosemary, aspic, and lavender.

Mitcham, in Surrey, and Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, in England, realize eight times the price in the market for peppermint and lavender of those produced in France or elsewhere, and are fully worth the difference for delicacy of odor.

Adrianople (Turkey in Europe), Broussa and Uslak (Turkey in Asia), and Guzepore (India), also supply other varieties of perfumes to the world's-market.

British India and Europe, according to Peisse, annually consume, at the very lowest estimate, one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of perfumed spirits under various titles—such as Hungary water, essence of lavender, *esprit de rose*, etc. Scents for the use of the *mouchoir* are not alone included in the distribution of these figures. In it are included perfumes also for inodorous matters, such as the various soaps, starch, oils, and grease, which are consumed at the toilet of fashion. Some account of the immense quantities of the various odors distilled from a single manufactory in a single year may well bear repetition:

At the establishment of M. Herman, at Cannes, annually are used: 140,000 lbs. of orange-flowers; 12,000 lbs. of cassia-flowers; 140,000 lbs. of rose-leaves; 32,000 lbs. of jasmine-blossoms; 20,000 lbs. of violets; 8,000 lbs. of tuberose; 16,000 lbs. of rosemary, mint, lemon, citron, thyme, and other odorous plants in larger proportion.

It is an interesting fact, not generally known, that white or slightly-tinted flowers are by far the most odorous, and most sweetly so. A table of their comparative color value is thus given:

COLORS.	SPECIES.	ODOR-IFEROUS.	COLORS.	ODORS.	
				Agreeable.	Dis'gr'ble.
White.....	1,193	187	White.....	175	12
Yellow.....	951	75	Yellow.....	61	14
Red.....	923	85	Red.....	76	9
Blue.....	594	31	Blue.....	23	7
Iris.....	307	23	Iris.....	17	6
Green (?).....	153	17	Green (?).....	10	2
Orange.....	50	10	Orange.....	9	2
Brown.....	18	1	Brown.....	1	1

By the above it will be seen that the lightest-colored flowers are the only ones, comparatively, of any use to the perfumer.

Blossoms born of a torrid zone, and in the hottest climates, are more prolific in number, as a usual thing, but of much less fragrance. Flowers rooted in temperate climates, on the other hand, are usually, in comparison, of a peculiarly sweet and delicate bouquet.

On flower-farms the different species of blossoms grow about proportionally:

"Thirty thousand jasmine-plants will occupy an area of land equivalent to fifteen hundred metres, and will produce during the entire season one thousand kilogrammes of flowers.

"Five thousand rose-tree plants will occupy eighteen hundred metres of land, and will produce ten kilogrammes of rose-flowers during the season.

"One hundred orange-trees, at the age of ten years, will occupy four thousand metres of land, and will produce during the season one thousand kilogrammes of orange-flowers.

"Eight hundred geranium-plants will occupy two hundred metres

of land, the produce of which during the season will be one thousand kilogrammes of geranium-flowers.

"Violets—five thousand metres of land, one thousand kilogrammes of violet-flowers.

"Tuberose—seventy thousand tuberose-roots, one thousand kilogrammes of flowers; and for their culture will require one thousand metres of land."

The yearly produce of violets at Nice and Cannes alone (Grasse does not grow the violet) amounts to twenty-five thousand kilogrammes, the annual remanufacture of which into oils and pomades is twelve thousand kilogrammes. If, however, the produce furnished by the different manufacturers were genuine, it would not be possible to produce more than six thousand kilogrammes of the essence in its pure state from the quantity of flowers just mentioned.

The orange-flowers of Nice, besides its violets, amount to two hundred thousand kilogrammes; those of Cannes and the villages in its vicinity, about four hundred and twenty-five thousand kilogrammes. These latter are considered very nearly the finest known to the commerce of perfume, being infinitely superior to those of Nice, which latter are used only for distillation.

One thousand kilogrammes of orange-flowers produce eight hundred grammes of pure neroli. Six hundred kilogrammes of orange-flower gums produce one kilogramme of pure *petit grain*.

To the uninitiated, the separate technical terms of neroli and *petit grain*, both applied to the distillation of orange-flowers, may seem somewhat confusing.

It must be borne in mind that some plants, or different parts of the same plants, yield more than one distinct odor. The orange, for example, gives three distinct perfumes: from the leaves we have the *petit grain*; from the flowers, neroli; and from the rind of the fruit is distilled the essential oil of orange, which has been christened "Portugal."

In consideration of these three perfectly distinct and yet most exquisite odors the orange is rightly recognized as perhaps the most invaluable auxiliary to the perfumer.

IF AT LAST.

[An Arab, journeying across a vast desert, wearily exclaimed: "I pray that before I die this my desire may be fulfilled—that at a river, dashing its waves against my knees, I may fill my leathern sack with water!"—SAADI.]

I.

WITH silent lip and unappealing eye,
And forehead bared to the unkindly sky,
I'll walk life's way, and find its burdens sweet,
Its burning sands like moss beneath my feet;

II.

And from my heart no sob of grief shall rise,
E'en when the fair mirage before me flies,
And I awake from weak, fond dreams, wherein
I have beheld, dear love, what might have been;

III.

Stout-hearted, I will spring to meet each day
Of dust and toil that bears me on the way,
And pain and thirst shall be unfelt, unknown—
If I may call thee, at the last, my own!

IV.

If, after patient years, I may but come
To dwell with thee in some sweet sylvan home,
And, underneath life's soft autumnal sky,
To live one little day before I die!

SCENERY OF NEVADA.

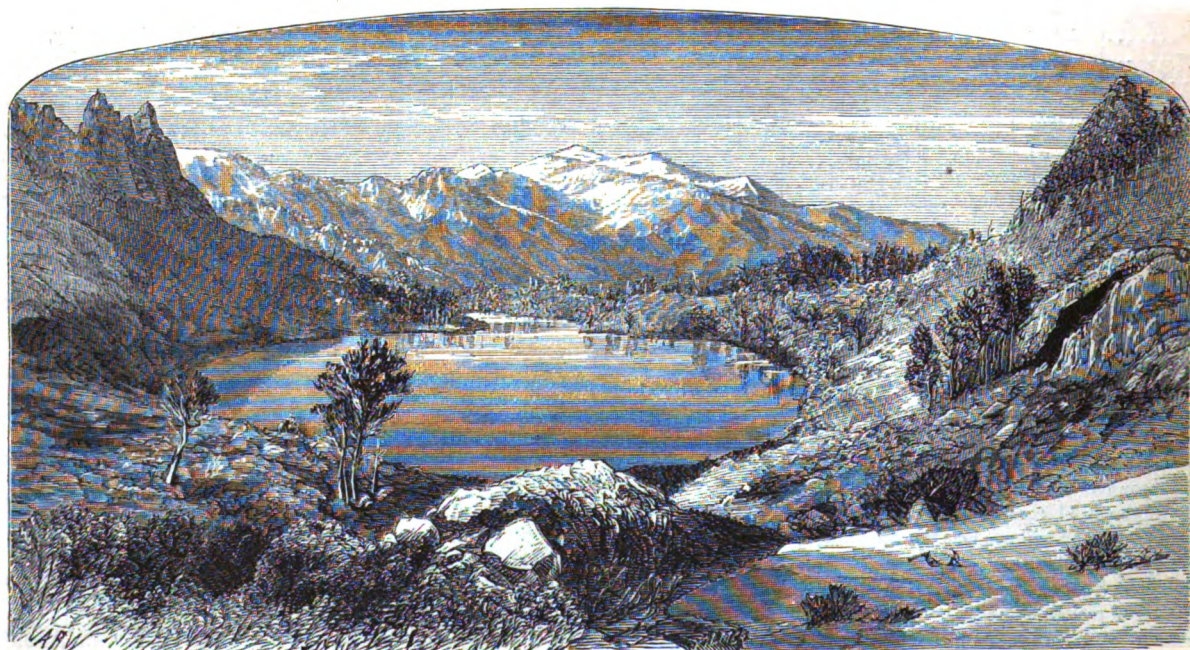


PYRAMID LAKE, NEVADA.

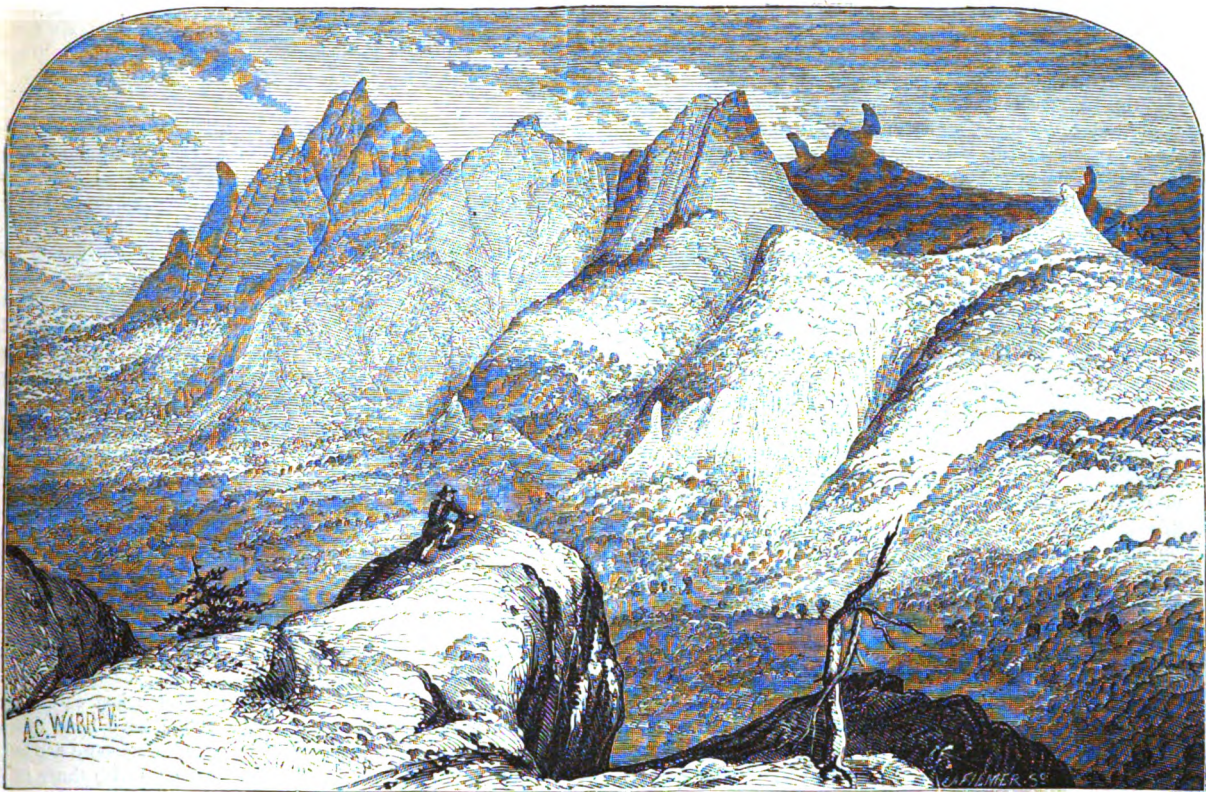
NEVADA, in common with the entire region lying between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, is an elevated plain having a general altitude of about four thousand feet above the sea. Crossing this plateau are many mountain-ranges, whose peaks vary in height from five to twelve thousand feet. The sides of these mountains are everywhere cut by deep ravines, or canyons, most of them running from crest to base, and usually at nearly right angles with the general course of the ranges. The canyons vary greatly in width, and

some of them have streams flowing through them, while others are entirely destitute of water. Granite, sienite, slate, limestone, and porphyry, are the prevailing rocks. The tops of the divides, between the lateral canyons, are especially apt to be sharp and ragged, the bare and splintered rocks occasionally standing far above the crest of the ridge, and sometimes strongly inclined toward the comb of the principal mountain.

Most of the ranges are covered with a scanty growth of bunch-



LAKE IN THE HUMBOLDT RANGE, NEVADA.



GRANITE BLUFFS IN WRIGHT'S CANYON, HUMBOLDT'S RANGE, NEVADA.

grass, and with patches of *piñon*, juniper, and other scrubby trees; but much of their surface is destitute of grass or any other useful species of vegetation, and three-fourths of it is wholly without timber. Along some of the streams flowing through the canyons are narrow strips of arable land, which frequently, at the point where the canyons open into the valley, spread out into tracts of several acres, affording a sufficiency of tillable land for gardens and small farms.

There are fewer rivers in Nevada than in any of the large States of the Union, but nearly all the surface-water of the country is col-

lected in lakes, none of them of large size, and most of them extremely shallow. The largest that lie wholly within the State are Pyramid Lake, formed by the waters of Truckee River, and Humboldt, Walker, Carson, and Franklin Lakes, formed respectively by the waters of the rivers bearing those names.

Pyramid Lake, which is the largest, derives its name from a pyramidal rock near its centre, rising six hundred feet above the surface of the water. This lake abounds in trout of large size and fine flavor, is of considerable depth, and is entirely surrounded by precipitous



COLUMN MOUNTAINS, NEVADA.

mountains two or three thousand feet high. The scenery is exceedingly grand. Nevada, in fact, is one of the most picturesque and interesting countries in the world, and is almost without a rival for the grandeur and sublimity of its mountain-views, of which the illustrations in this number of the JOURNAL give only a partial indication. To represent adequately the scenery of this vast State, which is considerably more than twice as large as New York, will task for ages to come the pencils of American artists.

Mr. Bowles, in his animated narrative of his ride "Across the Continent" in 1865, speaks thus of the scenery of Nevada: "Mountains are always beautiful, and here they are ever in sight, wearing every variety of shape, and even in their hard and bare surfaces presenting many a fascination of form—running up into sharp peaks; rising up and rounding out into innumerable fat mammillas, exquisitely shaped; sloping down into faint foot-hills, and mingling with the plain to which they are all destined; and now and then offering the silvery streak of snow, which is the sign of water for man and the promise of grass for ox. Add to the mountains the clear, pure, rare atmosphere, bringing remote objects close, giving new size and distinctness to moon and stars, offering sunsets and sunrises of indescribable richness and reach of color, and accompanied with cloudless skies and a south wind, refreshing at all times, and cool and exhilarating ever in the afternoon and evening—and you have large compensations even for the lack of vegetation and color in the landscape."

Of Wright's Canyon, the scene of one of our illustrations, Mr. W. W. Bailey, to whom we are indebted for the sketch from which our engraving was made, gives us the following account:

"In the autumn of 1867, after a very arduous geological campaign upon the Truckee and Humboldt Rivers, the party, of which I was a member, encamped in the mountains, in order to escape the noxious miasms of the valleys, from which we had all, more or less, suffered. The larger portion of our force, with its accompanying military escort, pitched its tents at the opening of Wright's Canyon, some six miles from Oreana, on the Humboldt. We noticed here a phenomenon which at first alarmed us greatly. The stream, which supplied us with water, became perfectly dry at noon, and we began to fear that our supply was exhausted. At night, however, to our great surprise, it began to flow again, suddenly, and with much noise. The same thing was repeated every day. This is the result, probably, of the tremendous diurnal evaporation, which exhausts the water before it can reach the plain. The equally powerful radiation which takes place during the night, and possibly a direct condensation from the atmosphere, are sufficient causes for the restoration of the stream to its normal condition, if fluidity can be correctly considered the natural state of any thing in the arid regions of the Great Basin.

"The more invalid portion of our party were wisely ordered to encamp a mile or so farther up the canyon, and a rough mountain road or trail led to their airy retreat. The horses, too, which had fared but poorly on the sage-brush and grease-wood of the barren deserts, were removed to the same place, and by means of the scanty but rich supply of bunch-grass were able to prolong their wretched existence. It is marvellous how these animals can sustain life in a country where there is apparently so little forage; but they do live and thrive.

"One day my friend the photographer and myself determined to visit the invalids, and to explore the wonders of the hills. We found our unfortunate comrades encamped in a most romantic spot, around which rose the towering summits of the mountains. A series of bold and castellated ridges of granite attracted our attention, and we resolved to scale them. The worst part of our climb, the whole of which was arduous, was up a steep sage-brush hill, which led to the base of the attractive rocks. We found the granite wall very fantastic in outline, steep, and hollowed into a variety of curious caves. The weather, and perhaps the wind-borne sand, which is a powerful agent in this country, had acted upon it in a most peculiar manner. The surface of the cliffs in some places looked as if the granite had once been liquid, and a breeze gently blowing over it had rippled the plastic material, which had then been suddenly petrified. The actual cause of the appearance is, however, quite different. It is doubtless owing to certain portions of the rock having a more durable composition than the rest, which is consequently eroded, leaving the harder parts standing in relief. Quite large junipers grew among these rocks, and offered a refreshing shade. The wind blew furiously on the top, and, coming to one especially dangerous-looking place, I informed my bolder companion that I would proceed no farther. He succeeded in

reaching the pinnacle. While awaiting his return, I employed myself in gathering flowers, and was able to secure some rare and curious Alpine plants. The photographer reported the view from the summit very extensive, and it certainly was grand from where I beheld it.

"I was seated upon the edge of a frightful abyss, and looked apparently a thousand feet down into a small valley, whence the mass of the mountains rolled toward the plain in great brown waves, unsurfed by a tree or any green thing, unless maybe a straggling juniper. The hills were covered with the sage or artemisia, but even that is of an ashy hue, in common with most of the desert plants. The great valley of the Humboldt, stretching to the river and beyond, was equally barren, and then arose the Trinity Mountains and other ranges, until a white cap here and there in the distance indicated the dim line of the Sierra Nevada. There was positively no color in the scene, and yet it did not lack for beauty. The soft shades of neutral tint and azure, and at evening the peculiar golden dust thrown over the mountains by the setting sun, are effects that are unique and unsurpassed."

THE SPRING EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

AMONG the exhibitions of the past few years of works by American artists, the preëminence seems pretty generally accorded to the one now open at the Academy of Design, for the number of good pictures it contains. Contrasting it with the last exhibition of pictures in New York, about which the public have been much interested—the Derby Collection of Foreign Paintings—we are led naturally to compare the works of our best painters with those of such artists as Bouguereau, Boutibonne, Willems, Merle, and others; and generally we must acknowledge, after careful, and we hope impartial, consideration, that our native works seem, in point of real artistic merit, to be equal to theirs, and to show more activity of mind and less academical mannerism than appear in the productions of these eminent foreign artists.

The collection is, as usual, made up of every variety of subjects, landscapes being largely predominant. Two of the pictures stand out conspicuous in interest above the rest, the one a head—it can hardly be called a portrait, since it is purely an ideal head—and the other a landscape. Many pictures draw attention from their "sensational" qualities; but in the case of both these the striking qualities which fix the mind and eye of the most uneducated in such matters are also those which attract and stimulate the artist and the connoisseur. The head, in the east room, marked 205, the property of Mr. Tilton, and painted by William Page, is without a name. But the verses on the frame of the picture, from the first chapter of John—"Again the next day after John stood, and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the lamb of God!"—and the emblems of a lion, a lamb, and a crown, but still more the character of the head itself, leave no doubt as to its intention to represent Jesus Christ.

The figure is that of a young man of large and powerful frame, a very full forehead and head, and a fair, florid skin. What at first strikes the beholder is the soft mass of reddish, curling hair—the real Titian red—and the beard of a lighter hue, which falls as softly as threads of silk over his chest, its texture plainly showing that it never has been cut, and that its wearer is a "Nazarete." The nose is straight and rather broad, with firm, strong nostrils. Full and very red lips pout out through the tawny beard, and to any one who has an image in his own mind of a suffering and risen Redeemer they suggest too powerfully the earthly side of his nature. Yet the suggestion is but superficial, and it is only a touch of earth; for the lower part of the face is small, the mouth neither large nor powerful, and the fullness and redness of his lips are but the slight link through which the frailties of earth could be apprehended by the spirit which sits behind the wonderful eyes of the picture.

The eyes are really the key to the portrait. His vast head is turned partly down and round over his shoulder, his beard and hair sweeping backward with the action, and the "Lion of Judah" is revealed through the great pale-gray eyes, which are set and formed like those of the king of beasts. The great black pupils also suggest the

lion. But here the animal likeness ends, and the supernatural and typical character of the face commences. Occasionally, but very rarely, in women and young children, we see pale, blank eyes, into which the soul of the person ebbs and flows; and such, though in a wondrously higher degree, are the eyes of this Christ. The face is entirely serious and unconscious, and all the nature of the man seems held in abeyance, waiting the advent of the God. As you gaze into the eyes, capacities of expression are revealed to you—power, thought, and love, and also, what I have never seen in face or picture, the look of the supernatural. The human element seems to be possessed and spell-bound by it, and it affects and enchains the beholder. It is this element, I think, which affects, excites, and repels so many, and which makes the picture seem so strange, so foreign, and so much a thing by itself among the others, that when the eye rests upon it, traversing the walls of the academy, one is startled and almost shocked, and, like a child scared by a ghost-story, tries to laugh, to criticise, and to condemn, and yet, as if fascinated, returns again and again to inquire and to wonder, and, in my own case at least, to finally accept the picture as a work of decided genius and originality.

The truth is, that this picture, like all other works of art, should be judged from the stand-point of the artist, and not from that of other people. We should consider what the artist has sought to convey, and then see whether or not he has carried out his idea successfully. Mr. Page is a Swedenborgian, with views of Christ differing essentially from those now current in the world. According to the Swedenborgian doctrine, the Jewish nation was not selected for the incarnation on account of its excellence, but rather because it was spiritually the worst of mankind. The Lord, in order to raise and redeem humanity, went down to its lowest depths, and was incarnated in a woman who, so far from being of immaculate conception, was subject to the strongest tendencies and temptations of her race, and transmitted those tendencies in their fullest measure to her offspring. The human nature of Christ, therefore, was at first peculiarly human, and combined in itself all the evil propensities which then afflicted humanity, and from which the race would have speedily perished if the divine Creator had not assumed humanity himself, in order to meet evil spirits on their own plane, and, by resisting and overcoming as a man the worst of temptations, put the devils to flight, and thus restored and preserved the freedom of the human mind, to whose very existence freedom is absolutely essential. From this point of view, then, Page's picture must be judged. His Christ is not the conventional Christ of the artists—all sweetness and loveliness, the man of sorrow and suffering—but rather the Christ still contending with the infirmities of his Jewish nature, and still ready to denounce the Pharisees and scourge the money-changers out of the Temple.

The other picture to which I have referred as of surpassing excellence is Mr. Gifford's perfectly lovely landscape, or waterscape, of some "Fishing-boats of the Adriatic," which is so striking, so charming, and has so much artistic subtlety, both of color and in the spirit of the life it depicts, that almost every one is delighted with it, and many regard it as almost the only picture in the collection they would greatly care to own. The scene represents a graceful mass of red-and-yellow sails, swaying and hanging against one another as the boats to which they are attached lie side by side, rocking on the soft ripples of a summer sea. The haze of the quiet heavens hovers over as gentle an ocean, and in the midst of the dreamy scene this group of richly-colored fishing-boats stands out like a jewel. Mr. Gifford's pictures all—so far as I know them—are delightful; and in this one the gradation of tints and shades, as subtle as Turner's, is added to a sentiment so charming, and a study of Nature so faithful, that one scarcely knows which to enjoy most—the imagination of the poet or the skill of the artist. The atmosphere is warm and dreamy; the water is wet and deep and quiet, yet susceptible of being stirred; the gorgeousness of the sunlight transfigures into something almost unreal the soft, heavy-hued bits of color by which the rude Venetian boatmen delight to express all they are able of their sense of a beauty and luxury which seems native to the children of that region; and these various threads of sense and feeling Mr. Gifford has gathered up and wrought into a creation so lovely as to make the heart beat and the pulse bound.

Among the portraits, the two foremost are Mr. William M. Hunt's picture of Mr. William Wardner—No. 266—and Page's head of Wendell Phillips. Mr. Hunt's picture is of an old gentleman, wrinkled and gray. The tone is subdued, and the drawing firm.

As you examine it closely, you see the handling of a master; every touch on the flesh is delicate and precise, looking so slight, but yet so effective! The shadows, all so clear; the textures of flesh, hair, and drapery, so defined and so simply treated—make it really a delightful work of art. There is scarcely a tint which is beyond the most neutral gray or brown; yet through the multitudinous shades the eye travels with ever-increasing satisfaction.

In another key of color, and with different handling, Page's "Phillips" is equally as strong. The texture of the skin and flesh is admirable; the likeness is wonderfully good, and the artistic rendering of details thoroughly satisfactory. Mr. Page's firm drawing and harmonious, subtle coloring, his consummate knowledge of textures and of anatomy, make one feel the flesh beneath the skin, the skull beneath the flesh, and the man behind the wonderful details of the eyes.

After these portraits, one's eye rests with pleasure on two lovely little girls, painted by Staigg—so childlike, so soft, and so delicate, that, if one has any young child of his own, he cannot but wish to see it pictured in the same way. Several portraits by Baker, Huntington, and Gray, are each good representatives of those artists; and there is an excellent picture, nearly a full-length, of George W. Curtis, by F. B. Carpenter. The expression of the figure is dignified and agreeable, and the color of the picture is quiet and in good keeping. As an accurate portrait of an eminent man it must always be a striking and valuable picture. If not very great as a work of art, it is free from conventionalism, and shows earnest and faithful study.

Among the fancy pictures, one of an Italian boy with his fiddle is very real and strong. The picture is simple in subject and in treatment; and this tendency to simplicity and unity of management—one of the best signs among our artists of an increase of real artistic feeling and knowledge—is observable in many of the best pictures. The Italian boy, leaning on a balustrade, supports his fiddle in one hand. The painting is entirely unpretending in light and shade and in color. The paint is scarcely more than "laid in," with little attention to intricacy of drawing; but there is a remarkable force in the figure, in the unity of tone, and perhaps next to this feeling of oneness in the painting is the admirable development of the fiddle. All the colors in it are kept subdued to the general effect of the picture, and yet the artist evidently loved it as much as its young owner, and has modelled and formed and developed it with the greatest care.

165, "The Mower," by Constant Mayer, is another remarkable picture. A strong man, muscular and full of life, cuts swaths with a suggestiveness and force which make us forget the farmer, and think of him as some symbolical figure, like Old Father Time. He cuts so firm and clean, you pity the blades of grass beneath his scythe, and involuntarily think of a Fate, or the "Reaper whose name is Death," or some other inexorable force—the tall trees behind him, with wan, outstretched arms like the weird sisters, urging him on. Yet the picture is intensely realistic. The flesh, anatomy, motion, and dress of the man are evidently studied very closely from life. The tone of this picture is somewhat inharmonious, and the figure a little "hard," in artistic parlance; but the strength of the drawing, as well as the conception of the picture, renders it one of the most interesting in the academy.

Among all the pictures scarcely one seems to afford such unalloyed pleasure as Eastman Johnson's "Old Stage-coach." A long strip of grass under a New-England sky, on one side of which is an overgrown nursery or half-cleared bit of undergrowth, on the other the children's home, above which birds are fluttering, while at the side of the house is an old apple-tree, which would afford a good companion-piece to the stage-coach; for what boys and girls have not some time in their life played "house," or told stories, or at any rate had their favorite "perches" in such an old tree in the yard at home in the country? The grass strip may be an overgrown ox-team path leading down into the farm, whence loads of hay are drawn in summer, manure carted to the fields in winter, and loads of apples brought before Thanksgiving; or the strip of grass may be merely a grass-plot behind the barn, where dandelions can be dug in spring, and stray clumps of white violets grow. On this grass is stranded an old stage-coach. I remember an old sleigh which afforded me the same sort of fun as Eastman Johnson's girls and boys are enjoying. But I must not digress, but describe the picture. A dozen children or so are playing stage-coach. The off-horse and the near horse, the

leaders and the driver, are all children. Two passengers on the top, little misses—would-be ladies—perk and prink, and chatter and talk gossip. Another child beckons and signals to a mother-child and her little one to hurry up to "take the coach." In the mean time one boy-horse is restive, another pulls patiently, and the driver looks solemn. Any one studying at the picture feels it an echo of some forgotten memory of his own youth—or pity if he does not!

The "Street Fire," by S. J. Guy, is another interesting picture of the same class. Carefully drawn and pleasant in color, the faces of the many children engaged in building their little fire of chips by the side of the street are beautifully painted.

"Saturday Afternoon" and "The Clock Doctor," by E. W. Perry, are also exceedingly pleasing pictures—interiors both, one of an old New-England kitchen, its furniture all in order, and the old dishes, pots, and pans, shining and clean on the high dresser; an old gray-haired woman sits before the open fireplace, her knitting resting on her knee, and she reading her Bible. Mr. Perry's pictures of this phase of New-England life are very valuable historically as well as for the good works of art that they certainly are. His pictures grow finer every year. The color is good, the handling also, and the treatment is constantly more excellent. The other picture, "The Clock Doctor," is of an old man taking a clock to pieces, in which operation a little boy is greatly interested, and the face of the little fellow is exceedingly lifelike and animated.

"Dreaming of the Sea" is another very striking picture by Eugene Meeks.

The landscapes are many of them excellent.

152. "Twilight on the Western Plains," by Samuel Colman, seems to us to be one of the best of Colman's works we have seen for a long time. The scene represents a wide reach of prairie which leads the eye back and back over an almost unending distance, but it is chiefly from the expanse of sky and the varieties and terminations of the different cloud-formations—from the immense masses of nimbus cloud rising dark in the nearer sky and retiring till we see the lower margin lying gray in the distance—that we feel the measure of the vast prairie. The picture is sensuous, like every thing of Colman's, and the "keeping" is, of course, right, as his paintings always are; but there is more vigor than usual with Mr. Colman, and the delicate pencilling of the pale-gold cirrus about the setting sun contrasts finely with the purple mass of the heavy nimbus cloud, which, from its gradation, recalls the skies of Turner to one's mind. There may be some monotony in the main forms when viewed from a distance, but the whole picture strikes us as one of Colman's best recent productions. It is without the *prettiness* which has been painfully conspicuous in his works of the past few years, and has more of the fresh feeling of Nature, which, though not art strictly, in great measure makes pictures valuable to own, and always interesting to their owners.

157. "Lake Conesus," by Kensett. Scarcely any interpretation of any variety of Nature by Kensett ever comes amiss, and, whenever we see a new subject treated by him, we always wish that he would paint all the different phases of at least American scenery. Byron's poetry, and Shelley's, and Wordsworth's, "add the gleam" to what they sketch, and it seems to us that Kensett, in an eminent degree, will give the charm of association of ideas to every different phase of American scenery that passes through the crucible of his imagination. This little, quiet, gray Lake of Conesus, one of the large cluster of the same sort of lakes and landscapes in Western New York, about which Americans know so little, and yet which are as lovely as the lakes of Westmoreland, or almost any in their pastoral loveliness which poets have made famous, deserves to be subjected to the test of such an artist's alchemy as that of Mr. Kensett. The lake, with its border of low hills, and large, drooping, autumn-hued trees, lies before us—a crystallized memory of the same sort of a day which we spent sometime ago on its borders. We wish *such* artists as Kensett would touch and render immortal a great deal more of the almost unknown region of this country.

To anybody familiar with mountain-scenery in autumn or winter, James M. Hart's "Winter in the Adirondacks" recalls the days, when, wrapped up in great-coats and furs, and seated by the driver on the top of a White-Mountain stage-coach, you have rattled over the frozen earth, or creaked quietly along the slightly-thawed ground. In this picture of Hart's, dark masses of the Adirondack Mountains rise before you, their blue sides broken by patches of

snow, ragged and half-seen through the leafless branches of the bare trees, which cover the hill-sides nearly to their summit. You can almost feel the quiet, thin air from the blue December sky, and the dreary mountains, as in imagination you drive down the road over the hill-side—the bare trees and

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along!"—

mixed with straggling patches of snow at the side of the road, have the true smack of half-frozen December and March days, and the impression is made still more vivid of the weather and time of year by the absence of sunshine anywhere; the light only coming through a broad patch of what may be a snow-cloud later in the day, and from the cold, still, blue sky. As a work of art this painting is well colored; beautiful purples and blues in it are mingled with many rich tones of brown; the drawing is also quite good; and the study of Nature most obviously faithful.

Wandering through the south room of the Academy, the visitor returns often to stand before a quiet English scene, so idyllic as to seem an embodiment of one of Tennyson's poems, and so excellent in tone and thoroughly well drawn that no lover of art could pass it without high praise.

The scene is painted by A. F. Bellows, and is called "A Sunday in Devonshire." It represents a country-road between thatched cottages and a willow-bordered stream on one side, which might be the one where her lover first caught sight of the "miller's daughter:"

"Then leaped a trout. In lazy mood
I watched the little circles die,
They passed into the level flood.

I loved the brimming wave that roams
Through quiet meadows round the mill.
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still."

Great light-flecked English elm-trees stand about the houses, and, through the warm, sunny air, they rise at different distances, growing gray and flat under the soft atmosphere which lies between them and the near foreground. Pearly masses of cloud float in the quiet blue heavens, saturated with light, which catches on the wings of doves circling about the dove-cotes, on the brown and yellowish wisps of straw on the eaves of the cottages and among the leaves of the trees. The church-spire fades away in the sunny distance, and down the streets groups of people are wending their way toward it.

The picture is remarkable for its perfect "keeping." Though it is nearly all painted in solid color, without resorting to glazings or any of the arts which bring a picture into harmony, not a point strikes the beholder as crude or conspicuous above the rest; but browns, grays, and the positive colors, all merge and harmonize into one of the pleasantest and sweetest of landscapes.

Among the good landscapes, two or three by Louis C. Tiffany are capital studies of color. One by Frederick D. Williams, "Clearing off cold," though a very simple subject—a hill-side, a bit of road, and some wind-tossed trees—is the best of his that we have seen. "Twilight at Dachau"—a small picture—is finely felt both for general harmony of color and in the foliage. "The Genesee Meadows," by J. W. Casilear, is a lovely painting. The trees, sky, and meadows, are exquisitely drawn and colored, and the sentiment is poetical and true. "The Narrows in Lake George," by D. Huntington, is another of the best.

We are very glad to see so many really good paintings by lady artists. Miss Fanny Eliot is represented by one or two paintings of real merit. The delicacy and subtlety of color remind one of Colman and a little of S. R. Gifford; and Miss Mary Kollock shows a capital feeling and eye for color in a view in Orange County in this State. Miss Kollock's pictures have struck us as remarkably good, both in this exhibition and in those of the lady-artists in the Mercantile-Library Building. A little like Inness and Gay, they are yet more like those of about the best lady-painter of landscapes in this country, Mrs. Sarah Darrah.

To mention all the pictures which are worthy of notice would be impossible in so short a sketch as this, and these imperfect descriptions have no claims to be exhaustive criticisms of even the best pictures of the Exhibition.

SUSAN NICHOLS CARTER.

SNAKES AT THEIR MEALS.

A WRITER in the English *Naturalist's Note-Book*, who has recently witnessed the feeding of the serpents in the Zoological Gardens in London, says that they are fed once a week, though some of them, and in particular the pythons, do not take their food so often, but will eat enough at a meal to last for weeks, and even for months.

Disregarding the scientific divisions of the order which comprises these animals, we may divide them into three classes: firstly, those which seize their prey with their teeth, and crush it in their folds; secondly, those which seize and swallow it alive, after the manner of lizards; and, thirdly, those which bite, or rather strike it with poisonous fangs. Of the first, the finest examples are the pythons and boas, besides which there are the yellow snakes of the West Indies, and others. Those of the second are fewer in number; they include the rat-snake of Bengal, viperine snake, English snake, etc. The present specimens of the third class include rattlesnakes, and Indian and Egyptian cobras, water-vipers, etc.

The constricting serpents, as we may term them, are kept in large cases, the entrance to which is either by a glass door in the front, which opens by a sliding up, or by a similar contrivance at the back, in the wooden partition. The colubrine snakes are in some of these cases generally, and indeed are so harmless that little precaution is needed. The venomous serpents have no opening but a small one on the lid of the case, about two or three inches square. Through this their food is introduced; and all necessary operations for the cleanliness and order of the interior are performed with a rod of stout wire, to the evident disgust of the occupants, who, if new-comers, strike at it vigorously with their fangs. The first to be fed were the yellow snakes and other species in the same case. The keeper, having unceremoniously removed the blanket, beneath which most of the occupants of the compartment were huddled together, as usual, quickly introduced under the glass door about a dozen sparrows and one or two Guinea-pigs. The former immediately retired to the darkest corners, seeming, however, to be quite unconcerned as to the presence of the snakes, as in some cases they stood on the bodies of the latter, which for the most part remained motionless. The Guinea-pigs were more restless, moving slowly about as if in search of food. They seemed to be preferred by the snakes to the sparrows; and presently one of the reptiles, waiting his opportunity, seized a Guinea-pig by the neck, and, jerking it nearer, threw two or three folds round it, killing it in a few seconds.

The other snakes rapidly dispatched the sparrows in the same way when seized; but they were apparently in no hurry, as there was a number of the birds in one corner for more than an hour, which had not been touched during that time. It may be well to remark that there is nothing revolting in the spectacle of a serpent taking its food. Its victim suffers neither the mental nor bodily torture ordinarily supposed. When seized, it is killed without delay, especially if it struggles to escape; and before its seizure it is never conscious of danger. Not only is this well known to those in charge of the creatures, but we can verify it from actual and careful observation. A rabbit will approach a snake out of mere curiosity, and, after sniffing at its head, and even being touched by its tongue, will start to another part of the enclosure, and resume its composure, returning again in the course of its explorations to the same snake without the least uneasiness, except what arises from a want of cabbage-leaves and the indigestibility of the gravel flooring. Guinea-pigs show even less concern, and are not so easily startled by any moving object.

The snakes which had seized the sparrows, etc., waited till their prey was quite dead before they uncoiled, and began slowly to prepare for swallowing it. The pythons, which occupy an adjoining case, and are the largest serpents in the collection, were next supplied with two or three ducks. The largest python instantly seized one, and threw one fold round it. He then remained perfectly motionless, appearing to be satisfied with having secured the bird, and did not at once kill it. The duck did not seem at first much concerned at such unusual treatment, but soon became restless, on which the python tightened the fold, and in about a minute had quite destroyed it. Having waited for some minutes, as if to make sure that life was extinct, he slowly unwound his coil from the body, and touched it with his muzzle, moving it about till he had found the head. The idea of lubrication with

saliva, now quite exploded, evidently arose from this habit of feeling over the body with the mouth. Having taken the head into his mouth, he began to swallow the carcass, his jaws stretching to an immense extent to allow of its passage. When he found any difficulty, he used the part of his body which lay nearest to it to push it gently, and, considering the apparent difficulty, was not long in completing his meal. The supply of food is never stinted, and we believe that it is not uncommon for a python to devour six or eight ducks and rabbits on one day. Of course a full meal takes a long period to digest, as is the case with all reptiles.

The colubrine snakes might with propriety be termed legless lizards, as, with the exception of the want of limbs, they are in most respects similar in structure to the saurians. A fine, lively specimen of the Bengal rat-snake was fed with half a dozen frogs, which he pursued with great speed round the enclosure, and, driving them one by one into a corner, seized and swallowed them in spite of their struggles.

The keeper having put two young Guinea-pigs into the case containing the rattlesnakes, one of the snakes instantly struck at that nearest to him. The action of a venomous serpent in wounding an animal cannot strictly be called a bite, as, though the fangs undoubtedly represent teeth, the jaws are not closed upon the object struck, which is simply punctured, the snake in most cases retiring immediately. The Guinea-pig almost immediately showed signs of giddiness, but its body did not appear to swell; it seemed to be thrown into violent convulsions, and in about a minute fell helplessly on its side, with no other sign of life than occasional spasmodic motion of the jaws. A larger animal would not have been so soon killed; but as the snakes, being confined, have not often occasion to use their venom, it is probably more powerful than when they are in a wild state. There are a large number of puff-adders in one case; and a Guinea-pig being introduced began sniffing about as usual; but though he was touching one of the reptiles, it did not seem disposed to strike, when suddenly another puff-adder darted at full length from an opposite corner, and, striking the creature, remained with its fangs apparently buried in its flesh, contrary, we believe, to the usual habit of the reptile. His intention was perhaps to prevent any of the others from devouring it.

There are specimens of the two species of cobras, the Indian and Egyptian; perhaps the most interesting of all serpents: but, on account of their excitable nature, it has been found necessary to hide them partially from view by filling the lower half of the case-front with ground-glass, so that it is not easy to observe them. The appearance of the cobra when about to give the fatal stroke is graceful, and yet terrible to see. The inflated hood, the waving motion of the head, and the peculiar expression of the eye, combine to impress the observer of its consciousness of the deadly power which it possesses, and with which it threatens any living creature that dares approach it.

SONNET

To .

(Paraphrased from the Italian of Redi, 1532.)

THY path leads skyward, where Fame's uppermost height
 The sun-dawn clasps! Mine downward toward the gloom
 Of unknown shades! For thee all roses bloom
 Of life and art—for me but flowers of night:
 The gales grow gentler, the bright ways more bright,
 As—buoyed by each brief pause—thou dost resume
 Thy radiant journey, while dark clouds of doom
 Rain on my path Avernian, bale and blight!
 To thee each cordial hour rich largess brings
 And consummation of supreme desires;
 Each toil uplifts thee, as with heaven-bound wings,
 To me wan Ruin cometh and slow Despair,
 With ghosts of passion crowned by flickering fires,
 And phantom hopes that fade in twilight air!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

TABLE-TALK.

IN the London *Spectator* we find a very interesting essay on the "Artistic Feeling of the Lower Animals," prompted by the theory of Mr. Darwin that the striking beauty of the plumage of birds, and the rich colors of certain other animals, have arisen from so marked a preference among these creatures for beauty of exterior that the more beautiful have always been able to secure more eligible mates than the less beautiful, and hence, during a vast number of generations, there has been a gradual accumulation of beauties in the species. But, in accepting this theory, how are we to account for the fact that the development of color in animals is always toward a perfectly artistic harmony? "There seems no reason to doubt," says the *Spectator*, "that birds are extremely susceptible to the effect of beauty of plumage and voice, and are jealous of the same attractions in their rivals. Admitting Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, only conceive what refined and finely-developed taste it implies in these birds at once to prefer those variations of plumage and voice that tend to perfect harmony of effect! If we notice the preferences of the least-cultivated classes of civilized human beings in relation to color—say the ordinary preferences of English sailors or English maid-servants—we might safely assume that they would *not* be directed toward perfect harmony of color and perfect grace of form, but rather to startling and blotchy effects in both color and form. But the splendidly-colored snakes and birds of tropical forests, however grand their colors, are never what our taste would call vulgarly colored, never coarsely patched with frightful patterns, such as you constantly see on gaudy gowns, showy wall-papers, and glaring carpets. Yet, if the tastes of snakes and birds be not of a wonderfully delicate and cultivated character, how are we to accept Mr. Darwin's theory? Why is the order of development always from less beautiful to more, instead of in the reverse direction toward gaudy vulgarity and detestable splendor? 'The elongated and golden-orange plumes which spring from beneath the wings of the *Paradisæa apoda*,' says Mr. Darwin, 'when vertically erected and made to vibrate, are described as forming a sort of halo, in the centre of which the head looks like a little emerald sun, with its rays formed by the two plumes. In another most beautiful species the head is bald and of a rich cobalt hue, crossed by several lines of black velvety feathers.' Well, why did not development of the plumage most pleasing to these little creatures bring out instead something as ugly as the British matron's orange turban, surmounting a rich salmon-colored silk dress? Mr. Darwin accounts most ingeniously for the wonderful development of rich plumage—if he only gave us any equally adequate account of the wonderful development of animal taste. How did the preferences of the various tribes of creatures happen to select harmonies so perfect, when the rudimentary tastes of partially civilized human beings seem to select ornament so hideous?" This singular and certainly interesting problem the *Spectator* proceeds to solve by showing that, as in case

of instinct, when reason begins to supersede it, we gain a far higher and wider power—the power of laying the intellectual basis of our own rules—at the expense of a great specific loss of practical skill. No one supposes that the hexagonal cells of bees are built by true bee engineers who have studied the trigonometry of the subject, and yet men who have studied it would be puzzled to build so perfectly. Something of the same kind is probably true of the sense of beauty. The Creator clearly gives to the lower order of animals an instinct of beauty ready made, which we lose as we become competent to apprehend its laws, and which we only recover by mastering consciously those laws of harmony which the bird apprehends instinctively. "The instinctive taste for beauty in animals," continues the *Spectator*, "which is so much greater than that of half-educated human beings, and which is only painfully recovered through the laborious study of Nature by educated intelligences, must come from a fountain of infinite love of beauty, and cannot by any possibility be the mere result of a competitive struggle for existence among animals quite unconscious whither the issue of that struggle tends."

— The recent brutal murder of a citizen in a street-car, whose sole provocation of the assault was a resentment of the assassin's impertinences toward ladies in his charge, has elicited not only intense indignation, but many expressions of well-founded apprehensions as to the safety of persons who are compelled to travel in these vehicles. The outrageous fact that the murderer of Mr. Putnam was in part aided and abetted by the driver and conductor of the car, has called forth no little denunciation of the officers of the railroad-lines, under whose management such things are rendered possible. Here was a citizen assaulted unto death directly by the coöperation of the car-driver, and as a consequence of the flagrant indifference of the conductor. But this murder is only the crowning act of a long series of abuses which the New-York public have endured at the hands of car-officials, whose insolence and brutality have become proverbial. But in the indignation excited by Mr. Putnam's murder, and in the general demand for a sharp and prompt reform, we have seen no practical suggestions as to the remedy needed. This, we conceive, should be radical in order to be effectual. The public of New York are brought more frequently into contact with car-conductors than with any other class of public servants. Ladies and children are continually dependent on them for protection. The number which at any given moment are under their care, is very large—probably, during the principal hours of traffic, as many as ten or fifteen thousand. This shows how important it is that car-travel should be safe and orderly. Now, the only method to secure these ends is to adopt a plan which we are under the impression has recently been put in practice in one of our sister cities, and organize the entire body of car-conductors as a police—uniformed and disciplined like a police, having the same power to enforce order and to make arrests that the police have, and be amenable to the same strict discipline that the police are. This might be brought about by a law requir-

ing that every car-conductor should be licensed by the Police Commissioners, or by legislative enactments, which have been suggested frequently, placing the whole direction of the car-lines under the control of a government commission. Whatever may be the method, let the thing be done. While this plan would give more power to conductors than now, it would lead to the selection of a better class of men—which, to secure, better pay should be given—and render each man strictly amenable to a rigid discipline. There would be protection then for ourselves and families, and direct redress in case of insolence or neglect of duty on the part of the official. In the coming years the necessity of a well-regulated car-system will become more and more important and urgent. Our citizens cannot always in their comings and goings be at the mercy of a rude, ill-bred set of barbarians. We hope our contemporaries of the daily press will see the advantage of our proposal, and be induced to urge its adoption upon the powers that be.

— A correspondent of one of our daily papers suggests that statues to such worthies as Columbus, Hudson, Peter Stuyvesant, DeWitt Clinton, and others identified either with the discovery and settlement of the continent, or with the development of our greatness, be erected within the numerous small triangular enclosures in our city, which our commissioners have recently been trimming up and setting in order. The idea is a good one. But who is to erect these statues? If we wait for government, we may rest assured that the work will never be done. Nor is it clear that the erection of statues is exactly within the province of government. In America, all enterprises of the kind ought to be undertaken by private hands. Now, if a Metropolitan Art Association were organized and chartered, which should have in view the adornment of the city in the way proposed, we believe that sufficient funds for the purpose would be contributed by our citizens. Whatever adds to the beauty and attraction of the city, adds to the population and draws more numerous visitors, thereby increasing the value of property, and advancing the general prosperity. Our wealthy citizens would, no doubt, in full realization of these facts, contribute liberally for such ends as the association would have in view, and funds could also be raised by public entertainments, such as fairs, concerts, art exhibitions, etc. Such an art association would not need to limit its labor to the erection of statues; fountains, monuments, towers, and all forms of ornamental architecture of a purely art character, would be within its scope to attempt. The association should be composed of responsible and well-known citizens, and the execution of its designs should be intrusted to those of the best art-culture. The idea we offer is entirely practicable, if taken hold of with sufficient energy. No very large sum would be needed for the initial efforts of such an organization, and the erection of one successful statue would immediately enlist a very general interest in the purposes of the association.

— It is proposed in London to suppress street-mendicancy by giving the police power

to arrest the giver of alms as well as the receiver of them. A similar law, it is said, was in operation under Henry VII., and Sir Charles Trevelyan has been conspicuously advocating a reenactment of the decree. "It is easier," thinks one commentator, "to clamor against such a law than to show why an educated person, aware that enormous sums are annually paid for the lawful relief of real distress, deserved or undeserved, and that almsgiving fosters all kinds of imposition, should not be mildly and formally reproved by a magistrate for sinning against common-sense?" If every man or woman, "sinning against common-sense," should be summoned before a magistrate for reproof, our police-courts would soon be more numerous than our shops. Alms-giving may be quite as injurious as Sir Charles Trevelyan thinks, but, if he should make an attempt to suppress it by a law such as he suggests, he would soon convert the entire community, out of sheer obstinacy, into persistent and even belligerent alms-givers. "Sha'n't we do with our own as we like?" would be a new watchword, and the beggars would fatten on the sudden and surprising harvest.

— A gentleman in London, found guilty of having three wives at once, pleaded in extenuation that no offence had been committed, inasmuch as he had been at the expense of maintaining them all. Instead of failing in his duty as a husband, he had performed it three times over, and he asked if it were not nobler to support three wives in comfort than to abandon one in indigence. This logic, which in certain places would have been so conclusive, failed to convince the prejudiced and unenlightened court, and the too-ambitious reasoner and too-many Benedict was sent to digest his argument at his leisure under lock and key. With what an unequal hand is justice dispensed! Why did not our eloquent and clear-headed pleader take his wives to Utah? Or why did not he remove to Indiana, where he might marry as often as he pleased, with only the slight and very brief interposition of divorce-suits? A man so anxious to overdo his duty ought to have emigrated to shores where his zeal would have been understood.

— It is stated that among the Scotch peasantry the laborers hold that they cannot afford to marry unless they are sure to have children, so valuable is juvenile labor in agricultural districts. Here is a surprising reversal of the current economic doctrine on this point. As the poor are accused of disregarding the admonitions of Malthus and his expounders out of sheer obstinacy, perhaps with equal obstinacy the poor in Scotland may be refusing to marry, when, according to all law of economy, they ought to do so. And yet the humane reasoner would just here be anxious to see the Malthusian principle introduced. Marrying in order to obtain children as a source of profit is more repugnant than imprudent marriages without means to support children. In the latter enter at least certain human affections; in the former there is a cold calculation that we should hate to see general. When the mo-

tive for bringing offspring into the world becomes not parental affection but profit, human nature will have sunk low indeed.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

SIR: Allow me to correct some inaccuracies in Mr. Morgan's article on "Oxford." He says that "there are two grades of students in the English universities, first the 'fellow-commoners,' and second the 'commoners,' of whom the first sit at the Fellows' table and pay a higher rate. . . . The titled gentlemen are expected to enter as fellow-commoners, and the untitled as commoners, although either course is free to all. . . . So overshadowing is the law of caste in this country that I presume an untitled gentleman would not presume to enter himself as a fellow-commoner," etc.

The first error here is confusing the terms proper to the universities. These are respectively, at Cambridge, *fellow-commoners* and *pensioners*; at Oxford, *gentlemen-commoners* and *commoners*. (Noblemen form a distinct class at both universities, usually eldest sons of peers, sometimes peers in their own right.) The second mistake is Mr. Morgan's fancy that the fellow-commoner is always a titled man. *The very reverse is the case.* The fellow-commoner proper, who wears a cap, is always a man without a handle to his name. There is, indeed, a *hat-fellow-commoner*; this variety of the species is an "Honorable." I believe there is nothing at Oxford answering to this Cambridge subdivision, so that many of the gentlemen-commoners there are honorables (younger sons or grandsons of noblemen, having this title by courtesy, not in law); but others are not.

Neither does an honorable necessarily enter as hat-fellow-commoner. Many of them are pensioners, both on account of the difference in expense, and because the college honors, which are also emoluments—namely, the scholarships and fellowships—are not open to fellow-commoners. Being a fellow-commoner at Cambridge merely presumes wealth; it does not necessarily imply even that—at least not great wealth. One of the Trinity fellow-commoners in my time had been a colonial editor, and afterward became a master of a public school. Men who go into the Church comparatively late in life (say thirty or older) are generally fellow-commoners at the smaller colleges, because they prefer to associate with men of their own age, and at Cambridge fellows, fellow-commoners and noblemen, sit together; whereas, at an Oxford college, every class, even if comprising only one member, has a table to itself! I began at Trinity as a fellow-commoner, in order to have the Fellows' society, but afterward turned pensioner for reasons already intimated; it cost less, and I wanted to get a scholarship.

Mr. Morgan also says: "It would be natural to suppose that the million dollars of annual income would cheapen education at the several colleges of this university; that it would make tuition and room-rent substantially free, or at least free to the poorer class of students, but it does not seem to take this direction."

I am unable to state exactly the nature of the allowances made to the servitors (that is, I believe, the Oxford term corresponding to the Cambridge sizar), but they must be considerable, otherwise these young men would hardly present themselves in *forma pauperis*. The education of the Cambridge sizars is certainly very much cheapened. At Trinity they are fed

for nothing, taught for half price, and (I think, but am not quite sure) lodged at a reduced rate. At St. John's they are still better provided for. Scholarships, studentships, and exhibitions, do certainly also "cheapen education." I suspect there is not a single college in either university, having poor students, which does not make ample provision for them. Some of the colleges have no poor students, such as Downing, at Cambridge, All Souls' (which has no undergraduates at all), and (I presume) Christchurch, and some of the Botany-Bay halls at Oxford.

While I am writing to you, I may as well append two remarks on Mr. Crane's paper. "American Patrozymics" (the accuracy of the title may be questioned, but that is not one of them). He evidently considers *Skyler* the Dutch pronunciation of Schuyler. The Dutch *ch* is a fearful guttural, scarcely to be pronounced by an Anglo-Saxon, wherefore it was modified into the nearest corresponding sharp, just as the French change the old guttural Spanish *x* into *k*, and say *Keres* for *Xeres*. One of the Dutch dialects (according to Mr. A. J. Ellis) gives to *ch* a sound resembling *r* or *hr*, but the usual force of the combination is guttural.

Mr. Crane thinks it something ridiculous that a family should be supposed to have the same name as a town. Yet this is one of the most common origins of family names, especially in a colonized country like ours. A man who has the same name as several others is further distinguished by adding the place whence he came, and this, being the most prominent part of his appellation, ends by absorbing the original family name. The first Brevoort in New York was a Jansen who came from the fortified town of Brevoort, or Bredevoort (= Bradford) in Holland. Some very curious English names are derived from places. *Venus* was originally *Venice*; probably the first bearer of the name either traded with or had lived in the Italian city.

C. A. BRISTED.

Literary Notes.

"FRAGMENTS of Science for Unscientific People," by Professor Tyndall, which will appear in May from the press of D. Appleton & Co., is a collection of the various essays by Professor Tyndall that have from time to time appeared in the English periodicals, many of them, on the occasion of their appearance, exciting a profound sensation. The collection gives us some of the best productions of one of the most brilliant and interesting of living writers. Dr. Tyndall occupies a unique and remarkable position in the world of thought. Ranking high in science as an original explorer, safe, cautious, and trustworthy, in his statements, he at the same time stands, perhaps, equally high in his literary accomplishments. His language is notably clear, vivid, and eloquent. He has a marvellous power of painting with words, and he goes with his pen where pencil and brush can never go. With his magical descriptive power he brings out the most abstract subjects and the subtlest order of invisible changes, so that they stand before the eye of the imagination with all the visible sharpness of stereoscopic perspective. Tyndall is also a man of enthusiasm, and his writings are tinged with a glow of feeling which stirs the noblest sentiments of his readers. Though dealing with subjects commonly thought dry and repulsive, he lifts them out of the prosaic into the poetic, and, in fact, more than any other living man,

he is the poet of science in our age. In another respect, the "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," is a very extraordinary book. The range of its subjects is as broad as the scope of modern thought. To Professor Tyndall science is not the mere collecting and labelling of specimens, or the heaping up of endless curious observations. It is nothing less than the disclosure of the Divine order of the world—a revelation of the beauty, harmony, and vital interdependence of all truth. From the dynamics of atoms to the eternal sweep of cosmic forces, he passes without break of continuity, so that his science becomes philosophy, and all his discussions are knit together through the unity and correlations of a universal system of law. Though not aggressive, and never wantonly disturbing men's prejudices, Professor Tyndall, nevertheless, presses his conclusions with unflinching fidelity.

The London *Spectator*, speaking of Trollope's "Ralph the Heir," remarks: "Perhaps there is scarcely any intellectual luxury to which the British public is now accustomed, that it would miss so much as the serials produced by Mr. Trollope's unwearied and unwearable genius. How much knowledge of life, appreciation of its humor, experience of its paradoxes, and mastery of its lessons, is gained at second-hand through Mr. Trollope by men and women who would hardly gain it at all, and certainly not gain any thing like the same amount of it, in any other way, it would not be easy to conjecture; and assuredly any conjecture would be much more likely to fall short of the truth than to exceed it. Which of us can say that we know even our own circle of friends, political and social, half as well as we have learned within the last twelve-month to know Sir Thomas Underwood and his daughters and niece, his ward Ralph, and his ward's cousins; the old squire, Gregory Newton; the Eardham girls, and their scheming mamma; Mr. Griffenbottom, the corrupt M. P. for corrupt Percycross; Mr. Trigger, the Conservative agent for that corrupt borough; and Messrs. Pile, Spicer, Pabsey, and Co., the various leading Conservative constituents of the same corrupt place; or that we know the heart of any person at all resembling the breeches-maker of Conduit Street, nearly as completely as we know that of Mr. Neeft, with the pertinacious and half-pathetic workings of whose vulgar but tough little ambition we have been becoming more and more intimate every month for the last year! To the mass of men, such a novel as 'Ralph the Heir' brings not only a very large increase in their experience of men, but a very much larger increase than their own personal contact with the prototypes, if prototypes there be, of these personages, would ever have afforded them." "Ralph the Heir" will be published in book-form by Harper & Brothers, uniform with their other issues of Trollope's novels.

Arthur Helps has published "Conversations on War and General Culture," in which the reader is admitted once more to the society of the "Friends in Council," and are invited to listen to certain conversations which are supposed to have taken place last summer, soon after the commencement of the Prussian invasion of France. "Culture" and "War" are the principal themes of these conversations, but there are frequent digressions, and almost every matter of current discussion is talked about. The necessity of a wider and more general culture in modern society, and the evils and iniquities of war, are enforced in the conversations with singular eloquence. "The 'Friends in Council,'" says the *Saturday Re-*

view, "are as free from monotony and dullness as when they first communicated their lucubrations to the world," and the *Athenæum* asserts that "Mr. Helps has lost none of his power of writing easy and agreeable dialogues."

Michel Levy, the Parisian publisher, has preserved all the manuscripts of the books which Alexandre Dumas wrote himself. The collection is superbly bound, and looks inside as if it had been written by a teacher of penmanship. Dumas wrote a very fine hand, and hardly ever changed a word in his manuscript. He used to say laughingly to his friends that, as soon as people would get tired of reading his books, he would open a school for penmanship.

Octave Feuillet has written two novels. One is called "Eudoxie," and the leading personage in it is believed to be the Empress Eugénie, with whom Feuillet was intimately acquainted since the year 1848. He always was the favorite novelist of the ex-empress.

Hacklander's famous fairy tales, it has been discovered, were not original productions, as the author claimed, but translations from the work of an obscure Italian author named Cavallo, who died in the year 1805 at Milan.

Booksellers in Germany complain bitterly of the indifference with which the public in that country receives the numerous histories of the recent war. Thus far, it is said, only one of those works has paid expenses.

Kattkoff, the publisher of the celebrated *Moscow Gazette*, offers to pay ten thousand rubles for the best novel, written either in Russian, French, or German, on a Russian subject.

Foreign Items.

THE insurgents in Paris burned the whole collection of Napoleonic relics and curiosities belonging to Prince Napoleon, and which he had not had time to remove to London. The collection was exceedingly valuable, and it had taken the prince nearly thirty years to gather it. It contained, among other curious things, the private travelling library of Napoleon I., with many marginal notes by the emperor himself. The prince intended at one time to publish a collection of these notes, but Napoleon III. would not permit it.

The Emperor Francis Joseph was presented recently by a Galician Jew with an exceedingly fine and very valuable opal. Fifteen minutes afterward the emperor discovered that some one had stolen the precious stone, which he had placed in a casket on his table. Only four persons, all of them belonging to the highest aristocracy, were in the room with the emperor. The opal was not recovered.

The Italian papers deplore the death of Adelaide Cairoli, the patriotic lady of Pavia, to whom the Italian Parliament several years ago voted the thanks of the nation for her devotion to the cause of Italy, as a national loss. Signora Cairoli lost a large family of sons in the wars for the unification of the country, and left her large fortune to the poor of Pavia and Rome.

Prince Bismarck has refused the sum of one million dollars which the leaders of the liberal party in the German Parliament offered to appropriate for him out of the French indemnity fund. In his reply the prince stated that he had as much money as he needed, and, in fact, more than any of his ancestors had ever possessed.

Fanny Lewald, the German authoress, whose books are more popular among the cultivated classes of her countrymen than those of any other German authoress, said recently to a friend that, although she had written a great many books, the compensation she had received for them would not have sufficed to save her and her family from starvation.

The former private secretary of General Juan Prim has committed suicide. It is said in Madrid that he took his own life because he was involved in the assassination of his chief. His name was Ignacio Ballero, and he was a man of great literary ability. He wrote all the famous proclamations which Prim issued during the revolution.

The Count de Paris, the so-called "head" of the Orleans family, has purchased a villa near Elnach, where his mother lived after her expulsion from France in the year 1848. The count's next neighbor is Fritz Reuter, the celebrated Low German novelist.

The water-color paintings of the Empress of Russia, who is an artist of considerable merit, will be exhibited at the principal cities of the empire, for the benefit of the St. Petersburg Orphan Asylum. It is believed that a million rubles can be realized by this exhibition.

It has been discovered that the apparition, the so-called White Lady, at the royal palace in Berlin, where the servants were nearly frightened to death by it, was the work of a mischievous young girl. She will be severely punished for her spectral performances.

The Queen-dowager of Prussia, the consort of Frederick William IV., after being a helpless paralytic for nearly ten years, has suddenly recovered the full faculty of using her limbs again, much to the surprise of her physicians, who had long ago given up her case as hopeless.

In court circles in Munich it is said that King Louis II. has spent nearly the whole private fortune accumulated by his three predecessors on the throne, and that he will soon no longer be able to assist authors and artists as liberally as he has been in the habit of doing.

In the year 1866, when no one had heard yet of Gambetta, Rochefort, who was afterward his colleague, advised Vollemessant of the *Figaro*, for which Gambetta desired to write, not to employ him, because he did not possess sufficient ability.

A man who sold to the Marseilles Library a manuscript volume which he pretended was written by Fouché, Napoleon's minister, but which he was proved to have got up himself, has been sentenced to four years' hard labor.

Biørnson, the Norwegian novelist, has removed to Berlin. He writes German as well as the language of his own country, and will henceforth write exclusively for three German literary papers.

The fortune left by Mirès, the French banker, is said in Marseilles to exceed seventeen million francs. Four times in his long and eventful life he was so poor that, as he himself said, he was barely able to support his family.

The St. Petersburg *Golos* says that the best telegraph operator in that city is a woman, and that so is the most rapid short-hand writer in St. Petersburg.

They say in Berlin that Madame Pauline Lucca, the cantatrice, has more valuable dia-

monds than all the ladies of the imperial family together.

The Princess de Metternich has completed the MSS. of two volumes of "Personal Reminiscences," which will be published this summer in German and French at Vienna.

It has been computed in Germany that the printers of that country lost by their strike last year the sum of 241,000 thalers.

George Sand has, after all, sold her farm at Nohant, and will henceforth reside all the year round at Paris.

The *Neue Wiener Freie Presse* claims to be the most profitable daily paper published on the European Continent.

Frederick von Raumer, the German historian, is dead. He accidentally poisoned himself.

The last words of Admiral Tegethoff were: "I shall fall asleep and never awake any more."

None of the members of the Parisian Commune are able to write correct French.

There are more noblemen than burghers in the German Parliament.

Alfred Meissner's novels have been placed on the pontifical index.

Miscellany.

Modern Fortunes.

THE fortune bequeathed by the late Mr. Brassey, the contractor, is probably the largest which ever passed the English Court of Probate—for the very few estates which exceed his in value are usually transferred by settlement. This fortune is believed to have exceeded seven millions sterling, the personality alone having been sworn under six and a half millions. With the possible exception of an instance in the history of the Rothschild family—a family of whose colossal wealth everybody talks, while nobody knows very much—and the doubtful exception of Mr. Vanderbilt, reported by New-York gossips to possess nearly a hundred million of dollars—this is certainly the largest amount of money ever accumulated by one man by industry and enterprise, during his own lifetime, and its bulk suggests that some great change must have passed over the fortune-making capabilities of business-men. The area of their operations must in some way or other have been enormously increased, until they resembled the operations of a government rather than those of an individual, until, as it were, they must be enabled to secure the services of entire armies of faithful agents. We believe this to have been the case, and to be due to the operation of two causes, one of them entirely good in its action, the other and more important one very doubtful. The national boundaries formerly fixed to speculation are rapidly disappearing. Supposing that an able man with a talent for business of almost any kind can secure a sufficiency of competent and trustworthy agents, there is no necessity for limiting his work to one country. He can repeat himself, as it were, as often as he pleases, and repeating himself implies a repetition of his profits. Mr. Brassey can only build one railway at a time, be the profit never so great, just as one ambassador can only be in one capital on one day; but Mr. Brassey, controlling a hundred Mr. Brasseys, can guide them as the foreign office guides envoys, and do the same work and acquire the same profits in England, France,

India, and America, all at once. Nothing can stop him except an insufficiency of agents, and it is just at this time that the reservoir of agency has begun to widen and deepen. In many departments of life individualism has ceased to pay, the able man with little capital getting more and rising higher by entering the service of some commanding capitalist. The capitalist can pay him as a premier is paid, and is willing to pay him, because he is able thoroughly to trust him. The greatest of all obstacles to an unlimited employment of agents was once the fear of rivalry. "If," said the employer, "I make that man as competent as myself, he may set up for himself and take some of my business away." The agent, however, of a man like Mr. Brassey, has none of that temptation. If he set up for himself, he could not do the same business—business profitable mainly on account of its scale—and, if he could, it would, considering the risk, scarcely be worth his while. If he is the kind of man who succeeds, his employer will see that it is made worth his while to succeed for him instead of for himself, to use vast means for another instead of small means on his own account. The agent is bound to fidelity by every vulgar as well as every lofty motive, and his employer no more fears his rivalry than the Hohenzollerns fear that of Bismarck or Von Moltke. Of course, when ability seeks service as more profitable than independence, able agents, willing always to be agents, become plentiful, and there are potentialities of wealth in that new relation of agent and master almost beyond the dreams of avarice. If a man of ability and capital can do one thing best, and can secure such agents, nothing prevents him from doing that one thing for the whole world, drawing the whole profit of that branch of dealing, or manufacture, or enterprise, throughout the entire world, and so realizing a fortune never yet heard of.

Gran'ma al'ars does.

I wants to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails,
Jus' two, free 'll be plenty,
We're going to haul our rails.
The splendidest cob-fences
We're making ever was,
I wish you'd help us find them—
Gran'ma al'ars does.

My horse's name is Betsey,
She jumped and broke her head;
I put her in the stable,
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor,
We didn't make no muss,
I wish you'd let it stay there—
Gran'ma al'ars does.

I'se going to the corn-field,
To ride on Charley's plough,
I'spees he'd like to have me,
I wants to go right now.
Oh, won't I "goe up" awful,
And "whoa" like Charley whoas,
I wish you wouldn't bozzer—
Gran'ma never does.

I want some bread-and-butter,
I'se hungry worstest kind,
But Taddy musn't have none,
'Cause she wouldn't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it,
I tell you what, I knows
It's right to put on sugar—
Gran'ma al'ars does.

Over the Ocean.

Curtis Guild's new book, "Over the Ocean," is one of the liveliest volumes of for-

eign travel that has been issued from the press for some time. The following extract gives the author's impressions of London streets:

"I thought my experiences in New York streets had prepared me for London; but on emerging into the London streets for the first time I found my mistake. I was fairly stunned and bewildered by the tremendous rush of humanity that poured down through Oxford street, through Holborn, on to the city, or otherwise down toward White Chapel, Lombard Street, the Bank, and the Exchange.

"Great omnibuses, drawn by three horses abreast, thundered over the pavement; four-wheel cabs, or 'four-wheelers,' a sort of compressed American carriages, looking as though resuscitated from the last stages of dissolution, rattled here and there; the Hansom cabs, those most convenient of all carriages, dashed in and out, hither and thither, in the crowd of vehicles; great brewery drays, with horses like elephants, plodded along with their loads; the sidewalks swarmed with a moving mass of humanity, and many were the novelties that met my curious eye.

"The stiff, square costume of the British merchant; little boys of ten, with beaver hats like men; Lord Dundrearys with eye-glasses such as I had never seen before, except upon the stage at the theatre; ticket-porters with their brass labels about their necks; policemen in their uniform; officers and soldiers in theirs; all sorts of costermongers with every thing conceivable to sell, and all sorts of curious vehicles, some with wood enough in them for three of a similar kind in America.

"The drivers of the London omnibuses feel the dignity of their position—they do. It is the conductor who solicits passengers, takes the pay, and regulates the whole business of the establishment. The driver, or rather the 'coachman,' drives; he wears a neat top-coat, a beaver hat, and a pair of driving-gloves; he drives with an air. You can attract his attention from the sidewalk, and he will 'pull up,' but he does it with a sort of calm condescension; the conductor or cad, on the other hand, is ever on the alert; his eyes are in every direction; he signals a passenger in the crowd invisible to all but him; he continually shouts the destination of his vehicle, but sometimes in a patois unintelligible except to the native Londoner. As for instance, I was once standing in Holborn, waiting for a 'bus for the Bank; one passed, which from its inscription I did not recognize, the conductor ejaculating, as he looked on every side, 'Abink-Wychiple, Binkwychiple,' when suddenly he detected us in the throng, and marked us as strangers looking for a 'bus; in a twinkling he was down from his perch, and upon the sidewalk.

"'Binkwychiple?'"

"'I want to go to the Bank,' said I.

"'All right sir; 'ere you are.'

"He gave a shrill whistle, which caused the driver who was sixty feet away, to stop, hurried us both into the vehicle, slammed to the door, and, taking off his hat with mock politeness to a rival 'bus that had nearly overtaken him, said 'Can't wait for you, sir: drive on, Bob; and on we went to our destination.

"Another 'bus conductor puzzled me by shouting 'Simmery-Ex, Simmery-Ex, Simmery-Ex,' until the expression was translated into 'St. Mary's Axe,' the locality alluded to. These conductors are generally sharp, quick-witted, and adepts at 'chaff' and blackguardism, and it is good advice to the uninitiated to beware 'chaffing' them, as in nine cases out of ten the cad gets the best of it.

"The Hansom cabs are the best and most

convenient vehicles that can possibly be used for short excursions about the city. A shilling will carry you a smart fifteen minutes' ride, the legal price being sixpence a mile, but nobody ever expects to give a cabman less than a shilling for ever so short a ride. Eighteen pence is readily accepted for a three-mile trip, and it costs no more for two persons than one. There being nothing between the passenger and the horse but the dasher, as the driver is perched up behind, an unobstructed view is had as you whirl rapidly through the crowded streets; and the cheapness of the conveyance, added to its adaptability for the purpose that it is used, makes an American acknowledge that in this matter the English are far in advance of us, and also to wonder why these convenient vehicles have not displaced the great, cumbersome, two-horse carriages which even a single individual is compelled to take in an American city if he is in a hurry to go to the railway station or to execute a commission, and which cost nearly as much for a trip of a mile as would engage a Hansom in London for half a day.

"There has been much said in the London papers about the impositions of the cab-drivers; but I must do them the justice to say I saw little or none of it; making myself acquainted with the legal rate, I found it generally accepted without hesitation. If I was in doubt about the distance, instead of adopting the English plan of keeping the extra sixpence, I gave it, and so cheaply saved disputes.

"Coming out from the theatres, you find privileged porters, who have the right of calling cabs for those who want them, besides numerous unprivileged ones; boys, who will dart out to where the cabs are—they are not allowed to stand in front of the theatre—and fetch you one in an instant. The driver never leaves his seat, but your messenger opens the cab and shuts you in, shouts your direction to the driver, and touches his cap grateful for the penny or two-pence that you reward him with."

The Egyptian Lotus.

A correspondent in Missouri, noticing in an early number of the *JOURNAL* a representation of the Egyptian lotus, writes to us as follows:

"I was surprised and pleased to recognize in 'the Egyptian lotus-plant,' an old and loved friend. Several years ago when duck-shooting on the marshes and sloughs along the Missouri River, I first saw the pea-like seed of this plant. The seeds lay thick about the bottoms of the dry ponds, upon the surface, and embedded in the rich, black, loamy soil. The singular, nut-like seed excited my curiosity, and on searching I found one of the light, spongy cushions in which they grow, and which are accurately represented in your illustration. Since that time I have frequently seen the plant growing, and in certain localities in this State it is quite common.

"On seeing your illustration, I referred to such works on our flora as I had, but could not find this plant among the plates, or in the *indices*; and thinking it might not be generally known, nor, possibly, even by you, I concluded it would not be impertinent in the cause of science to communicate the fact to you.

"Last September, early in the month, while hunting woodcock and ruffed grouse in the southern edge of Saline County, about twenty miles northwest of this place, I came upon a marsh or pond literally covered by the magnificent leaves of this plant. The pond was about an acre in extent, and presented one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. The round, green leaves, many floating on the surface of the clear water, the ripe and half-ripe cushions of seeds, and the blooming and full-blown flowers, rich, creamy, and of delicate odor; the thick young woods, willows, and hazels, growing luxuriantly around the edges and at a distance from the pond; the sun shining gloriously down, and my fine

pointer galloping in frolic hither and thither through the water in the dense shade—all this was freshly delightful, and I stood half an hour in intense enjoyment on the edge of the water among the flowers. I brought two fine ones away with me, and kept them a week in my room in town. There can be no mistake about this plant and that shown in your illustration being the same. Here the plant is generally nameless, and the only name I ever heard given it was *Yonquepin*, a name unknown in Webster, who gives *Chinquapin*, a shrub well known in Alabama and the Carolinas.

"The shell of the seed is about the twentieth of an inch in thickness, is with difficulty cracked, and the kernel is dry and yellow, with a dry, green germ in the centre. The kernel is sweet to the taste; the germ bitter.

"I gathered a pocketful of the seeds, for many were ripe and dropping out, though other plants were just blooming, and threw them in a gentleman's pond a mile or two this side of where they grew. Whether the plant will grow there I do not know; but most of the apparent conditions of its existence seemed to be at the second place.

"It blooms from the middle of August to the middle of September. The water in which I last saw them growing was stagnant in some places at the margin; but, farther, in the pond was clear and cold, and about two feet in depth. The pond was about two hundred yards from a large creek, and about the same distance from what is called here 'a salt-lick.'

"Perhaps all these particulars are well known; but my pleasure at knowing the Egyptian Lotus-plant grows wild here, is so great, I was anxious to communicate it."

Goethe.

"The thing that jars upon the mind throughout Goethe's life, in his letters, his books—everything he said and did—is the absence of any thing like devotion to any being, human or divine, morally above himself. God he regarded as inscrutable, and as best left to reveal Himself. The future life was not yet. From all men he withdrew himself in a sort of kindly isolation—sympathizing with them, aiding them, helping them against themselves, understanding them, but never making any of them the object of his life. The object of his life, so far as any man can consciously and permanently have one, was the completion of that ground-plan of character presented to the world in Johann Wolfgang Goethe. To perfect this he denied himself much both of enjoyment and real happiness; to keep this ground-plan intact, or to build upon it, he was always ready to sacrifice either himself or anybody else. To this he sacrificed Fredrika's love, Lili's love, and his own love for them—the friendship of any who attempted to interfere with his own modes of self-development; to this he would at any time have sacrificed, had he supposed it needful, the favor of the duke, and his position at court; to this, in fact, his life was one long offering. There was nothing Goethe would not have given up for others, except any iota of what he considered to be his own individuality. To tend that was his idolatry—and that this self-worship grew upon him at Weimar, no one can doubt."

Race.

Physical science is now proving more and more the immense importance of race; the importance of hereditary powers, hereditary organs, hereditary habits, in all organized beings, from the lowest plant to the highest animal. She is proving more and more the omnipresent action of the differences between races; how the more favored race (she cannot avoid using the epithet) exterminates the less favored, or at least expels it, and forces it, under penalty of death, to adapt itself to new circumstances; and, in a word, that competition between every race and every individ-

ual of that race, and reward according to deserts, is (as far as we can see) a universal law of living things. And she says—for the facts of history prove it—that, as it is among the races of plants and animals, so it has been unto this day among the races of men.

The natural theology of the future must take count of these tremendous and even painful facts; and she may take count of them. For Scripture has taken count of them already. It talks continually—it has been blamed for talking so much—of races, of families; of their wars, their struggles, their exterminations; of races favored, of races rejected; of remnants being saved, to continue the race; of hereditary tendencies, hereditary excellences, hereditary guilt. Its sense of the reality and importance of descent is so intense that it speaks of a whole tribe or a whole family by the name of its common ancestor, and the whole nation of the Jews is Israel, to the end. And if we be told this is true of the Old Testament, but not of the New, we must answer "What? Does not St. Paul hold the identity of the whole Jewish race with Israel, their forefather, as strongly as any prophet of the Old Testament? And what is the central historic fact, save one, of the New Testament, but the conquest of Jerusalem—the dispersion, all but destruction of a race, not by miracle, but by invasion, because found wanting when weighed in the stern balances of natural and social law?"

Greenland.

Lieutenant Payer, well known for his geological investigations in the Alps, has lately communicated some facts in regard to discoveries in Greenland by the late German expedition, of which he was a member; and in this he calls attention especially to the probability of the hypothesis that Greenland is essentially a congeries of islands similar to that west of it, and not a huge continental mass, as has been supposed by most authors. One strong evidence of this he considers to be furnished by the deep inlet discovered by the expedition, previously unrecorded on any chart, and which received the name of Emperor Francis Joseph's Fiord. This was found to extend deep into the interior of the land, continually opening into new arms, and widening in places until it was traced out for over one-third of the estimated breadth of Greenland, and without any indication of coming to an end. Indeed, in a southwesterly direction it opened out into what looked like a great basin, into which the fiord itself emptied. The circumstance also that the saltiness of the fiords is generally greatly diminished by the fresh-water streams pouring into them, when they are simply *cul-de-sacs*, and the fact that the great Greenland fiord, notwithstanding the enormous addition of fresh water, retained all its saltiness, pointed to a maritime communication with the opposite side of the country. Time was not allowed to the party to prosecute the exploration of this supposed strait; but it is believed, as stated, that it finds its opposite opening in Baffin's Bay. Another still more potent argument in favor of the assumption that Greenland is a congeries of islands, and not a continent, was found in the apparent absence of great longitudinal valleys, such as usually characterize continents, these being entirely wanting in the northeastern part of Greenland.

Prices paid for Celebrated Works.

Successful poets nowadays get what are called "fancy prices" for their productions. Mr. Tennyson can always command his price, even for an inferior article; and some people

are expressing their surprise that Mr. Browning should get one hundred pounds for his new poem, "Hervé Riel," which recently appeared in one of the magazines of the day. Some notes on the remuneration received by celebrated authors dead and gone may not be uninteresting. We all know what Milton got for his "Paradise Lost," namely, five pounds, with five pounds for the second edition, and eight pounds afterward. Dryden, for his famous "Ode on St.-Cecilia's Day," received two hundred and fifty guineas in all—a pretty fair comparison, we think, even with modern times; while Pope, for his poem bearing the same name, and intended, though unsuccessfully, to rival Dryden's masterpiece, got only fifteen pounds. Oliver Goldsmith, for his "Vicar of Wakefield," received sixty pounds. Gay, the author of the "Beggars' Opera," made one thousand pounds by his poems; while Lord Byron—perhaps the most successful poet that ever lived—made fifteen thousand pounds by his works. For his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" Sir Walter Scott received from Constable six hundred pounds, and for his "Marmion" ten hundred and fifty pounds. Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" realized ten hundred and fifty pounds, and his "Gertrude of Wyoming" sixteen hundred guineas. Crabbe received for his poems three thousand pounds from Murray. The "Irish Melodies" gave Moore five hundred pounds a year. Certainly, in these latter days, really good poets have not had much reason to grumble; and perhaps, although the present is far from a poetical era, and our supply of first-rate poets is at the lowest ebb—passable poetry—even of the ordinary magazine sort—is better paid for than ever it was before.

A Light-fingered Teuton.

It is sad when German theologians take to stealing, for, besides being a bad example to the rest of the world, it will furnish a handle to those who have little faith in the efficacy of German theology. Not long since many books were missed from the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and one Aloys Pichler, a German theologian, was suspected of filching from the stores of literature therein accumulated. An attendant of the library very politely assisted the venerable scholar on with his overcoat one day, and took occasion to pass his hand over his back, where a concealed volume was distinctly felt. An official visit was afterward paid to the studious retreat of Herr Pichler, and there seven thousand volumes were discovered, all of which had been stolen from the library. This erudite but light-fingered Teuton is said to stand very high in the world of learning, and his selection of books indicated very sound taste and judgment.

Varieties.

A Maine paper reports a spiritual marriage, asserting that at a recent "circle" a young woman asked if the spirit of her dead lover was present, and, on being answered in the affirmative, and told, moreover, that he wished to marry her, had a justice of the peace called in, and the ceremony performed. The spiritual and spirited bride now claims the property of the dead man.

Michelet is represented as a white-haired man of seventy-six, with large, hollow eyes, a very intellectual face, a small, bent figure, full of dignity and grace. His conversation is serious and often sad, though now and then it rises into eloquence and brilliancy. His wife appears young enough to be his daughter, and is said to be a very pretty, though rather pensive-looking woman, of singularly sweet and winning manners.

Paris retained much of its gayety during even the worst hours of the siege. The *Gaulois* published, among other things, a restaurant advertisement, as follows:

"*Wine at ten sous the litre, et eau-dessus*"—(translatable either "and at higher rates," or "with water on it.")
 "*Rosée beef*"—(translatable either "roast beef," or "old horse beef.")
 "*Rat-gout de mouton*"—(translatable either "mutton ragout," or "rat with a mutton flavor.")

The Rothschilds are said to have lost from fifty to seventy-five million dollars by the result of the Franco-German War. They all believed at first that the French would be victorious; but, two weeks after the Germans had crossed the Rhine, they saw their mistake, and made new investments which prevented them from losing thrice as much as they would have done had they not corrected their blunder in good season.

James Glaisher, the English aeronaut, is said to be seriously ill, never having recovered from the effects of his balloon ascension from Wolverhampton, last September, when he reached a height of seven miles, the greatest ever attained. It is supposed he then burst some blood-vessels, as he has never since been in good health.

Mrs. Allibone, wife of the author of the "Dictionary of Authors," acted as her husband's amanuensis, and copied thirty thousand large foolscap pages for the press, besides doing a great deal of other work, as looking up and verifying dates, facts, etc. She must have been a helpmate of the old-fashioned sort.

The excellence of 'possum-fat and hominy as articles of food has long been celebrated by colored minstrels. It is now said that the flesh of the 'possum has medicinal virtues as well, it being a panacea for depression of spirits and low fevers, and the several ailments incident to age and decrepitude. Don't believe it. *Non possumus*.

The poor of London are becoming poorer. Year by year, owing to improvements in which the poor do not share, and to the progress of railroads from which they derive no benefit, the rents of the worst houses in London are rising, while the deterioration of those who are forced to occupy them is rapidly increasing.

The *Saturday Review* sneeringly says that, as American life grows respectable, it certainly grows dull; their best novelists have to deal with the disappearing phases of society—the backwoodsman, or the old Puritan settler, or the rough miner, who have all but given way to the commonplace gentleman in a white shirt and stovepipe hat.

Herr Wilhelm Türberg, who has been somewhat noted as a transcendental philosopher, has lately become a spiritual medium, and is reported to be making wonderful revelations at Mannheim. The whole city is represented to be lost in amazement over his miraculous powers.

The freehold of White's Club House, St. James Street, London, was recently sold for two hundred and thirty thousand dollars. White's was the oldest and most exclusive club in London, dating back to the time of Addison and Steele.

Boat-flying is the latest Southern amusement. Recently, a yawl-boat was carried across Cape Fear, off Wilmington, North Carolina, the motive power being a large kite, the string of which was held by two persons in the boat.

North Carolina has "an old man of the mountains," who lives about forty miles from Greenville, and has reached the age of one hundred and forty-three years. At the time of Braddock's defeat he was twenty years old, and had a wife and three children.

The total number of Scandinavians in the United States is estimated at four hundred thousand, of whom about fifty thousand are residents of Chicago. They number three hundred and eighty congregations, one hundred and forty ministers, and fifty thousand communicants.

A woman of Pisa, in Italy, Pipona Cetilli by name, has been condemned for the murder of her husband, and has confessed to the poisoning of her father, her two children, and her husband's mistress, all in the last six years. She is forty years old.

It is rumored that a marriage has been arranged between the Princess Beatrice, the fifth daughter and ninth child of Queen Victoria, and the Marquis of Ely. The princess is now in her fourteenth year. The marquis was born in 1849.

Vassar College has something new under the sun. Dr. T. W. DuBois has recently received the appointment of dentist to the above institution. He will look into all the young ladies' mouths once a week.

"Shall I help you to alight?" said a young gentleman, addressing a bouncing country-girl, who was preparing to jump from a carriage in front of his office. "Thank you, sir," sweetly replied the girl; "but I don't smoke."

Lecky, who wrote "The Rise and Fall of Rationalism" and several other books, is soon to become the husband of the Baroness van Dedem, lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Holland.

The new banking-house of Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co., at the corner of Lombard and Grace Church street, London, is becoming the headquarters of American visitors in that city.

A London correspondent, writing of Mary Ann Evans (George Eliot), describes her as one of the most interesting and captivating of Englishwomen, entirely free from egotism or pretension of any kind.

A chap in Boston advertises for a "self-supporting" wife, "pretty and well educated." Modest, that!

A Pennsylvanian, after lighting a match, threw it into a powder-keg. The coroners of three counties are collecting the shreds.

An Eastern lady advertises for a laundress who will be willing to take her pay in lessons on the guitar.

Gustave Doré, though he has illustrated the Bible superbly, is declared to have no faith in it.

In London, workmen are carried on the railroads ten miles once a day each way for a week for twenty-five cents.

It was one of Douglas Jerrold's favorite sayings that "in the midst of life we are in debt."

There are seventy Swedenborgian churches in this country.

There are eight hundred thousand more women than men in England.

A bachelor compares a shirt-button to life, because it so often hangs by a thread.

"A backward spring" is produced by presenting a red-hot poker to a man's nose.

A drawing-room—Apartment of a dentist.

A firm friend—An obstinate Quaker.

Men of mark—Mark Twain and Bismarck.

The Museum.

IN No. 111 of the *JOURNAL* our Museum illustration depicted the war-dress of a Kaffre chief. We now give an illustration of the Kaffre soldier in his full war-uniform. It will be observed that it is more ornamental than useful, and quite as scant as it is showy. A gay and fantastic head-dress is its main feature. The varied and strange shapes that a Kaffre soldier can make with feathers, and fur, and raw-hide, are certainly remarkable. Any kind of feather is seized upon to do duty, but the most valued plumage is that of a roller, whose glittering dress of blue-green is worked up into large globular tufts, which are worn upon the back of the head and on the upper

part of the forehead. Such an ornament as this is seldom if ever seen upon the head of a simple warrior, as it is too valuable to be possessed by any but a chief of consideration. Panda is very fond of wearing this beautiful ornament on occasions of state, and sometimes wears two at once, the one on the front of his head - ring, and the other attached to the crown of the head.

The raw-hide is stripped of its fur by being rolled up and buried for a day or two, and is then cut and moulded into the most fantastic forms, reminding the observer of the strange

devices with which the heroes of the Niebelungen decorated their helmets. Indeed, some might easily be mistaken at a little distance

for the more classical though not more elaborate helmet of the ancient German knights. The soldiers which are here represented belong to two different regiments of the Zulu army, and have been selected as affording good examples of the wild, picturesque uniform which is adopted by these dusky troops. In some head-dresses fur is retained on the skin, and thus another effect is obtained. The object of all this savage decoration is twofold: first, to distinguish soldiers of the different regiments; and secondly, to strike terror into the enemy.



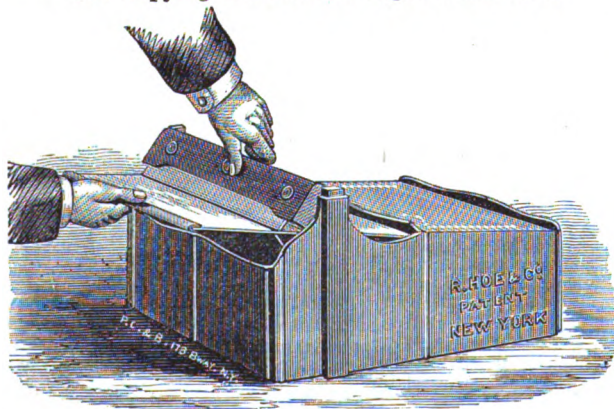
Kaffre Soldiers in War Uniform.

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RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[“RALPH THE HEIR,” SUPPLEMENT NO. XXIII.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF MAY 13.]

CHAPTER LV.

COOKHAM.

WE have been obliged to anticipate in some degree the course of our story by the necessity which weighed upon us of completing the history of Polly Neeft. In regard to her we will only further express an opinion—in which we believe that we shall have the concurrence of our readers—that Mr. Moggs junior had chosen well. Her story could not be adequately told without a revelation of that correspondence, which, while it has explained the friendly manner in which the Neeft-Newton embarrassments were at last brought to an end, has, at the same time, disclosed the future lot in life of our hero—as far as a hero's lot in life may be said to depend on his marriage.

Mr. Neeft had been almost heart-broken, because he was not satisfied that his victim was really punished by any of those tortures which his imagination invented, and his energy executed. Even when the “pretty little man” was smashed, and was, in truth, smashed of malice prepense by a swinging blow from Neeft's umbrella, Neeft did not feel satisfied that he would thereby reach his victim's heart. He could project his own mind with sufficient force into the bosom of his enemy to understand that the onions and tobacco consumed in that luxurious chamber would cause annoyance—but he desired more than annoyance—he wanted to tear the very heartstrings of the young man who had, as he thought, so signally outwitted him. He did not believe that he was successful; but, in truth, he did make poor Ralph very unhappy. The heir felt himself to be wounded, and could not eat and drink, or walk and talk, or ride in the park, or play billiards at his club, in a manner befitting the owner of Newton Priory. He was so injured by Neeft that he became pervious to attacks which would otherwise have altogether failed in reaching him. Lady Eardham would never have prevailed against him as she did—conquering by a quick repetition of small blows—had not all his strength been annihilated for the time by the persecutions of the breeches-maker.

Lady Eardham whispered to him as he was taking his departure on the evening of the dinner in Cavendish Square. “Dear Mr. Newton—just one word,” she said, confidentially—“that must be a very horrid man”—alluding to Mr. Neeft.

“It's a horrid bore, you know, Lady Eardham.”

“Just so—and it makes me feel—as though I didn't quite know whether something ought not to be done. Would you mind calling at eleven to-morrow? Of course I sha'n't tell Sir George—unless you think he ought to be told.” Ralph promised that he would call, though he felt at the moment that Lady Eardham was an interfering old fool. Why should she want to do any thing; and why should she give even a hint as to telling Sir George? As he walked across Hanover Square and down Bond Street to his rooms he did assert to himself plainly that the “old harridan,” as he called her, was at work for her second girl, and he shook his head and winked his eye as he thought of it. But, even in his solitude, he did not feel strong against Lady Eardham, and he moved along the pavement oppressed by a half-formed conviction that her ladyship would prevail against him. He did not, however, think that he had any particular objection to Gus Eardham. There was a deal of style about the girl, a merit in which either Clarissa or Mary would have been sadly deficient. And there could be no doubt in this—that a man in his position ought to marry in his own class. The proper thing for him to do was to make the daughter of some country gentleman—or of some nobleman, just as it might happen—mistress of the Priory. Dear little Clary would hardly have known how to take her place properly down in Hampshire. And then he thought for a moment of Polly! Perhaps, after all, fate, fashion, and fortune, managed marriage for young men better than they could manage it for themselves. What a life would his have been had he really married Polly Neeft! Though he did call Lady Eardham a harridan, he resolved that he would keep his promise for the following morning.

Lady Eardham when he arrived was mysterious, eulogistic, and beneficent. She was clearly of opinion that something should be done. “You know it is so horrid having these kind of things said.” And yet she was almost equally strong in opinion that nothing could be done. “You know I wouldn't have my girl's name brought up for all the world—though why the horrid wretch should have named her I cannot even guess.” The horrid wretch had not, in truth, named any special her, though it suited Lady Eardham to presume that allusion had been made to that hope of the flock, that crowning glory of the Eardham family, that most graceful of the Graces, that Venus certain to be chosen by any Paris, her second daughter, Gus. She went on to explain that were she to tell the

story to her son Marmaduke, her son Marmaduke “would probably kill the breeches-maker.” As Marmaduke Eardham was, of all young men about town, perhaps the most careless, the most indifferent, and the least ferocious, his mother was probably mistaken in her estimate of his resentful feelings. “As for Sir George, he would be for taking the law of the wretch for libel, and then we should be—! I don't know where we should be then; but my dear girl would die.”

Of course there was nothing done. During the whole interview Lady Eardham continued to press Neeft's letter under her hand upon the table, as though it was of all documents the most precious. She handled it as though to tear it would be as bad as to tear an original document bearing the king's signature. Before the interview was over she had locked it up in her desk, as though there were something in it by which the whole Eardham race might be blessed or banned. And, though she spoke no such word, she certainly gave Ralph to understand that by this letter he, Ralph Newton, was in some mysterious manner so connected with the secrets, and the interests, and the sanctity of the Eardham family, that, whether such connection might be for weal or woe, the Newtons and the Eardhams could never altogether free themselves from the link. “Perhaps you had better come and dine with us in a family way to-morrow,” said Lady Eardham, giving her invitation as though it must necessarily be tendered, and almost necessarily accepted. Ralph, not thanking her, but taking it in the same spirit, said that he would be there at half-past seven. “Just ourselves,” said Lady Eardham, in a melancholy tone, as though they two were doomed to eat family dinners together for ever after.

“I suppose the property is really his own,” said Lady Eardham to her husband that afternoon.

Sir George was a stout, plethoric gentleman, with a short temper and many troubles. Marmaduke was expensive, and Sir George himself had spent money when he was young. The girls, who knew that they had no fortunes, expected that every thing should be done for them, at least during the period of their natural harvest—and they were successful in having their expectations realized. They demanded that there should be horses to ride, servants to attend them, and dresses to wear; and they had horses, servants, and dresses. There were also younger children; and Sir George was quite as anxious as Lady Eardham that his daughters should become

wives. "His own—of course it's his own. Whom else should it belong to?"

"There was something about that other young man."

"The bastard! It was the greatest sin that ever was thought of to palm such a fellow as that off on the country—but it didn't come to any thing."

"I'm told, too, he has been very extravagant. No doubt he did get money from the—tailor who wants to make him marry his daughter."

"A flea-bite," said Sir George. "Don't you bother about that." Thus authorized, Lady Eardham went to the work with a clear conscience and a good will.

On the next morning Ralph received by post an envelope from Sir Thomas Underwood containing a letter addressed to him from Mr. Neeft. "Sir—Are you going to make your ward act honorable to me and my daughter? Yours, respectful, THOMAS NEEFIT." The reader will understand that this was prior to Polly's triumph over her father. Ralph uttered a deep curse, and made up his mind that he must either throw himself entirely among the Eardhams, or else start at once for the Rocky Mountains. He dined in Cavendish Square that day, and again took Gus down to dinner.

"I'm very glad to see you here," said Sir George, when they two were alone together after the ladies had left them. Sir George, who had been pressed upon home service because of the necessity of the occasion, was anxious to get off to his club.

"You are very kind, Sir George," said Ralph.

"We shall be delighted to see you at Brayboro', if you'll come for a week in September and look at the girls' horses. They say you're quite a pundit about horse flesh."

"Oh, I don't know," said Ralph.

"You'll like to go up to the girls now, I dare say, and I've got an engagement." Then Sir George rang the bell for a cab, and Ralph went up-stairs to the girls. Emily had taken herself away; Josephine was playing *bésique* with her mother, and Gus was thus forced into conversation with the young man. "*Bésique* is so stupid," said Gus.

"Horribly stupid," said Ralph.

"And what do you like, Mr. Newton?"

"I like you," said Ralph. But he did not propose on that evening. Lady Eardham thought he ought to have done so, and was angry with him. It was becoming almost a matter of necessity with her that young men should not take much time. Emily was twenty-seven, and Josephine was a most difficult child to manage—not pretty, but yet giving herself airs and expecting every thing. She had refused a clergyman with a very good private fortune, greatly to her mother's sorrow. And Gus had already been the source of much weary labor. Four eldest sons had been brought to her feet and been allowed to slip away; and all, as Lady Eardham said, because Gus would "joke" with other young men, while the one man should have received all her plensantry. Emily was quite of opin-

ion that young Newton should by no means have been allotted to Gus. Lady Eardham, who had played *bésique* with an energy against which Josephine would have muttered but that some promise was made as to Marshall and Snelgrove, could see from her little table that young Newton was neither abject nor triumphant in his manner. He had not received nor had he even asked when he got up to take his leave. Lady Eardham could have boxed his ears; but she smiled upon him ineffably, pressed his hand, and in the most natural way in the world alluded to some former allusion about riding and the park.

"I sha'n't ride to-morrow," said Gus, with her back turned to them.

"Do," said Ralph.

"No. I sha'n't."

"You see what she says, Lady Eardham," said Ralph.

"You promised you would before dinner, my dear," said Lady Eardham, "and you ought not to change your mind. If you'll be good-natured enough to come, two of them will go." Of course it was understood that he would come.

"Nothing on earth, mamma, shall ever induce me to play *bésique* again," said Josephine, yawning.

"It's not worse for you than for me," said the old lady, sharply.

"But it isn't fair," said Josephine, who was supposed to be the clever one of the family. "I may have to play my *bésique* a quarter of a century hence."

"He's an insufferable puppy," said Emily, who had come into the room, and had been pretending to be reading.

"That's because he don't bark at your bidding, my dear," said Gus.

"It doesn't seem that he means to bark at yours," said the elder sister.

"If you go on like that, girls, I'll tell your papa, and we'll go to Brayboro' at once. It's too bad, and I won't bear it."

"What would you have me do?" said Gus, standing up for herself fiercely.

Gus did ride, and so did Josephine, and there was a servant with them of course. It had been Emily's turn—there being two horses for the three girls; but Gus had declared that no good could come if Emily went—and Emily's going had been stopped by parental authority. "You do as you're bid," said Sir George, "or you'll get the worst of it." Sir George suffered much from gout, and had obtained from the ill-temper which his pangs produced a mastery over his daughters which some fathers might have envied.

"You behaved badly to me last night, Mr. Newton," said Gus, on horseback. There was another young man riding with Josephine, so that the lovers were alone together.

"Behaved badly to you?"

"Yes, you did, and I felt it very much—very much indeed."

"How did I behave badly?"

"If you do not know, I'm sure that I shall not tell you." Ralph did not know—but he went home from his ride an unengaged man,

and may perhaps have been thought to behave badly on that occasion also.

But Lady Eardham, though she was sometimes despondent and often cross, was gifted with perseverance. A picnic party up the river from Maidenhead to Cookham was got up for the 30th of May, and Ralph Newton of course was there. Just at that time the Neeft persecution was at its worst. Letters directed by various hands came to him daily, and in all of them he was asked when he meant to be on the square. He knew the meaning of that picnic as well as does the reader—as well as did Lady Eardham; but it had come to that with him that he was willing to yield. It cannot exactly be said for him that out of all the feminine worth that he had seen, he himself had chosen Gus Eardham as being the most worthy—or even that he had chosen her as being to him the most charming. But it was evident to him that he must get married, and why not to her as well as to another? She had style, plenty of style; and, as he told himself, style, for a man in his position, was more than any thing else. It can hardly be said that he had made up his mind to offer to her before he started for Cookham—though doubtless through all the remaining years of his life he would think that his mind had been so fixed—but he had concluded that, if she were thrown at his head very hard, he might as well take her. "I don't think he ever does drink champagne," said Lady Eardham, talking it all over with Gus on the morning of the picnic.

At Cookham there is, or was, a punt—perhaps there always will be one, kept there for such purposes—and into this punt either Gus was tempted by Ralph, or Ralph by Gus. "My darling child, what are you doing?" shouted Lady Eardham from the bank.

"Mr. Newton says he can take me over," said Gus, standing up in the punt, shaking herself with a pretty tremor.

"Don't, Mr. Newton; pray don't," cried Lady Eardham, with affected horror.

Lunch was over, or dinner, as it might be more properly called, and Ralph had taken a glass or two of champagne. He was a man whom no one had ever seen the "worse for wine;" but on this occasion that which might have made others drunk had made him bold. "I will not let you out, Gus, till you have promised me one thing," said Ralph.

"What is the one thing?"

"That you will go with me everywhere, always."

"You must let me out," said Gus.

"But will you promise?" Then Gus promised; and Lady Eardham, with true triumph in her voice, was able to tell her husband on the following morning that the cost of the picnic had not been thrown away.

On the next morning early Ralph was in the square. Neither when he went to bed at night, nor when he got up in the morning, did he regret what he had done. The marriage would be quite a proper marriage. Nobody could say that he had been mercenary, and he hated a mercenary feeling in marriages. Nobody could say that the match was beneath

him, and all people were agreed that Augusta Eardham was a very fine girl. As to her style, there could be no doubt about it. There might be some little unpleasantness in communicating the fact to the Underwoods—but that could be done by letter. After all, it would signify very little to him what Sir Thomas thought about it. Sir Thomas might think him feeble; but he himself knew very well that there had been no feebleness in it. His circumstances had been very peculiar, and he really believed that he had made the best of them. As Squire of Newton, he was doing quite the proper thing in marrying the daughter of a baronet out of the next county. With a light heart, a pleased face, and with very well got-up morning apparel, Ralph knocked the next morning at the door in Cavendish Square, and asked for Sir George Eardham. "I'll just run up-stairs for a second," said Ralph, when he was told that Sir George was in the small parlor.

He did run up-stairs, and in three minutes had been kissed by Lady Eardham and all her daughters. At this moment Gus was the "dearest child" and the "best love of a thing" with all of them. Even Emily remembered how pleasant it might be to have a room at Newton Priory, and then success always gives a new charm.

"Have you seen Sir George?" asked Lady Eardham.

"Not as yet—they said he was there, but I had to come up and see her first, you know."

"Go down to him," said Lady Eardham, patting her prey on the back twice. "When you've daughters of your own, you'll expect to be consulted."

"She couldn't have done better, my dear fellow," said Sir George, with kind, genial cordiality. "She couldn't have done better, to my thinking, even with a peerage. I like you, and I like your family, and I like your property; and she's yours with all my heart. A better girl never lived."

"Thank you, Sir George."

"She has no money, you know."

"I don't care about money, Sir George."

"My dear boy, she's yours with all my heart; and I hope you'll make each other happy."

CHAPTER LVI.

RALPH NEWTON IS BOWLED AWAY.

A DAY or two after his engagement, Ralph did write his letter to Sir Thomas, and found when the moment came that the task was difficult. But he wrote it. The thing had to be done, and there was nothing to be gained by postponing it.

"— Club, June 2, 186—.

"MY DEAR SIR THOMAS:

"You will, I hope, be glad to hear that I am engaged to be married to Augusta Eardham, the second daughter of Sir George Eardham, of Brayboro' Park, in Berkshire. Of course you will know the name, and I rather think you were in the House when Sir George sat for Berkshire. Augusta has got no

money, but I have not been placed under the disagreeable necessity of looking out for a rich wife. I believe we shall be married about the end of August. As the ceremony will take place down at Brayboro', I fear that I cannot expect that you or Patience and Clarissa should come so far. Pray tell them my news, with my best love.

"Yours, most grateful for all your long kindness,

"RALPH NEWTON.

"I am very sorry that you should have been troubled by letters from Mr. Neefit. The matter has been arranged at last."

The letter when done was very simple, but it took him some time, and much consideration. Should he or should he not allude to his former loves? It was certainly much easier to write his letter without any such allusion, and he did so.

About a week after this Sir Thomas went home to Fulham, and took the letter with him. "Clary," he said, taking his youngest daughter affectionately by the waist, when he found himself alone with her. "I've got a piece of news for you."

"For me, papa?"

"Well, for all of us. Somebody is going to be married. Who do you think it is?"

"Not Ralph Newton?" said Clarissa, with a little start.

"Yes, Ralph Newton."

"How quick he arranges things!" said Clarissa. There was some little emotion, just a quiver, and a quick rush of blood into her cheeks, which, however, left them just as quickly.

"Yes—he is quick."

"Who is it, papa?"

"A very proper sort of person—the daughter of a Berkshire baronet."

"But what is her name?"

"Augusta Eardham."

"Augusta Eardham. I hope he'll be happy, papa. We've known him a long time."

"I think he will be happy—what people call happy. He is not gifted—or cursed, as it may be—with fine feelings, and is what perhaps may be called thick-skinned; but he will love his own wife and children. I don't think he will be a spendthrift now that he has plenty to spend, and he is not subject to what the world calls vices. I shouldn't wonder if he becomes a prosperous and most respectable country gentleman, and quite a model to his neighbors."

"It doesn't seem to matter much—does it?" said Clarissa, when she told the story to Mary and Patience.

"What doesn't matter?" asked Mary.

"Whether a man cares for the girl he's going to marry, or doesn't care at all. Ralph Newton cannot care very much for Miss Eardham."

"I think it matters very much," said Mary.

"Perhaps, after all, he'll be just as fond of his wife—in a way, as though he had been making love to her—oh, for years," said Clarissa. This was nearly all that was said at the villa, though, no doubt, poor Clary had

many thoughts on the matter, in her solitary rambles along the river. That picture of the youth, as he lay upon the lawn, looking up into her eyes, and telling her that she was dear to him, could not easily be effaced from her memory. Sir Thomas before this had written his congratulations to Ralph. They had been very short, and in them no allusion had been made to the young ladies at Popham Villa.

In the mean time Ralph was as happy as the day was long, and delighted with his lot in life. For some weeks previous to his offer he had been aware that Lady Eardham had been angling for him as for a fish, that he had been as a prey to her and to her daughter, and that it behooved him to amuse himself without really taking the hook between his gills. He had taken the hook, and now had totally forgotten all those former notions of his in regard to a prey, and a fish, and a mercenary old harridan of a mother. He had no sooner been kissed all round by the women, and paternally blessed by Sir George, than he thought that he had exercised a sound judgment, and had with true wisdom arranged to ally himself with just the woman most fit to be his wife, and the future mistress of Newton Priory. He was proud, indeed, of his success, when he read the paragraph in the *Morning Post*, announcing as a fact that the alliance had been arranged, and was again able to walk about among his comrades as one of those who make circumstances subject to them, rather than become subject to circumstances. His comrades, no doubt, saw the matter in another light. "By Jove," said Pretty Poll at his club, "there's Newton been and got caught by old Eardham after all. The girl has been running ten years, and been hawked about like a second-class race-horse."

"Yes, poor fellow," said Captain Fooks. "Neefit has done that for him. Ralph for a while was so knocked off his pins by the breeches-maker, that he didn't know where to look for shelter."

Whether marriages should be made in heaven or on earth, must be a matter of doubt to observers—whether, that is, men and women are best married by chance, which I take to be the real fashion of heaven-made marriages; or should be brought into that close link and loving bondage to each other by thought, selection, and decision. That the heavenly mode prevails the oftener there can hardly be a doubt. It takes years to make a friendship; but a marriage may be settled in a week—in an hour. If you desire to go into partnership with a man in business, it is an essential necessity that you should know your partner; that he be honest—or dishonest, if such be your own tendency—industrious, instructed in the skill required, and of habits of life fit for the work to be done. But into partnerships for life—of a kind much closer than any business partnership—men rush without any preliminary inquiries. Some investigation and anxiety as to means there may be, though in this respect the ordinary parlance of the world endows men with more caution, or accuses them of more greed than

they really possess. But in other respects every thing is taken for granted. Let the woman, if possible, be pretty—or, if not pretty, let her have style. Let the man, if possible, not be a fool; or, if a fool, let him not show his folly too plainly. As for knowledge of character, none is possessed, and none is wanted. The young people meet each other in their holiday dresses, on holiday occasions, amid holiday pleasures—and the thing is arranged. Such matches may be said to be heaven-made.

It is a fair question whether they do not answer better than those which have less of chance—or less of heaven—in their manufacture. If it be needful that a man and woman take five years to learn whether they will suit each other as husband and wife, and that then, at the end of the five years, they find that they will not suit, the freshness of the flower would be gone before it could be worn in the button-hole. There are some leaps which you must take in the dark, if you mean to jump at all. We can all understand well that a wise man should stand on the brink and hesitate; but we can understand also that a very wise man should declare to himself that with no possible amount of hesitation could certainty be achieved. Let him take the jump or not take it—but let him not presume to think that he can so jump as to land himself in certain bliss. It is clearly God's intention that men and women should live together, and therefore let the leap in the dark be made.

No doubt there had been very much of heaven in Ralph Newton's last choice. It may be acknowledged that in lieu of choosing at all, he had left the matter altogether to Heaven. Some attempt he had made at choosing—in reference to Mary Bonner; but he had found the attempt simply to be troublesome and futile. He had spoken soft, loving words to Clarissa, because she herself had been soft and lovable. Nature had spoken—as she does when the birds sing to each other. Then, again, while suffering under pecuniary distress he had endeavored to make himself believe that Polly Neeft was just the wife for him. Then, amid the glories of his emancipation from thralldom, he had seen Mary Bonner—and had actually, after a fashion, made a choice for himself. His choice had brought upon him nothing but disgrace and trouble. Now he had succumbed at the bidding of Heaven and Lady Eardham, and he was about to be provided with a wife exactly suited for him. It may be said at the same time that Augusta Eardham was equally lucky. She also had gotten all that she ought to have wanted, had she known what to want. They were both of them incapable of what men and women call love when they speak of love as a passion linked with romance. And in one sense they were cold-hearted. Neither of them was endowed with the privilege of pining because another person had perished. But each of them was able to love a mate, when assured that that mate must continue to be mate, unless separation should come by domestic earthquake. They had hearts enough for paternal and maternal duties, and would probably agree

in thinking that any geese which Providence might send them were veritable swans. Bickerings there might be, but they would be bickerings without effect; and Ralph Newton, of Newton, would probably so live with this wife of his bosom, that they, too, might lie at last pleasantly together in the family vault, with the record of their homely virtues visible to the survivors of the parish on the same tombstone. The means by which each of them would have arrived at these blessings would not redound to the credit of either; but the blessings would be there, and it may be said of their marriage, as of many such marriages, that it was made in heaven, and was heavenly.

The marriage was to take place early in September, and the first week in August was passed by Sir George and Lady Eardham and their two younger daughters at Newton Priory. On the 14th Ralph was to be allowed to run down to the moors just for one week, and then he was to be back, passing between Newton and Brayboro', signing deeds and settlements, preparing for their wedding tour, and obedient in all things to Eardham influences. It did occur to him that it would be proper that he should go down to Fulham to see his old friends once before his marriage; but he felt that such a visit would be to himself very unpleasant, and therefore he assured himself, and moreover made himself believe that, if he abstained from the visit, he would abstain because it would be unpleasant to him. He did abstain. But he did call at the chambers in Southampton Buildings; he called, however, at an hour in which he knew that Sir Thomas would not be visible, and made no second pressing request to Stemm for the privilege of entrance.

He had great pride in showing his house and park and estate to the Eardhams, and had some delicious rambles with his Augusta through the shrubberies and down by the little brook. Ralph had an enjoyment in the prettiness of Nature, and Augusta was clever enough to simulate the feeling. He was a little annoyed, perhaps, when he found that the beauty of her morning dresses did not admit of her sitting upon the grass or leaning against gates, and once expressed an opinion that she need not be so particular about her gloves in this the hour of their billing and cooling. Augusta altogether declined to remove her gloves in a place swarming, as she said, with midges, or to undergo any kind of embrace while adorned with that sweetest of all hats, which had been purchased for his especial delight. But in other respects she was good humored, and tried to please him. She learned the names of all his horses, and was beginning to remember those of his tenants. She smiled upon Gregory, and behaved with a pretty decorum when the young parson showed her his church. Altogether her behavior was much better than might have been expected from the training to which she had been subjected during her seven seasons in London. Lord Polperrow wronged her greatly when he said that she had been "running" for ten years.

There was a little embarrassment in

Ralph's first interview with Gregory. He had given his brother notice of his engagement by letter as soon as he had been accepted, feeling that any annoyance coming to him might be lessened in that way. Unfortunately, he had spoken to his brother in what he now felt to have been exaggerated terms of his passion for Mary Bonner, and he himself was aware that that malady had been quickly cured. "I suppose the news startled you," he had said, with a forced laugh, as soon as he met his brother.

"Well—yes, a little. I did not know that you were so intimate with them."

"The truth is, I had thought a deal about the matter, and I had come to see how essential it was for the interests of us all that I should marry into our own set. The moment I saw Augusta I felt that she was exactly the girl to make me happy. She is very handsome. Don't you think so?"

"Certainly."

"And then she has just the style which, after all, does go so far. There's nothing dowdy about her. A dowdy woman would have killed me. She attracted me from the first moment; and, by Jove, old fellow, I can assure you it was mutual. I am the happiest fellow alive, and I don't think there is any thing I envy anybody." In all this Ralph believed that he was speaking the simple truth.

"I hope you'll be happy, with all my heart," said Gregory.

"I am sure I shall—and so will you if you will ask that little puss once again. I believe in my heart she loves you." Gregory, though he had been informed of his brother's passion for Mary, had never been told of that other passion for Clarissa; and Ralph could therefore speak of ground for hope in that direction without uncomfortable twinges.

There did occur during this fortnight one or two little matters, just sufficiently laden with care to ruffle the rose-leaves of our hero's couch. Lady Eardham thought that both the dining-room and drawing-room should be refurnished, that a bow-window should be thrown out to the breakfast-parlor, and that a raised conservatory should be constructed into which Augusta's own morning sitting-room up-stairs might be made to open. Ralph gave way about the furniture with a good grace, but he thought that the bow-window would disfigure the house, and suggested that the raised conservatory would cost money. Augusta thought the bow-window was the very thing for the house, and Lady Eardham knew as a fact that a similar conservatory—the sweetest thing in the world—which she had seen at Lord Rosebud's had cost almost absolutely nothing. And if any thing was well known in gardening it was this, that the erection of such conservatories was a positive saving in garden expenses. The men worked under cover during the rainy days, and the hot water served for domestic as well as horticultural purposes. There was some debate and a little heat, and the matter was at last referred to Sir George. He voted against Ralph on both points, and the orders were given.

Then there was the more important question of the settlements. Of course there were to be settlements, in the arrangement of which Ralph was to give every thing and to get nothing. With high-handed magnanimity he had declared that he wanted no money, and therefore the trifle which would have been adjudged to be due to Gus was retained to help her as yet less fortunate sisters. In truth, Marmaduke at this time was so expensive that Sir George was obliged to be a little hard. Why, however, he should have demanded out of such a property as that of Newton a jointure of four thousand pounds a year, with a house to be found either in town or country as the widow might desire, on behalf of a penniless girl, no one acting in the Newton interest could understand, unless Sir George might have thought that the sum to be ultimately obtained might depend in some degree on that demanded. Had he known Mr. Carey he would probably not have subjected himself to the rebuke which he received.

Ralph, when the sum was first named to him by Sir George's lawyer, who came down purposely to Newton, looked very blank, and said that he had not anticipated any arrangement so destructive to the property. The lawyer pointed out that there was unfortunately no dowager's house provided; that the property would not be destroyed, as the dower would only be an annuity; that ladies now were more liberally treated in this matter than formerly—and that the suggestion was quite the usual thing. "You don't suppose I mean my daughter to be starved?" said Sir George, upon whom gout was then coming. Ralph plucked up spirit and answered him. "Nor do I intend that your daughter, sir, should be starved." "Dear Ralph, do be liberal to the dear girl," said Lady Eardham afterward, caressing our hero in the solitude of her bedroom. Mr. Carey, however, arranged the whole matter very quickly. The dower must be two thousand pounds, out of which the widow must find her own house. Sir George must be well aware, said Mr. Carey, that the demand made was preposterous. Sir George said one or two very nasty things; but the dower as fixed by Mr. Carey was accepted, and then every thing smiled again.

When the Eardhams were leaving Newton the parting between Augusta and her lover was quite pretty. "Dear Gus," he said, "when next I am here, you will be my own, own wife," and he kissed her. "Dear Ralph," she said, "when next I am here, you will be my own, own husband," and kissed him; "but we have Como, and Florence, and Rome, and Naples, to do before that—and won't that be nice?"

"It will be very nice to be anywhere with you," said the lover.

"And mind you have your coat made just as I told you," said Augusta. So they parted.

Early in September they were married with great *éclat* at Brayboro', and Lady Eardham spared nothing on the occasion. It was her first maternal triumph, and all the country round was made to know of her success. The Newtons had been at Newton for—she

did not know how many hundred years. In her zeal she declared that the estate had been in the same hands from long before the Conquest. "There's no title," she said to her intimate friend, Lady Wiggam, "but there's that which is better than a title. We're mushrooms to the Newtons, you know. We only came into Berkshire in the reign of Henry VIII." As the Wiggams had only come into Buckinghamshire in the reign of George IV., Lady Wiggam, had she known the facts, would probably have reminded her dear friend that the Eardhams had in truth first been heard of in those parts in the time of Queen Anne—the original Eardham having made his money in following Marlborough's army. But Lady Wiggam had not studied the history of the county gentry. The wedding went off very well, and the bride and bridegroom were bowled away to the nearest station with four gray post-horses from Reading in a manner that was truly delightful to Lady Eardham's motherly feelings.

And with the same gray horses shall the happy bride and bridegroom be bowled out of our sight also. The writer of this story feels that some apology is due to his readers for having endeavored to entertain them so long with the adventures of one of whom it certainly cannot be said that he was fit to be delineated as a hero. It is thought by many critics that in the pictures of imaginary life which novelists produce for the amusement, and possibly for the instruction of their readers, none should be put upon the canvas but the very good, who by their noble thoughts and deeds may lead others to nobility, or the very bad, who by their declared wickedness will make iniquity hideous. How can it be worth one's while, such critics will say—the writer here speaks of all critical readers, and not of professional critics—how can it be worth our while to waste our imaginations, our sympathies, and our time upon such a one as Ralph, the heir of the Newton property? The writer, acknowledging the force of these objections, and confessing that his young heroes of romance are but seldom heroic, makes his apology as follows:

The reader of a novel—who has doubtless taken the volume up simply for amusement, and who would probably lay it down did he suspect that instruction, like a snake-in-the-grass, like physic beneath the sugar, was to be imposed upon him—requires from his author chiefly this, that he shall be amused by a narrative in which elevated sentiment prevails, and gratified by being made to feel that the elevated sentiments described are exactly his own. When the heroine is nobly true to her lover, to her friend, or to her duty, through all persecution, the girl who reads declares to herself that she also would have been a Jeannie Deans had Fate and Fortune given her an Effie as a sister. The bald-headed old lawyer—for bald-headed old lawyers do read novels—who interests himself in the high-minded, self-devoting chivalry of a Colonel Newcombe, believes he would have acted as did the colonel had he been so tried. What youth in his imagination cannot be as

brave, and as loving, though as hopeless in his love, as Harry Esmond? Alas, no one will wish to be as was Ralph Newton! But for one Harry Esmond, there are fifty Ralph Newtons—five hundred and fifty of them; and the very youth whose bosom glows with admiration as he reads of Harry—who exults in the idea that as Harry did, so would he have done—lives as Ralph lived, is less noble, less persistent, less of a man even than was Ralph Newton.

It is the test of a novel-writer's art that he conceals his snake-in-the-grass; but the reader may be sure that it is always there. No man or woman with a conscience—no man or woman with intellect sufficient to produce amusement, can go on from year to year spinning stories without the desire of teaching; with no ambition of influencing readers for their good. Gentle readers, the physic is always beneath the sugar, hidden or unhidden. In writing novels, we novelists preach to you from our pulpits, and are keenly anxious that our sermons shall not be inefficacious. Inefficacious they are not, unless they be too badly preached to obtain attention. Injurious they will be unless the lessons taught be good lessons.

What a world this would be if every man were a Harry Esmond, or every woman a Jeannie Deans! But then again, what a world if every woman were a Beckie Sharp and every man a Varney or a Barry Lyndon! Of Varneys and Harry Esmonds there are very few. Human nature, such as it is, does not often produce them. The portraits of such virtues and such vices serve no doubt to emulate and to deter. But are no other portraits necessary? Should we not be taught to see the men and women among whom we really live—men and women such as we are ourselves—in order that we should know what are the exact failings which oppress ourselves, and thus learn to hate, and if possible to avoid in life the faults of character which in life are hardly visible, but which in portraiture of life can be made to be so transparent?

Ralph Newton did nothing, gentle reader, which would have caused thee greatly to grieve for him, nothing certainly which would have caused thee to repudiate him, had he been thy brother. And gentlest, sweetest reader, had he come to thee as thy lover, with sufficient protest of love, and with all his history written in his hand, would that have caused thee to reject his suit? Had he been thy neighbor, thou well-to-do reader, with a house in the country, would he not have been welcome to thy table? Wouldst thou have avoided him at his club, thou reader from the West End? Has he not settled himself respectably, thou gray-haired, novel-reading paterfamilias, thou materfamilias, with daughters of thine own to be married? In life would he have been held to have disgraced himself—except in the very moment in which he seemed to be in danger? Nevertheless, the faults of a Ralph Newton, and not the vices of a Varney or a Barry Lyndon, are the evils against which men should in these days be taught to guard themselves—which wom-

en also should be made to hate. Such is the writer's apology for his very indifferent hero, Ralph the Heir.

CHAPTER LVII.

CLARISSA'S FATE.

In the following October, while Newton of Newton and his bride were making themselves happy amid the glories of Florence, she with her finery from Paris, and he with a newly-acquired taste for Michael Angelo and the fine arts generally, Gregory the parson again went up to London. He had, of course, "assisted" at his brother's marriage—in which the heavy burden of the ceremony was imposed on the shoulders of a venerable dean, who was related to Lady Eardham—and had since that time been all alone at his parsonage. Occasionally he had heard of the Underwoods from Ralph Newton of Beamingham, whose wedding had been postponed till Beamingham Hall had been made fit for its mistress; and from what he had heard Gregory was induced—hardly to hope—but to dream it to be possible that even yet he might prevail in love. An idea had grown upon him, springing from various sources, that Clarissa had not been indifferent to his brother, and that this feeling on her part had marred, and must continue to mar, his own happiness. He never believed that there had been fault on his brother's part; but still, if Clarissa had been so wounded—he could hardly hope—and perhaps should not even wish—that she would consent to share with him his parsonage in the close neighborhood of his brother's house. During all that September he told himself that the thing should be over, and he began to teach himself—to try to teach himself—that celibacy was the state in which a clergyman might best live and do his duty. But the lesson had not gone far with him before he shook himself, and determined that he would try yet once again. If there had been such a wound, why should not the wound be cured? Clarissa was at any rate true. She would not falsely promise him a heart, when it was beyond her power to give it. In October, therefore, he went again up to London.

The cases for packing the books had not even yet been made, and Sir Thomas was found in Southampton Buildings. The first words had, of course, reference to the absent squire. The squire of one's parish, the head of one's family, and one's elder brother, when the three are united in the same personage, will become important to one, even though the personage himself be not heroic. Ralph had written home twice, and every thing was prospering with him. Sir Thomas, who had become tired of his late ward, and who had thought worse of the Eardham marriage than the thing deserved, was indifferent to the joys of the Italian honeymoon. "They'll do very well, no doubt," said Sir Thomas. "I was delighted to learn that Augusta bore her journey so well," said Gregory. "Augustas al-

ways do bear their journeys well," said Sir Thomas; "though sometimes, I fancy, they find the days a little too long."

But his tone was very different when Gregory asked his leave to make one more attempt at Popham Villa. "I only hope you may succeed—for her sake, as well as for your own," said Sir Thomas. But when he was asked as to the parson's chance of success, he declared that he could say nothing. "She is changed, I think, from what she used to be—is more thoughtful, perhaps, and less giddy. It may be that such change will turn her toward you." "I would not have her changed in any thing," said Gregory—"except in her feelings toward myself."

He had been there twice or thrice before he found what he thought to be an opportunity fit for the work that he had on hand. And yet both Patience and Mary did for him and for her all that they knew how to do. But in such a matter it is so hard to act without seeming to act! She who can manœuvre on such a field without displaying her manœuvres is indeed a general! No man need ever attempt the execution of a task so delicate. Mary and Patience put their heads together, and resolved that they would say nothing. Nor did they manifestly take steps to leave the two alone together. It was a question with them, especially with Patience, whether the lover had not come too soon.

But Clarissa at last attacked her sister. "Patience," she said, "why do you not speak to me?"

"Not speak to you, Clary?"

"Not a word—about that which is always on my mind. You have not mentioned Ralph Newton's name once since his marriage."

"I have thought it better not to mention it. Why should I mention it?"

"If you think that it would pain me, you are mistaken. It pains me more that you should think that I could not bear it. He was welcome to his wife."

"I know you wish him well, Clary."

"Well! Oh, yes, I wish him well. No doubt he will be happy with her. She is fit for him, and I was not. He did quite right."

"He is not half so good as his brother," said Patience.

"Certainly he is not so good as his brother. Men, of course, will be different. But it is not always the best man that one likes the best. It ought to be so, perhaps."

"I know which I like the best," said Patience. "Oh, Clary, if you could but bring yourself to love him."

"How is one to change like that? And I do not know that he cares for me now."

"Ah—I think he cares for you."

"Why should he? Is a man to be sacrificed for always because a girl will not take him? His heart is changed. He takes care to show me so when he comes here. I am glad that it should be changed. Dear Patty, if papa would but come and live at home, I should want nothing else."

"I want something else," said Patience.

"I want nothing but that you should love me—and that papa should be with us. But,

Patty, do not make me feel that you are afraid to speak to me."

On the day following Gregory was again at Fulham, and he had come thither fully determined that he would now for the last time ask that question, on the answer to which, as it now seemed to him, all his future happiness must depend. He had told himself that he would shake off this too human longing for a sweet face to be ever present with him at his board, for a sweet heart to cherish him with its love, for a dear head to lie upon his bosom. But he had owned to himself that it could not be shaken off, and, having so owned, was more sick than ever with desire. Mary and Clarissa were both out when he arrived, and he was closeted for a while with Patience. "How tired you must be of seeing me!" he said.

"Tired of seeing you? Oh, no!"

"I feel myself to be going about like a phantom, and I am ashamed of myself. My brother is successful and happy, and has all that he desires."

"He is easily satisfied," said Patience, with something of sarcasm in her voice.

"And my cousin Ralph is happy and triumphant. I ought not to pine, but in truth I am so weak that I am always pining. Tell me at once—is there a chance for me?"

Did it occur to him to think that she to whom he was speaking, ever asked herself why it was not given to her to have even a hope of that joy for which he was craving? Did she ever pine, because, when others were mating round her, flying off in pairs to their warm mutual nests, there came to her no such question of mating and flying off to love and happiness? If there was such pining, it was all inward, hidden from her friends, so that their mirth should not be lessened by her want of mirth, not expressed either by her eye or mouth, because she knew that on the expression of her face depended somewhat of the comfort of those who loved her. A homely brow, and plain features, and locks of hair that have not been combed by Love's attendant nymphs into soft and winning tresses, seems to tell us that love is not wanted by the bosom that owns them. We teach ourselves to regard such a one, let her be ever so good, with ever so sweet temper, ever so generous in heart, ever so affectionate among her friends, as separated alike from the perils and the privileges of that passion without which they who are blessed or banned with beauty would regard life but as a charred and mutilated existence. It is as though we should believe that passion springs from the rind, which is fair or foul to the eye, and not in the heart, which is often fairest, freshest, and most free, when the skin is dark and the cheeks are rough. This young parson expected Patience to sympathize with him, to greet for him, to aid him if there might be aid, and to understand that for him the world would be blank and wretched unless he could get for himself a soft sweet mate to sing when he sang, and to wail when he wailed. The only mate that Patience had was this very girl that was to be thus taken from her. But

she did sympathize with him, did greet for him, did give him all her aid. Knowing what she was herself and how God had formed her, she had learned to bury self absolutely and to take all her earthly joy from the joys of others. Shall it not come to pass that, hereafter, she too shall have a lover among the cherubim? "What can I say to you?" replied Patience to the young man's earnest entreaty. "If she were mine to give, I would give her to you instantly."

"Then you think there is no chance. If I thought that, why should I trouble her again?"

"I do not say so. Do you not know, Mr. Newton, that in such matters even sisters can hardly tell their thoughts to each other? How can they, when they do not even know their own wishes?"

"She does not hate me, then?"

"Hate you! no—she does not hate you. But there are so many degrees between hating and that kind of love which you want from her! You may be sure of this, that she so esteems you that your persistence cannot lessen you in her regard."

He was still pleading his case with the elder sister—very uselessly indeed, as he was aware; but having fallen on the subject of his love it was impossible for him to change it for any other—when Clarissa came into the room swinging her hat in her hand. She had been over at Miss Spooner's house and was full of Miss Spooner's woes and complaints. As soon as she had shaken hands with her lover, and spoken the few words of courtesy which the meeting demanded of her, she threw herself into the affairs of Miss Spooner as though they were of vital interest. "She is determined to be unhappy, Patty, and it is no use trying to make her not so. She says that Jane robs her, which I don't believe is true, and that Sarah has a lover—and why shouldn't Sarah have a lover? But as for curing her grievances, it would be the cruellest thing in the world. She lives upon her grievances. Something has happened to the chimney-pot, and the landlord hasn't sent a mason. She is revelling in her chimney-pot."

"Poor dear Miss Spooner," said Patience, getting up and leaving the room as though it were her duty to look at once after her old friend in the midst of these troubles.

Clarissa had not intended this. "She's asleep now," said Clarissa. But Patience went all the same. It might be that Miss Spooner would require to be watched in her slumbers. When Patience was gone Gregory Newton got up from his seat and walked to the window. He stood there for what seemed to be an endless number of seconds before he returned, and Clarissa had time to determine that she would escape. "I told Mary that I would go to her," she said, "you won't mind being left alone for a few minutes, Mr. Newton."

"Do not go just now, Clarissa."

"Only that I said I would," she answered, pleading that she must keep a promise which she had never made.

"Mary can spare you—and I cannot. Mary

is staying with you, and I shall be gone—almost immediately. I go back to Newton tomorrow, and who can say when I shall see you again?"

"You will be coming up to London, of course."

"I am here now at any rate," he said, smiling, "and will take what advantage of it I can. It is the old story, Clarissa—so old that I know you must be sick of it."

"If you think so, you should not tell it again."

"Do not be ill-natured to me. I don't know why it is but a man gets to be ashamed of himself, as though he were doing something mean and paltry, when he loves with persistence, as I do." Had it been possible that she should give him so much encouragement she would have told him that the mean man, and paltry, was he who could love or pretend to love with no capacity for persistence. She could not fail to draw a comparison between him and his brother, in which there was so much of meanness on the part of him who had at one time been as a god to her, and so much nobility in him to whom she was and ever had been as a goddess. "I suppose a man should take an answer and have done with it," he continued. "But how is a man to have done with it, when his heart remains the same?"

"A man should master his heart."

"I am, then, to understand that that which you have said so often before must be said again?" He had never knelt to her, and he did not kneel now; but he leaned over her so that she hardly knew whether he was on his knees or still seated on his chair. And she herself, though she answered him briskly—almost with impertinence—was so little mistress of herself that she knew not what she said. She would take him now—if only she knew how to take him without disgracing herself in her own estimation. "Dear Clary, think of it. Try to love me. I need not tell you again how true is my love for you." He had hold of her hand, and she did not withdraw it, and he ought to have known that the battle was won. But he knew nothing. He hardly knew that her hand was in his. "Clary, you are all the world to me. Must I go back heart-laden, but empty-handed, with no comfort?"

"If you knew all!" she said, rising suddenly from her chair.

"All what?"

"If you knew all, you would not take me, though I offered myself." He stood staring at her, not at all comprehending her words, and she perceived in the midst of her distress that it was needful that she should explain herself. "I have loved Ralph always—yes, your brother."

"And he?"

"I will not accuse him in any thing. He is married now, and it is past."

"And you can never love again?"

"Who would take such a heart as that? It would not be worth the giving or worth the taking. Oh—how I loved him!" Then he left her side, and went back to the window,

while she sank back upon her chair, and, burying her face in her hands, gave way to tears and sobs. He stood there perhaps for a minute, and then returning to her, so gently that she did not hear him, he did kneel at her side. He knelt, and, putting his hand upon her arm, he kissed the sleeve of her gown. "You had better go from me now," she said, amid her sobs.

"I will never go from you again," he answered. "God's mercy can cure also that wound, and I will be His minister in healing it. Clarissa, I am so glad that you have told me all. Looking back I can understand it now. I once thought that it was so."

"Yes," she said, "yes; it was so."

Gradually one hand of hers fell into his, and though no word of acceptance had been spoken he knew that he was at last accepted. "My own Clary," he said. "I may call you my own?" There was no answer, but he knew that it was so. "Nothing shall be done to trouble you—nothing shall be said to press you. You may be sure of this, if it be good to be loved—that no woman was ever loved more tenderly than you are."

"I do know it," she said, through her tears.

Then he rose and stood again at the window, looking out upon the lawn and the river. She was still weeping, but he hardly heeded her tears. It was better for her that she should weep than restrain them. And, as to himself and his own feelings—he tried to question himself, whether, in truth, was he less happy in this great possession, which he had at last gained, because his brother had for a while interfered with him in gaining it? That she would be as true to him now, as tender and as loving, as though Ralph had never crossed her path, he did not for a moment doubt. That she would be less sweet to him because her sweetness had been offered to another he would not admit to himself—even though the question were asked. She would be all his own, and was she not the one thing in the world which he coveted? He did think that for such a one as his Clarissa he would be a better mate than would have been his brother, and he was sure that she herself would learn to know that it was so. He stood there long enough to resolve that this which had been told him should be no drawback upon his bliss. "Clary," he said, returning to her, "it is settled?" She made him no answer. "My darling, I am as happy now as though Ralph had never seen your sweet face, or heard your dear voice. Look up at me once." Slowly she looked up into his eyes, and then stood before him almost as a suppliant, and gave him her face to be kissed. So at last they became engaged as man and wife—though it may be doubted whether she spoke another word before he left the room.

It was, however, quite understood that they were engaged; and, though he did not see Clarissa again, he received the congratulations both of Patience and Mary Bonner before he left the house; and that very night succeeded in hunting down Sir Thomas, so

that he might tell the father that the daughter had at last consented to become his wife.

CHAPTER LVIII.

CONCLUSION.

CLARISSA had found it hard to change the object of her love—so hard, that for a time she had been unwilling even to make the effort—and she had been ashamed that those around her should think that she would make it; but when the thing was done, her second hero was dearer to her than ever had been the first. He at least was true. With him there was no need of doubt. His assurances were not conveyed in words so light that they might mean much or little. This second lover was a lover, indeed, who thought no pains too great to show her that she was ever growing in his heart of hearts. For a while—for a week or two—she restrained her tongue; but when once she had accustomed herself to the coaxing kindness of her sister and her cousin, then her eloquence was loosened, and Gregory Newton was a god indeed. In the course of time she got a very pretty note from Ralph, congratulating her, as he also had congratulated Polly, and expressing a fear that he might not be home in time to be present at the wedding. Augusta was so fond of Rome that they did not mean to leave it till the late spring. Then, after a while, there came to her, also, a watch and chain, twice as costly as those given to Polly—which, however, no persuasion from Gregory would ever induce Clarissa to wear. In after-time Ralph never noticed that the trinkets were not worn.

The winter at Popham Villa went on very much as other winters had gone, except that two of the girls living there were full of future hopes, and preparing for future cares, while the third occupied her heart and mind with the cares and hopes of the other two. Patience, however, had one other task in hand,

a task upon the performance of which her future happiness much depended, and in respect to which she now ventured to hope for success. Wherever her future home might be, it would be terrible to her if her father would not consent to occupy it with her. It had been settled that both the marriages should take place early in April—both on the same day, and, as a matter of course, the weddings would be celebrated at Fulham. Christmas had come and gone, and winter was going, before Sir Thomas had absolutely promised to renew that order for the making the packing-cases for his books. "You won't go back, papa, after they are married," Patience said to her father, early in March.

"If I do it shall not be for long."

"Not for a day, papa! Surely you will not leave me alone? There will be plenty of room now. The air of Fulham will be better for your work than those stuffy, dark, dingy lawyers' chambers."

"My dear, all the work of my life that was worth doing was done in those stuffy, dingy rooms." That was all that Sir Thomas said, but the accusation conveyed to him by his daughter's words was very heavy. For years past he had sat intending to work, purposing to achieve a great task which he set for himself, and had done—almost nothing. Might it be yet possible that that purer air of which Patty spoke should produce new energy, and lead to better results? The promise of it did at least produce new resolutions. It was impossible, as Patience had said, that his child should be left to dwell alone, while yet she had a father living.

"Stemm," he said, "I told you to get some packing-cases made."

"Packing-cases, Sir Thomas?"

"Yes—packing-cases for the books. It was months ago. Are they ready?"

"No, Sir Thomas. They ain't ready."

"Why not?"

"Well, Sir Thomas—they ain't; that's all." Then the order was repeated in a manner so formal as to make Stemm understand

that it was intended for a fact. "You are going away from this; are you, Sir Thomas?"

"I believe that I shall give the chambers up altogether at midsummer. At any rate, I mean to have the books packed at once."

"Very well, Sir Thomas." Then there was a pause, during which Stemm did not leave the room. Nor did Sir Thomas dismiss him, feeling that there might well be other things which would require discussion. "And about me, Sir Thomas?" said Stemm.

"I have been thinking about that, Stemm."

"So have I, Sir Thomas—more nor once."

"You can come to Fulham if you like—only you must not scold the maids."

"Very well, Sir Thomas," said Stemm, with hardly any variation in his voice, but still with less of care upon his brow.

"Mind, I will not have you scolding them at the villa."

"Not unless they deserve it, Sir Thomas," said Stemm. Sir Thomas could say nothing further. For our own part we fear that the maidens at the villa will not be the better in conduct, as they certainly will not be more comfortable in their lives, in consequence of this change.

And the books were moved in large packing-cases, not one of which had yet been opened when the two brides returned to Popham Villa after their wedding tours, to see Patience just for a day before they were taken to their new homes. Nevertheless, let us hope that the change of air and of scene may tend to future diligence, and that the *magnus opus* may yet be achieved. We have heard of editions of Aristophanes, of Polybius, of the Iliad, of Ovid, and what not, which have ever been forthcoming under the hands of notable scholars, who have grown gray amid the renewed promises which have been given. And some of these works have come forth, belying the prophecies of incredulous friends. Let us hope that the great Life of Bacon may yet be written.

THE END.

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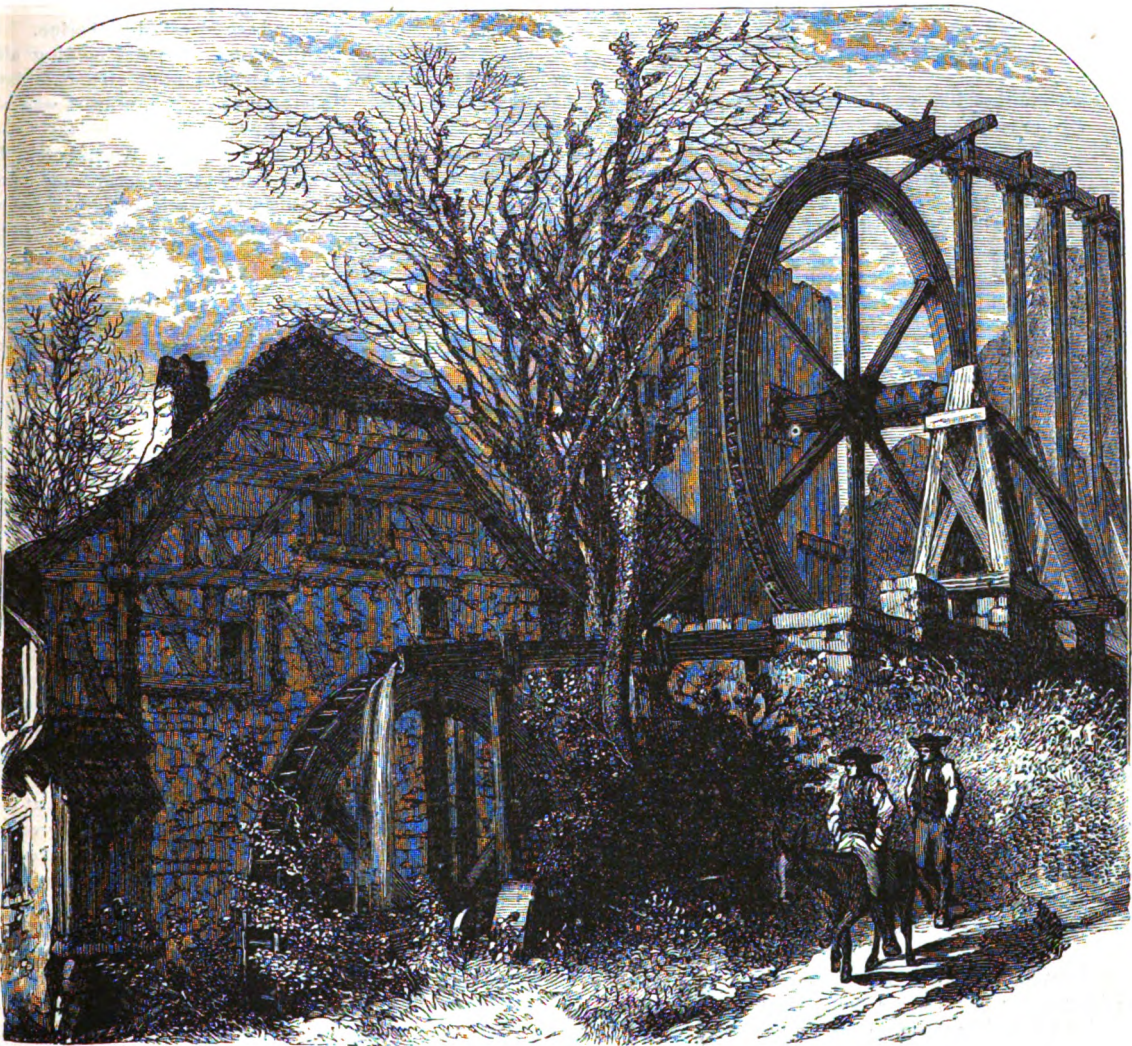
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SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1871.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE OLD MILL.



IT stands in rustic beauty there,
Crowning the valley rich and fair,
And wheel and flume are still.
Dark rafters tilt from wall to floor,
Creaks in the wind the battered door
Of the old deserted mill.

Rank herbage clogs each crannied nook,
And straggling branches overlook
The haunts of rat and owl.
It leans beside the mossy way,
Like some lone friar in hoddengray
With earth-averted cowl.

Hushed is the clatter which it made,
And merry forms that round it played
Have vanished, one by one!
Yet stands the old, deserted mill
Breathing its happy memories still
Of days forever gone.

Soft, silvery laughter rings around,
And lovers' footsteps press the ground
At eve's first pearly star;
The miller's carol, blithe and clear,
Borne on the fragrant breeze I hear
Echoed o'er woodlands far.

And through the door-way, once again—
Like phantoms through a madman's brain—
Glide forms of long ago!
Once more I hear the busy hum
Of voices, as they go and come,
Melodiously low.

Again the stream in pure delight
Leaps to its work with hands of might
And twirls the ponderous wheel;
While every impulse of my youth,
Each faded joy, in love and truth,
Again, again I feel!

All vanishes, like morning mist
By the warm sunbeams fondly kissed—
However it may be.
Oh, there are hearts that I have known,
And they, each hope and passion flown,
Seem like this mill to me!

For still the busy hum goes on
Till each allotted task is done,
Our passing years to fill.
And then the waiting flood-gate drops,
And Death, the miller, kindly stops
The old, deserted mill!

GEORGE COOPER.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER XXIII.—A MORNING-CALL.

GREAT was the rejoicing of the Marks children when, on the day after New-Year, the same carriage that had conveyed Miss Tresham away drove up to the gate, and Miss Tresham descended, smiling in acknowledgment of their eager welcome, but looking decidedly pale and worn, as Mrs. Marks at once perceived.

"Dissipation don't agree with you, Miss Katharine," she said, after the first bustle of greeting was over. "I never saw you look so badly. You must have danced all last night."

"I did," said Katharine, smiling. "After the *tableaux* we had a sort of fancy ball—that is, all those who had taken part in the *tableaux* were in costume—and day was breaking when I went to bed. I wish you had come to the *tableaux*, Mrs. Marks—they were so pretty!"

"I thought about it," said Mrs. Marks, regretfully. "I should have liked to have gone; but it was a long drive, and Nelly had a cough that sounded a little like croup, so I was afraid to leave her."

"But you might have sent Sara and Katy; they would have enjoyed it so much!"

"They were crazy to go, and I might have sent them if there had been anybody to take them. But Richard was tired, and John isn't here, you know."

"Indeed, I don't know," said Katharine, with a start. "Where has Mr. Warwick gone?"

"Gone to take Felix Gordon to school," answered Mrs. Marks, sending her scissors with a sharp snip through the cloth from which she was cutting a jacket for one of the boys. "You can't be more surprised than I was, Miss Katharine; for John started off without giving anybody a word of warning. It was a queer thing for Mrs. Gordon to send the child away—so fond of him as they say she is—and it was queer of John to take him; but, then, dear me! what isn't queer in this world? I told Richard last night that I shouldn't be surprised if every thing came right at last. You know what I mean; I don't like to mention names before the children."

"Yes, I know what you mean. But is it likely, do you think?"

"If this don't look as if it is likely, I wonder what would look so? Other people besides me think the same thing. I saw Mrs. Sloan yesterday, and she was telling me that Mrs. Gordon—Katy, don't stand there drinking in every word I say; go up-stairs and see if Miss Tresham's room is all ready—that Mrs. Gordon has been going to see John at his office of late, and, when a widow does that way, you know it is apt to mean something. There are a great many reports going about; but I know how people talk, and I didn't pay much attention to them till this about Felix came on me like a thunder-clap. Then I couldn't help believing. I am sure I never expected that matters would come to pass so that John could marry Pauline Morton—but this is a strange world!"

"When will Mr. Warwick be back?" asked Katharine.

"Indeed, that's more than I can tell. He said nothing about it; and, since I don't know where he went, I can't even calculate when he's likely to be back. He left a note for you, which I was about to forget. Let me see—where did I put it?"

After considerable reflection, Mrs. Marks remembered that she had put the note in her work-box, and drew it forth from among the spools and tape which filled that receptacle. Katharine, who restrained her impatience as well as she could, took it and opened it. This was what Mr. Warwick said:

"DEAR MISS TRESHAM: I find that I am unexpectedly obliged to leave home with Felix Gordon. I shall endeavor to return within a fortnight. Will you go to see Mrs. Gordon and try to cheer her? She is suffering very much. Yours truly,

"JOHN WARWICK."

"Does he say any thing about when he's likely to be back?" asked Mrs. Marks, who was watching the governess's face attentively, and secretly burning with curiosity to know what her brother had written about.

"He says he may return within a fortnight," answered Katharine, with her eyes still fastened on the note. Then she held it out. "There it is," she added; "you can see for yourself what he says. It is not much. I will go and take off my things."

While Mrs. Marks eagerly read the note Katharine left the room and went up-stairs. She found her chamber carefully arranged for her. Every thing looked fresh and bright, the fire was burning, and on the table her Christmas presents were laid out in order. It seemed like a pleasant coming home, and gave her a sense of rest and relief after the gay dissipations of Annesdale. At another time she might have thought a little regretfully of all that was going on at the latter place; of how Mr. Langdon was just then throwing a great deal of sentimental expression into his voice and eyes as he talked to some young lady who sat in the bay-window where she had herself sat yesterday; of how Miss Lester was playing billiards with Mr. Talcott; how Mrs. French was entertaining a lively group with disquisitions on private theatricals; and how the same people were loitering in the same places and saying the same things as on every day while she had been there. The habits of society are much the same on a small or on a large scale all the world over. Let a man drop out of his circle in Paris, and, even if he has been the brightest star in that circle, who misses him? So it is in every circle of every city, village, or hamlet, throughout the world. Remain, and you are liked exactly according to your deserts; go, and, whatever those deserts may have been, you are forgotten as speedily and as naturally as the events of yesterday yield in interest to the events of to-day. Until a cloud came over her brightness, Katharine had achieved quite a social success at Annesdale; but she had sufficient worldly experience to know

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that already she had sunk beneath the horizon, that others had taken her place, and that to-morrow people would even cease to say, "Miss Tresham did this," or "Miss Tresham did not do that." At a different moment such a reflection might have cost her a pang; but now she was too full of other subjects. Instead of thinking of the farewells of Messrs. Langdon and Talcott, she thought of Mr. Warwick and the note he had left behind. "What did he mean?" she asked herself, and, receiving no satisfactory reply, was still asking, when the door opened and Katy rushed in.

"Miss Tresham, there's a gentleman down-stairs, and mamma says will you please come down, he wants to see you."

Poor Katharine! She had expected this, but not quite so soon—not quite so unexpectedly.

"Katy," she said, with a start, "who is it? What is his name?"

"He's a strange gentleman," answered Katy, decidedly. "I don't know what his name is, and mamma didn't tell me. He came here once before, though."

"To see me?"

"Yes'm, while you was away."

"Amen," said Katharine, under her breath. She mechanically took off her bonnet and shawl, smoothed her hair, and went down-stairs.

In the passage she met Mrs. Marks, evidently much fluttered and excited.

"A gentleman in the dining-room to see you, Miss Katharine," she said. "I asked him there because there was no fire in the parlor. You needn't be uneasy on my account," she added, with a good-natured smile, "I am going into the kitchen anyhow. They are trying out lard again to-day, and I have to see about it. He's very good-looking," she said, with a significant nod, as she went out of the back-door.

Katharine did not even smile. The conclusion to which Mrs. Marks had leaped was absurd enough; but she was not in the humor for the absurdity to strike her in a humorous light. On the contrary, she felt annoyed when there was no reasonable ground for annoyance. These significant looks and smiles jarred on her.

"What fools people are!" she thought, with an impatience very unusual to her, as she went on and opened the dining-room door.

St. John was standing with his back to the fire, looking moodily down at the hearth-rug when she entered. She saw at once that something was wrong with him, and, unfortunately, was in no doubt concerning the nature of that something. He looked up when she entered, but did not move forward.

"Well," he said, "have you heard the news? Do you know that she has sent off the child, and given me the slip?"

"Yes, I know it," she answered, sitting down in the first chair she came to. "But what can I do? Why do you come and annoy me?"

"That is always the cry!—always, why do I come and annoy you! I come because I choose to do so," said he, angrily; "and because you may be able to help me in this business."

"In what business?"

"In finding out where Felix has been taken."

"What is the use of such talk as this," said she, coldly. "Do you suppose I know any thing about it?—or, if I did, do you suppose I would tell you?"

"I suppose you can find out, if you choose, for the man who took him away lives, I am told, in this very house—and, I suppose that, if you don't choose, you may repent it," answered he. "I don't want to hear any nonsense, Katharine. This is a matter of life and death to me, and I will not be thwarted. You can find out where the child has been taken, and you shall do so."

"I might show you whether or not I would, if there were any question of finding out," she answered. "But there is not. Even his own sister does not know where Mr. Warwick has gone."

"She may say she does not—"

"She says the truth. Don't think that everybody tells falsehoods, St. John."

"Everybody tells them when it suits his convenience," said St. John, coolly. "Do you suppose I don't know the world?"

"Your own world—perhaps so."

"The world is the same everywhere. If this woman does not know, her husband does."

"No—he does not."

"Then wait until the man comes back, and get the secret from him. What's the good of being a woman, and a pretty one," he added, with a sneer, "if you can't do such a thing?"

"You don't know any thing about Mr. Warwick," she cried, indignantly. "If you did, you would know that no woman in the world could make him tell a thing that he wished to keep secret. And I would do any thing sooner than ask it of him. St. John, you are cruel!"

"You are a fool!" retorted St. John, shortly. "I think there must be something between you and this lawyer," he went on, looking keenly at her. "If that is the case—"

"I won't hear another word!" cried Katharine, losing temper, and somewhat dimming him by the angry light that came into her eyes. "You are insulting me—and I will not listen to you. If I knew where Felix Gordon was this minute, I would die sooner than tell you!" she said, passionately. "You may be sure of that."

"I think I could make you sorry for it."

"I have no doubt you could—but I would not do it!"

There was silence in the room after this. St. John had not expected such a defiance, and it quite astonished him. He drummed on his hat for some time, and knitted his brows, as he scowled at the girl, who sat before him looking pale and resolute.

"Upon my word, I had not expected this," said he, at last. "A charmingly affectionate person you are, Katharine, I must say! You'd die before you would obtain for me a certain item of information about a person who cannot concern you in the least! Will you tell me what is the meaning of this sudden interest in Felix Gordon?"

"I have no interest. But I will not play the spy at your bidding. I owe a debt of gratitude to this place, and these people; and I do not choose to repay it in such a form."

"A debt of gratitude for allowing you to come and slave among them? Humph! your ideas of a cause for gratitude are singular, to say the least. You do owe somebody among them a certain sort of gratitude, though," he went on, with a peculiar smile. "Pray, what do you consider the most unfortunate thing that has befallen you lately?"

"Your coming," she answered, unhesitatingly.

"I thought so," said he, coolly. "Well, you asked me, when we first met, how I discovered your place of residence. I did not answer the question then, because it was irrelevant. It is relevant now, and I shall answer it with pleasure. First, however, do you know any one in a place called Mobile?"

"No one."

"Have you ever been there?"

"Never."

"Well, your address was forwarded to me—but stop! I will tell the story in order. There is nothing like method. Read that."

He took out a pocket-book, opened it, and drew forth a slip of paper which he put into her hand. It was the *Times* advertisement that Mrs. Annesley had shown to Adela French.

"Have you any idea who inserted that?" he asked, watching her face, as she read it.

Her eyes dilated with astonishment, her face paled until the very lips were white, and he was forced to repeat his question, before she looked up and answered.

"Idea!—no. How should I have? I did not think there was any one in the world who would have done such a thing."

"Do you think it was some one here?"

"It must have been. I have never been anywhere else in America, and no one who was not of Lagrange could have known any thing about the West Indies or Cumberland."

"Those allusions prove that it is some one who knows you?"

"Yes, it is some one who knows me."

"See if these will enable you to tell who it is."

Forth from the pocket-book came two letters, and were placed in Katharine's hand. She took them, as she had taken the advertisement, and glanced over them with compressed lips. When she finished, she laid them down on the table beside her, and looked at St. John.

"I do not know who has written these," she said. "God forgive whoever it was—God grant that they may never have to endure such suffering as they have brought on me!"

"That is cant," said he. "Of course, you don't forgive them; and, of course, you can tell who the writer was. What, in a small

circle like this, not be able to place your finger at once upon the person! Tell me whom you know, and I will tell you who did it."

"I do not know anybody who would have done it."

"That only proves your ignorance of the world. Do you suspect me of forging those letters?"

"No."

"Then they were certainly written by somebody who knows you, and whom you know. Common-sense might show you this. Tell me whom you least suspect, and I will tell you who did it."

"I cannot tell you. I—St. John, let me alone!" she cried, suddenly, but with an accent of almost heart-rending pathos. "I don't understand any thing! I am heart-sick and weary. Don't—don't torment me!"

"You know who wrote those letters," said St. John, watching her with unchanging scrutiny. "If you don't choose to tell me, well and good—I can find out for myself. You will be sorry for this want of confidence though, Katharine. I am your best friend."

"May God give me my worst, then!" cried the girl, who was driven beyond all power of self-control.

"I have heard some rumors about you," pursued the immovable St. John. "It is quite useless to try to deceive me—I should think you would have discovered that long before this time. Who was the gentleman that was kind enough to show me out of the grounds of the house where you were staying the other day?"

"I am going," said Katharine, rising and walking toward the door. "If you have only come to torment me as you used to do, I will not stay to afford you amusement. I am sick and weary—I am going."

"I shall remain here until you come back, then."

"St. John," cried she, facing round upon him, "what is the meaning of this? You promised me that, after I gave you some money, you would go; and you are here yet, to make life a burden to me."

"I made no promises," said St. John, "and I will make none. But I tell you that I will come here every day until you find out—as you can, if you choose—where that boy has been taken to. I have written to Gordon, and he will come, expecting to find the child here. If he is not here—if I cannot put my hand upon him—it will be worse than useless to have summoned him."

"Write and tell him so."

"No letter would reach him now."

Katharine sank back into her chair, and gazed out of the window at the desolate garden which had been so fair and smiling on that November evening when she first saw Mrs. Gordon's face. She could have cried out upon the cruelty of all this, but where was the use? All the tears of Niobe could not have moved the man before her one hair's-breadth from his purpose. The nether millstone is not half so hard as the selfish resolution of a selfish nature. While she was still sitting in hopeless silence, and St. John was still standing on the hearth-rug waiting her reply, there came a stir in the passage outside, a movement of feet, a sound of voices, Miss Tresham's name audibly pronounced, and, before Katharine could move forward, the door opened, and Mrs. Gordon stood on the threshold!

CHAPTER XXIV.—OLD FOES.

It had been a relief to Mrs. Gordon to tell her story to Annesley, and the exhaustion consequent upon long and painful emotion had made her sleep heavily during that night—the first night after Felix had been parted from her. But who can paint the waking—the next day—the long watches of the next night? As hour after hour rolled by, she endured them in much the same passive fashion as that which had so much surprised Morton. But, on the third day, this endurance began to give way to restlessness. Babette, who went in and out on various pretexts, and watched her anxiously, immediately perceived this. She had shortly before been to town on an errand, and she now bethought herself of an expedient to interest her mistress.

"Madame is not well," she said, planting herself on the hearth-rug, with an air of determination. "Madame is lonely—she should have company. As I was coming home, I met mademoiselle—the young lady who comes here with the children. Why should not madame send for her? She would cheer her up."

"Nobody can cheer me up, Babette," said Mrs. Gordon, smiling faintly. "I am used to trouble, and I can bear it; but, as for cheer—that is a different matter. Don't talk of it."

"Madame will be ill, if she is not cheered," said Babette, obstinately. "If madame would only send for the young lady—"

"Is it Miss Tresham you are talking about?" asked Mrs. Gordon, languidly. "Did you say that you met her going into town?"

"A short time ago, madame."

"Well, you may send or stay—no, I will go myself. Order the carriage."

"Madame!"

"The carriage," repeated Mrs. Gordon, impatiently. "Don't you see that I must get out of this house or go crazy? I will go into Tallahoma, and bring Miss Tresham back to stay with me. You are right. She will do me good—if anybody can."

"But Monsieur St. Jean!" cried Babette, who was aghast. "If madame goes into town, she may meet him."

"He cannot harm me," said madame, haughtily, for she could afford to be brave now that Felix was safely out of reach. "Go and order the carriage."

Babette went at once; but, owing to the fact that the horses were out on the plantation, and had to be sent for, it was some time before the carriage came round. Mrs. Gordon's fit of restlessness had by that time partly subsided, and she was half inclined to give up her intention, and merely send Babette with a note to bring Katharine. But Babette was of the opinion that it would be beneficial for madame to go herself, that a breath of the outer air would revive her, and the sight of the outer world be good for her. In cases where the mind has too long preyed on itself, there is, indeed, no better prescription than this—simple as it seems. He must be very far gone in morbid gloom whom God's air, and God's sunshine, and the bright, rejoicing beauty of God's fair earth, cannot comfort, cannot help, cannot draw a little out of himself. Beguiled by the persuasions of her faithful attendant, Mrs. Gordon at last consented to go. The Frenchwoman put her into the carriage, and saw her drive off, with great self-congratulation. It is possible that this self-congratulation might have been slightly changed if she had only known who it was that her mistress had gone to meet.

On her way to Tallahoma, Mrs. Gordon was a little diverted from the subject of her own troubles, by thinking of the pleasure of bringing Katharine back to Morton House with her. She felt certain that Mrs. Marks would not object, for Mr. Warwick's last words had advised something like this, and she thought it probable that he might have spoken to his sister on the subject. She liked the girl—liked her bright face, her frank bearing, her sunny smile—and she felt that it would be a great relief to see her moving about Morton House, and lighting up the gloom with her graceful youth, instead of poor Babette's long face and ready tears. As she was drawing this half-unconscious picture, Katharine was going down to meet St. John, with a very pale face, and a very heavy heart, making quite a contrast to the girl whom Mrs. Gordon had seen last—the girl who even then was pictured in Mrs. Gordon's mind.

When the carriage drew up before the Marks house, two or three children were playing in the yard. They all stopped, and stared open-mouthed, as Mrs. Gordon descended. When it was evident that she intended to enter the gate, they immediately took flight, and ran full tilt to the kitchen—rushing headlong through the door, and very nearly tumbling into a pot of boiling lard.

"Mamma, here's a carriage, and a lady coming in!" cried Katy, who was first.

"Mamma, it's a lady in black—I think it's Felix's mother," panted Sara, who was second.

"Mamma—lady tummin'," said Nelly, who was last.

"A lady in black!—Felix's mother! Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Mark's. "Run, Letty, and ask her in—in the parlor, mind. I'll be there in a minute. Get away, children, and let me take off this apron. Good gracious!—who was to think—"

While Mrs. Marks was hastily untying her apron, and Letty was running full speed to the house, Mrs. Gordon walked up to the front door, and was about to knock, when Jack came rushing down-stairs. He had been to the school-room to get some string for his kite, and was on his way back to the place where he had left that valuable article of property, when he was thus unexpectedly brought face to face with a strange lady. Fortunately, he was not at all troubled with diffidence; so he went forward, and, when Mrs. Gordon asked if Miss Tresham was at home, at once responded in the promptest manner imaginable:

"Yes'm, Miss Tresham's at home—she got home a little while ago. She's in the dining-room, I b'lieve."

"Can I see her?"

"Oh, yes'm—walk in. This way, please."

His hand was on the lock of the dining-room door, when, enter Letty on the scene—panting and almost breathless.

"Not that way, Mass Jack," cried she, eagerly. "Ask the lady in the parlor. This way, ma'am."

She hurried forward to the parlor-door, and Mrs. Gordon half turned to follow her, when Jack, who was always at feud with Letty, asserted his superior knowledge.

"The lady wants to see Miss Tresham," said he, in a loud voice, "and Miss Tresham ain't in the parlor, she's in here. There she is, now," he added, triumphantly, as he threw open the door, and revealed Katharine, who was sitting almost immediately in front of it.

Mrs. Gordon saw her, and at once advanced into the room. She did not see St. John, who was out of her range of vision, so she began speaking, as she crossed the floor.

"Miss Tresham, I hope you will excuse me—"

Here she stopped suddenly. Something in Katharine's face startled her, and made her look round. Then she saw her companion.

To describe the change that passed over her would be impossible. If she had expected to see him, if she had thought there was even the least reason to fear a meeting with him, she would have prepared for it—being a proud woman, and one who would suffer any thing sooner than let an enemy read her weakness. But, as it was, she had no time for preparation. When she turned and saw that so well-remembered, that so bitterly-hated face, it was as if a sudden, brutal blow had been dealt to her. She gave a sharp cry, and covered her own face with her hands.

The door was still open, and Jack and Letty were holding an altercation in the passage, which filled up, strangely enough, the interval that followed.

"Never mind, Mass Jack—I'll tell mistis. Puttin' yourself forrard when she told me to ask the lady in the parlor!"

"You mind your own business—I'll tell mamma myself. The lady asked for Miss Tresham, and I wasn't a-going to show her in the parlor. There ain't any fire in there, either."

This was what came into the room, while Mrs. Gordon clasped her hands over her face, St. John stood undecided what to do or say, and Katharine felt a despair which bordered closely upon recklessness. She could have laughed, or she could have cried; but, instead of doing either of the two, she heard, with the odd double consciousness that came to her in moments of excitement, the recrimination in the passage, and even caught the angry whisk of Letty's dress as she departed.

Nevertheless, Katharine was the first who recovered self-possession. Seeing that St. John was about to speak, she silenced him by a glance, and walked up to Mrs. Gordon.

"Will you let me take you into the other room?" she said, gently. "I am very sorry for—for this."

The sound of her voice seemed at once to restore Mrs. Gordon to herself. She looked up with a start. Then her whole face changed—petrified, as it were—and she drew back, so that not even her dress might touch the girl—drew back as she might have drawn back from a scorpion.

"So it was you!" she said. And her voice was so cold and hard, so changed in timbre, that it made Katharine shrink.

"What was me?" she asked, as the other paused and said no more. "I do not understand. What was me?"

"It was you who gave the clew to my place of refuge," answered Mrs. Gordon, with the same repellent coldness of voice and manner. "I see it all now. I was foolish enough to like you—to welcome you into my house—to encourage my cousin in his love for you—and you gave me this return! Thank you, Miss Tresham—thank you for proving to me once more that the wisest person in the world is the person who neither gives nor hopes to receive regard."

"St. John," said Katharine, turning round, "do you hear this? Do you stand by and say not one word to exonerate me from such an accusation?"

"What can I say?" asked St. John, carelessly. "Mrs. Gordon ought to know that she is talking nonsense—that, if you had told me a dozen times over where she was, she had no claim upon you to make such an act any thing but natural.—But Miss Tresham did not tell

me," he added, turning to Mrs. Gordon. "I came here in total ignorance of your having chosen this as a place of residence. After I discovered the fact, it was my duty to inform your husband; and that duty I fulfilled."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Gordon, addressing Katharine with her utmost stateliness of tone and bearing. "I had no right to speak to you as I did a moment ago. I am not by nature a patient woman, and trouble has tried me severely. I hope you will let this plead my excuse. As Mr. St. John said, it is certainly true that I have no claim upon you—no right to hope that you would respect my unfortunate position sufficiently to refrain from betraying me to—"

She stopped, gasped slightly, as if threatened with suffocation, and her hand went up to her throat. Before Katharine could speak, however, she went on:

"I ought to apologize for this intrusion. When I entered the room, I thought you were alone. I came to see you, to ask you to return to Morton House with me, to beg you to cheer the solitude which Felix's absence has made so dreary. After this meeting, I shall not press that request. I shall only bid you good-morning."

She bowed slightly, drew her veil over her face, and turned to leave the room—a "grand lady," unmistakably, and, so far, commanding much the best of the situation.

But at this point Katharine spoke, her clear, quiet tones seizing Mrs. Gordon's attention, and, almost perforce, arresting Mrs. Gordon's steps.

"If you will allow me, madam, I have a few words to say in my defence. It seems that you disbelieve Mr. St. John's assertion. Will you disbelieve mine when I tell you that I did not bring him here, and that I knew nothing of his acquaintance with you until he himself informed me of it?"

Mrs. Gordon turned, and raised her veil again. The two women faced each other for a minute before the elder spoke—spoke with a certain quiet contempt in her voice.

"I confess that your question seems to me unnecessary, Miss Tresham. Having granted your right to inform Mr. St. John of my place of abode, I can see no reason for uselessly prolonging this discussion. Why should it matter to you whether or not I believe you to have done so?"

Katharine flushed at the tone; but she controlled herself, and held to her point with steady dignity.

"Unnecessary or not, will you be kind enough to answer my question?"

"If you force me to speak, I must answer, then, that I do believe it."

"In the face of my assertion to the contrary?"

"In the face of any assertion given by any friend of Mr. St. John's."

Hot words leaped to Katharine's lips; but she held them back. Even at this moment she had sufficient strength of will to restrain herself—to remember that he who loses temper loses many things besides, and that angry rejoinder never yet helped a cause. She had a hard fight for self-control; but she fought it bravely, and after a minute she was able to command her voice sufficiently to reply.

"I am your debtor, Mrs. Gordon, for the first direct insult that was ever offered to me in my life. I asked your attention before as a courtesy; I demand it now as a right. You have seen fit to charge me with falsehood with regard to a matter in which, according to your own admission, I should have no reason to deny the truth. I will now prove to you that you have done so without a shadow of just cause."

She walked across the floor, and took the *Times* advertisement from the table where she had laid it.

"Will you read this?" she said, coming back and offering it to Mrs. Gordon.

"I cannot imagine—" began the latter, haughtily.

"Read it," said Katharine, interrupting her with grave resolution. So constrained, Mrs. Gordon took the slip of paper and read:

"If the friends or relations of Katharine Tresham, formerly of the British West Indies, and lately of Cumberland, England, are desirous of knowing her present whereabouts and address, they can obtain this information by addressing R. G., Box 1,084, Mobile, Alabama."

Having read it, she looked up.

"I confess that I do not understand this," she said.

"Perhaps these will enable you to do so," answered Katharine, offering the letters in turn.

The first one which Mrs. Gordon opened—the one which chanced to be the last, and in which the writer gave Miss Tresham's address, and asked information concerning her for "personal and family" reasons—startled her no little. Her eyes had scarcely fallen on the writing before she changed color. As she read on, her face assumed an expression which puzzled Katharine. It did not puzzle St. John, however. Still master of himself, and quietly biding his time, he coolly watched Mrs. Gordon, and coolly arrived at a conclusion.

"She either knows or strongly suspects who is the writer," he said to himself. "I shall remember that."

After Mrs. Gordon finished reading the letter, she stood for some time with it in her hand, apparently deep in thought. Then she roused herself, and opened the other. She merely glanced over this, folded it up, and turned to Katharine.

"Miss Tresham," she said, with formal courtesy, "I apologize. I see that you were not the person who brought Mr. St. John to Langrange, and I retract my assertion to that effect. Are you satisfied?"

"I am satisfied, madam," answered Katharine, as coldly as herself.

"Will you allow me, then, to inquire if you have any idea who inserted this advertisement and wrote these letters?"

"I have not the least idea."

Here St. John made a step forward, and was about to speak, when Mrs. Marks appeared at the still open door, in her best company dress and with her best company smile.

"I heard that Mrs. Gordon was here," said she, advancing into the room, "and I could not help coming to—" Here the good woman stopped, awed, amazed, by the face that looked at her, overpowered by a sudden rush of feeling which swept away all thought of conventional greeting or conventional compliments. "O Miss Pauline! It can't be Miss Pauline!" she cried, with an almost pitiful astonishment in her voice. "I—I—O Mrs. Gordon! excuse me, but such a change—"

"You, at least, are not changed," said Mrs. Gordon, extending her hand. "The same Bessie Warwick that I knew once—the same Bessie Warwick, with the same honest face. Will you take me somewhere—anywhere—so that I can speak to you alone?" she went on, much to Mrs. Marks's surprise. "I am glad to see you; for I have something that I should like to say to you."

"I—certainly—if you don't object, I will take you to my own room," said Mrs. Marks, looking in bewildered surprise from Katharine to St. John, and from St. John to Mrs. Gordon. "I told Letty to make a fire in the parlor; but I don't expect it is burning yet, and I couldn't ask you to go into the cold. My room is in great confusion, for the children make such a litter; but if you wouldn't mind—"

"Anywhere," said Mrs. Gordon, faintly. Already her excitement was ebbing, her strength was failing, and the room was growing black before her eyes. "I am ready," she added.

She took Mrs. Marks's arm as a support, and turned to leave the room, but before she had made three steps, St. John stood before her—barring the only mode of egress.

"It is quite useless for you to think that you can carry off matters in this way with me, Mrs. Gordon," he said, in a tone of contemptuous amusement. "I understand, from various rumors, that you have sent Felix away, and that you intend to conceal his place of residence, as you have already concealed your own, from his father. Individually, I have no right to interfere with your plans; but I think it well to inform you that your husband"—she shrank at the word—"will be here in a short time, and that he will use every means to discover the child, and to punish, with the utmost rigor of the law, those who have aided you in concealing him."

"Oh!" cried poor Mrs. Marks, and turned a glance on Mrs. Gordon, as if to say, "Can this be true?"

But Mrs. Gordon did not heed the glance. St. John's tones and words had waked all the fire of combat within her—all the haughty spirit of resistance which years of tyranny had failed to subdue.

"Tell the man for whom you are acting," she said, with all languor gone from her face, and all weakness from her voice, "that if he is wise, he will spare himself the trouble of coming here; for no human power shall ever make me see him again. Tell him that Felix is safe

from him; and that those who have the child in charge, are neither so poor nor so weak as to be frightened by threats of any penalty which it is in his power to inflict. Tell him, also," she added, with a sudden flash in her eyes that absolutely made St. John recoil a step, "that he had better think twice before he comes to seek the sister of Alfred Morton in her own home, and among her own kindred. I have only to speak, and there are men here who would ask nothing better than to take the matter of vengeance into their own hands."

"You know your husband, madam," said St. John, quietly. "You know whether such threats as that are likely to influence him."

"As for you," she went on, with passion so intense that it made her whole frame quiver, and her voice rise to that infinite height of tragic emotion which only the greatest actors have ever been able to imitate, "if I have spared you, it has been because I recognized the fact that you are simply a tool, and, consequently, that you are below any thing save contempt. But if you trouble me again, I say to you, as I said of him, that there are men who would ask nothing better than to rid me of you summarily. You will do well to remember this!"

"If your friends will be kind enough to call on me, madam," said St. John, with superb coolness, "I shall be happy to receive them. I can make them accountable for the words you have just addressed to me, because I have endeavored, as your husband's friend, to serve his interests."

"My dear Mrs. Gordon, let—let me take you to my room," said Mrs. Marks, breaking in here with a half-bewildered tone of expostulation. "I—had no idea of any thing like this, or I should not have come in. If this gentleman will move aside—"

The gentleman moved aside in acknowledgment of this request; but Mrs. Gordon stood still—the glow was yet on her face, and it was evident that she had yet something to say. This time she addressed herself to Mrs. Marks:

"I wished to speak to you in private," she said; "but it is not worth while. The warning which I desired to give you—which it is my duty to give you—had better be spoken in the presence of the person against whom it is directed. I find Mr. St. John apparently at home in your house. I do not know how long this has been the case, nor how long it is likely to continue; but I warn you that, if you were aware of his real character, he would not remain within your doors five minutes. I speak of this character, because I know it to my cost. He is the unprincipled instrument of another man whom it is my misfortune to call my husband. Miss Tresham has sufficiently shown that she has some close connection with him. What that connection is, it does not concern me to inquire. Whether or not it concerns you, is a matter which I leave for yourself to decide."

"Miss Katharine!" cried Mrs. Marks, with one great culminating gasp of astonishment. She turned and looked at her governess with an air of appeal. Plainly she meant to say, "Answer for yourself."

But, as it chanced, Mrs. Gordon's last words had tried Katharine's patience to its utmost limit. She had, so far, curbed herself steadily—wonderfully, in fact, considering how much she had borne before Mrs. Gordon's entrance, and how much she had been called upon to endure since then—but the last tones of scorn roused her as she had not been roused before. She answered Mrs. Marks's looks, therefore, by a few haughty words.

"Mrs. Gordon is perfectly right," she said. "My connection with Mr. St. John does not concern her in the least. I decline to explain it in her presence."

Mrs. Gordon showed her appreciation of this reply with admirable temper and dignity.

"Miss Tresham reminds me that I have not yet said good-morning," she remarked. "Will you allow me to say it at once, and to add that I shall be glad to see you at Morton House?"

She shook hands cordially with Mrs. Marks, bowed distantly to Katharine, and left the room. Mrs. Marks followed her, and, during the few minutes which ensued, St. John was able to say:

"Was there ever any thing as unlucky as that she should have found me here? If you had gone with her, you could have discovered every thing."

"You have only yourself to thank that she found you here," Katharine answered. "But, so far as I am concerned, it does not matter—I should not have gone with her."

"Why not?"

"You know why not, St. John. I should only have laid myself

open to the imputation of doing what you wish me to do, of being what you wish me to be—that is, a spy.”

At this point, Mrs. Marks came back through the passage—having parted with Mrs. Gordon on the front piazza. She saw the dining-room door still open, and hesitated a moment. Evidently curiosity said, “Enter;” evidently, also, discretion said, “Pass on;” and, between the two, she stood irresolute. Seeing her irresolution, St. John astonished Katharine by stepping forward.

“Will you come in, madam?” he asked. “In my own defence, and that of Miss Tresham, I should like to say a few words to you.”

Mrs. Marks came in—nowise loath—but Katharine hardly saw her. It was now her turn to feel faint and sick—for the room to go round in a sort of black mist. Through this mist, she heard St. John speak as if he had been a great way off.

“Since you know Mrs. Gordon, madam, you must be aware that she is of a very excitable and impulsive disposition. This fact will account for her unprovoked attack on Miss Tresham and on myself. I came to this place in ignorance of her being here; but, as a friend of her husband, I could not conceal from him that the wife for whom he has been searching all over Europe is in America. One does not expect reason from an angry woman; but you heard how unjustly she assailed me, on account of this act of disinterested friendship. As for Miss Tresham, I will not insult her by offering to—”

“But is it really true?” asked Mrs. Marks, mercilessly interrupting this flow of language. “Is there really no doubt that Mrs. Gordon has a husband living? I—that is, we thought her a widow.”

“There is no doubt, madam, that her husband is living, and that she left him in the most—”

Here Katharine rose and came forward.

“St. John, that is enough,” she said. “Mrs. Gordon’s domestic troubles do not interest Mrs. Marks. Will you go now? I do not think I can stand this any longer.”

She spoke quietly, but with a certain determination which, almost against his will, St. John obeyed. He started, looked at her face, and, seeing the resolution of the eyes that met his own, went to the mantel-piece for the hat he had left there.

“I will go, certainly,” he said; “but I must see you again. When can that be?”

“I don’t know,” she answered, wearily. “I shall begin teaching on Monday, and—”

“I should like to see you before Monday.”

“Come when you choose, then—that is, if Mrs. Marks does not object.”

“Certainly not,” said Mrs. Marks. “I am always glad for any of Miss Katharine’s friends to come to see her, and if Mr.”—she stopped and looked at Katharine.

“Mr. St. John,” said Katharine, in reply to the look.

“If Mr. St. John will come to tea this evening, we shall be very glad to see him.”

“Thank you, madam,” said Mr. St. John, speaking for himself. “I am very grateful for your kind invitation, but I regret to say that I am unable to accept it. I have business-letters of importance to write to-day, and I do not think I shall be able to finish them in time to do myself the pleasure of coming.”

“To-morrow evening—” began hospitable Mrs. Marks; but St. John had already turned away, and was speaking to Katharine in a tone too low for her to hear his words. As Miss Tresham replied, the coldness of her manner struck Mrs. Marks so much that she stopped short in her second invitation. She had supposed that this handsome gentleman must be a favored suitor, but now she began to change her mind. He was a lover.—Oh, dear! evidently a lover, or he would never have spoken in that voice, and with that manner—but a rejected, perhaps a hopeless lover, poor fellow! His devotion touched her, but she was too close an observer not to see at once that his cause was doomed to failure. Men are sometimes deceived by the coldness of a woman, are sometimes unable to tell whether this coldness is that which betrays dislike, or that which conceals love; but you never find another woman who is so blind. Mrs. Marks saw at once that there was no hope for Mr. St. John; and, although she felt sorry for him, although she would have liked to do something to console him, still she had sufficient discretion to feel that the invitation to tea had better not be pressed. When he took leave, she threw a good deal of respectful sympathy into her manner; and, after he was gone, she would have opened fire at

once on Katharine, if Katharine had not anticipated any address on her part, by coming and putting her arms around her.

“You are very good to me,” she said, simply. “I am very glad you did not let Mrs. Gordon prejudice you against me. But do not ask Mr. St. John here again, Mrs. Marks. I do not think Mr. Warwick would like it.”

“I hope I’m mistress in my own house, my dear,” said Mrs. Marks, a little stiffly. Then she softened, and kissed the girl. “I won’t, of course, if you say not—it was only because he was a friend of yours that I asked him. I can see that he cares a great deal for you, and that he hasn’t much in the way of hope to thank you for. But I don’t see what John has to do with it.”

“Mr. Warwick is Mrs. Gordon’s friend, and, naturally, he will take her side, and look on her cause as—as she does. I don’t mean to defend Mr. St. John,” she went on, hurriedly. “I don’t mean that they may not be right; but still, I should like to see him sometimes, as long as he stays here, if you don’t object.”

“My dear, I don’t object in the least,” said the elder woman, kindly. “Don’t be afraid of my being prejudiced by Pauline Morton. I know how quick and fiery she always used to be. As for you, I would trust you with—with a mint of money, if I had it.”

“You have trusted me with the children, and they are worth ten mints of money,” said Katharine, smiling faintly. Then she disengaged herself, and went up-stairs.

An hour or two afterward, Mrs. Marks was in the dining-room, where Tom was busy setting the table, when she was startled by the appearance of Miss Tresham, who entered all cloaked and bonneted as if for a journey, and with a small travelling-bag on her arm.

“Mrs. Marks,” she said, “will you lend me a little money?—ten dollars will do. I find I have none in my purse, and I want to catch the coach, and go over to Saxford. I cannot be back until Monday evening, and that will prevent my beginning school until Tuesday; but I hope you won’t mind it.”

“No—I won’t mind it,” said Mrs. Marks, a little taken aback. She thought Miss Tresham was growing very eccentric, for she had been to Saxford only the week before Christmas, and now to go again so soon, was quite unprecedented and singular, to say the least. She did not think of refusing her consent, however; but, on the contrary, searched diligently for her purse in the depths of a capacious pocket.

“It’s late to be thinking of going, Miss Katharine,” she said. “The stage is due for dinner, you know; and I’m afraid you’ll hardly catch it now. Give Tom your bag, and he can put some ham and biscuit in it, for you won’t be able to stay for dinner. Will two five-dollar notes do? I haven’t a ten.”

“Two five-dollar notes will do very well,” said Katharine. “Thank you, and good-by. Kiss the children for me—I really have not time to see them. That will do, Tom—give me my bag now.”

She took the bag, kissed Mrs. Marks, and was out of the door before that astonished woman had time to collect her senses. When she did, her first exclamation was:

“What will Richard say?”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JEAN BEAUVAIS.

JEAN BEAUVAIS paced up and down his apartment with a troubled and unsatisfied air, too feverish to seek repose, although the night was far advanced, and ruminating bitterly over the difficulties of his position, which were far from being sentimental.

The only son of a well-known and highly-respected shipping-merchant of Havre, who died some years previously, from whom he inherited a prosperous business and abundant means, but neither his caution nor sagacity, he had made, on his own account, so many rash and unsuccessful ventures, that his wealth had dwindled down to insignificance—his credit, once so good, being completely shaken. The winter then ending had to him been a long series of misfortunes: twice he had risked largely on two Liverpool blockade-runners, celebrated for their successful trips to Southern ports, which were both taken by the Northern cruisers; two of his ships, richly freighted from Brazil, perished in the Bay of Biscay, uninsured; his cotton speculations, entered into just at the close of the American War, resulted in a heavy loss, and a number of his oldest customers, unable to withstand the pressure of those difficult times, were forced to suspend their payments.

Reviewing his state of affairs from every point of view, he despaired of weathering the storm, and saw clearly that he would have to succumb.

Looking out of the windows of the comfortable mansion, built with the honest earnings of his thrifty father, in a picturesque spot of the banks of the Seine, between Rouen and Havre, it wrung his heart to think that he must part with the home of his childhood, and that his old mother would suffer through his imprudence.

"There is no help for it now," he ejaculated, "and the day of humiliation for us cannot long be delayed." As he gazed out in the clear moonlight, recognizing every well-known feature of the landscape, he thought the scenery around him never looked so fair.

On the morrow, he fully acquainted his mother of the ruinous state of his affairs, expressing his regret and remorse for the rashness and folly of which he had been guilty.

The old lady was grieved beyond expression to hear such a report, for she was proud of the prosperity created by her lamented husband.

"My boy," she said, "do what is right, place every thing you possess in the hands of your creditors, keep nothing back from them; with the wreck of your fortune you may perhaps have enough left to begin life anew, in an humbler way, and in a better spirit. As for me, I will retire to Rouen, where I have means of my own sufficient to keep me in comfort."

Next week, the commercial circles of Havre were discussing the failure of the old-established house of Jean Beauvais, and criticising the foolhardiness of the son, who had reduced to nothing the fruit of his father's labors.

But one opinion, however, reigned among the creditors regarding the upright and honorable conduct of Jean Beauvais. He laid before them a true statement of his position, placed houses, lands, shipping, and every thing he possessed, down to his gold watch and chain, at their disposal. After thorough examination, it was found that the assets amounted to sixty per cent. of the liabilities. Jean gave them every assistance in realizing the value of the assets, and promised to pay the forty per cent. of deficit if more successful next start in life.

On the last evening he spent in the old mansion, he wrote the following note to Elise Desiré, to whom he was betrothed:

"MY DEAR ELISE: I deeply regret informing you that, through losses in business, I am completely insolvent, and will to-morrow be obliged to suspend payments. Little or nothing will be saved from the wreck; as you never possibly contemplated such an emergency, and as I could not consent to make you a partner of my adversity, I in sorrow and sadness release you from the engagement you contracted with me.

"Intending soon to leave Havre, I only add farewell, Elise, and God bless you!

"Yours sincerely,
"JEAN BEAUVAIS."

The parents of Elise sympathized with Jean in his misfortunes, and considered he had acted wisely; in their hearts they were glad that the sacrifice on his part was voluntary, which left their daughter free, and they congratulated themselves that his break-down occurred then instead of six months later.

Elise, however, refused to listen to the voice of reason and entreaty. She had set her heart upon Jean, and his generous renunciation of her hand made her all the more determined to hold him to his promise. Early next morning, Elise and her maiden aunt wended their way up the hill toward Bellevue House, where they found him jaded and downcast.

"Jean," she said, "I am sorry for many things, but will never consent to be parted from you. You have no reason to despair of the future because you are at present under a cloud; in the patient and courageous discharge of fresh duties, you will emerge from it perhaps happier than ever. I am not afraid of a few privations, which, after all, do not signify much, and will wait for you until you are ready."

A flush of pleasure swept over the countenance of the graceful girl, as she witnessed the strong man's concealed emotion and felt the pressure of his gratitude.

"Be it so," he said; "knowing you preserve a warm corner in your heart for me, I will do wonders, and with God's blessing every thing yet may come right." With this understanding they parted, each feeling better and stronger after the renewal of the compact.

Meanwhile, Jean Beauvais's liquidation rapidly continued: his splendid mansion, elegant furniture, carriages, horses, lands, pleasure-yacht,

and shipping, so many tokens of former opulence, were sold and transferred to others; his accounts, balanced by experts, resulting in the loss referred to, he keenly felt the insufficiency of his narrowed resources, and looked forward to the future with anxiety.

On taking a last survey of all that was so recently his own, he inwardly cursed his rashness and folly.

His domestic pets never seemed so attached to him as at that moment, and, while he tenderly patted the arched neck of his favorite riding-horse, it seemed more than usually overjoyed by his caresses. Unavailing regrets, fears, and hopes, alternately chilled and fired his bosom as he turned his back upon the home of his youth and the scenes of his early associations.

Promenading leisurely through one of the leading thoroughfares of Havre, he was saluted and accosted by his friend Franck Renard. "You are just the very man I wanted to see, Jean, so come along with me," and they proceeded arm in arm to one of the principal *cafés* in the vicinity.

"Now, Jean, I'll tell you what it is. I have a clipper of a thousand tons' burden lying in dock, ready to start for Brazil, without a captain, and would be delighted to give you an opportunity of displaying your nautical skill. You took your own yacht round the world two years ago, manœuvring her to the admiration of the old picked salts you had on board, and nothing that I know prevents you from assuming the command of my Jeanne d'Arc, now fully manned and officered, ready to proceed on her voyage. Take charge of her, my boy, and I'll give you two thousand dollars a year and ten per cent. of the net profits."

Jean Beauvais, who had always a strong passion for the sea, and felt conscious of his fitness to undertake the duties required, readily assented to the proposal of his friend, and expressed his gratitude for the preferment.

Duly installed in his quarters in the Jeanne d'Arc, he set about mastering the details of his new position. While overhauling the consignments for the agents of Franck Renard at Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, his mercantile experience showed him that two important articles might be added with advantage, that would sell easily during the hot season at the Antipodes—from November to the end of January—viz., the light muslins of Mulhouse and refreshing Strasbourg beer.

Having completed his cargo with twenty cases of the former and twenty casks of the latter, and bidden adieu to his mother and betrothed, he set sail from Havre one fine September morning, *en route* for Rio Janeiro, accompanied by the best wishes of his friends and relatives. The rough Norman and Breton seamen sailing under him soon discovered that much kindly interest in their welfare lurked beneath the stern discipline he maintained.

The good ship, with every sail unfurled, sped prosperously on her way, and in the course of a month reached her desired haven.

Having discharged freight and disposed of consignments in both Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres to his entire satisfaction, he then prepared freighting his ship for the return home with wool, skins, hides, horns, tallow, rice, coffee, cotton, etc.

On completing his cargo he again steered homeward, and safely reached the port of Havre a few days before Christmas. After delivery of his report regarding his sales and purchases, Franck Renard enthusiastically complimented him upon his magnificent run, which he considered one of the most remunerative ever made. The grief of his old mother was comforted by the cheering narrative of his first trip, and the evidence it afforded of his future prosperity; while the joy of Elise at his success was unbounded. A halo of hope gilded their season of festivities, which softened down the asperities of life and invested the future with visions of delight.

It was, therefore, with tender interest in each other's welfare that they touched their glasses at parting and pledged each other's health and happiness.

The seasons waxed and waned, bringing increasing prosperity in their train to Jean Beauvais; three years elapsed since he assumed command of the gallant bark, which he skilfully guided from port to port.

His good judgment, honestly exercised from the best and purest of motives, his accurate knowledge of general wants, and his well-grounded calculations, insured the success of all his speculations, and rapidly enriched Franck Renard, who never regretted the choice he had made of a captain.

On sea and ashore, in storm and sunshine, the manly form of Jean Beauvais trod with a firm step the path of duty, and never quailed in the presence of danger. He had striven with all his might to attain the object in view, and the hour of reward for his self-sacrifice had sounded.

He placed sufficient funds in his agent's hands to settle the loss of forty per cent. sustained by his creditors, and consoled himself with the reflection that his motto of "honor bright" was worth while defending and preserving.

On a fine spring morning, the sun shone softly through the stained-glass windows of Notre-Dame de Bon Secours at Rouen, upon the kneeling figures of Jean Beauvais and Elise Desiré, in the act of receiving the nuptial benediction in the presence of his mother, Franck Renard, and a small party of friends.

The captain's handsome face, bronzed with exposure to the heat of the tropics, beamed with satisfaction, while Elise, in her whole bearing, was expressive of the triumph of womanly faith and constancy.

From the balcony of her elegant apartment on the sea-shore at Havre, she could see the Jeanne d'Arc proceed on her voyage and disappear in the distant horizon; or she could watch anxiously for the welcome signal announcing her return, the sight of which would gladden her heart and dispel her fears.

Every thing prospered in the hands of Jean Beauvais, and the cup of his earthly bliss was filled to overflowing.

At the end of the year following his marriage with Elise, a succession of storms of appalling duration and fury swept over the North Atlantic, which resulted in the loss of many a gallant ship and crew. The Jeanne d'Arc, homeward bound, was for three days and nights exposed to the violence of a tremendous hurricane. Scudding under bare poles, she was tossed like a nutshell in the seething billows, and driven far out of her course to the southward. The first officer and four men were washed overboard, and the rest reduced almost to helplessness through fatigue and exposure. It needed all the energy of Captain Beauvais to keep them to their post and prevent them from despairing. On the fourth day, however, the storm abated, when they found themselves off the north coast of Spain; the sea here and there was covered with spars, cordage, and floating wreck, and showed where greater misfortunes than theirs had been endured.

On sailing through the Bay of Biscay, they perceived a large East-Indiaman making signals of distress, being apparently in a helpless condition; on exchanging signals, it was found that her rudder was gone and that she had sprung a leak, her hands being completely used up working night and day at the pumps, she was slowly sinking and drifting toward the shore. Captain Beauvais sent twelve men to their assistance, fitted up a temporary rudder, and, after two days of incredible exertions, succeeded in towing her into the port of Brest. The cargo, which was of great value, having been saved, the amount of salvage-money due to the captain and crew of the Jeanne d'Arc was very large, Captain Beauvais's share alone being estimated at fifty thousand dollars. The Jeanne d'Arc, after being ten days overdue, was signalled at Havre to the intense relief of Elise, who had recently given birth to a lively boy.

On reaching home, broken down with fatigue, his heart was overjoyed by the fresh blessings vouchsafed to him by Providence, and tears of gratitude fell upon both mother and child.

No longer exposed to the dangers of the deep, he now shares the responsibilities of full partnership with Franck Renard; a living example of what may be achieved by a noble purpose and an upright fulfilment of the duties of life.

THE KHEDEVE OF EGYPT.

NAPOLEON I., when he made his famous expedition at the close of the last century, found anarchy in Egypt, and left it there; having succeeded only in crushing the power of the Mamelukes, absolute masters of Egypt on his arrival, but only sharing a divided sovereignty after the French invasion had ebbed away. On the ruins of the Mameluke rule, Mehemet Ali, like Napoleon, a soldier of fortune, but a born king and ruler of men, built up his empire, and founded his dynasty, wisely introducing into Egypt not only the elements of European civilization, but European colonists as well, and thus infusing a more lusty life into the effete civilization of the worn-out East. He sowed the seeds of progress and improvement, initiated many and

perfected some of the necessary works himself, but died long before the full harvest could be reaped. The Mahmoudieh Canal, and many other public works, still remain as monuments of his genius—all untutored, but naturally far-grasping and vivid. His death was as dramatic as his life had been. Ill-judged affection, on a daughter's part, administered to the old man a potion, which, it was believed, would restore and invigorate his failing powers, but which affected his brain, and darkened his last days with insanity—sometimes moody, sometimes violent—but incapacitating him from holding the reins of government.

His eldest son, the warrior Ibrahim Pacha, was first regent for two years, and then Abbas Pacha, his grandson, succeeded, after the death of Ibrahim, though Mehemet Ali did not long survive his son.

The succession—following the Turkish rule, as applicable to the sultan—passed successively to the eldest surviving male of the male branch of the family, not from father to son, as in Western nations, and was thus provided for in the firman of succession granted by the sultan to his rebellious vassal, and guaranteed by the European powers, whose intervention alone had prevented Mehemet Ali from retaining Syria, and wresting Constantinople from the grasp of the feeble successor of Othman. Balked of his prey by that intervention, almost in the very hour of his triumph, Mehemet Ali tore out handfuls of his white beard before he signed the treaty which reduced him from a conqueror to a nominal vassal again. But he had no choice, and submitted—only insisting on the quasi-independence of Egypt and the perpetuity of his dynasty as its rulers—terms gladly accorded by the sultan of that day, but most grudgingly acknowledged by his successors, who have ever striven to neutralize and nullify the plain provisions of that firman—which the present sultan has actually set aside—as will be plainly shown.

For the firman of succession, above referred to, grants to Mehemet Ali and his successors in the line of the eldest male of the blood, the perpetual governor-generalship of Egypt, on condition of the payment of an annual tribute of a fixed sum, the furnishing a certain contingent of men to the Turkish army in time of war, and some minor conditions, with a reservation on the part of the sultan that Egypt should not be allowed to form treaties with foreign governments, nor assume the attitude of an independent and separate nationality.

These terms and conditions have proved a fruitful source of profit to successive sultans, and of intrigue to successive viceroys, each trying to modify or alter them for their advantage respectively.

Thus, as early as the time of Abbas Pacha, commenced the collision between the Sublime Porte and its powerful vassal; the one seeking to enlarge, the other to restrict Turkish interference in Egyptian affairs; while, at the same time, the viceroy was intriguing with foreign diplomats to obtain the recognition by their governments of his absolute sovereignty.

To secure the succession for his son, El Hami, Abbas lavished much gold at Constantinople. His "presents" were cheerfully accepted, and his hopes kept up to paying-point always, until both his projects and his life were strangled by the hands of two Mamelukes, sent him by his affectionate aunt, Neglé Aharum—

"To guide his steps, or guard his rest;"

when Said Pacha, the legitimate successor and son of Mehemet, seated himself on the vacant throne. Said, in many traits of character, resembled his great father, and was proud to imitate him—followed up his policy which the more bigoted and ignorant Abbas had reversed, and, during his brief though brilliant reign of eight years, did much to reconstruct and make the new Egypt of to-day. For it was in his time that the European immigration, checked under Abbas, flowed in full tide into Alexandria and Cairo, and the lines of railway and of telegraph were made to penetrate, not only to Cairo and Suez, but even into the remoter regions of Upper Egypt. He encouraged also the introduction of improved machinery, and steam-engines for irrigation and other purposes, and caused the great cities to be supplied with water-works and gas-works on the European model. To his encouragement and aid the Suez Canal owes its origin and successful completion, and his name is commemorated by the grateful engineer, to whom he was a friend as well as a patron, in the name of Port Said, given to the new town created by his genius, which has risen, at his bidding, from the barren sands of the sea-shore, to be a busy port, into and from which pour the products both of the West and of farthest India.

But Said Pacha, like his predecessor, also devoted much time, and wasted much treasure, in attempting to subsidize the Sublime Porte into changing the succession in favor of his son, Toussoun, and also

coquetted much with foreign powers to secure a recognition from them of his independence.

To effect the latter end, he visited in person both England and France, and returned, broken in health and hope, only to die. Before he was in his grave, the strong hand of Ismail Pacha, his nephew, had seized his right, undisputed by any one, although coveted by his brother, Mustapha Fazyl Pacha, who was but a few days his junior only, and his most inveterate and dreaded enemy, then as now. Mustapha Pacha, educated in Europe, and a man of great intelligence and energy of character, had gone to Constantinople in the time of Saïd, obtained influence and high position there, and thwarted all the intrigues of Saïd, as he was now ready to thwart those of Ismail. For its own purposes, the Sublime Porte played into his hands, and kept him as a convenient knight to checkmate the Egyptian king, and still continues to do so, his last post under the Turkish Government being that of Minister of Public Instruction. It is needless to say that Mustapha does not visit Egypt, as it would be "too hot to hold him."

But Ismail Pacha, far richer as well as more astute than his kinsman, at last succeeded in grasping the prize at which his predecessors aimed, although the tenure by which he holds it is very insecure, and his son may find it but a Tantalus-apple after all. Every one familiar with the Egyptian question was surprised, about three years ago, by the telegram which announced the investiture of Ismail Pacha, by the sultan, as "King of Egypt," a statement which, though as inaccurate as telegrams usually are, yet covered a curious change in the policy of the Porte.

The truth, which came limping along slowly after the lie by lighting, proved to be that, through his *great persuasive powers*, Ismail Pacha had succeeded in securing that change in the succession to the throne which Abbas and Saïd had vainly sought to accomplish, the sultan "having been graciously pleased" to nominate his son as his successor, and to elevate him from the rank of governor-general to that of khédive, not "king," but a rank equal to that of grand-vizier.

The wrath and consternation which this *coup* caused in the family, and especially in the breasts of the two next in succession—Mustapha Fazyl, the brother, and Halim, the uncle of the present viceroy—may easily be imagined. But their protests and appeals (if they made any) were unheeded at Constantinople; and the European powers, which had guaranteed the original treaty or agreement with Mehemet Ali, turned an equally deaf ear, and were silent.

But, from the hour of Ismail's apparent triumph, both the pretenders to the succession have been kindly cared for, and provided with high posts at Constantinople; and but a short time since, just before the Suez-Canal celebration, the sultan openly threatened to revoke his firman altering the succession, and even to depose the existing ruler—an exercise of authority for which he had an equal sanction as for his previous proceeding in setting aside a solemn covenant. It cost the khédive a journey to Constantinople, and several millions of money (it is said), to soothe the wounded susceptibilities of his suzerain, who finally did relent, and on that slippery footing the succession stands to-day.

The young crown-prince is a youth now at an English university. His uncles, whose rights have been thus coolly set aside in his favor by the high-contracting powers at Cairo and Constantinople, are both men of mature age, and of marked ability and resolution, and neither of them likely to yield up a throne without a hard fight for it, both having many devoted adherents and partisans both in Egypt and at Constantinople. Mustapha Fazyl has been all his life conversant with public affairs, and Nature has gifted him with high intelligence and great astuteness, improved by foreign travel and intercourse with men of all nationalities. He speaks and writes French like a Frenchman, and his full face, surmounted by a red fez cap, has long been familiar in the Parisian salons, as well as in the cabinets of Europe. Halim Pacha, next him in the order of succession, is a younger son of Mehemet Ali by a Bedouin mother, and shows his origin both in his appearance and his tastes, which appertain to those of the race of Ishmael. His sharp, clear-cut features, spare, sinewy frame, panther-like elasticity of movement, and small, flashing black eyes, keen as those of a falcon, all recall the child of the Desert. He loves, too, all the wild sports of the Bedouins, such as chasing the fleet gazelle over the desert with trained hawks and Syrian greyhounds, and at the horse-play of hurling the *djereed*, or riding, has no superior even among those Eastern Comanches, his kindred. Therefore those wild riders love him as do the higher and lower classes of Egyptians; and, in the

event of an armed contest for the throne, he could summon a swarm of those rough riders of the desert to assist in unseating the son of Ismail. These are contingencies looming in the future, but they must be taken into account clearly to comprehend the actual situation.

But, although the sultan has accorded these great favors to the khédive, so far from making him "King of Egypt," or acknowledging the independence of his realm, he has sought to tighten rather than relax his hold upon that ever-rebellious dependency. The price which Ismail will be made to pay for those concessions never will be fully settled while he lives; for new pretexts for fresh exactions are invented by his needy patron with each successive moon, and his relatives—"a little more than kin," and much "less than kind"—are held, *in terrorem*, over his head all the time. Since the earliest days of the Ottoman dominion in Egypt, the Sublime Porte has ever been sitting astride of poor Egypt's shoulders, even as the Old Man of the Sea on Sinbad's, and just about as pleasantly and profitably to the bearer of the burden.

It has pleased Europe to approve of this equestrianism, and to reseat the Old Man when Sinbad once shook him off. Whether at the collision, which must come after the death of Ismail, between the claimants for his throne, these powers will again interfere, is a question which time only can solve. Without such interference, the chances are that the intrigues of Ismail will finally prove to have borne but Dead-Sea fruit, and the disturbed line of succession be renewed in the persons of either Mustapha or Halim Pacha. In the interval, though not in name, yet in reality, the khédive is truly "every inch a king," in position as well as in power—in possessions which seem boundless; in wealth, which is fabulous; in prosperity, which has bathed him in its sunshine, and smiled upon him as it once did on King Amasis.

In visions of the night the khédive must see the reproachful shade of his great progenitor, who made that compact binding on all his posterity. From his enemy, the Sublime Porte, he could not look for good faith, but surely he had the right to exact it from those of his own blood, and from the children of his warrior-son Ibrahim, who never thwarted or disobeyed him. One of these sons is the present khédive, the patriarchal system of plural wives giving many sons to one household. He was not the eldest son, and owes his elevation to the tragic death of his brother Achmet, who perished in a railway accident in 1858, while on his return from celebrating some viceregal *fête* of Saïd Pacha at Alexandria. A draw-bridge on the line where it crosses the Nile, forty feet above the flood, had been left open, and into the river the cars were precipitated, drowning Achmet—a gross, clumsy man—and several of his household. Halim Pacha was in the same carriage, saw the danger, and, with the instinctive alertness given by his blood and training, threw himself out of the cars into the rushing river beneath, and alone escaped death. Curiously enough, Ismail had been invited, too, to this celebration, but, being on bad terms with his kinsman the reigning viceroy, feigned sickness and did not go—thus probably saving his life, as he, too, would have been in the carriage with his kinsmen.

There were not wanting evil tongues at the time to whisper loudly that the "accident" was a neat contrivance to dispose of the leading claimants to the throne; but the bold, frank character of Saïd acquitted him personally of any complicity in the transaction. Mustapha was absent at the time at Constantinople, so that, even had all the three princes been drowned on that occasion, the survivors' chances would only have been improved by their removal.

The present khédive is certainly a man of progress and the greatest of merchant princes; for such, literally, he is, owning as he does a large proportion of the best cotton and sugar lands in Egypt, and regulating and controlling trade and transit so as to sell his own crops at the best advantage. As the railways and canals are the property of the government, and he is the government, and all the employes made or unmade at his nod, his produce always gets first to market, and is first shipped to Europe. No individual can compete with him, and those who make the attempt are apt to suffer for their presumption. The doctrine of protection finds in him its practical supporter, and he "discriminates" always in his own favor. By this combination of merchant and prince he has amassed, and is still amassing, immense wealth, and, in spite of the perpetual drain from the sultan, is probably to-day one of the richest princes in the world. For he has the large revenues of Egypt to handle as well as those arising from his own vast estates, covering perhaps a fourth of the cultivated

lands of Egypt, acquired by descent or purchase from his less calculating and business-like relatives. Mustapha's whole property he bought out years since at a cost of several millions, and, coveting Ibrahim's, drove him out of Egypt for pretended plots against the government, on his refusal to sell out his patrimony.

Great attention has recently been called to the khédive in the United States by his recent appointment of about twenty American officers to similar grades in his own army, selected indifferently from the line of the Federal and Confederate armies—General Stone being a prominent example of the first, and Generals Loring and Sibley of the latter.

He had intended appointing many more Americans, but the jealousy of the French and other foreign representatives in Egypt, and the protest of the Sublime Porte against it, nipped the project in the bud when it was most promising. The few, who had already gone, remained in Egypt; but numerous others, who had hoped to go, were disappointed.

The reasons which prompted the khédive in the preference of Americans are obvious. In the existing complications between himself and the sultan, and between his son and those whose succession he has obtained, both father and son require of all things a reliable body of officers for the army, men devoted to their persons, and sharing in their fortunes. No European officers can fill these conditions, because their respective nationalities are sure to be enlisted in these complications, and most apt to take the side in opposition to the khédive, the "integrity of the Turkish empire" being one of the traditions of Europe, in its dread of its great bugbear, the Czar of Russia, and the "faith of treaties" guaranteeing the Egyptian succession to the brother, not the son, of Ismail Pacha.

The appointment of these American officers gave such offence and awoke such suspicions at Constantinople, as to imperil the insecure tenure of the khédive's throne once more, as well as to cause a liberal outlay of *bakshish* there, and a promise "not to do so any more."

So a hollow peace has once more been patched up between the impetuous Head of the Faith and his rich vassal, or vizier, to last only until some new move is made by the restless Egyptian, or some pressing want of money on the part of the Turk, when fresh pretexts for royal displeasure will not be hard to find. As to the relative progress and power of the two kingdoms, in every particular except that of magnitude, the parallel is to the advantage of Egypt and the disadvantage of Turkey.

Turkey, as symbolized by the Sublime Porte, the wan shadow of a once mighty power which imperilled the safety and the religion of Europe, for the last twenty years has been making loud professions of civilization and progress, and has put forth sounding manifestoes in the shape of *tanzimat*s and firmans, all of which are actually not worth the parchment on which they were engrossed, but which Europe revolved like savory morsels between its lips.

For, in these proclamations and declarations, the Sublime Porte has

" — Hed like Truth,
Yet still most truly Hed " —

all those reforms being a mere dead letter, and none of the promised rights and privileges accorded in those decrees ever having been practically enforced out of ear-shot of European representatives throughout the Turkish empire.

The Turk loathes and despises the *giaour* and all his ways to-day just as heartily as he did in the days when the Crescent shone above the Cross, even to the walls of Vienna, but he dissimulates, and pretends admiration. The Turkish administration and policy are as traditional and immutable as the religion of Mohammed, and can be altered just as readily. Even as regards material progress, the same truth is evident. Throughout the wide domain of Islam out of Egypt there is but one railway, the short twenty-mile line from Smyrna to Aidin, and the telegraph-wires are invisible. Whereas, in Egypt, progress shows itself everywhere, in the administration, as well as in the gridiron of railways and long lines of telegraph-wires which cover the face of the country, and are being every day extended farther into the interior. In fact, contrasting Young Egypt with Old Turkey is like placing side by side the young and blooming daughter and the withered and decrepit grandame—the one looking brightly and eagerly into the future, the other mournfully muttering and shaking its palsied head over memories of the past.

Even as regards strength, large as Turkey is, and small as Egypt seems, I believe the latter would prove more than a match for the former now as she did in the days when Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim threatened to found an Arab empire on the ruins of the Moslem, and were prevented only from successfully doing so by European armed intervention.

Turkish drill and discipline are as bad as the Turkish exchequer is empty. With raw material in abundance, their army is an undisciplined rabble; and, although nominally the Porte is perpetually buying arms, yet the shameless speculation of its officials seems as great as in more civilized countries; for the arms are never there when wanted.

Even a handful of half-naked, half-starved, and unarmed Greek rebels defied the sultan's armies for more than a year on a small island, where they were isolated from other aid. What, then, could that army effect against so strong and well-appointed a force as that which the khédive could command, well armed and provisioned, and commanded by officers who have learned their bloody business in hard-fought fields where civilized men legally murdered each other!

But will such a trial of strength ever be permitted? Will the infidel ever permit this Kilkenny cat-fight between the hosts of the "true believers," when Arab and Turk shall grapple in fratricidal strife, even as they allow Frank and Prussian to do to-day? It is not probable that such permission will be given, and that Egypt will be allowed to shake off the incubus of Turkey, which drains her coffers and paralyzes her energies. Neither is it probable that the change effected by the present ruler will outlast his life, or that the new order of things he has instituted will be allowed to continue in force after he sleeps with his fathers under the shadow of the ruined palaces of the Mani-luke kings on the verge of the desert, where repose the ashes of the descendants of Mehemet Ali.

The future of Young Egypt to-day is harder to decipher than the hieroglyphics on her oldest monuments, and we can but vaguely guess at it, for, as the connecting link between Europe and Asia, her geographical position, as well as her vast granary in the delta, makes her a shining mark to attract Muscovite as well as European ambition.

The line of Mehemet Ali thus far seems to have been a fated one. Already, within the circle of one generation, four have successively filled his throne, and several have perished by violent deaths, by cord, steel, poison, flood, and fire, and any thing rather than peace and concord now reigns among his living descendants. We have just witnessed what seems the final overthrow and obliteration of a throne and a dynasty greater and stronger than his, accomplished within the short space of a single month—how, then, can we speculate with any confidence on the perpetuation of the dynasty founded in evident imitation of it by the soldier of fortune fitly termed the Napoleon of the East? Time, who has solved us even the riddle of the sphinx, will read us that riddle too.

EDWIN DE LEON.

FAMOUS SIEGES.

ONE of the most remarkable sieges in the second Punic War was that of Saguntum. The first Punic campaign had ended with the Carthaginians surrendering Sicily and Sardinia. The second campaign, commencing 218 B. C., was fought in Spain, where Amilcar, Hannibal's father, had gone, taking with him his boy to teach him hatred against the Romans. Amilcar's successor, Hannibal, at once marched upon the Saguntines (people of Aragon), allies of Rome, and besieged Saguntum. This city, on the site of which, by the river Palancia, Murviedro now stands, was famous for its figs and for the earthenware cups it manufactured. Hannibal, then a mere youth, opposed at home by Hanno and a faction antagonistic to his family, and which accused him of perfidiousness in breaking treaties with the Romans, pushed on the siege with great vigor. He urged his swarthy African soldiers to increase their exertions by himself working in the trenches among them, and by helping forward the mantlets and battering-rams. The defence was stubborn, and stones and arrows were replied to by arrows and stones. After, it is said, eight months' siege, Hannibal demanded cruel terms—the Saguntines were to leave their city to be demolished, surrendering up their arms, and carrying away only two suits of clothing. Many of the citizens, in their despair, finding the walls giving way, now lit a great funeral pile, and,

after burning all their wealth, threw themselves into the flames. While this horrible sacrifice was actually taking place, a tower, which had been much battered, suddenly fell. The Carthaginians instantly stormed in through the breach; and Hannibal, sounding the trumpets for a general assault, carried the city. With the relentless cruelty of those days, he instantly ordered that all Saguntines found in arms should be put to the sword. Most of the inhabitants died fighting, or, barring themselves up in their burning houses with their wives and children, perished in the flames. Hannibal, nevertheless, secured great wealth and many slaves. The money he appropriated to war purposes; the slaves he divided among the soldiers; and the household stuff he sent to Carthage.

Years later, when the Romans girt up their loins to fairly conquer Spain, one of the greatest events that marked the war was the fifteen months' siege of Numantia, an almost impregnable city on the Douro, near the site of the present Soria, in old Castile. This fortress of the hardy Iberians was built on a steep hill, accessible only on one side, surrounded by forests, and partly moated by the Douro and a lesser stream. It had only a garrison of eight thousand fighting men, but these were Spanish veterans, skilled in the use of bow, spear, and sword. Several consuls had attacked Numantia before Q. Pompeius sat down before it with thirty thousand foot and two thousand horse; but disease attacked his army, and he was compelled to offer terms disgraceful to Rome, to which his successor, however, refused to accede. Soon after, another consul all but surrendered to the victorious Numantines his army of twenty thousand men. The Romans, enraged at these repulses, sent out, in 133 B. C., their greatest general, Scipio Africanus, with four thousand volunteers. He found the army discouraged and demoralized, and at once reshaped it with a strong hand. He turned all the sutlers, diviners, and priests, out of the camp; for vice and superstition had tainted the whole force. He then sold all needless wagons and beasts of burden, forbade any soldier more cooking-utensils than a spit and a brass pot, ordered nothing to be eaten but plain roast and boiled, and counselled every one to sleep, as he himself did, on the bare ground. Having thus hardened his army, he trained it by long, toilsome marches, countermarches, trench-digging, and wall-building, and then laid waste all the territory whence the Numantines drew their supplies. With a force of sixty thousand men, and recruited by Jugurtha, from Numidia, with some elephants and light horse, Scipio formed two camps, and sat down for the winter to starve out the stubborn but now straitened enemy. The town was three miles in circumference; round this area Scipio raised six miles of towers and ramparts, so that only the river-side remained open. To stop any divers or boats coming that way with provisions or intelligence, the Romans fastened tree-trunks, spiked with sword and spear blades, to ropes, and let them whirl to and fro in the rapid current, so that to pass them became impossible. The Numantines made several gallant sorties, but hunger now began to strike them down quicker than the Roman sword. They at last grew hopeless, and offered to surrender, but the stern Romans would grant no conditions. The famine grew worse and worse: first, they ate leather and weeds, then rats and vermin, and even human flesh. Again they offered surrender, but claimed a day's respite. On that terrible day the leading men of the place slew themselves. On the third day a starved band of half-dying people came out of the gates. Scipio selected fifty for his triumph, sold the rest for slaves, and levelled the city. Four thousand Spaniards had kept the Roman armies at bay at Numantia for twenty-one years.

One of the greatest steps in that long career of unjust conquest and cruelty, which at last made Rome mistress of the world, was the arduous but successful siege of Carthage, 148 B. C. Blow by blow the dreadful enemies of the African power had cloven their way to their great rival. The third Punic War began by the consuls leaving Rome with eighty thousand foot and four thousand horse, who had stern orders from the senate not to return till they had removed Carthage out of its place. The Africans, tormented by civil war, began by the most degrading concessions. They surrendered five hundred of their noblest youths as hostages, and brought to the Roman camp two hundred thousand suits of armor, vast sheaves of spears and javelins, and two thousand catapults. Still the Romans were unsatisfied. They required the Carthaginians to leave their city for demolition, and to move ten miles inland. This was the last straw; the maddened people rose in despair. They at once released all their slaves and enrolled them as militia. The temples were turned into

workshops, and men and women, old and young, toiled in gangs night and day at the fabrication of arms. Every day there were made one hundred and forty bucklers, three hundred shields, five hundred javelins, and one hundred catapult-darts. The city, situated within a bay and on a peninsula, was twenty-three miles in circuit, and contained seven hundred thousand souls. The peninsula, forty-five miles in compass, was joined by an isthmus, on which stood the citadel, three miles broad. Toward the continent there were three walls, thirty cubits high, defended by towers rising two stories above the walls. Between the towers were barracks for twenty thousand foot, four thousand horse, and three hundred elephants. The two ports, in the inner one of which were the arsenal and the admiral's house, were barred by chains. In their first attack the Romans were too confident and contemptuous. Three times they were driven from the walls, and once their fleet was almost totally destroyed by fire-ships. At last Scipio Æmilianus came and began the cruel work in earnest, first reforming the Roman army, which had become a mere army of prowling and quarrelling foragers. Having at last taken the isthmus, he there pitched his camp, and built a wall before it twelve feet high, to bar out all provisions from the continent. To equally block up the port and stop all food coming by sea, Scipio raised a huge mole at the mouth of the port; but the Carthaginians, full of energy, at once dug out a new passage and launched fifty fresh galleys. Æmilianus, however, soon after destroyed an African army coming to the rescue, and subdued all the neighboring country. In the spring of 145 B. C., Scipio at last struck the wedge home. He stormed a breach near the port, and, forcing his way into the great square, fortified himself there that night. There were three steep streets leading to the citadel to force, and the roofs of the houses lining those approaches were covered by archers and men, who hurled javelins, or threw down tiles and stones. These houses were cleared one by one, a desperate contest taking place on the roofs, till at last Scipio ordered the three streets to be simultaneously set on fire. Wounded men, old women, and children, threw themselves from the roofs, or perished stoically in the flames. The Roman soldiers spent six days and nights in levelling the ruins and burying the dead. Scipio hardly allowed himself time for sleep or refreshment. Polybius describes seeing him seated on a mound, with tears in his crocodile eyes, repeating those lines in the Iliad where Hector foretells the destruction of Troy. Conquerors, however reckless, are apt at times to give way to momentary outbursts of sham pity. Napoleon once wept at seeing a dog howling beside his dead master (one of some forty thousand harmless human beings that day sacrificed to the emperor's insatiable ambition). In later times leaders scarcely less guilty have found comfort for their wounded feelings on such painful occasions in short texts of Scripture and biblical telegrams.

To return to the siege. On the seventh day the citadel surrendered, on condition that the lives of the soldiers were spared. There first, according to Orosius, came out twenty-five thousand wretched women, then thirty thousand half-starved men. The Carthaginian general, Asdrubal, to the indignation of every one, privately surrendered. Nine hundred Roman deserters, hopeless of mercy, shut themselves in a temple of Æsculapius, and then set fire to the building. The Carthaginians who surrendered were sold as slaves, all deserters taken being thrown to the wild beasts of the amphitheatre. Scipio gave the plunder of the unfortunate city to his soldiers, except the gold, the silver, and the offerings in the temples. Thus Carthage fell; but Carthage was soon revenged, if it be true, as some of the Roman historians contend, that from that moment covetousness and luxury began to corrupt the old stoical Roman virtues.

But the siege that seems to epitomize all the horrors of such contests, forming, as it were, the last crowning scene of a nation's tragedy, was the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, A. D. 70. The city then contained, according to Tacitus, six hundred thousand inhabitants. Josephus has well narrated the sufferings of his countrymen, not merely from the Romans, but also from the savage factions of the two rival chiefs, Simon and John—the former of whom held the upper city, the latter the Temple. Their followers tore each other to pieces up to the very moment that the Romans broke through the walls. The mode in which Titus managed this memorable siege furnishes a good example of the manner in which the Romans conducted such operations. His legionaries, having established their camps on Scopus and the Mount of Olives, began to burn the suburbs of Jerusalem, cut down the trees, and raise banks of earth and timber against the

walls. On these works were placed archers and hurlers of javelins, and before them the catapults and balistas that threw darts and huge stones. The Jews replied from the engines which they had taken from Roman detachments, but they used them awkwardly and ineffectually. They, however, were very daring in their sorties, endeavoring to burn the Roman military engines, and the hurdles with which the Roman pioneers covered themselves when at work. The Romans also built towers fifty cubits high, plated with iron, in which they placed archers and slingers, to drive the Jews from the walls. At last, about the fifteenth day of the siege, the greatest of the Roman battering-rams began to shake the outer wall, and the Jews yielded up the first line of defence. Five days after, Titus broke through the second wall, into a place full of narrow braziers', clothiers', and wool-merchants' shops; but the Jews rallying drove out the Romans, who, not having made the breach sufficiently large, were with difficulty rescued by their archers. Four days later, however, Titus retook the second wall, and then waited for famine to do its work within the city. The Jews began now to desert to the enemy in great numbers, and all these wretches the Romans tortured and crucified before the walls (at one time five hundred a day), so that, as Josephus says, "room was wanting for the crosses, and crosses wanting for the bodies."

At this crisis of the siege the Jews, undermining one of the Roman towers, set it on fire, and did their best to destroy all the besiegers' works. Titus now determined to slowly starve out his stubborn enemies, and began to build a wall round the whole city. This wall, with thirteen forts, the Roman soldiers completed in three days. Famine, in the mean time, was ravaging the unhappy city. Whole families perished daily, and the streets were strewn with dead bodies that no one cared to bury. Thieves plundered the half-deserted homes, and murdered any one who showed signs of resistance, or who still lingered in the last agonies of starvation. The dead the Jews threw down from the walls into the valleys below. In the mean time, the Roman soldiers, abundantly supplied with corn from Syria, mocked the starving men on the walls by showing them food. The palm-trees and olive-trees round Jerusalem had been all destroyed, but Titus, sending to the Jordan for timber, again raised banks around the castle of Antonia. Inside the city the seditions grew more violent, the partisans of John and Simon murdering each other daily, and plundering the Temple of the sacred vessels. A rumor spreading in the Roman camp that the Jewish deserters swallowed their money before they left Jerusalem, led to the murder in one night, Josephus says, of nearly two thousand of these unhappy creatures. Again a part of the wall fell before the battering-rams, but only to discover to the Romans a fresh rampart built behind it. In one attack a brave Syrian soldier of the cohorts, with eleven other men, succeeded in reaching the top of the wall, but they were there overpowered by the Jews. A few days after, twelve Roman soldiers scrambled up by night through a breach in the tower of Antonia, killed the guards, and, sounding trumpets, summoned the rest of the army to their aid. The tower once carried, the Romans tried to force their way into the Temple, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued, which terminated in the Romans being driven back to the tower of Antonia. The Jews, now seeing the Temple in danger, and the assault recommencing, set fire to the cloister that joined the Temple and the castle of Antonia, and prepared for a desperate resistance in their last stronghold. In this conflagration, many of the Romans, advancing too eagerly, perished.

During all this fighting, the famine within the city grew worse and worse. The wretched people ate their shoes, belts, and even the leather thongs of their shields. Friends fought for food, and robbers broke into every house where it was known that corn was hidden. Josephus even mentions a well-known case of a woman of wealth from beyond Jordan who ate her own child. The walls of the Temple were so massive as to resist the battering-rams for six days, so Titus at last gave orders to burn down the gates. At last, after a desperate resistance, the Jews were driven into the inner court, and the Temple was set on fire and destroyed, in spite of all the efforts of Titus to save it. When the Jews first saw the flames spring up, Josephus says, they raised a great shout of despair, and sixteen thousand of the defenders perished in the fire. The Romans, in the fury of the assault, burned down the treasury chambers, filled with gold and other riches, and all the cloisters, into which multitudes of Jews had fled, expecting something miraculous, as their false prophet had pre-

dicted. Titus now attacked the upper city, and raised banks against it, at which about forty thousand of the inhabitants deserted to the Roman camp. The final resistance was very feeble, for the Jews were now utterly disheartened. The Romans, once masters of the walls, spread like a deluge over the city, slew all the Jews they met in the narrow lanes, and set fire to the houses. In many of these they found entire families dead of hunger, and these places, in their horror, the soldiers left unplundered. The Romans, having wearied of slaying, Titus gave orders that no Jew, unless found with arms in his hand, should be killed. But some soldiers still went on butchering the old and infirm, and driving the youths and women into the court of the Temple. The males under seventeen were sent to the Egyptian mines; several thousands were given to provincial amphitheatres to fight with the gladiators and wild beasts; but before all could be sent away, eleven thousand of them perished from famine. Altogether, in this cruel siege, there perished eleven hundred thousand Jews. This enormous multitude is accounted for by the fact that, when Titus sat down before Jerusalem, the city was full of people from all parts of Judæa, come up to celebrate the Feast of Unleavened Bread.

Let us go down the ladder of crime a few centuries later, till we find these grand conquerors of the Jews themselves besieged by Alaric and his Goths, 408. As stern and ruthless as Prussians, the Goths at once cut off from Rome the supplies of food, till famine and plague could silently do the work of sword and spear. The rations of bread sank rapidly from three pounds a day to the merest pittance. The rich strove to alleviate the general suffering, but in vain. Some wretches fed, it is said, on the bones of those they murdered, and even mothers destroyed their children and roasted their flesh. Many thousands of the citizens perished, and, the cemeteries being in the possession of the invaders, the bodies remained unburied. The plague broke out, and new forms of death appeared. In vain Tuscan diviners promised to draw lightning from the clouds, and burn the Gothic camp. In vain the Roman ambassadors warned Alaric of the danger of the despair and fury of such a multitude.

The grim chief only smiled, and said: "The thicker the grass the easier it is to mow."

At first, greedy for spoil, and contemptuous of Roman weakness, Alaric demanded all the gold and silver in the city, and all the rich and precious movables. Finally he withdrew his savage troops, on receiving a ransom of five thousand pounds of gold, thirty-six thousand pounds of silver, four thousand silk robes, three thousand pieces of fine scarlet cloth, and three thousand pounds' weight of Indian pepper, then very scarce and dear. Never since Hannibal marched from Capua had Rome been so scared.

That taste of plunder only provoked the Gothic appetite. In 410, Alaric, provoked by some treachery of the emperor, entered Rome at midnight by the Salarian Gate. The Christian Goths respected the churches, but the Huns and the escaped slaves slew and plundered wherever they went. After six days' license they carried off wagon-loads of jewels, robes, and plate.

Attila, the next devastator of Europe, spared Rome, at the intercession of St. Leo, but Genseric, the Vandal, devoted fourteen days to loading his African slaves with the spoils of Jerusalem and the gold and silver of the Cæsars. In 537, the Goths were again swarming round Rome, and the celebrated defence of the city by Belisarius presents many features of interest.

The great general had a circle of twelve miles to defend against one hundred and fifty thousand barbarians. Against these Belisarius had only thirty thousand citizen soldiers, and five thousand of his veterans hardened in the Persian and African wars. On the ramparts, to aid his archers, were the balistas (great cross-bows), that threw arrows, and the onagri, that slung stones, and on the walls of the mole of Hadrian he had piled ancient statues to hurl down at the enemy. The Goths spent eighteen days in preparing their attack, in collecting fascines to fill the ditches, and in making scaling-ladders for the walls. Their four battering-rams, of enormous size, were each worked by fifty men. They had also huge wooden turrets, drawn by oxen, to form movable forts for assailing the walls. The Goths advanced to the attack in seven columns. The archers of Belisarius, at his desire, shot the oxen that drew the towers, and so rendered them for the time useless. The first day of the attack the Goths lost thirty thousand men, and in a sortie the Romans burnt the formidable towers. In subsequent sallies five thousand of the Gothic cavalry perished, and the courage of the citizens

grew with success. Belisarius, first freeing the navigation of the Tiber, now dismissed from the city all the useless mouths—the women, children, and slaves. Active care was taken to encourage the people, and to prevent treachery. Twice every month the officers at the gates were changed, and even the pope himself was sent into exile on suspicion of having corresponded with the Goths. The barbarians were at last worn out. After a siege of one year and nine days, they burnt their tents, and retreated over the Milvian bridge, having lost at least one-third of their host.

Again, in 546, Rome was tormented by its old enemy the Goth. Totila besieged it, and its garrison of three thousand soldiers was powerless to break the blockade. The pope had purchased an ample supply of Sicilian corn, but the avaricious governor seized it, and sold it to the richer citizens. Wheat soon rose to famine prices, and fifty pieces of gold were demanded for an ox. Gradually the people of Rome were reduced to feed on dead horses, dogs, cats, mice, and nettles. Crowds of starving creatures surrounded the palace of the governor, and requested either food or instant death. To these supplicants Bessus replied, with cold cruelty, that it was impossible to feed and unlawful to kill the emperor's subjects. At this a poor man, with five children, threw himself into the Tiber from one of the bridges in the presence of all the people. To the rich Bessus sold permissions to depart, but most of these cowards either expired on the highways, or were cut down by the Gothic cavalry. Belisarius attempting to relieve the city, Totila erected a bridge with towers on the Tiber ninety furlongs below the city, and this bridge was defended by a boom and chains. But Belisarius attacked it with his infantry and two hundred large boats guarded with high bulwarks of loop-holed planks. These boats were led by two immense barges bearing a floating castle higher than the bridge towers, and stored with fire, sulphur, and bitumen. The chains yielded to the impetus of the assaulting vessels; the fire-ships were grappled to the bridge, and one of the towers, containing two hundred Goths, was consumed by the flames. But in spite of this first success the attack failed. Belisarius was not supported by a timely sally, and soon after Rome fell into the hands of Totila. The conqueror demolished one-third of the walls, and threatened to burn and pull down the great monuments of the city, which barbaric resolution he would have carried into effect but for the intercession of Belisarius.

Let us conclude this summary of great sieges by a brief description of that of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. The Turkish army was estimated at two hundred and fifty-eight thousand men, and their navy amounted to three hundred and twenty sail. Constantinople, a city of between thirteen and sixteen miles in extent, and containing a population of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, was defended by a scanty garrison of seven or eight hundred soldiers and two thousand Genoese. The Turks boasted some enormous cannon, which, however, could not be fired more than seven times in the day. The sultan's soldiers labored to fill up the ditches with hogs-heads and tree trunks, dug mines, employed battering-rams and catapults to aid their cannon, and reared against the walls wooden turrets with which to scale the ramparts. After many repulses at sea, Mahomet II. transported his fleet by land from the Bosphorus into the upper harbor, and constructed a huge floating battery. The Greeks tried to set this on fire in a nocturnal attack, but their foremost galliots were sunk, and forty young Greek officers were massacred, in retaliation for which cruelty the Greek emperor hung the heads of two hundred and sixty Moslem captives from the walls. The Turks at last ventured on a general assault, and, after a siege of fifty-three days, the city fell into their hands. In the first heat of victory about two thousand Greeks were put to the sword. The body of the last Greek emperor was found under a heap of slain. About sixty thousand of the Greek citizens were sold as slaves, and, what is of more importance, the Byzantine libraries were destroyed or scattered, and one hundred and twenty thousand manuscripts, Gibbon says, at this time disappeared.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

THE subject of Arctic exploration having been revived with a certainty that an American expedition will sail during the present summer for the purpose of completing our present imperfect knowledge of the polar regions, it seems advisable to review that which already has been done, and also what remains to be accomplished.

In this connection we propose a brief examination into the respective merits of the so-called "Ocean Gate-ways to the Pole."

As Jones's Sound, in about Lat. 76° north, appears to be the present principal objective point or line of search, we will first turn our attention to it. This sound, or strait, was first discovered, or at least made known, by Baffin, in 1616, and named by him after a London alderman who had been one of his chief patrons. Under the supposition that it was a sound of limited extent, no efforts were made for its exploration until the various expeditions, sent in search of Sir John Franklin, sought every possible or impossible route to the west and north.

The merits of Jones's and Smith's Sounds were freely and frequently discussed, both by scientific men and practical seamen, but few of their opinions were favorable to either one of these as a passage to the northwest.

We first find Captain Penny, an Arctic navigator of twenty years' experience, advocating a search through Jones's Sound, because he had "generally found clear water at the mouth of that sound, and there is a probability that an entire passage opens by this route to Wellington Channel." Penny sailed in 1850, and, when he returned the following year, reported that he "was prevented from approaching Jones's Sound by a chain of immense flocs, extending out twenty-five miles from its entrance. The subject of Captain Penny's further explorations, by way of Lancaster Sound, does not come within the limits of this article.

We find next that Captain Lee, an experienced commander, reported his "having mistaken Jones's Sound in thick weather for Lancaster Sound, and sailed up it one hundred miles without meeting with obstructions of any sort."

This statement of Captain Lee requires some careful consideration. In the first place, it does not seem possible that an experienced navigator could make an error of about ninety miles in his latitude, which would be the case had he mistaken Jones's for Lancaster Sound.

Again, had he sailed one hundred miles up Jones's Sound, his longitude would have been about 85° west, almost within sight of Sir Edward Belcher's subsequent discoveries by the way of Wellington Channel, and at least one degree west of Captain Inglefield in 1852.

In the English Admiralty Blue-Book for 1852, it is asserted that Captain Lee was not in Jones's Sound that year, but in a deep inlet from 74° 40', to 75° north; but there is no record on our latest charts of any such inlet between Jones's and Lancaster Sounds, least of all, one through which he could have sailed nearly to Wellington Channel. Moreover, the northern point of the entrance to Lancaster Sound is in about Lat. 74° 40', and it is not probable that at the present day there could be a deep, unknown inlet within the space of the next twenty miles to the northward; that is to Lat. 75°. It may be that Captain Lee actually entered Lancaster Sound, and, supposing himself in error, ran out again, but, whatever or however the case may have been, it will readily be seen that his statements are totally unreliable, and we cannot depend upon them to show that Jones's Sound has ever been navigated.

In 1852, Captain Inglefield entered Jones's Sound, and penetrated it to Long. 84° west, where he found its northern coast-line trending away to north and west; but, thick weather intervening, he gave up further search in that direction, and returned to Baffin's Bay. This is, I believe, the only well-authenticated case of a vessel having entered, or at least sailed, any distance in Jones's Sound.

Sir Edward Belcher, after passing up through Wellington Channel in his search for Sir John Franklin, says (July 26, 1853), "I proceeded to the northeast as far as the connection with Jones's Strait, where I found the sea open." This was in Lat. 76° 31' north, and Long. 90° west, only six degrees (about ninety geographical miles) from the position attained by Inglefield the previous year from the east, and in nearly the same parallel of latitude.

In the following year, Sir Edward continued his explorations in the same direction, and became more fully convinced that he was at the western entrance of Jones's Strait (not sound), a passage leading from Baffin's Bay to Wellington Channel. Admitting this to be the case, we have no positive proof that a passage can be found through Wellington Channel to the hoped-for open Polar Sea. It may be argued that, between the two observed positions of Belcher and Inglefield (almost in sight of each other), a hitherto unknown passage may open to the northward. This is by no means impossible, but one statement made by Belcher would seem to militate strongly against

it. He found the tides setting nearly east and west, with a regular flow, which could scarcely have been the case if there was a tidal influx from the northward breaking into the regular set backward and forward through Jones's Sound or Straits, whichever it may be.

There is one more distinguished Arctic navigator who makes brief reference to Jones's Sound. Captain McClintock, when on his final voyage in search of Sir John Franklin, says (July, 1858), "Jones's Sound appeared to be open, and a slight swell reached us from it, but all along the shore there was a close pack."

It will be seen that while several distinguished Arctic voyagers have advocated the idea of penetrating to the westward through Jones's Sound, only one of them (Inglefield) has ever even partially solved the problem in a practical manner, and he was driven back by adverse weather without being able to complete his work. It is natural, therefore, to suppose that this is not the most practicable route by which to complete our discoveries in the far North.

The different routes by way of Spitzbergen, Behring Strait, and around the northern capes of Europe, have each many powerful advocates, but the best answer to them all is the simple fact that no expedition, north and east, by either of these lines of travel, has much advanced our actual knowledge of the Arctic regions, and, with one exception, none of them have been able to force a passage very far toward the pole. In 1827, Captain Parry reached the latitude of $82^{\circ} 45'$, but this was only accomplished by leaving his ships at Spitzbergen and travelling in open boats. Although he attained the highest well-authenticated latitude of any Arctic navigator, it was impossible for him to force a ship through, and, while dragging his boats over the ice-floes, the current carried the ice south faster than Parry's men could travel north.

During the two hundred and fifty years previous to Parry's voyage, other worthies had endeavored to get north and east by the various passages referred to, but they were all unsuccessful. We have only to mention such names as Hudson, Willoughby, Phipps, Cook, Meares, Vancouver, Barentz, Behring, Wrangel, and Kotzebue, to show that it was no lack in skill, courage, or zeal, that caused so many failures. Many others equally distinguished might be mentioned, but it would only be to record their want of success. It is the same story with them all; stopped either by ice or hitherto unknown lands. It appears to be a well-established fact, however, at the present time, that there is a known body of land to the northward of Behring's Strait which will prove an effectual bar to progress in that direction. There is one thing more which may be mentioned in connection with this portion of our subject: the efforts of nearly all these old navigators were made in the direction of what some modern scientists style the "Thermometric Gate-ways to the Pole." This simple fact would seem to be a sufficient refutation of the new theory. After a careful examination of this latter question, one can scarcely help coinciding with Dr. Hayes when he declares that "there are no thermometric gate-ways to the pole, except those that are made by hard memory and earnest perseverance."

Some old Dutch navigators of the last century claim to have sailed past the parallel of 84° , and thence to, and even beyond, the pole; but we can find no positive proof that any of them ever reached to Lat. 83° , and from this want of proof their statements cannot be received as evidence in favor of the Spitzbergen route.

During the last few years, several expeditions have been sent out by the nations of Northern Europe in the direction of Spitzbergen; but none of them were able to reach the parallel of 82° , even with the aid of steam-power. The German expedition of last year, in endeavoring to find a passage between Spitzbergen and Greenland, had no better success than its predecessors. In fact, it fared worse than many of them; for one vessel was crushed by the ice, and her crew remained eight months drifting about on a floe before they were rescued. The expedition did not reach quite to Lat. 78° , its farther progress being barred by immense fields of ice, so closely impacted that steam was useless either for advance or retreat.

Valuable to science as are the many discoveries made by the way of Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, and Behring Strait, they have done but little toward solving the great geographical question of an open Polar Sea, or of discovering a gate-way to the pole.

There is one more route to be considered, and, as it appears most feasible of all, the examination of its capabilities has been reserved to the last. Smith's Sound, although the last of the passages to be explored, has many advantages over its competitors. It was almost literally an unknown sea until Inglefield, in 1852, passed by Capes

Alexander and Isabella, and without difficulty reached Lat. $78^{\circ} 35'$ north. From that point, however, he returned south again, and, as has been before noticed, made an effort to get through Jones's Sound.

Subsequent to him, Dr. Kane, in the years 1853-'55, from his winter harbor in Lat. $78^{\circ} 37'$, sent out exploring-parties in various directions, having the advantage of fast ice to travel on, and finally reached the supposed northern point of Greenland in Lat. $80^{\circ} 40'$, at that time the most northerly land ever visited by white men.

Again, Dr. Hayes, in 1860-'61, established his winter-quarters in Lat. $78^{\circ} 18'$, crossed over to Grinnell Land on the ice, and penetrated to Lat. $81^{\circ} 45'$, the farthest land north ever reached by any explorer. Here he found open water, and was compelled to return to his vessel, a small sailing-craft of only one hundred and thirty-three tons. Later in the season, he saw from the summit of Cape Isabella a stretch of open water, extending about fifty miles to the northward along the coast of Grinnell Land, with a probability that it would open still more in the course of the next two months. His vessel, however, had been so crippled by previous contact with the ice that neither his officers nor himself deemed it advisable to venture with her any farther into the pack, though all of them felt certain that, after the ice-foot had melted away, a strong steamer would have found little difficulty in forcing her way through to the open water.

These last two expeditions, whose operations have been so briefly glanced at, would lead us to think that by this route an entrance may be found to the Polynia of the North. The majority of our American navigators favor this line of travel, and it is also indorsed by such men as Admirals Collinson and Back, Captains McClintock, Hamilton, and Osborne, with many others who won their highest honors in the Arctic regions.

Were it not for the main pack in Kennedy Channel, which never entirely breaks up, there would be no trouble in going farther by water than any one has ever yet been by land. The entrance to this channel from Smith's Sound, between Capes Alexander and Isabella, is less than thirty-two geographical miles wide; while the channel itself, opening out to the northward, is of uncertain width, but probably from eighty to one hundred miles at Cape Constitution, its north-eastern limit. The centre of the channel is filled by a solid pack, the accumulation of centuries, which is so protected by the land that wind and sea can only take effect upon its northern and southern edges, breaking off large floes in the summer-time, which are renewed by the frosts of each succeeding winter. This pack, rising and falling with the tide, becomes very much abraded at its sides by contact with the rocks, so that there is always loose ice between it and the land. Late in the season this loose ice either melts away or is ground to pieces, thus leaving an open-shore lead, through which a light-draught vessel may be taken, but not far on the Greenland side, because the coastline, trending away to the eastward, forms a *cul-de-sac*, into which the main body of the pack is pressed by a constant southerly current. This, of course, leaves a wider passage along the shores of Grinnell Land, and consequently it is there that we may expect to attain the long-sought-for passage to the north.

In addition to these physical reasons in favor of Smith's Sound, it has other advantages not to be overlooked, the principal one being that it furnishes means of subsistence to any extent. On the Greenland side, reindeer, rabbits, and foxes, are found in great numbers; eider-ducks, auks, dovekeys, and other aquatic birds, swarm upon the islands and among the rocks; while seal and walrus enough to feed a ship's company for a year may be taken in a single day.

Here a vessel may be left safely moored, while sledge and boat parties carry on their explorations, always sure of a safe retreat with plenty of provisions; and, in case of accident to one's vessel, the nearest Danish settlement, which may easily be reached in the boats, is not more than six hundred miles distant.

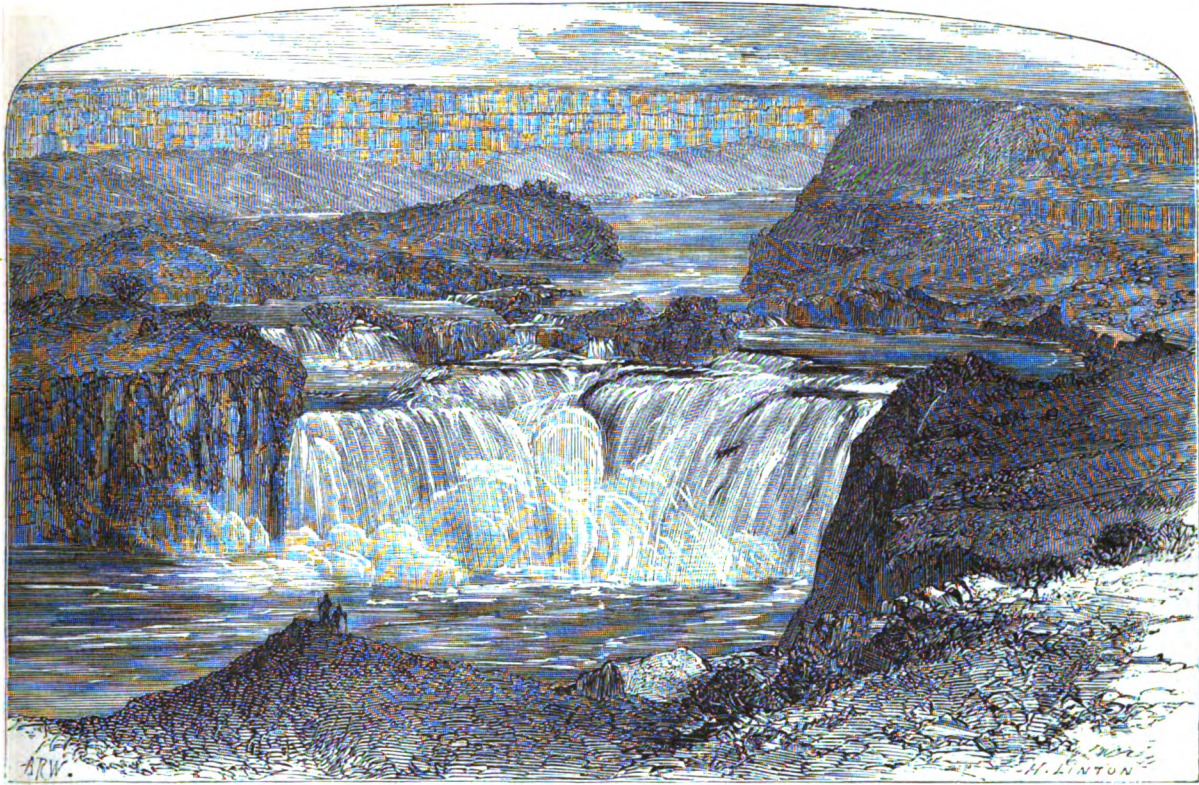
These are some of the advantages in favor of Smith's Sound being the most feasible route for penetrating to the open Polar Sea, and we may briefly sum them up as follows:

1. A well-surveyed course to within five hundred miles of the pole.
2. A safe harbor of refuge, with land convenient in case of accident.
3. Hunting-grounds, where a party may subsist for any length of time, and possibly assist in defraying the expenses of the expedition.

One thing is certain: an expedition will soon sail under our national flag, and we will hope that, whatever route is selected, it may be one which will lead to the solution of the vexed question of an "open Polar Sea."



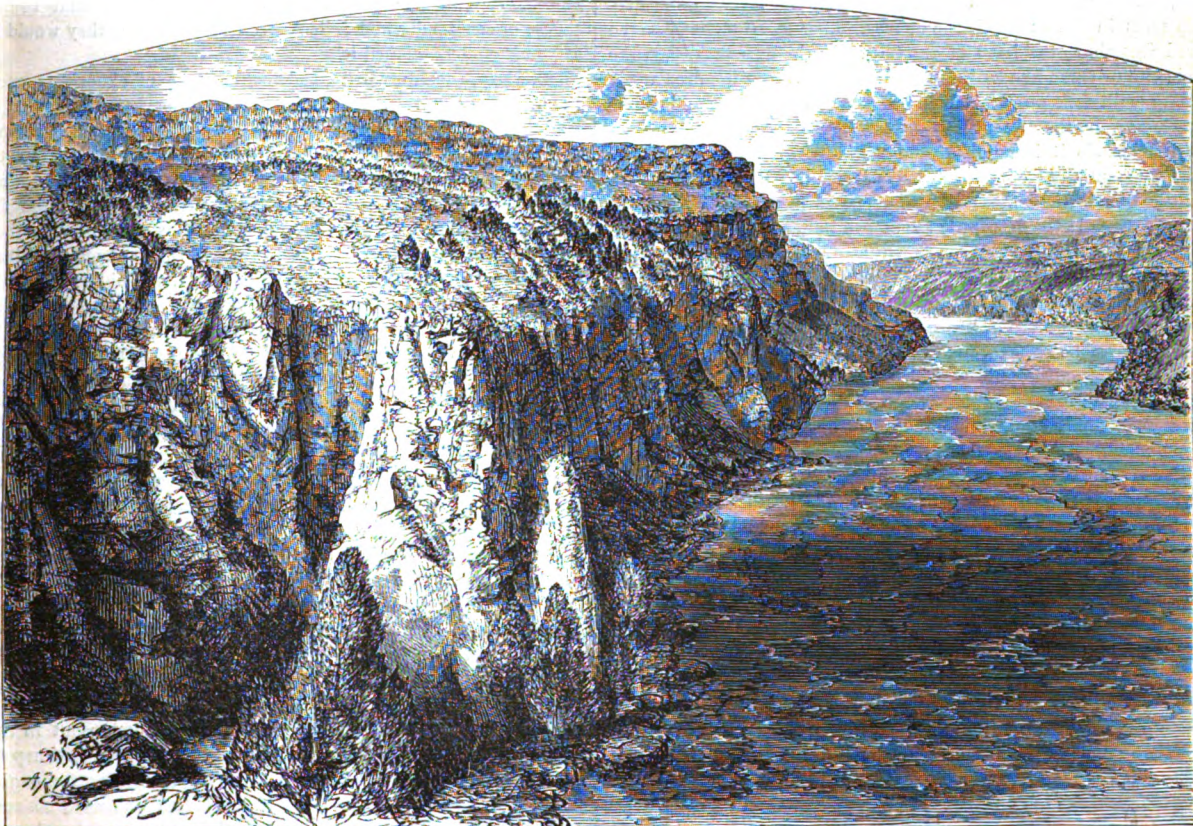
WAITING FOR THE DILIGENCE.
FROM A PAINTING BY J. C. VIERT.



SHOSHONE FALLS, SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO.

SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO.

THERE is no science probably so full of surprises to the student as that of physical geography. With the progress of exploration and discovery, our ideas concerning certain portions of the earth's surface are being modified every day the domain of productiveness



CLIFFS BELOW SHOSHONE FALLS, SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO.

and of possible civilization is in constant extension, and, as the most powerful modern nations are found in those regions which were put down upon ancient maps as "hyperborean," so, in our own day, vast tracts of unexplored country are opening out before us which are surely destined in the future to be the seats of empires populous and powerful as any now known to us. Some such process is now going on with regard to our new Northwest. It is scarcely twenty years since the whole of that immense portion of our national territory west of Lake Superior was marked simply as "the Northwest Territory" upon maps, destitute of mountains, rivers, or other topographical features; and the popular tradition with regard to it had endowed it with all the icy terrors of the frozen zone. Yet, if the half be true which is told by Governor Langford of the wonders of the Yellowstone, by Mr. Wilkeson of Puget Sound, and by those entertaining explorers, Lewis and Clarke, of the whole region, there is certainly to be found in it some of the grandest, most beautiful, and most impressive scenery on the whole continent. The new Pacific Railroad is being carried through this region, and, in a few years, travellers and artists will make the public as familiar with its wonders as they now are with the famous Yosemite. In anticipation of that time, we present the readers of the JOURNAL with two scenes characteristic of the Snake River. This river itself is an illustration of the truth of our remarks. There are few of our readers probably who are at all acquainted with it, and yet it is one of the large rivers of the continent, and forms the main fork of the one great river on our Pacific coast.

The Snake River is known to later geographers as the Lewis, so named from one of the first explorers. It rises in the mountainous region of Southeastern Idaho, and flows northwestward into Washington Territory. It is about nine hundred miles long, from its source to its junction with the Columbia, and, just before it reaches the noble valley of the latter river, it makes a series of very abrupt descents from its elevated channel in the Blue Mountains.

The Shoshone Falls, on this river, are situated about seven miles from Desert Station, on the stage-road from Salt-Lake City to Boise City, and are described as follows by Ross Browne: "The river for many miles, both above and below, passes through a volcanic valley. It has cut a perpendicular canyon through the layers of lava to the depth of about one thousand feet. The canyon is generally about half a mile wide. At the point where the falls are located it is nearly a mile wide. Viewed from below it appears circular, like a vast amphitheatre, with the falls in the centre. The different layers of lava resemble seats in tiers ranged one above another to a height of seven hundred feet above the head of the falls. In the narrowest part the water is two or three hundred yards wide. About four hundred yards above the main falls are five islands, at nearly equal intervals across the river, dividing the stream into six parts. As the water passes between the islands it is precipitated twenty-five or thirty feet. The falls differ essentially from each other in form, affording great variety. Below the islands the water unites and passes in an unbroken sheet over the great fall; the descent is about two hundred feet. The semicircle at the head of the falls is apparently perfect, and the leap as clear as that of Niagara. Enormous clouds of mist and spray arise, variegated with rainbows. At the foot are rushing showers of spray, from under which the water, beaten into foam, dashes furiously away. Occasionally can be seen through the flying mists the immense sheet of water standing out in bold relief from the rocks, showing that with proper appliances it is practicable to go behind, as at Niagara. A few hundred yards farther down the water swings slowly around in a huge whirlpool and then disappears in the black canyon below. The delicate prismatic colors of the rainbow and the graceful evanescent forms of the mist contrast strangely with the iron-black surface, hard outlines, and awful forms of the overhanging basalt. The sound of the rushing waters resembles that of an orchestra, the small falls giving the high notes, and the great falls the bass, producing a combination not possible to obtain from a single undivided current. At Rock-Creek Station, twenty miles distant, it can be heard distinctly—not continuously, but at intervals, like the surf. When the notes strike in unison they can be heard at a greater distance."

SNAKE River, after a long journey, bids a final adieu to the rocks and gorges through which it has been struggling for so many miles, and enters the beautiful valley, watered by four noble rivers, and enclosed on all sides by the Rocky and Blue Mountains, and the Cascades. This valley is one of the most beautiful on the Pacific coast, and, if explorers are to be trusted, on the entire continent.

THE OTHER SIDE.

I'M not a person to read a great deal. Being a hard-working woman, and always was ever since I can remember, it stands to reason that I don't find much time to spend that way. Once in a while, of a Sunday afternoon, when it's not my turn to go out, and the dinner-dishes are washed up, and the kitchen is clean and quiet for an hour or two, I ask the loan of a book or a paper from one of the young ladies. They used to look at me surprised-like, at first, as if it was queer for a person like me to have any inclinations of that sort. But now I mostly get permission to go into the library and find something to suit myself.

There's no lack of books in the library. Shelves all round the room, and full from floor to ceiling; stacks of old magazines and pamphlets, piled up in corners; and newspapers and new magazines lying round everywhere. It amazes me every time I set foot in it, to think how people can spin so much out of their brains; and what a difference there is in people's brains, for that matter.

I don't consider myself a fool, far from it. I know my place, and the duties of my place, and it's no more than the truth, if I do say it myself, that I always use discretion in my work. I don't spoil my bread in the making or the baking, and it takes good sense, I suppose, to be a good cook as well as any thing else. But I do confess it seems like a miracle to me only to think of how those books are made; and more so when I listen to the wonderful sweet sounds that Miss Helen can bring out of the piano, just with a touch or two of her white fingers, or peep over Miss Alice's shoulder, as I did once, and watched her making pictures of trees and blue sky, as like as the real sky itself, with only a few dabs of paint and a bit of a brush.

I couldn't do such things or any thing like them, not if I was to die for it. But then, to be sure, Miss Alice could not "draw" a turkey or stuff a goose any more than I could mix her colors. And I have seen enough to know that, with all the pictures and music in the world, the comfort of the house is spoiled when the cooking is spoiled. So that brings me to the thing I meant to say when I began, which is that servants are human beings as well as masters and mistresses, though some folks don't seem to realize it. I honestly believe that some of the ladies think we are made out of different flesh and blood entirely; and, as to our having hearts and souls like theirs, or any tender and delicate feelings whatever, they would laugh at you if you mentioned it.

One day, though, when I had the privilege of choosing something to read from the library, I carried off a number of APPLETONS' JOURNAL, and in it I came across an article about servants. It wasn't the first article about servants I had seen. Often enough before that I had read in the newspapers how good-for-nothing they were nowadays, and how impudent, and dirty, and dishonest. They wanted double wages for doing half as much work as they used to do; they expected so many privileges and perquisites; they put on such insolent airs; they wasted and destroyed property; they fed "followers" and "cousins" from the pantry; they gave warning if the least fault was found with them; they made slaves of their mistresses, who didn't dare to complain of the hair in the soup or the dust on the sideboard for fear Biddy would leave them in a huff. All that sort of thing, and a great deal more, *all on one side*, I had seen before. For, though I'm not much of a reader, as I said, you can't pick up a paper to light a fire with nowadays but your eyes fall upon something about the servant question. And it's mostly abuse of servants—wholesale abuse, too, if that's not considered too strong an expression.

This article in APPLETONS' JOURNAL was different, though. It began with saying how some ladies had amused themselves over the impertinence of a girl who advertised for a situation, and said that "only ladies of good temper need apply." Then it went on to make some remarks which I can't, of course, pretend to repeat; but, as I understood them, the writer didn't seem to consider it so absurd and impudent as the ladies did for the girl to prefer living with a good-tempered mistress. And I'm free to confess that I don't either.

Not but what it was a pert sort of thing for her to put in the advertisement, I'll allow that. But, when there's so many sharp things said against the girls, it's not surprising if they're smart enough once in a while to answer back. And if the ladies who were so scornful about it had ever tried being servants themselves, maybe they would

understand the difference between a good-tempered mistress and one that was always scolding and fault-finding.

There's two sides to every story, you know, and I suppose it's natural for people to look at their own side most. Being a servant, I stand up for my class, and I don't think our side has been treated fairly. We've been held up to blame and ridicule, and I'm not denying that it's often deserved. I've seen girls in good places who weren't fit to be there, and whose impudent ways and doings couldn't be too much complained of. But it's not just right to paint us all with one brush. I've seen as many good, honest, faithful, patient, hard-working girls as I have of the other sort, and they ought to have the credit that is due them—more especially as they are not the ones that get the best treatment from their employers.

It's odd enough, but somehow it seems to happen very often that these willing, patient sort of girls get the worst homes. They are peaceable and pleasant, and they get imposed upon by everybody. The mistress finds out that they don't fly into a passion for a cross word, and don't mind running up and down stairs, and going errands out of season, and doing two people's work instead of one as a general thing; so she frets and scolds when she feels like it, and gives her orders right and left, and never sees that she is selfish and unreasonable, and never supposes that the girl will get tired of being imposed upon. But after a while she does, because worms will turn, you know, and then if she stands up for herself a bit, what a fuss they make about impertinence and ingratitude, and how it was just what might have been expected, for they were all alike, these servant-girls, and Lord deliver us from the whole race!

I've seen enough of this sort of thing, but it isn't what they tell in the papers. The very same lady who has worried and abused a willing, quiet girl past all patience will put up with all sorts of insolence from one of the high-flying kind. They come with their noses in the air as if the place was beneath them, and put her in dread of offending them right from the first; so she gives in to every thing they say, and then like as not they go off in a tantrum and leave her just when it's most inconvenient to be left. So it's told then what a martyr the lady is to these unprincipled creatures, and how to be a mistress nowadays is only to be the servant of servants. But it's not to be told how she has driven away, by her bad temper and her heartless selfishness, the one who had given her true and faithful service.

I engaged with a gentleman once to go a short distance in the country and cook for his family. I asked him how many miles out of town it was, and he said, "Oh, not so very far, ten or fifteen miles perhaps;" and I could have the privilege of coming to see my friends about once a fortnight. So I went, and, instead of ten or fifteen miles, I found it was thirty, and his house was five miles away from the station. I was engaged to cook, and nothing said about the laundry or the dairy; but I found I was expected to have all the charge of the kitchen, to make bread and pastry, and every thing for a family of twelve (not to speak of visitors, which they always had two or three at a time), to help with the washing and do the best part of the ironing, for the up-stairs girl was called off continually to wait on somebody; to see to the poultry-yard, and feed the fowls, and set the hens, besides taking care of the dairy, and they kept five cows, and making all the butter that was used in the family, and many a pound over to sell. For Mrs. Packer knew the value of a penny better than anybody I've ever come across before or since, and I've seen some tight-fisted people in my time.

She lived in a house big enough for a hotel, and very expensively furnished. There were thousands of dollars spent in laying out the grounds, and their horses and carriages were as fine as money could make 'em. So were the ladies when they came sailing down-stairs, so grand in their silk dresses, to drive to church, or go out making calls.

But see 'em at home, when the only company was some poor relations maybe, and they would have on old washed-out, skimpy, cotton gowns that I would have been ashamed to put on of an afternoon when my work was done. Not to say it ever was done in that house, for I might have worked from sunrise till sunrise again, and even then Mrs. Packer would have found something else for me to do.

She was that sort of a woman that the only pleasure she took in life was in grinding work out of people, and turning a penny round and round till she made it two, and then parading herself in all the finery she could hang on her little body to make a show of her property. She nagged her husband and her children from morning till

night, till she fairly drove her sons out of the house. One of 'em went to California and died there, and she didn't tell people that he was dead because she grudged the expense of buying mourning. I used to pity the young ladies when I heard her sharp tongue berating them; and, as for that poor Maria that did the up-stairs work—well, there never was a nigger down South that was so put upon. The girl didn't get time to breathe or to sleep hardly; for, if she wasn't on the trot, she must sit down to plain sewing, and it was midnight oftener than earlier when she was let to go to bed. Then if she wasn't up at four o'clock in the morning, she was scolded like a pick-pocket, and all for six dollars a month wages.

She told me she had lived there four years, and never been once to the city in that time. As for going out of an evening, it was too far from any place for her to get back in proper time, having to walk both ways; and it was enough to lose anybody their situation if they weren't in the house and the kitchen lights out by ten o'clock.

I says to her then: "If I was you, Maria, I'd lose the situation sooner than I'd stop with people that treated me so."

And she answers: "If it wasn't for one thing I'd leave in a minute. But little Lucy was a baby when I come here, and she's fond of me, and I hate to part with her."

"Then it isn't Pat Huben at all?" says I, laughing.

But I knew that was the real reason all the while. Pat was the gardener, and very sweet indeed on Maria. Sooner than go away from him she was willing to put up with Mrs. Packer and her nagging ways. But for my part I had no such inducement to stay, and I soon made up my mind that I couldn't afford to burn my candle at both ends the way she expected everybody to do.

She never seemed to consider—and for that matter it's very seldom that ladies *do* seem to consider—that servants have nothing but their health and strength to depend upon. They're very careful of their own health, I've noticed. If they sit up late at night for their own amusement, they'll sleep late the next morning, and take their breakfast in bed; if they do a day's shopping, they must lie down and be waited on all the evening; if they have a headache, it's everybody's business to keep the children away, darken the windows, don't let anybody make a noise, whatever you do.

But fancy a servant-girl stopping her work to go and lie down, because she was tired, or her head ached, or her back ached! She is supposed to be made of stuff that never gets tired, and never wears out. "They have no nerves, you know, those great, strong creatures," I heard a lady say once. "They're mere animals, after all, and it's impossible for them to feel and suffer as we do."

The "mere animal" that was particularly referred to was on her knees just then, scouring the oil-cloth in the hall outside the door. It was one of those dreadful hot days last summer, and she had been hard at work ever since sunrise, sweeping and dusting, and scouring, and washing windows, and polishing brasses, until she was ready to faint. If anybody had given her a kind word, only so much as to say "Aren't you tired, Jane? had'n't you better rest a bit now?" it would have heartened her up, if she was a mere animal. But instead of that she only heard what a great strong creature she was, and how she hadn't any nerves, and couldn't be expected to feel the heat as fine ladies do, lying in a shady room on a cool linen covered couch in their white wrappers, and nothing to do but read novels and drink iced claret.

So it was a very great piece of presumption, to be sure, in a mere animal; but then the Bible tells how even the poor ass opened her mouth and spoke when she was pushed too hard. And Jane, she got up off her knees, she did, and walked straight into the room. And the mistress says to her, not understanding, "Have you finished the hall, Jane, and the bath-room? Then you'd better go down-stairs and clean the silver before you set the table for dinner." But Jane answers, quite composed, "I'm not intending to clean the silver at all, ma'am, and you can suit yourself with a new animal as soon as you please, for I'm not meaning to stop in the house any longer."

And she was as good as her word. The family were put to great inconvenience by her leaving, and the ladies couldn't find words that were bad enough to say how wicked and selfish and ungrateful she was. They couldn't see what right she had to take offence. Such airs, you know—so absurd in such a creature to have feelings!

As I was saying about Mrs. Packer, I soon concluded that the work I was expected to do was too much for any one woman, unless she wanted to kill herself. I told her so at the end of a fortnight,

and she was astonished that I could say such a thing. Nowadays, she declared, girls hadn't any conscience at all; they got lazier every year, and she expected pretty soon they'd hire out to sit in the parlor and play the piano. But, all the same, she wasn't willing to let me go, and it ended in her hiring a woman one day in the week, to take the ironing off my hands.

I agreed to stay upon that, and I did stay for six months, and tried to make myself contented. But it's no more than the truth to say they were the worst six months I ever spent in service. It wasn't so much the work, though I was at it early and late, and it kept me up to all I knew to get through with it as it ought to be done. But the mean ways of those people fairly made me sick.

It's a most unbecoming remark, being only a servant, but it's the honest truth, that I felt myself belittled by living with them. I've been about a good deal, and I've seen different sorts of mean people, and different sorts of vulgar people, but I'll say it for Mrs. Packer, that tie 'em all in a bunch, and she could beat the lot at their own tricks. I could tell enough, if it was worth while, to prove every word of it; but I'm only trying to show that it isn't always and only the ladies who have every thing to endure.

They cheated me out of the privilege of going to see my friends, which was clearly agreed to, by only giving me a Sunday afternoon once in a fortnight. And there were no trains on Sunday, so I never laid eyes on one of my own people the whole six months. And when I went away I had to hire a man to take my trunk to the depot. There were six horses on the place; but "harness up a team for that good-for-nothing, ungrateful hussy!" says Mrs. Packer. "There sha'n't a man nor a beast budge off the estate to help her, not if she has to carry her duds on her back."

And she said more words, which, being a respectable woman and not in the habit of using bad language, I would rather not repeat them. It was all in consequence of my leaving, which she considered was a great injury to herself, and most ungrateful of me—as it's generally the case with ladies; though it's not so easy to see why we're expected to be overcome with gratitude, or why, if we get a chance to better ourselves, we shouldn't improve it, and not be looked at as monsters, either.

It's mostly a mere matter of business, to my thinking. If a girl does her honest work, she earns her honest wages, and it's no favor done her. If the mistress isn't satisfied, she doesn't hesitate to send the girl away, particularly if she has a chance to get another that she thinks will suit her better. She don't stop to think if it's "convenient" to the girl, nor how long it may be before she gets another place, nor how much expense she's been at already, with advertising, or going to offices, nor how bad she feels about losing the situation. All that doesn't signify. But if the servant takes the liberty of being discontented, or improves the opportunity of getting a place more to her liking, then it's wickedness and ingratitude.

Of course I'm not meaning to say that a servant has no call to be grateful for real favors and kindness, nor yet that she never gets such. It would ill become me, for I've lived with ladies that were like angels for goodness, and their kindness to me I never did nor never will forget.

I well remember when I was taken down once with a bad fever, and the doctor recommended strong that I should be sent to the hospital, which was twelve dollars a month out of my pocket, and my wages only eight dollars in those days. Plenty of ladies would have been quick enough to take the doctor's advice, and quite right, too, for it was a bad fever, though not to say catching, and likely to be a long spell of it. But my mistress wouldn't hear to such a thing. She had a bed made for me in a room that was a good way from the nursery, and she nursed me herself till I got that bad I needed watchers, and then she hired a woman to take care of me night and day. I was never left alone or neglected for a single minute; with her own hands she would mix my medicines, and give me drink, and bring me little delicate things to eat when I could; and had her own doctor to come to see me twice a day, like any lady in the land.

It was six weeks that I wasn't able to leave my bed, and two more that I wasn't fit to do a hand's turn, though I crept around the house a bit, to get my strength up. And for all that time there was never a dollar of my wages stopped, nor my mistress would never let me pay a cent for the doctor or the nurse, or any of the expense she was put to on my account. It was bad enough, she said, for me to have such a spell of sickness, without having to lose my money, too, and she

could afford it better than I could. She went on to say also, what was very pleasant for me to hear, that a servant who was so good and faithful as I had been in health, had a right to be well taken care of in sickness; and that it was no more than I justly deserved at her hands.

I lived in that house for seven years, and never received so much as the first word of unkindness from one in the family. They didn't consider me as a "mere animal," or a machine to grind out work for them. They took an interest in every thing that concerned me; they liked me to be happy when they were happy, and for every pleasant thing that went on among them I had a share one way or another. If it was Christmas, I had my nice presents, and not a single child forgot me; if it was a party, I was given the chance to help a little, and come in and see the flowers, and the ladies in their pretty dresses; and a tray full of jelly and cream and nice things always went up to the nursery for me. For it wasn't a cook I was in those days. I was nurse to the little Courtlands, and two of them were born while I lived there, and two I laid out with my own hands; and many a tear I shed over them, my pretty little lambs.

It was the first trouble that ever came to the family, and they felt it sore. Their mother was heart-broken, and no wonder; for two sweeter children, nor prettier, nor better dispositioned, you'd not find the wide world over. It was like parting with my own flesh and blood when I saw the two little coffins let down into the grave, with all the beautiful white wreaths and crosses laid on top. And when I went home from the funeral the house was empty-like and desolate. I missed those children to that degree I couldn't eat or sleep, and I fell off in my flesh with grieving after them. If I took it so hard, and only their nurse, it was natural their mother should feel it more, which she did, and pined away till she was like to go into a decline.

Which her husband then, he couldn't stand it to see her fading before his eyes. So he comes home one day, and says he's taken passage for the whole family to go to Europe in the next steamer. And they went, which was how I came to part with the best mistress ever I had. I'd have gone to the end of the world with her if I'd been wanted, but there was no need to take me, for the youngest child was of an age to go to school now. She was to be put at a French boarding-school with her sisters, and Mr. Courtland was to take his wife travelling to divert her mind.

Short as the time was before they went away, there was new situations, and good ones, looked out for all the servants, that we mightn't be put to any loss by the sudden break-up. I went to mine with my trunk just crowded with the presents they gave me, and with such a written recommendation as the lady I went to said, when she read it, if it was to get me a husband instead of a situation, there couldn't any thing more be said in my favor. It's at the bottom of my trunk now, that paper is, folded up very carefully in my best pocket-handkerchief. Inside of it is a soft, yellow curl, twisted together with a brown one; and they were cut off two little heads that are nothing but dust now, yet gold couldn't buy 'em from me.

There's not too many ladies like Mrs. Courtland, I do suppose. That kind isn't to say common. Nor yet is the other kind, like Mrs. Packer, which I should be sorry to think there were many more of the same sort left. Between the two there's a many ladies of kind hearts and pleasant dispositions as any respectable girl might be glad to live with. That I'm free to confess, and I've seen it with my own eyes how patient such has been with the most careless aggravating girls as would break and destroy every month as much as their wages would come to. Greenhorns, too; when they didn't know a living thing, and were enough to try the patience of Job, I've seen 'em took in hand and treated so gently, and trained and taught till they were fit for splendid situations, by ladies who needn't have taken the least concern about it, only through the kindness of their hearts. And often I've been knowing to girls getting their wages in advance for months together, if they were in want of money, and having clothes and provisions given them to help their families when they were poor.

It's far from my intention to be saying that they shouldn't be grateful for such things, and for kindness which I'm not doubting is done frequent. The girl that leaves a place against the wishes of a lady which has been so thoughtful for her, deserves all the hard names she gets, unless it's an uncommon good reason that takes her away. The thing I'm doubting is if girls are apt to leave places where they have fair wages, and no more than fair work, and comfortable board and lodging, and good consideration every way. I've heard say it's a fool

that doesn't know when he's well off; and, though it may be true once in a way that servants throw up a good home for a foolish whim, I'm certain it's more often they leave because the home isn't a good one.

Sometimes it's one thing, and sometimes another. I've been in places where the wages was good, and the work light, but where I was that pinched for food as I was kept cross all the time out of actually hunger. Every thing was measured out in little spoonfuls, so much for a day, and the rest under lock and key, even to the dry bread. It stands to reason no respectable person would wish to be put upon allowance, like a State's-prison convict. And, when it's short allowance at that, she's not justly to be blamed for leaving at the first opportunity.

There's other places where the lodging is not such as a decent person can put up with. I've seen three girls expected to sleep in one bed, and the room not much bigger than a closet, with no place to keep their clothes, and no opportunity to make themselves neat, though they were required to look so all the same. Ladies, who are very particular themselves to have every thing clean and sweet, will be very indifferent about a servant. Any thing is good enough for them, the smallest and meanest room in the house, the old straw mattress, the moth-eaten blankets and ragged quilts, the cracked basin, the pitcher without a handle, the chair without a back.

"It's better than they had in their own country," I've heard ladies say. "They live like pigs there, and see 'em how they huddle together in the miserable tenement-houses here. It's too ridiculous, the airs they put on about having a nice room when they go into service."

And so it is, maybe, for some of 'em, and others again have tidy ways of their own that it wouldn't be ridiculous for a lady to encourage. I couldn't stay in no place, for my part, where I didn't have three things at least in my room. One is an outside window to let in fresh air and sunshine, which I always spread out my bedclothes under it in the morning; another is clean sheets and covers, and, if it's only straw I have to sleep on, I want clean straw; and, lastly, I want the privilege of using as much water and towels as I like, and the chance to use 'em alone.

I've known ladies much surprised at me when I spoke about fresh air and plenty of water. I don't pretend to say that everybody feels just as I do about keeping things wholesome. Some ladies even are none too particular, and more servants. But, where people care about it for themselves, I think they ought to give the girls a fair chance, too. If they had tidy, comfortable rooms to sleep in, with proper conveniences, and were required to keep their rooms always as nice as they found them, it would go a good ways toward making them nice and careful everywhere else, besides keeping many a good girl in a place which now she leaves because she can't stomach the bad air, and the disgraceful old beds and things, not to speak of the unpleasant habits of them as she's expected to room with.

Food and lodging isn't the only reason, either. In some places it's the habits of the family that no girl can stand and keep her health, or her temper, no matter how she's paid. There's a house I could mention where it's seldom that a girl will stay more than two or three months, at the outside. They get the best of treatment, too, in most ways; good wages, good table, nice rooms, and never a cross word. But they never have an hour or a minute they can call their own, to depend upon. The master gets up early, and wants his breakfast all ready, piping hot, the minute he calls for it. The mistress comes down an hour later, or, maybe, two or three—there's no telling when *she* will come. But she wants her breakfast just the same, all ready, piping hot, the minute she calls for it. And, by-and-by, the young ladies come, perhaps later, perhaps earlier; perhaps one at a time, perhaps all three together—there's no counting on *them*, bless their pretty faces!—and they want *their* breakfast, all ready, piping hot, the minute they call for it.

Lunch and dinner are much the same. The ladies go out shopping, promenading, making calls. They come home just as it happens, some early, some late, and the master waits for nobody. *His* dinner must be on the table at six o'clock, no matter when the others dine; and, like as not, it's nine or ten before the rest of the family choose to finish theirs. The meals are never over in that house. They're cooking, and washing dishes, and setting tables, all hours of the day and night. There are no regular times for any thing, any more than in a hotel, and it wears the heart and soul out of a woman trying to keep up to her work with so many hinderances. The end of it is, she

gives up trying, and looks out for another situation. And then they complain what trouble they have with servants, and the more you give them, and the kinder you are to them, the worse they treat you!

Nobody thinks what trouble the servants have, or how many ways they are tried, and aggravated, that they needn't be if only the masters and mistresses had a little more consideration.

Some people talk before servants as if they were dogs or cats—didn't understand or feel what was said about 'em. "Do you suppose there's any servants in heaven?" says a lady once, in my presence.

"Why not?" says another. "It can't be expected that people will be idle in heaven, and those who are servants here will be the same there. It's all they *can* be, of course."

I was wiping up the hearth at their feet, and they didn't regard me no more than they did the back-log to the wood-fire. But it was on the tip of my tongue to ask 'em who made 'em so well acquainted with the mind of the Almighty, and where it was in the Bible that they found out I was to be a servant for ever and ever. I'm free to confess, for one, that I've been so bold as to hope for something different. It may be very presumptuous for such as me to have an opinion about it, but I do think it's only fair to suppose that the good Lord will make up to us in another life for the opportunities that haven't been given us here. It wasn't a beggar that Lazarus was when Abraham carried him in his bosom. And, by the same token, maybe some of us that's servants now will be thought fit to do angels' work when the Lord calls us home. Leastways it's no mortal man or woman, and I don't care what their station is, that's got the right to say we *can't* be any thing better than we are.

I shan't deny that some of us might stand a better chance of getting up higher in heaven, if we did our duty as servants a little more faithful. It's no good claiming more than we've a right to; but what I do say is this, that it's not fair to expect every thing from the servant, and nothing from the mistress. I've seen mothers as couldn't take care of their own children for an hour together without losing their tempers, and scolding and slapping right and left. But, if the nurse that had 'em nagging an' worriting of her all day long was to be seen raising her hand against 'em, or even her tongue, she'd get warning in a hurry.

And I do say it's not right nor reasonable to expect more from a hired servant than you do from your own flesh and blood. Likewise it's not just fair to tell one side of a story over and over again, which it can't be denied as has been done continual—and never give the other side a chance to speak for itself. That's why I've made bold to speak out plain, and I hope I may be allowed a hearing, and no offence taken, nor it won't be considered impertinent of me, being a servant. For it's what I've no desire to be, quite the contrary.

My desires would be to have all servants do their duty honest by their employers; but likewise their employers should do the same by them, which my remarks is intended to show is not always the case. I'm not that conceited as to suppose my remarks will make a change to add, in spite of much to the contrary, that servants may do the same. Leastways what I've said I can prove, and the truth is worth listening to, whoever speaks it.

HANNAH COOK.

SONNET.

THE LIFE-FOREST.

IN spring-time of our youth, Life's purpling shade,
Foliage and fruit do hang so thickly round,
We seem glad tenants of enchanted ground,
O'er which for aye dream-whispering winds have played;
Then summer comes! her full-blown charm is laid
On all the forest-aisles; from bound to bound
Float fairy music and the silvery sound
Of fountains babbling to the golden glade;
Next, a chill breath, the breath of autumn's doom,
Strips the fair woodland branches one by one,
Till the bared landscape broadens to our view;
Behind, black tree-boles blot the twilight blue,
Before, unfoliated, bald of leaf and bloom,
Our pathway darkens toward the darkening sun!

TABLE-TALK.

SEVERAL new plays have been produced in New York within a few months, but neither art nor literature has thereby gained any accessions to do it honor. The American playwrights still persist in heaping together a series of incongruous incidents and impossible characters under the name of plays, and all conception of a high and a true art in dramatic construction seems as remote as ever. Our drama, instead of advancing toward that ideal which some hopeful people have dreamed of, appears steadily to decline, and every new production only adds another stigma to the history of this branch of our literature. It is a settled conviction with the gentlemen who compose these dramas, that only low, vulgar, and sensational material can with any hope of success be employed in the construction of plays, shutting their eyes to the fact that in England a new style of comedy, remarkable for its delicacy and purity, has attained very great success. These gentlemen charge and convict our American audiences of low tastes, without a trial and without a test. Who has offered to our public a play of high tone? Where is there an American drama—comedy or tragedy—of deftly-constructed plot, well-wrought scenes, and happily-conceived characters? Art does not enter into our plays—nor nature, either, for the matter of that. Not one of the native plays, produced in New York during the past winter, has any claim to the attention of enlightened people. The theory of an artistic play does not seem to have entered into the imagination of our authors. Each successive effort of the older men, and each experiment of younger hands, is alike rickety in construction, vulgar in incident, false in local color, and extravagant in character. Vulgarly of scene and character may be explained by the supposition that the author writes under a supposed knowledge of the public taste; but clumsiness is a disadvantage with the rudest of audiences, and defects in this particular cannot so easily be explained away. Our playwrights have clearly shown no skill even in using the detestable material they think so indispensable. The art of play-writing, which is something entirely apart from the tone or moral of a play, is almost unknown. The authors of American plays seem to depend for success upon some one thrilling situation, content if this be only sufficiently striking, to throw the other scenes together in any rude and slovenly fashion. When a new play, well conceived as to story, deftly wrought so as to work up through a succession of scenes, connected in perfect sequence, with ever-increasing interest toward the climax, having a fine and truthful group of characters—when a play, choicely written according to this ideal, produced with suitable care under right conditions and at the right time, acted by actors equal to their parts, shall fail—then we may safely assume that the American public cannot appreciate the higher drama. But, until this test is made, we submit if it be not something of an impertinence for playwrights to declaim against the taste of a public to whose higher instincts they have never appealed?

—Accompanying this number of the JOURNAL, we give an engraving, after a picture by the latest and best of the semi-historic painters who have grown up in Paris under Gérôme. Vibert is the last of the painters of historic incident whose genius may be said to have been fostered under the second empire. He is, now that Zamacois is dead, the only surviving painter of character, of dramatic episodes, at all likely to succeed to Gérôme in the admiration of the most cultivated, and opulent, and intellectual, of his fellow-countrymen who care more for art and sensation than for what is commonly called morals. He has not the range and he does not show the research of Gérôme, but his style is apparently founded on Gérôme's, and is, like it, polished, studied, and without gayety of color or looseness of manipulation. He is not so brilliant a colorist as Zamacois, and has not his satirical genius; but he has deservedly won the right to be mentioned, as he so often is mentioned, with that celebrated Spanish but truly Parisian painter. Vibert seems to be more directly the outcome of art in Paris rather than endowed with gifts which would have made him a painter in any city of the world. He is like a great many Frenchmen who have told anecdotes with the utmost grace and point in expression, who have written fables and memoirs in concise and brilliant phrases, who have been dramatic but not pathetic in rendering character, in depicting situations, in expressing sentiment. Aptitude for the technical, and a nimble wit, make Vibert's works most interesting specimens of painting. A combination of *finesse* and *esprit* has made his art, in spite of corrupt color—the color of an earth-bound, clay-cold nature—attractive, and even fascinating. But a pure and exquisite spirit would not, could not, save in an hour of eclipse, let itself be interpreted by such color as we find in his pictures, which are dull and leaden, yet occasionally gleam with the brilliancy of metals and jewels. But they have nothing of the pure joy and gladness of material things, like the art of Veronese; nothing of the forlorn splendor, as of an exiled soul, like the art of Delacroix; nothing of the bloom and innocence expressed or suggested by the color of the great English colorists, Reynolds and Gainsborough. Vibert's art comes to us from Paris, and it is expressive of the jewelled luxury and the corrupt fascinations of the beautiful in Paris. It places before us the strongest contrasts, accepted immoralities, and ascetic renunciations, and, although apparently an art of picturesque costume rather than of native experience, it is true to the constant facts of the life of Southern Europe, which is a singular mingling of voluptuousness and asceticism. So much in a general way may be said as an approximative expression of the precise nature of the sentiment and purpose of Vibert's work. At this time we recall three of his pictures which were successes—in the saloons of 1867-'69—representative of subjects picturesque in costume and varied in character, such as "The Monk's Temptation," "Marauding Soldiers of the Sixteenth Century," and "Gulliver among the Lilliputians." The painting from which our engraving is copied represents a Spanish group in the diligence court-yard, "une cour

de diligences en Espagne," the original of which is in possession of Mr. Edward Mathers, of this city.

—The elevated railway in Greenwich Street, at one time considered a failure, is now in operation under a new method. Instead of the endless rope, driven by stationary engines placed at regular intervals, which was first employed, the cars are now run by small dummy-engines on the track. The new plan seems to work well. The engines are compact, make but little noise, consume their own smoke, and do not appear to unduly excite the horses in the street below. The speed is about twice as fast as that of the surface street-cars. Elevated railways of this character would be very convenient in our local traffic. The great viaduct road proposed will be useful mainly to people living at remote distances; it will serve to bring the upper part of the island, and the districts beyond, within easy reach of the city, and be of great advantage to localities so near even as those contiguous to the Central Park. But railways like that of Greenwich Street could be made of great use for short distances. They would render it possible to traverse the lower sections of the city much more expeditiously than now, and could be made the means of relieving the overcrowded streets, by withdrawing from them some of the surface-cars. They could be erected without occupying any space now employed, without disturbing the streets, without the necessity of a costly purchase of right of way. In the wide avenues the plan would be very simple. Single columns could be erected in the spaces between the tracks, upon which the rails would rest at a sufficient elevation to permit all vehicles to pass under. The roadway on these avenues between the tracks is rarely used. The travel almost invariably proceeds either on the tracks, or to the right and left of them, and hence the interference with traffic would be too slight to be worth heeding. The apprehended danger from frightened horses would seem, by observation of the travel on the Greenwich-Street road, to be entirely illusive. The track being in the centre of the street, there would be no injury to property that it passes, and no obstruction to the business of the sidewalk, as in the case with the road now in operation. It would seem that we might, by the method suggested, secure a simple, comparatively inexpensive, and very convenient means of travel, such as would greatly abridge the time consumed in getting from one end of the town to the other, which snow in winter, or thronged streets, could not affect, and which, in many ways, would be of great convenience to the public.

—Considerable discussion has been going on in the critical columns of the London press in regard to the propriety of the final scene in a new dramatic version, by Tom Taylor, of the story of Joan of Arc. The actress is tied every night to the stake, with the fagots piled up around her, and flames break out—every thing being done, in fact, to make the scene as realistic as possible. This is pronounced both inartistic and immoral by some of the critics, and disgusting and ridiculous by others. That it is immoral is not so clear. The effect of a scene like this cannot be elevating, and one would suppose not

edifying; but he must hold his morals by a very uncertain tenure who finds them endangered by an exhibition of this character. In artistic, by the strict canons of art, it is; and yet it is not clear where the limits of imitation in art should be drawn. If the scene described be indeed disgusting and ridiculous, then it manifestly transcends the proper boundaries of representation; but the critics are prone to be over-fastidious. The fondness of the modern theatre-goer for the realistic has become proverbial. Mr. Crummles's "real tub" and "real water," absurd as they may seem in the pages of Dickens, are just what every manager is nowadays attempting to realize. We recollect that Wallack once introduced a real pump on the stage, and, when a young woman entered, hung a pail on the spout, and, proceeding to operate the handle, caused a stream of real water to flow into the vessel, a hearty burst of applause rewarded the brilliant stroke of histrionic genius. In the same scene the stage-manager attempted to give additional reality to the scene, by tying a number of live pigeons on a frame covered with a painted rose-vine. No one appeared to notice or care for the incongruity, and the audience enjoyed the fluttering of the pigeons with vast relish. Real fountains, real cascades, real trout-streams, are not uncommon in our stage-furniture. In Chicago a play has recently been acting in which a man is really hanged—on one occasion nearly fatally so. It is only in keeping with the latest ideas of dramatic art that Tom Taylor should give to his audiences real fagots and real fire for the Joan of Arc catastrophe; the critics may mourn, but the enlightened managers claim to understand what best pleases the enlightened public.

—Mr. Peter Cooper estimates that five million dollars are annually distributed for charitable purposes in the city of New York. We presume this estimate refers to the distribution of societies and associations, and does not include the sums given by individuals, of which, indeed, there are no data for estimating. Mr. Cooper is of opinion that the vast sums thus distributed are really productive of more harm than good. Alms-giving seems to create more poverty than it alleviates, and in New York, as it is in London, pauperism more than keeps pace with the efforts to relieve it. Organized methods of distribution induce organized methods of beggary; and the very fact with many men and women that charity stands ready to relieve their wants is sufficient motive for making no effort on their own part to place themselves above want. Mr. Cooper suggests that, instead of the present system of alms-giving, labor-bureaus should be established, where laborers seeking employment and employers seeking labor can be brought together. The only possible means by which poverty can be radically or permanently relieved is by making the poor self-reliant. One great cause of poverty is idleness; another is the absolute need of work. Labor-bureaus would go far to meet the need in the latter case; in the former the more we attempt to do for it the worse we make it. Five millions annually distributed in charity does as much harm as good, says Mr. Cooper; but five millions thus distributed

if utilized as capital would give employment to many thousands of worthy people who otherwise might be in want. All means should be taken to give every willing hand the means of earning its own support—beyond this charity, excepting with the blind, the lame, the incompetent, should attempt but little.

—The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* informs us that the essay on the Climate of the United States, by M. Desor, which we copied recently under our scientific head, was translated expressly for its pages by a friend of M. Desor, and complains that we did not give it credit for the translation. To this we reply that we have not seen the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* for many years, that we found the translation of Desor in a newspaper, without any indication of its origin, that we did not copy it *verbatim*, as the *Journal* alleges, but modified it considerably, if we recollect rightly, and finally that, if we had known the origin of the translation, we should have given due credit for it.

—We translate the following pleasant passage from a letter from Iceland, published in a recent number of the Copenhagen *Dagbladet*: "After our arrival here, dreadful weather set in, and we had to remain in-doors for three days. Three long, weary days—for we had only a few books with us, not enough for all. Mr. C—, our American companion, was saved from terrible *ennui* by the fortunate circumstance that one of the books was APPLETONS' JOURNAL, a paper published in New York, with pretty engravings, which an English captain had given to Hansen for his son, who is studying English. Mrs. C—, who cannot read Danish, enjoyed that journal exceedingly."

Scientific Notes.

Ape Resemblances to Man.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.

THE Zoological Society can hardly fail to derive decided material advantage from the publication of Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man." It has been said that already there is a perceptible increase in the visitors to the monkey-house, though an early spring has no doubt cooperated with scientific zeal in the promotion of pilgrimages to the Regent's Park, undertaken in the interest of a more than Chinese worship of ancestors. These visits would, perhaps, be considerably increased if it were very widely known that a fine specimen of a closely-related structural ally was there to be seen and heard, and one the resemblance of which to us has, I venture to think, not been generally appreciated sufficiently. I allude to the fine specimen of the Hoolock Gibbon which has been some time at the Gardens, and which appears to rejoice in good health, good temper, and good voice.

Differing so greatly and fundamentally as I do from Mr. Darwin, it is with sincere pleasure that I give my testimony to the correctness of his appreciation of the value and bearing of man's bodily structure on his zoological position. There can, I think, be no doubt that his frame is so closely related to that of the anthropoid division of the Old World apes, that to accord to it the rank of a family is to go to the extreme of maintainable distinction. De-

scending, however, to smaller divisions, it is generally taken for granted that the palm of resemblance to ourselves can be disputed by the Orang (Simia), or by the African genus *Troglodytes* (which includes both the Gorilla and Chimpanzee) alone. The third member, however, of the anthropoid Simian Graces—the genus *Hylobates* (long-armed apes or Gibbons)—has claims to advance for an award in its favor which I am disposed to consider not unworthy of consideration. Assuming, for argument's sake, the truth of Mr. Darwin's hypothesis that man's body was derived by natural generation from some form of ape, it may, I think, possibly be the case that we have in the existing Gibbon the representative of an ancestor more in the direct line than either the Orang or the African forms, and this in spite of the many points in which the Gibbon recedes yet further from human structure. For though it is indisputable that we can enumerate a greater number of points of resemblance between man and Simia or *Troglodytes* than between man and the Gibbons, while it would be easy to draw out a catalogue of details by which the last-named apes differ more from man than do Simia and *Troglodytes*, nevertheless there are certain points in which the Gibbon genus resembles Homo which are striking and perhaps significant. Although the enormous length of the arms disguises the resemblance, yet the proportions of the Gibbon's frame (as in some respects long ago pointed out by Professor Huxley) are singularly human. The length of the leg as compared with the trunk, and the form and proportion of the bony thorax, are points which may be mentioned. Again, a Gibbon (the Siamang) is the only ape which possesses that striking human feature—a true chin. The slight prominence of the nose too is also very remarkable, a point which has not escaped the notice of Mr. Darwin, and is to be seen in the living specimen here referred to. Again, the power, quality, and compass of the voice, are qualities justly dwelt upon by the last-named author; and, finally, the gentle, yet quick and active nature of the Gibbon is eminently noteworthy.

On the other hand the Orang is a very specially organized, quite aberrant beast (as I have elsewhere endeavored to show), and the brain in the genus *Troglodytes* is considered by Gratiolet to indicate altogether other relationships. Now it is not impossible, on the hypothesis assumed, that the Orang, Gorilla, and Chimpanzee, may be types which have really diverged further from that anthropoid root-form which most nearly resembled man than has the Gibbon, and that adaptations to conditions may have superinduced many of those human resemblances which at present characterize them. It seems difficult, certainly, to apply this view to some details, such, e. g., as the vaginal process of the temporal bone on the basis cranii. On the other hand, it is not in the highest but in one of the lowest of the Simiadae that I have found an anchylosed styloid process to be occasionally present.

A very interesting fact is the great Miocene Gibbon of Europe, the *Dryopithecus*, which goes to confirm the view here suggested as to the dignity of *Hylobates*; but of course we can but speculate inconclusively till Paleontology furnishes us with the nearest extinct representatives of the Gorilla, Chimpanzee, and Orang.

To prevent misconception, I may add that, fully recognizing the truth of Mr. Darwin's appreciation of man's zoological position, which I have ever maintained and indeed labored to support, I none the less completely differ from him when I include the total of man's being. So considered, Science convinces me that a

monkey and a mushroom differ less from each other than do a monkey and a man.

At a meeting of the Royal Institution, Dr. Tyndall lectured to a distinguished audience on the color of water, and on the scattering of light in water and in air; and some of the facts which he laid before his hearers were highly curious and interesting. Scattering is the term applied by the professor to the irregular reflection of light from particles of matter suspended in water or in air. The color of sea-water had long interested him; and, having been in the Eclipse Expedition to Oran, he availed himself of the opportunity to make some experiments on the subject; and the result shows that there is almost as much difference in the color and respective purity of different sea-waters as among fresh waters. Between Gibraltar and Spithead, he filled nineteen bottles, at various places, with sea-water. The first three specimens were taken in Gibraltar harbor, about two miles from the land, and are described as green, a clearer green, and light green; and the difference of color is thus accounted for. On examination of the waters after reaching home, the first was thick with suspended matter, the second less thick, and the third still less thick. The green brightened as the suspended matter became less. They now passed suddenly into indigo water; and the water as suddenly increased in purity as the suspended matter became even less. Beyond Tarifa, the water changed to cobalt blue; and this water is distinctly purer than the green. When they got within twelve miles of Cadiz, the color changed to a yellowish green. The water here proved to be thick with suspended matter. But at a point fourteen miles from Cadiz, in the homeward direction, there is again a sudden change from yellow-green to light emerald-green, and with it a corresponding decrease in the quantity of suspended matter. Between Capes St. Mary and St. Vincent, however, the water changes to the deepest indigo; and this, in point of purity, transcends the emerald-green water. And so, through several other changes of shade, until they enter the Bay of Biscay. Here the indigo resumes its sway, and the water is remarkably pure. A second specimen of water, taken from the Bay of Biscay, held in suspension fine particles of a peculiar kind, the size of them being such as to render the water richly iridescent; and it showed itself green, blue, or salmon-color, according to the direction of the line of vision. The last specimens were bottled nearer home—one off the Isle of Wight, the other at Spithead. The sea, at both these places, was green; and both specimens were thick with suspended matter. From suspended matter in sea-water to suspended matter in our common drinking-water, the transition is easy. We are invaded with dirt, not only in the air we breathe, but also in the water we drink. As Professor Tyndall quaintly puts it—"Here, for instance, is a bottle of water, intended to quench the lecturer's thirst, and it would be well for the lecturer not to scrutinize it too closely. In the track of the beam of electric light sent through, it simply reveals itself as dirty water." He then goes on to say that the most careful filtering, even through charcoal or silicated carbon, is useless to intercept the number of particles wholly beyond the range of the microscope. A glass of cold, sparkling water is a luxury on a hot, thirsty day; but, we fear, many of us will be put sadly out of conceit with the filtered draught when we are told that it is next to impossible, by artificial means, to produce a pure water. The purest water that can be obtained is probably from melted ice; but even this,

from contact of the ice with mote-filled air, is not absolutely pure. The water of the Lake of Geneva is, according to the professor, remarkable for its purity.

Foreign Items.

JUSTUS VON LIEBIG again desires not to be addressed on all sorts of chemical subjects by persons with whom he is not acquainted. He says that such correspondence takes away more time from him than he can spare, and that not a few of the letters which he receives from all parts of the world are written by designing persons for the purpose of obtaining from him indorsements of worthless and injurious medicines, articles of food, liquors, etc.

An old lady was recently beheaded at Insterburg, East Prussia. She had murdered her two cousins for the purpose of obtaining their money. Up to the moment when she reached the scaffold she displayed much firmness, but then her courage failed her, and she uttered the most heart-rending screams until the executioner cut off her head.

It now appears that Alexandre Dumas left but one unfinished manuscript—a novel entitled "Anna." His papers, correspondence, etc., are at present examined by Louis Ratisbonne and Pierre Burty, who will publish several volumes of them as soon as times become more settled in Paris.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is said to have made by successful speculations in real estate in London several hundred thousand dollars. The Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is bankrupt, he having been exceedingly unsuccessful in stock speculations. At one time that prince was the largest holder of American securities in Germany.

The Princess Mathilde Demidoff, Prince Napoleon's sister, applied recently to the Russian Government for permission to reside henceforth in St. Petersburg; but the Minister of the Interior declined complying with her request, it is said, at the instance of the relatives of her deceased husband.

The young widow of Gustave Flourens, the French insurgent leader who was killed by the Versailles troops, and the mother of Auguste Villemot, the celebrated French *feuilletoniste* who committed suicide toward the close of the siege of Paris, are now both inmates of a French lunatic asylum.

Professor Oppolzer, the celebrated Vienna physician, who died a few weeks ago, received at one time a fee of one hundred thousand florins for saving the life of the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria. He was also for nearly twenty years the physician of Prince Clemens de Metternich.

The Princess Salm-Salm, who played a conspicuous part in the last days of the Mexican empire, offers, in the French newspapers, a reward of five thousand francs for the recovery of the remains of her husband, Prince Félix, who was killed at the battle of Gravelotte.

A recent attempt to assassinate King Victor Emmanuel near the villa of his morganatic wife was unsuccessful, the king having had in his breast-pocket at the time a memorandum-book, which the murderer's bullet did not penetrate.

Prince Napoleon inherited from his father King Jerome only about fifty thousand francs,

and received very little from the King of Italy, and yet his fortune is now said to be larger than that of all the other Bonapartes together.

The Bratiano Palace in Venice, the scene of so many tragic occurrences in the middle ages, was sold the other day to an Englishman from Newcastle for the sum of seventy-nine thousand lire.

The Rothschild Brothers in Paris are said to have quarrelled, and their dissensions will probably lead to the dissolution of the celebrated banking-firm at whose head Baron James de Rothschild was for over forty years.

"The Picture" is the title of an Italian novel which has recently been published at Pisa, and which has proved so popular that nineteen editions of it were sold in less than two months.

The governess of the children of the Crown Prince of Prussia is a cousin of young Dortu, who was court-martialed and shot for treason in the year 1849 by the order of the crown prince's father.

The heir-apparent of the Austrian throne is said to be a sort of musical prodigy. The young prince is an excellent violinist, and the celebrated Strauss has agreed to perfect him in his musical studies.

The wine-growers of Western Germany have presented Prince Bismarck with fifty barrels of Johannisberger, and the brewers of Munich have sent him ten barrels of their best Salvator beer.

Prince Charles of Roumania speaks French and German very fluently, but, despite all his efforts, has been unable to master the language of the country over which he rules.

The wife of General Prim died in Madrid of consumption. The fatal progress of her disease was accelerated by grief at her husband's assassination.

Victor Hugo denies, in a card published in the *Gazette de Bruxelles*, that he has written a new novel and offered it for two hundred thousand francs to a publishing-house in Brussels.

Louis Kossuth, the ex-dictator of Hungary, has married again. His wife is the daughter of a wealthy farmer of Lugano, in the Swiss canton of Tessin.

The Russian Government paid last year to indigent Russian authors and *savants* pensions amounting in the aggregate to fifty-one thousand rubles.

M. Furst, of Nordhausen, in Germany, who for many years was the leading publisher of the lowest class of novels in that country, has recently died in that city in great poverty.

No country in the world has, perhaps, as many advertising-agencies as Germany. There are over seven hundred firms engaged in that business.

The aggregate circulation of the literary papers published at Stuttgart, in Wurtemberg, is five hundred and twelve thousand two hundred and ninety-one copies.

Paris has forty-nine female telegraph-operators, Lyons forty-three, Bordeaux seven, and Marseilles eighteen.

The good-will and property of the *Augsburg Universal Gazette* has recently been appraised at one hundred and six thousand florins.

The Prince of Monaco has sold his chateau to an English stock company, which will open there another gambling establishment.

Five hundred thousand volumes of Pierer's German Cyclopædia have been sold since it was first issued.

The King of Bavaria offers two thousand florins for the best essay written on the times of King Louis XIV.

Richard Wagner, the "composer of the future," has written an opera entitled "King David." It has seven acts.

Hamburg has at present twelve daily newspapers, with a circulation together of one hundred and two thousand copies.

The people of Cadiz are collecting money for the purpose of erecting a bronze statue to Christopher Columbus.

The Grand-duke of Baden has purchased the library of Alfred de Musset, noted for its wealth in interesting autograph-volumes.

The widow of Constant, who was Napoleon's *valet de chambre* for so many years, died recently, in her ninetieth year, at Vienna.

Dora d'Istria has a volume on Turkish poetry in press. It is written in Italian, with notes in Turkish and in Greek.

Padua boasts of two learned young ladies who are said to be the best Latin and Greek scholars in that ancient city.

The former Duchess de Morny, who, after the death of the duke, married a grandee of Spain, is dead.

Only five hundred copies of General von Moltke's official history of the war of 1870 will be printed in Berlin.

During the occupation of Versailles Horace Vernet's sketches were all destroyed.

Roumania has but four daily papers.

Miscellany.

American Journalism.

By THE EDITOR OF "THE LEISURE HOUR."

BEFORE saying any thing of the quality of American newspapers, I wish to refer to their quantity. In order to appreciate this, let us bear in mind the extent of journalism in Great Britain, which is far in advance of all other European countries.

At the beginning of this year there were 1,450 newspapers in the United Kingdom; of which, in London, there were published 261; in the provinces, 851; in Wales, 53; in Scotland, 131; in Ireland, 138; in the British Isles, 16.

Of daily newspapers there are 120 in the United Kingdom, of which 88 are in England; 1 in Wales; 11 in Scotland; 19 in Ireland; and 1 in the Channel Islands. Sixty-one are penny, and thirty-four are halfpenny newspapers. In 1866 there were 78, and in 1856 only 35 daily papers.

Now turn to America, with a population not much greater than our own. There are, at least, 5,200 newspapers published in the United States, of which 550 are daily papers. It is difficult to give the exact number, because many spring up and many perish every year; but these numbers are near the truth. New York, city and State, has more than 800, with a population not much greater than that of Scotland,

or at least of Scotland and Wales together, which have only about 180 papers between them. New-York City alone has 32 dailies. Philadelphia has 16, five more than all Scotland. Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore, and several other towns, have more dailies than any three of our greatest English towns.

The growth of the press has exceeded even the rapid increase of population. The first paper was printed at Boston in 1690. Eighty-five years after, in 1775, the number was only 34; in 1800 it had risen to 200; and in 1830 to 1,000.

The circulation of many of these papers is large. Seven of the New-York dailies, known as the "New-York Associated Press," print at least 112,000,000 sheets annually, and the remaining 25 New-York dailies print nearly the same number of copies. There are about 85 newspapers in the Union, exceeding 20,000 each issue, of which 40 are in New York, 13 in Boston, 10 in Philadelphia, 8 in Chicago, and 5 in Cincinnati. About 150 have a circulation above 10,000, and 500 have 5,000 each issue. The average of the whole of the New-England papers may be about 1,000; of the New York and Philadelphia, 750; of the papers of the West and South, 500 and 300 copies.

In a recent work on the "Progress of American Journalism," it is stated that "each of the great daily papers of New York to-day employs more than a hundred men, in different departments, and expends half a million of dollars annually, with less concern to the proprietors than an outlay of one-quarter of that sum would have occasioned in 1840. The editorial corps of the morning papers issued in New York on the first day of the present year numbered at least half a score of persons; the reporters were in equal force; sixty printers and eight or ten pressmen were employed to put in type and to print the contents of each issue of the paper; twenty carriers conveyed the printed sheets to its readers, and a dozen mailing-clerks and book-keepers managed the business-details of each establishment. Editorial salaries now range from twenty-five to sixty dollars a week; reporters receive from twenty to thirty dollars a week; and the gross receipts of a great daily paper for a year often reach the sum of one million dollars, of which an average of one-third is clear profit. These statistics are applicable to four or five of the daily morning journals of New York."

All this implies a vast circulation of intelligence, and of popular enlightenment and education through the press. In this light the matter is viewed by the United States Government, which franks exchanges through the post. The system of exchanging papers is universal. Every editor gets numerous exchanges for copies of his paper, and so the whole country is kept "posted up" in the news of all parts of the Union.

At the same time there are several great centres of newspaper material and commerce. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, San Francisco, and New Orleans, are among the centres of influence, the local papers of the various States and provincial towns distributing the public news from the central newspapers of these great cities. Every town and nearly every village has its newspaper. So that, as to quantity, America is before all the world the land of newspapers; in other words, where there is most free interchange of thought and most influence of public opinion.

But what of the quality of American journalism? I have no hesitation in affirming that, on the whole, it is as high as our own. They have no daily paper like our *Times*, but they have a hundred as good as any of our best

papers, excepting the *Times*. The "levelling-up" effected by education and public opinion, which has raised the mass of the American people above that of England, has also raised the press to a higher average standard. It would be easy to contradict this by citing many examples of coarseness, scurrility, and bad taste, culled from five thousand papers; but the fact remains as to the general high tone, both intellectual and moral, of the American press. I affirm this from personal study of the best journals in the great cities, and comparison of their leading articles with those of our own London and provincial press. I do not deny the too common exhibition of the worst features of journalism, especially in some of the papers which have largest circulation. The leading journals of all the great towns throughout the States are, with few exceptions, marked by high moral tone as well as intellectual ability.

The scientific journals are many of them of a high order, which may also be said of the medical and the legal publications. The literary periodicals are not of the same excellence, five or six magazines at most being worthy of notice; *Harpers's*, *Appleton's Journal*, *Scribner's Monthly*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and two or three more. For periodicals, as for books, the Americans are still largely dependent on the old country. The *North-American Review* has good reputation, but the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, and several other British reviews and periodicals, are regularly reprinted in the States. This tacit acknowledgment of deficiency does not, however, apply to theological works. There is the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, of Andover, well known to scholars; and the *Princeton Review*, edited by Dr. Hodge, the oldest quarterly in America, is still the best, and in general articles on history and philosophy, as well as theology, is second to none in Christendom.

The Decline of Parliamentary Talent.

Where are the rising statesmen? The question is serious; for all the men of first-rate ability in the House of Commons were trained in a past generation, and bear the trace of political influences that have now vanished. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Forster, are each in his way the equal of the most powerful minds that ever swayed the House. But where are the young men who can take their places? Nay, where are the young men who can fill the position of such debaters as Mr. Horsman? That Mr. Vernon Harcourt is the most eloquent of living orators, and the greatest of living statesmen, he himself is supposed to class with such elementary truths as the law of gravitation; but there is a slight difference of opinion on that point between Mr. Harcourt and the rest of mankind. Mr. Fawcett is painfully well informed, has courage for any thing, and is a good example of the old shrieking Radical, dashed with a cross of the philosophical breed that sprang from the *Westminster Review*. But the England of past days demanded higher qualifications from her statesmen. Mr. Winterbotham has good powers of speech, a capacity for epigram, and the courage to say what he thinks in the most irritating style at his command; and hence he will take a high place below the gangway, unless he shall be too soon tamed into decorous dulness by the taskwork and the traditions of office. Sir Charles Dilke can think independently, and write well. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice is a clever man, with a turn for polish of style and point of epigram. On the Liberal side of the House, such are the men who most nearly resemble the old scholarly

breed. On the Tory side there are no clever men, with the doubtful exception of Mr. Plunket, who seems to have inherited a share of his grandfather's brilliant eloquence. All the other members of mark in both parties are men of mere detail, who can master a pile of facts in such mechanical fashion as a barrister masters a brief. They can cram themselves with blue-books, and then pour out the stuff in its old raw state, untouched by one ray of genius, by the slightest power of artistic arrangement, by the faintest dye of original thought, or by any trace of capacity for rhetoric. They are emphatically "safe" men, who will make admirable Under-Secretaries of State, and in time, perhaps, develop into such statesmen as Mr. Bruce. From the accession of George III. till a recent day, the House of Commons saw a very different kind of men constantly ready to step into the foremost ranks. The two Foxes, the two Pitts, Grenville, Wyndham, Burke, Sheridan, Barré, Liverpool, Huskisson, Canning, Percival, Grey, Horner, and Peel, represent a crowd of young statesmen who formed an unbroken chain of political intellect. Each link was a brilliant recruit ready to fill up a gap in the Cabinet or to do splendid work in debate. When Mr. Gladstone looks around, he sees abundant power of mastering detail, a prolific readiness to "concentrate political life on the dative case," admirable aptitude for business, and a consummate mastery of the multiplication-table; but he looks in vain for the broad statesmanship or the intellectual brilliancy with which the House of Commons was richly endowed in past days. He surveys only a Sahara of mediocrity.

St. Michael's Cave.

The mouth is about eleven hundred feet above the sea. We zigzagged up to it, and first were led into an aperture in the rock some height above the true entrance of the cave. In this upper cavern we saw some tall and beautiful stalactite pillars. The water drips from the roof charged with bicarbonate of lime. Exposed to the air, the carbonic acid partially escapes, and the simple carbonate of lime, which is hardly at all soluble in water, deposits itself as a solid, forming stalactites and stalagmites. Even the exposure of chalk or limestone water to the open air partially softens it. A specimen of the Redbourne water exposed by Messrs. Graham, Miller, and Hofmann, in a shallow basin, fell from eighteen degrees to nine degrees of hardness. The softening process of Clark is virtually a hastening of the natural process. Here, however, instead of being permitted to evaporate, half the carbonic acid is appropriated by lime; the half thus taken up, as well as the remaining half, being precipitated. The solid precipitate is permitted to sink, and the clear supernatant liquid is limpid soft water. We returned to the real mouth of St. Michael's Cave, which is entered by a wicket. The floor was somewhat muddy, and the roof and walls were wet. Our guide took off his coat, but we did not follow his example. We were soon in the midst of a natural temple, where tall columns sprang complete from floor to roof, while incipient columns were growing to meet each other, upward and downward. The water which trickles from the stalactite, after having in part yielded up its carbonate of lime, falls upon the floor vertically underneath, and there builds the stalagmite. Consequently, the pillars grow from above and below simultaneously along the same vertical. It is easy to distinguish the stalagmitic from the stalactitic portion of the pillars. The former is always divided into short segments by protuberant rings, as if deposited periodically, while the

latter presents a uniform surface. In some cases the points of inverted cones of stalactite rested on the centres of pillars of stalagmite. The process of solidification and the architecture are alike beautiful. We followed our guide through various branches and arms of the cave, climbed and descended steps, halted at the edges of deep, dark shafts and apertures, squeezed ourselves through narrow passages, where the sober gray of my coat suffered less than the black of my companions'. From time to time we halted, while Mr. Crookes illuminated, with ignited magnesium-wire, the roof, columns, dependent spears, and graceful drapery of the stalactite. Once, coming to a magnificent cluster of icicle-like spears, we helped ourselves to specimens. There was some difficulty in detaching the more delicate ones, their fragility was so great. A consciousness of Vandalism which smote me at the time haunts me still; for though our requisitions were moderate, this beauty ought not to be at all invaded. Pendent from the roof in their natural *habitat*, nothing can exceed their delicate beauty; they live, as it were, surrounded by organic connections. In London they are curious, but not beautiful. Of gathered shells, Emerson writes:

"I wiped away the weeds and foam,
And brought my seaborн treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar."

The Management of Children.

There is a tendency, we think, at the present day to put children too forward, not so much for the sake of showing off their extraordinary merits to an admiring world, as from the better motive of early accustoming them to the conversation of grown people and the usages of society, and of inspiring them with confidence, ease, and self-possession. No doubt these results are very valuable; but the mistake which many people make is in forgetting that children are something like dogs, which require to be very well trained before they can safely be recommended to the familiarity of strangers. And it is to be remembered that the moment children cease to respect any of the grown-up people with whom they associate, not only is the whole benefit of the intercourse lost at once, but real injury is inflicted on the moral tone of the child. For this reason children should be brought as little as possible into the society of men and women who cannot command their respect; while of those who can, the influence should be hedged round by all the numerous impalpable barriers which judicious parents know perfectly well how to interpose between children and the most popular and careless of their adult playfellows. The confidence which well-bred children at once repose in an eligible stranger, without being either rude or troublesome, is charming to everybody who has any natural taste for their society.

But closely allied with the mistaken license allowed to children in matters like the above, is the disposition to laugh at, and thereby to encourage, all traits of singularity, oddness, or affectation, which children may exhibit, as marks of genius which ought not to be repressed. Of all the dangerous errors into which parents can fall, this, in our opinion, is the worst. For nothing so soon hardens into second nature as juvenile eccentricity; and few things are more injurious to success in life than marked oddities of manner and gesture when they reach the point of grotesqueness. The majority of the world agree with Mr. Peter Magnus; they don't see the necessity of origi-

nals. And what is more, so many "originals" are only sham ones after all. That is to say, their singularity is merely a bad habit which they can't shake off, and is only very partially innate. When you see a child doing any thing unlike other children, any thing queer, surprising, or uncouth, however comic or however clever it may seem, never laugh at or applaud it. Children naturally very self-willed, and with real natural peculiarities, can soon be broken of such tricks, if treated with absolute indifference. But soon let the idea find its way into their brains that such sallies, naughty though they be, are regarded as marks of genius, and the mischief is done.

To come back to the point from which we started—the management, namely, of young children—there is one thing to be laid down: let there be no divided rule in a house. Don't let the children see that the father means one thing and the mother another in their bringing up. They see the difference, if it exists, in a moment; and when they do, farewell to all wholesome parental influence. Husbands and mothers may talk too freely before their children, forgetful of their rising intelligence. And, indeed, nothing is more common than to get a wink from the head of the house, implying that you are to be upon your guard before Johnny or Tommy, who is listening open-mouthed to your witty narrative, while he himself the next moment will offend against his own precautions in the most barefaced manner by plunging headlong into your domestic controversy, in which, to speak metaphorically, knives are freely used on both sides.

Haggling in the Highlands.

It is odd to notice the style in which the country-folk coming into Stornoway go about their purchases. For instance, a man comes into town to buy a bonnet (a Scotch cap). He goes first to the draper's, and, after lounging about in the shop, looking round, and perhaps offering an occasional remark on the weather and other general subjects, as if he had no intention of making a purchase (for the people consider the space outside the counter to be public property), he at last approaches the business that brought him. He tries on a variety of bonnets, asks the prices, and takes particular note of the bonnets that suit him. He then leaves the shop and proceeds to another draper's, where he goes through the same process; and, having gone round the town in this way, returns to the place where he thinks he will make the best bargain. After a great deal of haggling to bring down the prices, he perhaps makes the purchase; but, if not satisfied, he will go away, to return some other day, and see if he cannot get the article for a penny or a halfpenny less. This style of business is not confined to the Jews. A gentleman connected with the Perth and Inverness Railway told me that, when that line was first opened, some of the natives, wholly unaccustomed to fixed prices, endeavored to deal with the ticket-clerk as they would with a shopkeeper. The following was one of the dialogues that ensued: Countryman—"What is the price to Kingussie?" Ticket-clerk—"Two and eightpence." "Two and eightpence? Hoch, never! I'll give you two shillings." "There is no reduction. The fare is two and eight." "Make it two and tuppence, and it's a bargain." "I tell you the fare is two and eightpence." "It's only a matter of thirty mile." "It doesn't matter what it is. That is the fare." "I'll give you two and threepence." "It won't do." "Two and fourpence, then." "No, nor two and fourpence." At two and sixpence he made a dead stand, and, finding the clerk inexorable,

went away and waited till the next train, when he came back with his offer of the two and sixpence, in hopes of finding the clerk more accommodating.—*Macrae's Home and Abroad.*

How to rule a Husband.

Above all things, if a wife wishes to make home attractive to her mate, let her keep a sharp eye on the cook; nothing makes a male creature more discontented with his house than bad dinners, ill-served; if there is any thing that will make him swear (and there generally is, my dear young lady, although his temper seemed so angelic when he was a-wooing), is a cold plate with hot meat, or a hot one with his cheese. Neglect of this sort is unpardonable. Again, it may not be possible to give him dainties, but it is easy to avoid monotony by a careful study of the cookery-book; and it is quite astonishing how the monster man can be subjugated and assuaged by a judicious variation of his meals. The creature may be allegorically pictured lightly led by a fair lady with a wedding-ring through his palate. Indeed, there are a thousand ways to lead him, if women would show a little tact, with which they are so falsely credited. Opposition, contradiction, makes him furious; he stamps, he roars, and becomes altogether dangerous. Whereas, treat him tenderly, O wife, and you shall wind him round your marriage-finger. I have seen wives miss their chance of gaining what they have set their eyes on a thousand times through sheer stupidity; they know that a certain line of conduct is sure to anger him, and yet they wilfully pursue it, when smooth and easy victory awaits them in another direction. Tact! Such women, I say, have not even instinct. Birds of paradise, for instance (not to be rude), would act in a more sagacious manner.

Varieties.

A NOTHER body has been discovered at Pompeii, and has been added to the five others in the museum. The ingenious system by which Senator Fiorelli is able to reproduce the shape and features of the corpse by the mould of incrustated ashes formed on the body is well known. In the present instance the impression is perfect, and has produced results superior to any yet obtained. The body is apparently that of a plebeian in the prime of life, who had fallen backward while endeavoring to escape. The agony of his death-throes is shown by the contortions of the countenance and the left hand convulsively clinched.

The latest California crop is one of tarantulas. They are raised in Calaveras County, and sold with their marvellous houses to Eastern tourists. Their cells are totally unlike any thing else in Nature; from three to eighteen inches deep, with a water-proof lining, coated over with a substance looking like chamois-skin, but as fine as silk velvet, with a door or lid which they close after them when they go in; and, when they have their young, they latch it, bolt it, and then seal it perfectly watertight. The increase about one hundred and fifty fold annually.

Madame Seebach while in Washington was robbed of some twenty-seven hundred dollars' worth of diamonds and jewelry, including an elegant watch presented to her by the Queen of Holland, worth about sixteen hundred dollars. It was in the form of a beetle, thickly incrustated with diamonds and rubies. Touching one spring caused its wings to open, revealing the dial of the watch, and another spring opened to view a portrait of the donor, with a highly-complimentary inscription.

Of the thirty courses of university lectures at Harvard not more than half a dozen have had a paying audience of half a dozen persons each; while the best attended have had but seventy-five, including professors, undergraduates, etc., who pay no fees. Kant is expound-

ed to a single student, a young lady; and Plato and Juvenal had each the same audience. The entire number attending lectures is about two hundred, including about an equal number of the two sexes.

An old negro made application at one of the public buildings in Washington a short time since for something to eat, and claimed that he had a right to come there for victuals. The head of the department was called in, who asked the darkey upon what right he based his claims. "Why," said the sable representative of the fifteenth amendment, "I understand the provisions in de Constitution for de colored folks, and I haven't had de fust crumb!"

The following programme for the observance of wedding-anniversaries seems to be generally adopted throughout the country: First anniversary, iron; fifth anniversary, wooden; tenth anniversary, tin; fifteenth anniversary, crystal; twentieth anniversary, china; twenty-fifth anniversary, linen; fortieth anniversary, woollen; forty-fifth anniversary, silk; fiftieth anniversary, golden; seventy-fifth anniversary, diamond.

Théophile Gautier, the renowned literary animal-fancier, had at the beginning of the siege of Paris one hundred and fifty cats, and at the capitulation discovered that his feline stock had been reduced to nine, owing to the roving habits which made them a prey to the hungry population. Even of the nine four had their tails shot away. Gautier is sorely troubled over his losses, as his love of cats, he says, passes the love of woman.

The French generals were not much on fighting, but one of them has perpetrated the following very good epigram:

"The cock of glory is the cock Français.
Demoralized he is not by defeat;
He crows right loudly when he wins the day,
And louder yet when he is soundly beat—
His strongest point is to crow away."

The Connecticut mind takes to economy very naturally. An old lady living in the Nutmeg State has tabooed candles and taken to gas on this ground: she says gas is hardly half a cent a foot, while candles are five cents a foot.

Flecher, Bishop of Nismes, was the son of a tallow-chandler. A proud duke once endeavored to mortify the priest by saying at the *Levee* that he smelled tallow; to which the other replied: "My lord, I am the son of a tallow-chandler, 'tis true, and, if your lordship had been the same, you would have remained a tallow-chandler all the days of your life."

The recent explorations in Jerusalem have excited the greatest interest among the masonic fraternity on account of the discovery of what are believed to be "masons' marks" on a considerable number of the immense foundation-stones recently uncovered under the *debris* of the Temple.

The Princess Louise's wedding-cake was three stories high, on a golden stand, and weighed two hundred pounds. It was embellished with royal arms, flowers, fruits, monograms, Cupids, likenesses of Louise and Lorn, roses, shamrocks, thistles, birds, and sundry other things.

One result of the women's movement is the fact that the sex are crowding into branches of industry and labor such as would have shocked the modesty of the girl of ten years ago. Two girls in a small town in Ohio run a blacksmith's shop all by themselves. They dress in Bloomer costume, and shoe a horse just as a man does.

It is related that when Beecher was in the country last summer he lost his hat, and found it, in about a week, in the barn where he had left it, but with four eggs in it. This is as it should be. Beecher had just written a eulogy on the hen; why shouldn't the Hen-reward Beecher?

A gigantic Japanese crab has been placed in the British Museum. The claws are six feet in length. The triangular body is comparatively small.

A Western writer gives it as his belief that if as much attention were paid to improving

corn as is given to grapes, one hundred million bushels might be added to the annual crop.

Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, who died in Paris last year, left by his will property to the amount of nine million dollars only.

There are six million real-estate owners in the United States, two-thirds of them being farmers.

The religious societies of France are said to be the possessors of property to the amount of one hundred million dollars.

The man who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark.

A man who has tried it says that all the short-cuts to wealth are overcrowded.

In Great Britain tax is paid on over eleven million dogs.

The Museum.

OF the Chinaman's social habits," says the Rev. J. G. Wood, in "The Natural History of Man," "none has been more widely known than the use of the 'chopsticks,' or the two little rods by means of which the solid food is eaten. This is not the Chinese name, but is one invented by foreigners, who have employed the term as a sort of equivalent for the 'kwai-tsze,' or nimble lads, as they are very appropriately termed by the Chinese. Originally they were simply two slips of bamboo, but now they are of wood, bone, ivory, or sometimes silver. Two pairs of chopsticks in my collection are nearly ten inches in length, and about as thick at the base as a small goose-quill, tapering gradually to half the thickness at the tip.

"Much misunderstanding prevails as to the use of the chopsticks, many persons supposing that they are held one in each hand, after the manner of knives and forks in Europe. These curious implements are both held in the right hand after the following manner: One of them is taken much as the pen is held, except that, instead of being held by the thumb and forefinger, it passes between the tips of the second and third fingers. This chopstick is always kept stationary. The second chopstick is held lightly between the thumb and forefinger, and can be worked so as to press with its tip against the point of the other, and act after the manner of pincers.

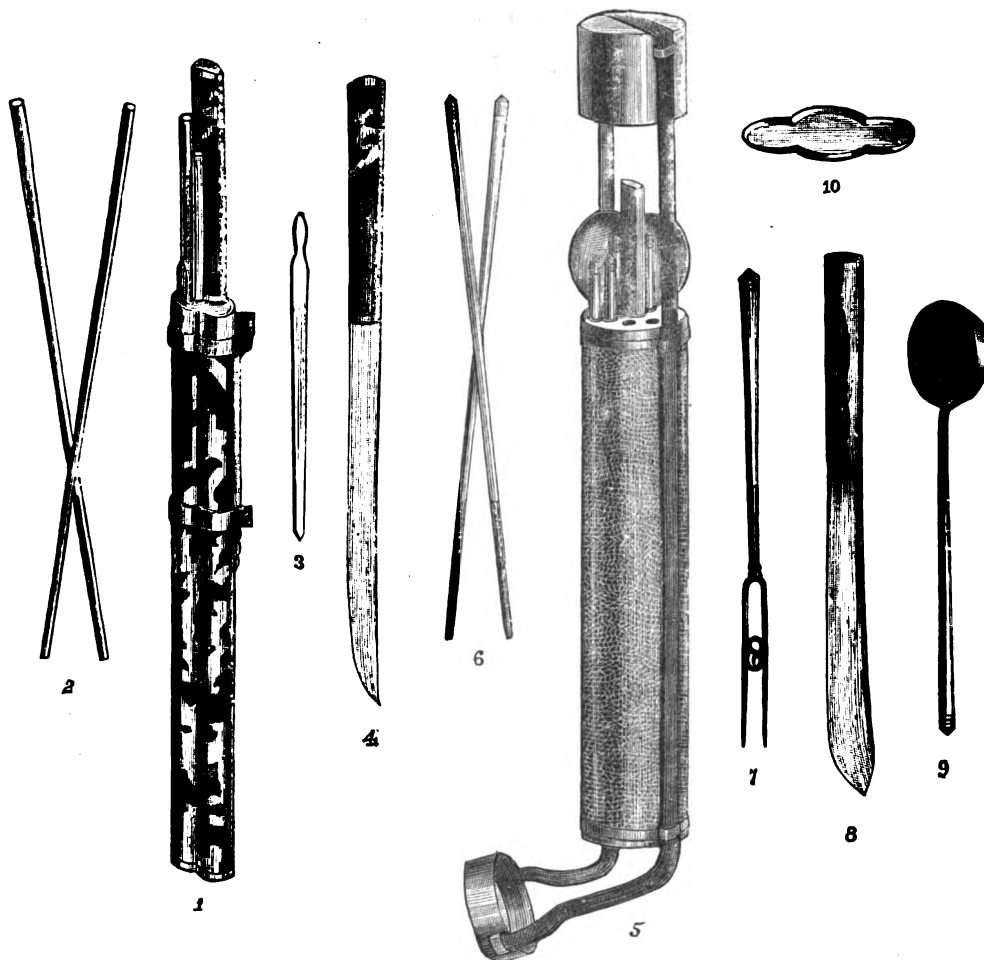
"The adroitness displayed by the Chinese in the use of these implements is worthy of all admiration. I have seen them pick up single grains of rice with the chopsticks, dip them in soy, and carry them to the mouth with perfect precision; and, indeed, after some few lessons, I could do it tolerably well myself. In eating rice after the usual manner, the tips of the chopsticks are crossed, and the rice lifted with them as if on a spoon. If, however, the man be very hungry, he does not trouble himself about such refinement, but holds the bowl to his lips, and scoops the rice into his mouth with a celerity that must be seen to be believed. In point of speed a spoon would be nothing compared with the chopstick.

"The reader must understand that the Chinese never carve at table, thinking that to do so is an utterly barbarous and disgusting custom. The meat is brought to table ready cut up into small morsels, which can be taken up with the chopsticks. The only use made of a knife at table is to separate any small pieces of meat that may adhere together; and, for this purpose, a narrow, long-bladed knife is generally kept in the same sheath with the chopstick.

"As a rule, every Chinaman who can afford so cheap a luxury has his chopstick-case hanging from his girdle. The case is made of different

materials, such as shagreen, tortoise-shell, and ivory. Specimens of the two latter kinds of case are in my collection. The ordinary case contains the two chopsticks, the knife, and a flat ivory toothpick. One of these cases, made of tortoise-shell, is shown in the above illustration (Fig. 1), the chopsticks (2), the toothpick (3), and the knife (4), being seen by the side of it.

"Sometimes, however, a wealthy man will carry a much more complicated set of table apparatus, a very good



Chinese Chopsticks.

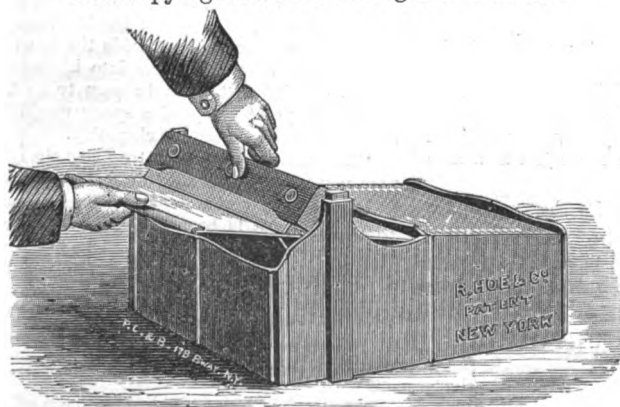
specimen of which, kindly lent by Mr. Wareham, is shown in the illustration. First we see a cylindrical case suspended by a strap, and, on examining it, we find that the top and bottom are movable, and slide up and down the strap. Within this case are the usual chopsticks, the knife, and the toothpick, but besides them there is a spoon for eating soup, a neat little quatrefoil saucer for soy, and a peculiar two-pronged fork, with its prongs united in the middle by a floriated ornament."

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THE PALISADES OF THE HUDSON.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER XXV.—MORTON'S CHOICE.

THE morning on which Miss Tresham left Annesdale was wearing into noon, when a note from Mrs. Gordon was brought to Mr. Annesley. It was written after her return from Tallahoma, and was brief, to the extreme of epistolary brevity.

"MORTON HOUSE, Friday morning.

"DEAR MORTON: Come to me as soon as possible—at once, if that be possible. I have something of importance to say to you. Yours,
"PAULINE GORDON."

Morton chanced to be standing near Irene Vernon when he read this, and his change of color at once struck that young lady, who was a very close observer.

"Nothing is the matter, I hope, Mr. Annesley?" she said, as he looked up and met her eye.

"N—o," answered he, a little hesitatingly. Then he glanced down at the note again, and went on: "Nothing is the matter, I hope; but I must go at once to Morton House. My cousin has sent for me."

"Oh, how provoking! What will become of our ride this afternoon?"

"I am obliged to ask you to defer it. You won't care, will you? I am very sorry, but"—

"But, if it must be done, that is an end of the matter. The weather may be as delightful to-morrow as it is to-day. At all events, don't consider me, if your cousin has sent for you."

"You are the embodiment of obliging goodness," said Morton, gratefully. Then, to the servant still standing by, "My horse."

While the horse was being brought out, the young man curbed his impatience as well as he could; and, to enable him to do so, took Miss Vernon partially into his confidence. He did not tell her all of Mrs. Gordon's story, but he told her enough to account for his abrupt departure, and to enlist her sympathy. After a while they wandered from this immediate subject to certain side issues.

"There is one thing that might console your cousin a little," said Miss Vernon, as they walked up and down the piazza, with the soft air and the bright sunshine all around them. "She has gratified the wishes and fulfilled the desires of her heart. It is not given to everybody to do that, you know. She must have tasted some sweets before the bitter came—ought not that to help her to resignation?"

"Would it help you, do you think?"

"I don't know—but it seems to me it would. Any thing is better than dull, even stagnation. A still day of leaden cloud is the dreariest thing in the world—don't you think so? Ah, how bright and beautiful it is to-day! If I knew that to-morrow would bring a blinding storm, I should still take the sunshine, and enjoy it while it lasted."

"You surprise me," said Morton, smiling. "I had no idea that you were such an epicurean. But," he added, more gravely, "you are mistaken. If you had ever known Mrs. Gordon, you would see that the lesson of her life is directly opposed to the sentiment you are advocating—a sentiment which has found its best expression in the words, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' The lesson of Mrs. Gordon's life teaches with unusual force a thing which has almost grown trite in our ears—this is, that the gratification of our own wishes, and the fulfilment of our own desires, never brings happiness. Of course, we all think it would do so; and, since there are few of us who are free enough to test the matter, we go on to our lives' ends thinking so. But, in truth, when we see those who possessed the freedom which we lacked, and who marched forward to the goal of their own hopes, what is the result? Mrs. Gordon was one of those people, Miss Vernon; and, if you could see her, your own eyes would assure you that, for her, not only the end, but the very hour of fruition—if, indeed, there ever is an hour of fruition—was disappointment and bitterness."

"But, at all events, she has not merely existed—she has lived."

"You must give me your definition of life before I can grant you even that," he said, with a slight, grave smile. "Does life consist in

a certain amount of sight-seeing, a certain number of vicissitudes to be endured, a certain depth of emotion to be sounded? I know that the idea of the day runs somewhat thus, and that discontent is rife in many places, because some people declare that life is only worthy of the name when it has known these things. But it seems to me that minds which think thus, must reason very shallowly—else they could hardly fail to perceive that, by such a standard, they exalt the worst class of the world above the best. In their sense, who has lived most thoroughly, the saint in his cloister, the philosopher in his study, the great minds and hearts that solitude has nurtured in all ages, or the reckless adventurer, the wandering sybarite, the men who sound every scale of human life, and, dying, pass from human memory like the brutes that perish? Miss Vernon, will you tell me what you meant by saying that Mrs. Gordon had lived?"

"I meant exactly what you have condemned, Mr. Annesley. I meant that her existence has not been tame and stagnant, and cast in one groove; but that it has been like a varied drama, filled with many scenes and many emotions. In short—well, I express myself badly, but I think you know what I mean."

"Yes, I think I do. You mean that, to you, her life seems like a picture, where the shades only heighten the effect; or, like a story, which would lose half its interest if it had no tragic incidents, or pathetic close. But the tragedy and the pathos are not poetical, but very bitter, when they come home to us in our own lives. If you will allow me to make a personal application of my meaning, I should judge from what you have said just now, and from many things which have gone before, that you find your life dull and tame—it may be, even weary. But does it never occur to you that this very life seems to others like one long sunny idyl of brightness and peace? Believe me, the chief secret of happiness—the only one, in fact—is content with that life, and mode of life, which has fallen to our portion. I don't mean that we can obtain this content by merely wishing for it," said the young man, with a wistful look on his face; "but we can gain it by fighting for it, and it is worth a battle. Forgive me, if I seem to be preaching to you," added he, with a smile. "I have very imperfectly expressed the thoughts your words suggested to me, but perhaps you can seize the idea through the rude garb in which I have clothed it. It has only come to me dimly and feebly, but there is a thrill about it which tells me that I am on the threshold of a great truth. Yonder is my horse, at last. Now my prosing is at an end. Good-by."

"Good-by," echoed Miss Vernon, giving her hand, unconsciously, to the one he extended. "I did not know you thought this way," she went on, abruptly. "Your creed seems to me simple, and yet—I fear I am very morbid," she said, quickly. "You have done something to make me ashamed of it."

"You are a little morbid," said Morton, smiling. "You must forgive me if I tell you so, and you must also forgive me if I suggest the remedy. May I?"

"Of course you may."

"Forget yourself, then. I don't mean that you think of yourself a great deal," he went on, as he saw her flush; "but we are all prone to self-consciousness, and, in some natures, it fosters vanity; in others, a morbid habit of introspection which—pshaw! I am drifting into metaphysics, and I know you hate the stuff as much as I do. Once more, good-by. I am off for good, this time."

Miss Vernon stood on the piazza and watched him as he rode away. He looked very gallant and handsome; for, like most of his countrymen, he rode to perfection, and never appeared so well as on horseback. When he was out of sight, she smiled, to herself, with a mixture of archness and sadness. Seen just now, her face wore its very softest and sweetest expression.

"It is not hard to tell where he obtains his philosophy," she thought. "No doubt he is perfectly sincere in it, but it is amazingly easy to be resigned to success, and to be content when every desire of one's heart is gratified. The test will be when disappointment and failure come. If his philosophy helps him to bear that, it will be genuine, and worth practising. Will it help him to bear it, though? Who can tell?"

Regarded as an abstract question, who, indeed? Yet the time was fast approaching when the abstract question would assume practical shape, and when Miss Vernon's question would be answered in a way which Miss Vernon could not, at that moment, possibly have foreseen or imagined.

She was still standing on the piazza, still looking absently out on

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the bright landscape, still thinking of Morton's philosophy, and of the chances for and against his practising it, when Mrs. Annesley appeared at the open hall-door, and walked up to her.

"All alone, my dear?" she said, with a smile, in which the kindness for once was real. "I thought I saw Morton with you a few minutes ago?"

"You did see him with me a few minutes ago," Irene answered; "but he is gone now. Didn't you hear the tramp of his horse?"

"I heard the tramp of somebody's horse, but I had no idea that it was his. Where has he gone?"

"To Morton House, I believe."

"To Morton House!" The extreme of surprise appeared in Mrs. Annesley's face. "Why, what has taken him there? And so suddenly—without a word to me!"

"A note from Mrs. Gordon was the cause of his going," said Miss Vernon, carelessly. "He showed it to me, because he had an engagement to ride with me, which, in consequence of this, he was obliged to break."

"And what was in the note?"

"Only a few lines, begging him to come to her at once, on a matter of importance."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more at all."

"How very strange!" said Mrs. Annesley, with her color rising. "A matter of importance, and not one word to me—either from Pauline or Morton. My dear, excuse me, and don't think it is curiosity I feel—I am surprised, and, I confess, a little wounded, that I should be openly excluded from the confidence of my son."

"I don't think Mr. Annesley knew what Mrs. Gordon wants with him," said Miss Vernon, seeing the mischief she had unwittingly done, and being anxious to smooth the lady's ruffled plumes. "He seemed very much surprised, and, I am sure, he never thought—"

"That is just it," said Mrs. Annesley, a little bitterly. "Of course, he never thought—or perhaps he receives Pauline's confidence with the stipulation that it is to be kept from me. But we mothers must make up our minds to bear this," said she, recovering her usual manner by an effort. "As our children grow older, others supplant us in their hearts and minds, and we must endeavor to abdicate with a good grace. If we could only choose our successors, it would not be hard to do so," she added, drawing the girl's hand within her arm, with a smile.

"Dear Mrs. Annesley, you do your son great injustice," said Irene, speaking quickly. "No one will ever supplant you in his heart. I don't think you know how much he loves and admires you. It often makes me admire him to see it."

"You reconcile me to abdication, my dear," said the lady, smiling the same gracious smile. "Ah! if I can only choose my successor"—she broke off, as Irene colored and drew back a little. "Forgive me—I only meant to say that I am very happy if I am one link to draw you nearer to us. Shall we go in now? I am afraid you find it cold out here."

They went in; and no sooner was Mrs. Annesley able to make a retreat, than she retired to her own room, and rang for her maid.

"Get my wrappings, Julia," she said, "and order the carriage. Tell Sarah to have dinner an hour or two later than usual, for I am going to Morton House, and shall not be back at the ordinary time."

While his mother, at Annesdale, was preparing for her drive, Morton felt as if the ground had absolutely yielded beneath his feet, when Mrs. Gordon, who was in a state of strangely-passionate excitement, told her story at Morton House. After it was ended, she gave the reason that had made her send for him.

"I have been foolish enough to encourage you in your fancy for this girl," she said. "It was my duty, therefore, not to let you rest an hour in ignorance of her true character—not to fail to tell you at once that I consider her an adventuress of the most decided stamp. Morton, for Heaven's sake—for the sake of your name, your honor, and your friends—do not give another thought to her!"

"One moment," said Morton, who was pale, but reticent—evidently he meant to hear every thing, and say nothing that would commit him to any positive line of action—"you have not told me yet why you think this."

"Could I think it on better ground than that of her association

with St. John? You don't know—you can hardly imagine—what he is!"

"But is it just to judge her by him?"

"What could be more just, when there is evidently some link of familiar connection between them? Morton, put the case as if it regarded somebody else. What would you think of a woman who was on terms of—well, we will say intimate friendship, with a man than whom the lowest sharper is not more destitute of honor—with a man whose record is one that exiles him forever from the companionship of honest people?"

"She may not know this."

"Ask her if she does not! I am willing to risk every thing on her reply, for I think that circumstances have made it impossible for her to speak falsely. Ask her if she does not know who and what St. John is."

"You are right," he said, rising. "I will ask her. That is the straightforward and honest thing to do, after all. Don't think that I doubt you," he went on, looking at his cousin. "Don't think that I am ungenerous enough to blame you for what you have said. On the contrary, I thank you. I should certainly hear all that is said—if only that I may be able to answer it. You must forgive me that I cannot take any mere circumstantial evidence against her. It seems to me that I should be a very contemptible fellow, if I did."

"And you are going to her?" said Mrs. Gordon, bitterly. "Well—perhaps it may be best; but oh, Morton, don't be rash! Don't say anything that you may hereafter regret. Give me that much credence, at least."

He bent down, and kissed her cheek—smiling with an attempt at cheerfulness which went to her heart more surely than any pathos could have done. He was mad and foolish, she thought; he was about to risk the happiness of his whole life in the blind determination to trust to the last; yet, even while she felt impatient, she could not but be touched by his simple, steadfast fidelity. It had all the elements of the highest chivalry in it, though nobody could have known this as little as Morton himself. It was Mrs. Gordon who recognized it, and who, in the midst of her anxiety and irritation, felt suddenly thrilled by admiration. Still she could not but make one last effort.

"Morton," she said, catching his hand as he bent over her, "listen to me. I am much older than yourself, and, although I am a woman, my knowledge of the world is much greater. Besides, I am your cousin—the only Morton left, the only one of the name which hereafter you will have to represent. To see you what you are—to know you brave, and true, and loyal—has given more sunshine to my life than you would readily believe. If he lives, Felix's duties will be elsewhere—some day, therefore, this house must be yours. This has been my only comfort. Morton—remember that it was through my fault my father left here; it was my fault my brother never took his place. It is a horrible thing to see, when it is too late, a direct sequence of events—to know that one's own hand has set in motion a tide which ends by sweeping away every thing that life holds dear. This has been my lot. Don't add one more disappointment to it—one more bitter memory. Don't ruin your life, and tarnish your name, by marrying this woman."

The earnestness, the passion of her appeal, touched Morton deeply. He saw plainly enough that the question of his happiness was with her entirely subordinate to the question of family pride; but he sympathized with this sentiment sufficiently to feel its supremacy no hardship. In these times, the thought that any thing is of more importance than the gratification of a sentimental fancy is quite obsolete; but, in that day, a few people (and Morton was one of these people) clung to the old-fashioned idea that there were certain claims to be considered in such a case, certain higher duties than the duty of marrying and giving in marriage, certain principles to be observed, and, if any or all of these things clashed with love, then love must give way. We of the present period know better than that. Having the grand advantage of modern enlightenment, we know that the first duty of every reasonable human being is a duty to self. And as selfishness generally culminates its strength in love—not divine love, which takes us out of ourselves into something higher, but that passion bearing its name, which is of the earth earthy—so love must needs be taught to override all the grand old watchwords of Faith, and Honor, and Duty. But, as we have said, Morton was not of this day. The jargon of the new school of moralists would have been a foreign language to his ears. The conception of sacrifice—the conception which is the key-note of

every nature which deserves to be called noble—had always been familiar to him, had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. As far as he was concerned, he was ready to put his own wishes down under his feet for the sake of any thing that had a right to demand the offering; and, reared as he had been, the name that he bore was one of these things. No sacrifice could be counted too costly that would help to keep it pure and untarnished.

Regarded from this point of view, his course seemed clear—but then there was another side to the question, or else all this explanation need not have been written. To Morton, life had always seemed a very simple thing, and he had never had much sympathy with those who professed to find it otherwise. "The path of duty is always clear and straight," he said, "and, if we follow it, we can't possibly go wrong. The people who are involved in moral difficulties, generally make them for themselves." Now the time had come for him to learn—as everybody who deals in such fluent generalities sooner or later must learn—that life is, after all, a very complex tissue, and that, without being addicted to the dangerous pastime of splitting hairs, we may find ourselves on the horns of a moral dilemma, and be honestly and seriously puzzled thereby. Two duties were clashing with him now, and the young man felt sorely uncertain as to which had the strongest claim to his respect. On the one side was the name to which a gentleman owes his first duty. On the other, that principle of steadfast fidelity which every tradition of his creed, and instinct of his nature, made a solemn obligation. Moved as he had been by Mrs. Gordon's passionate appeal, he was not yet ready to set this aside as naught—not yet ready to believe that the higher duty conflicted with it.

He walked away to the window, and stood there looking out. Before him lay the broad Morton fields, and the distant shadowy Morton woods. Above him was the roof which he had just heard Mrs. Gordon declare might some day be his own—at a little distance from him sat the woman rendered so sadly desolate by her own folly, the woman who had appealed to him in the name of family honor, who had bared her heart to him, and prayed him to spare her another cruel blow. Here it would have seemed as if every influence weighed heavily in one scale—as if here the side which all these things represented surely must prevail. Yet here his heart spoke to him as it had never spoken before. Here Katharine Tresham's face rose before him with a pathos and a beauty which the face itself had never owned. Suddenly the passion which he had heretofore so steadily curbed, so sternly kept obedient to his will, rose up in revolt, and swept over him in a great wave that fairly startled him. A voice seemed to speak in his ear, and to say: "If you give her up in this way, you are a dastard!" It was in obedience to this voice that he turned at last to answer Mrs. Gordon.

"Until I have seen Miss Tresham, I cannot tell what I will do," he said. "I can only say that I will try to act as seems to me right. Many things have conspired to perplex me of late; and, at this moment, I am only certain of one thing—that I will not give her up! I will trust her until she herself proves or disproves your opinion of her; and I should not deserve the name of gentleman if I did not do so."

"This is your decision?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"This is my decision," he answered.

Something like a faint smile of pity came to the lips of the woman who had gone her way, and who now looked back on the results of it.

"We are all alike," she said. "Every one of us must needs run our own course of folly, and wreck our lives according to our own fancy. I suppose it is useless to reason with you; and I, of all people, have no right—save the right of sad experience—to bid you stop and consider. Yet"—she paused a moment—"yet I fancied you would be different. I fancied you would rate the duty you owe to your name above your passion for a woman's face."

"And I thought you would understand me better," he answered, quickly. "I thought you would believe that I do rate it above every thing excepting my duty to God, and that if my love for Katharine Tresham clashed with it, I would sacrifice that love without an instant's hesitation."

"If it clashed with it?"

"Yes, if it clashed with it. You must pardon me that I say 'if'—but your opinion is only your opinion, you know; and, in a matter which concerns the happiness of my whole life, I cannot accept any thing but positive evidence."

"One word more," said Mrs. Gordon, as he extended his hand to

bid her good-by. She did not take the hand, but rose to her feet, holding her own tightly pressed against her heart. "You will not misunderstand what I am going to say, I am sure; you will not think that I mean to influence you by any thing so foolish, and (from me) so impertinent as a threat," she went on. "But I think it right to place before you the consequences of the step you seem determined to take. Morton, that woman is allied in some way to the man who helped to ruin my life and to murder my brother. If you make her your wife, you can never be master in this house."

She spoke quietly, but in a moment she saw that she had spoken unwisely. Her warning certainly had much of the nature of a threat in it, and the man must be cold-blooded, indeed, who, in a matter of this kind, submits to be threatened.

"You might have spared me this," said Morton, with more *hauteur* than he intended. "My resolution with regard to Miss Tresham did not need a spur; and your own experience might tell you whether my sense of family obligation is likely to be increased or diminished by the knowledge of such a penalty. I see that I had better go," he added, after a short pause. "You have wounded me, and I may pain you, if I remain any longer. Forgive me if I have seemed abrupt or ungracious. I—this has been a harder struggle than you think."

She let him go in silence. But after the last echo of his step had died away, the reason of this became evident. She sat down, and a rush of tears came through the thin, white fingers which covered her face.

Half an hour later, Babette opened the door, and brought in a card.

"The lady is in the drawing-room, and insists on seeing madame," she said.

"I can see nobody," answered Mrs. Gordon, languidly. Still she extended her hand, and took the bit of pasteboard. She started when she read Mrs. Annesley's name.

CHAPTER XXVI.—MR. MARKS ASSERTS HIMSELF.

MRS. MARKS's doubt of what "Richard" would have to say on the subject of Miss Tresham's flitting, proved to be well founded. When the cashier came home to dinner, and heard his wife's eager recital of the events of the morning, he looked decidedly grave. The mention of Mr. St. John recalled Mr. Warwick's opinion of that gentleman, and for Mr. Warwick's opinion nobody entertained a greater respect than his brother-in-law. Then Mrs. Gordon's warning seemed to Mr. Marks a much more important matter than it had seemed to his wife.

"Mrs. Gordon would never have spoken in that way without some cause," he said, when Mrs. Marks told her story. After this, came the news of Miss Tresham's sudden departure—at which Mr. Marks startled his wife by the astonishment of his face.

"Gone!" he said. "Gone, just at the close of the holidays, and before she had been in the house more than a few hours! What is the meaning of it?—what did she say was the meaning of it?"

"I—really, I believe she only said she was going to Saxford," answered Mrs. Marks, decidedly taken aback. "She asked me if I had any objection, and I told her no. I thought a day or two would not matter about the children, and it never occurred to me that you would mind it."

"I mind it, because I don't understand it," said Mr. Marks, with the same unusual gravity. "It don't look well for Miss Tresham to be neglecting her duties in this way; but, as you say, a day or two wouldn't matter—if a day or two's loss of time was all. What does matter, is some explanation of this strange conduct. Think, Bessie! Did she tell you nothing about *why* she was going to Saxford?"

"She did not tell me a word," said Mrs. Marks, looking and feeling a little crestfallen. "She came in here in a great hurry, just as Tom was setting the table, and asked me to lend her some money, as she had none, and wanted—Why, Richard, what on earth is the matter?"

There was reason enough for asking the question. Mr. Marks's eyes opened wide on his startled wife, and the expression of his face fully warranted her surprise. When she broke off in this way, his lips had already formed an exclamation.

"She asked you for money!" he repeated, hastily. "Bessie, there must be some mistake! Are you sure she asked you for money?"

"Of course I am sure! How could I be mistaken?"

"And did you lend her any?"

"Of course I did—I lent her ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!"

The cashier's astonishment seemed to have reached the utmost extreme possible to that emotion. He walked up and down the floor, then came back and stood before the fire, looking down into the glowing coals.

"This is the strangest thing I ever heard of!" he said, at last. "I confess I don't understand it."

"What is the matter?" demanded Mrs. Marks, who was, in her turn, excited by curiosity. "What is strange?—what is it you don't understand? Why shouldn't Miss Tresham ask me to lend her some money?"

Her husband turned and looked at her.

"The simple reason why Miss Tresham should not have asked you to lend her some money is, that I paid Miss Tresham no less sum than a thousand dollars no longer ago than last Tuesday."

"Richard!"

"Her receipt is at the bank to show for it," said Mr. Marks; "and now—on Friday—she comes to you to borrow ten dollars! It is very strange conduct, to say the least of it."

"A thousand dollars! Good gracious! What do you think she could have done with it?" cried Mrs. Marks, all in a flutter. "She certainly said she didn't have any money, and she certainly took two five-dollar notes from me. Richard, what on earth could she have done with it?"

"That is more than I can pretend to say," answered her husband. "But one thing is certain—I don't like the look of matters. When Miss Tresham drew that money, she was very particular about requiring gold. Then she wrote a note in the bank, and had a meeting in the parlor across the passage, with this St. John. After that she went away, and Warwick came in. The first thing he told me was that the man—St. John, I mean—was an unprincipled scoundrel; and, though he did not give me his reasons for saying so, he spoke in a manner which showed very plainly that he had reasons, and good ones, for the opinion. I confess that, at the time, I didn't pay much attention to the matter; but, looking back now, it seems to me more serious. After what has happened to-day, I feel uneasy—I feel certain that something is wrong."

"Not with Miss Tresham, Richard—I'm sure there's nothing wrong with Miss Tresham."

"What do you know about Miss Tresham, Bessie? You may forget, but I don't, that we engaged her when she was an entire stranger to us, and that, after living with us two years, she is, as far as her own affairs are concerned, as much a stranger as ever."

"But you know how nice she is!" said Mrs. Marks, indignantly. "You know all that she has done for the children, and—and all that she has done for me. You liked her yourself, Richard—you know you did!"

"I like her now," said Mr. Marks, with that stolid masculine coolness which some men possess in superlative degree, and which is, to the feminine mind, the most exasperating thing in the world. "But what has that got to do with the matter? I'm not talking about liking her. I'm talking about her drawing that money, and borrowing ten dollars from you three days later—I am talking about her acquaintance with this St. John, and what Mrs. Gordon said of it—and I'm talking of her going away without a word of explanation, just as the holidays are at an end."

Mrs. Marks sat dumb. She was a good partisan; but even the best of partisans must have something besides mere opinion with which to oppose stated facts. On any one of these grounds, she was unable to say any thing for Miss Tresham. After a minute's silence, Mr. Marks resumed:

"One of two things must happen. Either Miss Tresham has gone away for good—than which, I confess I think nothing more likely—or else she will come back at the stated time. If she does come back, there must be an explanation required from her. I must know who Mr. St. John is, and on what footing he comes here. Otherwise, I may be sorry to part with her, but my duty is plain—she must go. I cannot keep a governess who acts as Miss Tresham has been acting lately."

So spoke the head of the household in his official capacity; and much as his wife's sympathy ranged on the side of the governess, she

could not deny that he spoke with reason. Miss Tresham's conduct certainly justified all that he said of it. Yet the unreasoning faith of Miss Tresham's advocate was not shaken for an instant. O wonderful instinct of woman! There is nothing like it in the world; and where it has taken one woman wrong, it has led a hundred thousand right. Yet there are people who would like to educate and "develop" it into a "reasoning faculty!" Why does not somebody come forward to paint the lilies of the field, and furnish us with patent improved sunlight, warranted to shine on every occasion?

Oblivious, for once, of his business duties in town, Mr. Marks was still standing before the fire, considering the perplexing subject which was on the domestic *tapis*, when there came a knock at the front door.

"There, now!" said Mrs. Marks, starting. "Of course it's somebody to see me—Mrs. Sloan, I expect—and what a sight I am! Go, Richard, please, and ask her into the parlor."

Mr. Marks obeyed, and, as he carelessly left the door open behind him, his wife heard him exchange a cordial greeting with the visitor; and then, without any warning, he came back, and ushered Morton Annesley into the dining-room, where the uncleared dinner-table stood in the centre of the floor—Mrs. Marks having been in such a fever of impatience to tell her story, that she had not allowed Tom to finish his duties.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried, in a tone of expostulation. "But it was too late. Morton—who would have been none the wiser if there had been an elephant, instead of a dinner-table, in the middle of the floor—walked forward and shook hands with her."

"Pray don't speak of it," he said, when she began apologizing. "I hope you don't consider me a stranger. Mr. Marks, at least, was more complimentary, for he asked me in at once. I hope you are well. I have not seen you for a long time—not since before Christmas, I believe. May I wish you a happy New Year, since we did not have an opportunity to exchange Christmas greetings?—Yes, Mr. Marks—the roads are quite heavy. That rain yesterday has made them muddy. My boots show it—don't they?"

People less clear-sighted than Mr. Marks and his wife might have perceived that the young man made these disjointed remarks very absently, that his eyes turned unconsciously toward the door, and that he started at every noise in the passage outside. They glanced at each other significantly, but were kind enough to take no further notice, and talked of indifferent things, until Morton himself came directly to the point, in his frank, somewhat boyish fashion. Mrs. Marks spoke of Miss Tresham's enjoyment at Annesdale, and Morton instantly caught at her name.

"I hope she did enjoy herself," he said. Then he added, quickly: "Is Miss Tresham disengaged just now?—I should like to see her, if she is. I am obliged to return to Annesdale very soon, and I am particularly anxious—"

He stopped short. The expression of Mrs. Marks's face warned him that something was wrong. He looked hastily from herself to her husband, and read the same expression still more strongly stamped on the masculine face.

"What is the matter?" he asked, impetuously. "Miss Tresham—"

Here Mrs. Marks interrupted:

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Annesley, that Miss Tresham is not at home. She left to-day for Saxford."

"Left!"

Morton was astounded. In a moment his mind ran over a terrible possibility—the possibility that there had been some misunderstanding between Miss Tresham and her employers, which had resulted in her leaving Tallahoma permanently.

"Left—for Saxford!" he repeated. "Mrs. Marks, what is the meaning of that?"

"Don't ask me, Mr. Annesley," said Mrs. Marks. "If my life depended on it, I could not tell you a thing more than just that—she has gone to Saxford. I am sure it didn't strike me as strange; but here's Richard has been talking about it, and—"

"It is very strange," said Richard, speaking for himself. "I don't pretend to understand it. I don't wonder you are astonished, Mr. Annesley. I was astonished myself when I came home and heard that Miss Tresham was gone."

"When will she be back?" asked Morton, catching at the first idea which presented itself to him.

"On Monday," answered Mrs. Marks, to whom the question was

addressed. "She said she would be back on Monday, Mr. Annesley, and I am sure she will come. Miss Katharine never breaks her word."

"But why did she go away?" asked Morton, impatiently. "Did she not tell you why she went?"

Mrs. Marks looked at her husband, and Mr. Marks looked at his wife. This time Annesley perceived the glance, and saw plainly that there was something in reserve which he was not to hear. Determined to know if any thing had happened after Mrs. Gordon left the house, he boldly broke the ice at once.

"I have been to Morton House and seen my cousin," he said. "I am aware of the unfortunate"—he stopped a moment, as if searching for a word—"the unfortunate discussion which took place this morning. Will you allow me to inquire if that discussion, or any thing resulting from it, was the cause of Miss Tresham's leaving Tallahoma?"

On this point Mrs. Marks professed utter ignorance, and she was going on to state every thing which she had already told to her husband, when Mr. Marks broke in:

"Since you have seen Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Annesley, I need not hesitate to say to you that I am seriously perplexed and uneasy about this affair of Miss Tresham. As I was telling my wife, just before you came in, there are more reasons than the reason of Mrs. Gordon's warning for distrusting Mr. St. John, and Miss Tresham's connection with him. You know her quite well, I believe: will you tell me if she has ever mentioned the man or any thing about him to you?"

Morton flushed. He remembered the eve of New Year, and the manner in which Miss Tresham had repulsed his first and last attempt to win her confidence. Oh, if she had only been frank with him, the young man thought, if she had only trusted him, and given him a right to speak for her! But she had not done this, and there was nothing for it but to answer Mr. Marks's question by the truth.

"She has never mentioned Mr. St. John's name to me," said he. "But I have never been in a position to receive her confidence."

"Hum!" said the cashier, significantly—looking the while at his wife, and smoothing with one hand his well-shaven chin. "I cannot find," he said, after a moment, "that Miss Tresham has ever mentioned Mr. St. John's name to any one; and, even after Mrs. Gordon's visit, she gave my wife no explanation of his purpose in coming here, or of her acquaintance with him. My own impression," added he, "is, that she has left Tallahoma simply to avoid giving this explanation."

"But when she returns on Monday?"

"When she returns on Monday—or, to speak more correctly, if she returns on Monday—I shall certainly endeavor to obtain this explanation. If I cannot obtain it, Mr. Annesley, my mind is made up—Miss Tresham must leave my house."

An indignant reply rose to Annesley's lips, but he had sense enough to restrain it—sense enough to see that he would do harm, instead of good, by uttering it. What business, after all, was it of his? What right had he to interfere in Mr. Marks's domestic affairs? Angry as he was, he asked himself this question, and accepted the obvious reply. During the minute which followed Mr. Marks's speech, nothing was said. Then Annesley rose, and begun drawing on his gloves.

"If you will allow me, I will call again on Monday to see Miss Tresham," he said, with unusual formality. "I am sorry—very sorry that she has left Tallahoma. But, if you will excuse me, Mr. Marks, I would advise you to suspend judgment upon the matter until she returns."

Before Mr. Marks could reply to this advice, there came an interruption. The door opened, and Letty appeared. She addressed herself to her mistress.

"There's a gentleman out here to see Miss Tresham, ma'am, and he wants to know if you can tell him when she will be back."

"Miss Tresham will be back on Monday," answered Mrs. Marks. "Tell the gentleman—or, no, stop.—My dear" (to Mr. Marks), "perhaps you had better see who it is, and speak to him yourself."

Mr. Marks went out, and Morton, after shaking hands with Mrs. Marks, followed him. At the front door they met St. John, whom Morton had seen once before, and the cashier never at all.

A glance was sufficient to show them that Mr. St. John was very decidedly out of temper. The face, which on occasions could be so bland and smiling, was now set and lowering in singularly marked

degree. It did not even lighten when he saw the two men who advanced toward him.

"Mr. Marks, I presume," he said, raising his hat as Mr. Marks came down the passage. Then, glancing at Annesley, he started, and bowed without any sign of recognition. For some reason, he evidently chose to ignore their previous meeting, and addressed himself solely to the master of the house.

"I have called to see Miss Tresham," he said, "and I am surprised to hear from your servant that she has left Tallahoma. Will you allow me to inquire if this is true?"

"It is true, sir," answered Mr. Marks, with business-like brevity.

"May I ask where she has gone, and when she will return?"

"She has gone to Saxford, and will probably return on Monday—at least she told my wife to expect her on that day."

A dead pause. An expression on Mr. Marks's face, and in Mr. Marks's attitude, which said: "Your questions are answered. Take leave." An expression on St. John's face of perplexed astonishment, and half-absent thought, which Annesley, watching him closely, felt sure was not assumed. He looked silently at his boots for a second, then glanced up again at the cashier.

"Excuse me," he said, "but this news is very unexpected—and surprising. When I was here this morning, Miss Tresham gave no intimation of any such intention as this. Shall I trespass too much on your kindness if I ask you to inquire whether she left any message or note for me—that is, for Mr. St. John?"

"I can inquire, sir, but I do not think it is likely," said Mr. Marks, with the same forbidding civility.

He walked down the passage, and, without entering the dining-room, held an audible conversation with his wife.

"Bessie, did Miss Tresham leave any note or message for Mr. St. John?"

Reply of Mrs. Marks from behind the scenes: "Not a word, or a line, with me, Richard."

"You are sure of this?"

"I am perfectly sure. She never mentioned him."

"Miss Tresham has left nothing for you, sir," said Mr. Marks, returning to Mr. St. John. "I regret that I am not able to give you any further information about the reason of her departure."

"You can give me one item of further information," said St. John, manifestly proof against the plainest of hints. "Is Miss Tresham in the habit of going to Saxford?"

"She is in the habit of going there once a month or so."

"May I ask if she has any acquaintances there?"

"She goes, I believe, to see a Catholic priest," answered Mr. Marks. Then he lost patience, and showed it in a way very unusual with him. "You must excuse me, sir, if I decline to answer any more questions. Miss Tresham's private affairs are her private affairs; and, since she has been living in my family, I have never interfered with or inquired into them."

"Allow me to admire your discretion," said Mr. St. John, with the same bow which had once irritated Morton by its covert mockery. "I regret to have trespassed so long on your time and civility, and I have the honor to wish you good-day."

In another bow he included Annesley, and then went his way, leaving Mr. Marks with an angry sense of having had the worst of it.

"An insolent scoundrel!" said he, as soon as St. John was out of hearing. "What do you say, Mr. Annesley?" he went on, turning to Morton. "Don't you think that 'rascal' is written legibly on his face?"

"I don't especially fancy his face," said Morton; "but I should not like to say that any thing particular is written on it. One thing is certain," he went on, more slowly; "Miss Tresham's departure has taken *him* by surprise."

"That is to say, he looked as if it had," said Mr. Marks, who, what with Mr. Warwick's opinion, Mrs. Gordon's opinion, and his own discomfiture, was ready to believe the very worst of Mr. St. John. "Candidly, however, Mr. Annesley, I don't trust any thing about him."

"You think—"

"I think that I will follow your advice of a little while ago, and wait and see. Miss Tresham may come back on Monday. If she does, we can clear up matters speedily, and it is not worth while to trouble ourselves with conjectures."

"Meanwhile, however, you distrust Mr. St. John?"

"Meanwhile, I do most decidedly distrust Mr. St. John."

With this interchange of sentiment, the conversation ended. The two men walked to the gate together, and there separated—Mr. Marks going into town, and Annesley riding off in the opposite direction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BERTHA'S LEGACY.

IT was a night in the month of January, cold, dark, and wet. The wind blew in fitful gusts, and the rain and sleet fell in torrents. Cabs were flying in all directions, and straggling groups of men and women, homeward bound after their day's labor, hurried along the deserted streets.

The boulevards, squares, and public thoroughfares of Paris, free from loungers and promenaders, wore an aspect of desolation that boded ill to the homeless poor.

In contrast to the inclemency out-of-doors, many happy families gathered closer around their glowing hearths, enjoying their comforts all the more that they were securely sheltered against the fury of the warring elements.

In the drawing-room of a splendid hotel, situated in a quiet quarter in the neighborhood of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, such a family was assembled.

A great fire shone and crackled in the chimney; gilt-bronze lamps, encrusted with enamels, shed a soft light throughout the apartment; a rich Gobelin carpet covered the centre of the bright-polished floor; and the elegant furniture and costly ornaments, artistically arranged, were so many convincing proofs of good taste and ample means. M. Constantin, in fact, was exceedingly rich, and proud, because he was the artificer of his own fortune. Upright and cautious in all his dealings, he, after many years of successful operations, skilfully accomplished, found himself at the head of one of the largest banking-concerns in Paris, recognized as a sure guide in investments, and a competent authority in all things pertaining to finance. On the evening in question, M. Constantin was in excellent spirits. During the day, the balance-sheet showing the result of the previous year's operations was presented to him, the profits being larger than on any former occasion, so that he was thoroughly disposed to indulge in the good-humor of a prosperous and self-satisfied man. Reclining in his easy-chair, he was surrounded by his romping children, who listened to his amusing stories, which they frequently interrupted with their merry peals of laughter.

At this moment, outside, a very different scene was to be witnessed. A lonely woman stood motionless before the door, the umbrella over her head protecting her but slightly from the rain which streamed down her dress, forming a pool of water at her feet. After some minutes' hesitation, she mustered courage and knocked at the door with a trembling hand. A servant opened it, and, requesting her to be seated in the antechamber, informed her master that a woman wanted to see him on urgent business.

"A woman! What woman? what does she want?" asked the banker.

"She did not seem willing to give her name, but looks respectable, and has come all the way from *La Chapelle* to see you."

"From *La Chapelle*, such a night as this? Poor woman!" said Madame Constantin. "Has she a carriage?"

"Oh no, ma'am," replied the servant; "she has come on foot, and is drenched to the skin."

"Tell her to call at my place of business to-morrow," said the annoyed banker. "I cannot possibly be disturbed at home."

On observing an expression of interest and compassion flit across the face of his eldest daughter Bertha, who was in delicate health, he changed his mind, and went to see what his visitor wanted.

After an absence of ten minutes, he returned, visibly out of temper, muttering something about the impertinence of intruders.

On being asked by his wife what the stranger wanted, he said:

"Oh, the husband of this Madame Renaud is a bookseller, I believe; he has been foolish enough to stand surety for his brother, who owes me a few hundred francs, and is consequently embarrassed. She pretends that Renaud is in bad health, and cannot just now refund the amount, but wants me to accept it by instalments, which proposal I, of course, refused for one moment to entertain. I suppose she was trying to work upon my feelings when she told me that Renaud was

threatened with consumption, that she had a small family to bring up, that times were hard, and so forth."

"You could not, then, grant her the favor she asked?" chimed in his wife.

"By no means. It would be entirely contrary to the rules of business to which I mean to adhere. But do not let us trouble ourselves about the matter. Those people are always trying to impose upon the credulous, and generally pay when hard pushed.—Come along, Bertha, give us a tune upon the piano to change the subject.—What a stormy night this is!"

Bertha sat down at her father's desire; but while her back was turned to him an expression of sorrow clouded for a moment her pale face, and a tear fell upon the music-sheet in her hand. In her guileless simplicity she pitied the poor mother who had pleaded in vain for her sick husband and helpless offspring.

The charming Bertha sang, in a low, sweet voice, full of expression, her father's favorite songs, accompanying herself on the piano, and restored him to his wonted good-humor.

He was proud of his accomplished child, and anxiously hoped that with the approach of spring her health would be reëstablished.

Poor Madame Renaud, on quitting the hotel, rapidly wended her way home through the storm, with a heavy heart, insensible both to cold and rain.

Resigning themselves to their lot, the Renauds witnessed their stock of books sold off at one-fourth of their value, the proceeds being barely sufficient to pay the rent falling due, and settle M. Constantin's claim.

Stripped of every thing they possessed, saving a bed, a table, and a few chairs, they removed to an attic in a wretched locality, and mingled with the poorest of the poor. Fertile in resources, like many other Frenchwomen, Madame Renaud girt up her loins for the struggle with want and misery. Being a skilful needle-woman, she sought work diligently, and found it, and thought nothing of travelling all over Paris in quest of it. From dawn till dusk, she was never idle, laboring in season and out of season without murmur or complaint, knowing that the lives of those near and dear to her depended on her efforts alone. On the miserable pittance so earned, the family were sparingly provided with the bare necessities of life. By continually imposing privations upon herself, her comely face grew pinched and wan, until she was scarcely recognizable. But the courageous woman's heart never fainted, and in the faithful discharge of her duty she found her best reward. To her husband, in the day of his prostration and affliction, she was a tower of strength; and her children rose up before her and called her blessed.

Summer came again, laden with fresh pleasures and beauties to gladden the heart of man. The bright sunshine, the green fields, the fragrant flowers, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the bleating of sheep, and the bellowing of kine, were positive sources of enjoyment—delightful forms and sounds, grateful to eye and ear.

On the banks of the Marne stood a fine old *château*, surrounded with spacious walks and stately trees, to which M. Constantin had removed his daughter Bertha, in hopes that the change of air and scenery would ward off the fatal disease that was undermining her strength from day to day.

Her cough increased in intensity with her weakness through the long summer and autumn months, and M. Constantin despaired of his darling's life. Human skill and wealth were powerless to arrest the march of the grim destroyer, and the sweet resignation of the suffering maiden was painful to behold.

To escape the early chills of winter, the family proceeded to Nice, hoping against hope that Bertha's health might be restored. A hectic flush occasionally suffused her pale face, as she looked upon the magnificence of Nature—the fertile valleys, the hoary mountains, the waving forest, the sounding sea.

Her eye of preternatural brightness looked as if kindled with the light of a purer life, while her uncomplaining gentleness would have touched a heart of stone. Her heart-broken parents now bent over her night and day, smoothing her pillow, and comforting her in her last hours.

"Father," she said, "do you remember the poor woman who sought you that stormy night, and pleaded for her husband and children?"

"I do, Bertha."

"Please give her the hundred-franc note that I got from Uncle

Eugène on my last fête-day, which you will find in my work-box."

"I will, my child."

In the early dawn of next morning, she said:

"Father, mother, embrace me. I cannot see you. I feel we shall not be long together; but we will meet again."

A few minutes afterward she breathed her last, and her spirit of innocence and purity winged its flight to the realms of peace.

The iron had now entered into the soul of the prosperous banker, and he for once realized the frailty of human nature and the vanity of worldly hopes and desires. A link was now wanting in the family chain, and Bertha's vacant chair was a perpetual *souvenir* of their loss. The father's face assumed a careworn look, and the mother's an expression of sadness. Years afterward, however, when resigned to their bereavement, they looked back with tender interest to the sweetness of Bertha's life, and fondly dwelt upon the qualities that made her memory fragrant.

In midwinter, M. Constantin, in deep mourning, was wending his way toward La Chapelle Saint-Denis, in quest of the Renauds. Their shop was occupied by a wine-merchant, who knew nothing about them. A grocer in the neighborhood informed him that they were most respectable people, and had been brought to misery through the hard-heartedness of an exacting creditor. After much searching, he finally discovered their address, and recognized Madame Renaud on the staircase before him, sadly altered, however, since he first saw her. He slowly followed her up six stairs to a narrow attic, and listened in the door-way. A racking cough plainly told what the matter was with the occupant of the bed.

"The lady I sewed so much for has not paid me, and tells me to call next week. What we must do, God only knows. I have neither fire nor food."

And her children cried for bread, while she had none to give them. A tear rolled down the banker's cheek, and he turned on his heel and rapidly descended the staircase.

On reaching the street, he proceeded to a restaurant, and ordered a savory dinner to be sent up to the Renauds. Shortly afterward, a smart boy, carrying a heavy basketful, went whistling up the same staircase, and knocked at their door.

Words cannot depict the astonishment of the forlorn family on receiving this unexpected supply, nor the happiness that reigned that night in the miserable garret.

When they had finished their repast, and were still speculating about it, M. Constantin walked in, and explained the motives of his visit. Bertha's legacy, with something added to it, he placed in Madame Renaud's hands, while to the poor broken-down bookseller he presented a check on the Bank of France for ten thousand francs, telling him he was to accept it as a loan, for which he would only charge him with interest at the rate of two and a half per cent. per annum, until he was able to refund the amount.

Prosperity again dawned upon the poor Renauds, who had been so sorely tried; and the medical skill which failed to save Bertha restored the old bookseller to health and strength.

M. Constantin, after the accomplishment of his mission of mercy, felt how much more blessed it is to give than to receive, and went down to the Chaussée d'Antin with a light heart and a good conscience.

His charity, which began at this period of his life, did not end here. Wherever human suffering was to be alleviated, he was sure to be one of the most generous and unostentatious contributors. So numerous have been the benefits bestowed by him upon the well-deserving in adversity that he is now, in his green old age, beloved and respected as "the poor man's friend."

SOUTH-AFRICAN DIAMOND-MINES.

THE diamond-mines of South Africa are beyond the bounds of the English colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and are near the junction of the Vaal and Orange Rivers, at a distance from Cape Town of about eight hundred miles in a northeasterly direction. They can be reached by a long and tedious journey from Cape Town, by a shorter one from Port Elizabeth, and by a still shorter one from Port Natal. From all these points the journey is a slow one, performed

mainly in bullock-wagons, which travel at a rate of eighteen or twenty miles a day. From Port Elizabeth it takes the traveller about ten days to reach Pniel, on the banks of the Vaal, which is at present the headquarters of the diamond-seekers.

The finding of diamonds is not, however, restricted to this particular spot, surface-stones having been found all round over a surface of one hundred and fifty miles; but the "diggings" proper are at present within a very small space, though rapidly increasing in size. On the ground all is activity, work, and cheerfulness, from early morning till late at night. The diggers have formed themselves into a "Diggers' Protective Society," and framed a set of rules and regulations, which are most strictly adhered to. According to these rules, each digger is allowed twenty feet square, and no party claims are to exceed six in number, and those claims are to be taken together. Every digger has a right of way over the claim of another to remove earth, or wash dirt, as it is called. Any dispute is brought before four assessors, appointed by the parties; and, should they be unable to form a majority, a referee is called in, whose decision is final. Should a man mark out more ground than he is entitled to, any other person may take it. Fifty feet of river-frontage is allowed to each man; but he must mark it so as to be plainly discernible at low water. If a man is absent from his claim more than three days in succession, unless his absence is caused by illness or duty connected with the claim—when he must post a notice to that effect—he will be liable to lose it. If a diamond be found on a deserted claim, it is the property of the finder; but if a man find a stone on another man's claim, and refuse to restore it, he would, on proof thereof, be considered a thief, and, after a good thrashing, be expelled the diggings. No party is allowed to employ more than five natives (or, as they are irreverently called in the rules, "niggers") to work its claim. Those who have not tools, carts, or cradles of their own, can generally manage to hire them, either at an agreed sum, or on the borrower giving twenty-five per cent. of his findings to the proprietor of the articles; but, as new hands come in, and the demand increases, terms will doubtless rise. The washing-troughs are mostly made on the ground, of yellow-wood planks, six, eight, or ten feet long, and two broad, the sides and closed end being about eight inches high. The planks, when brought on the ground, cost about one pound each. Some of the puddling-boxes have three sieves, and are on rockers, like a baby's cradle, the gravel or earth being thrown on the top one, with a couple of buckets of water poured over to separate it. The cradle is then rocked, and the contents of the sieves, which are of differently-sized mesh, carefully examined, the valuables, if any, removed, dirt thrown away, and the operation repeated. The mesh of the top sieve is about half an inch in diameter; that of the lowest sufficiently small to prevent any thing larger than a half-carat diamond from passing through it. Crow-bars for lifting and removing large stones, and rakes to sort out the smaller ones from the earth about to be washed, are necessary, as well as spades and shovels; and small light steel picks are preferred to large iron ones. Carpenters' tools are much sought after at all hours of the day or night; and but few complaints exist as to their not being returned when borrowed, the reason being, perhaps, that they are too well looked after. Carts, wheelbarrows, or indeed any means of bringing or carrying the dug earth to the river, are very scarce, and much wanted; but necessity has found a substitute in baskets, which are largely used. A consignment of either carts or barrows would bring the speculator hundreds per cent., while cinder-riddles or sieves of any kind would pay the importer well. Already there have been established a butcher's and a baker's shop, and a canteen is just opened; but we verily believe that a drunken man would be literally kicked out of the place.

One of the chief features in the place which strikes a new-comer is the honesty and sobriety of the community. Everybody's things are at the disposal of the rest, and the opportunities of being dishonest frequent, but never taken advantage of; there seems to be a total absence of selfishness; and an apparent willingness to aid and assist one another prevails, while the right hand of fellowship is extended toward every new-comer. "Loafers," of course, there are, and their number will doubtless increase; but, unless a man is accustomed to hard labor, has a good constitution, capable of enduring work in all weathers, and, above all, standing up to his knees in water at least six hours of the day, it would be better for him to find some other employment than diamond-seeking. Gentlemen-seekers are useless both to themselves and neighbors, and idlers in the way.

Loafing about the camp while others are at work is apt to lead to trouble; for, should a dog by idleness get a bad name, the diggers may be likely to prove the truth of the proverb and hang him. Many are the claimants for the actual possession of the ground on which the Campbell diggings are situated, and rumors of adjacent Kaffre chiefs coming down to take possession are often in circulation; but the diggers, as a rule, are armed with the Winchester rifle (a sixteen-shooter recently introduced by an American firm), so that any offensive demonstration from the outside of the camp would doubtless meet with a warm reception. As a rule, information at the diggings is freely given, when properly sought; but the men are only too eager to repulse any approach to inquisitive prying into their private affairs or amount of gains. As every day brings intelligence of new spots in different directions affording the precious gems, it is hard to say where the diggings will stop, what direction they may take, or what area they will eventually cover. So far the South Africas have had it all their own way; and it now remains to be seen whether the official reports of the numerous representatives of Continental and English firms dealing in precious stones will have the effect or not of causing an influx of European adventurers to South Africa. One gentleman has communicated to the house of business by which he is employed, and was specially sent to Africa, that the entire country through which the Vaal River runs is "rich in minerals," and that "gold-quartz is abundant, running in layers or strata between volcanic lava and a granite formation." Another points out a tract of country as the "richest diamond-bed known;" while quicksilver is stated as "obtainable in large quantities," and copper is said to be procurable in "any quantity."

Diamond-digging is almost as uncertain in its results as gambling. Innumerable anecdotes are related of curious luck among the diggers. One man worked over a month and found nothing. Disappointed, tired, and heart-sick, he determined, after having bewailed for some time his bad luck, to have "a last try," and almost immediately found two diamonds, one of which, to provide for his immediate wants, he sold for thirty-five pounds, but retained the larger of the two, which was valued at over twice that amount, and recommenced, as he termed it, all afresh. Another party, again, turned up two large diamonds immediately after their arrival, and in their first cradleful of earth; but, although that is over a month ago, their hearts have not been gladdened with the sight of a precious stone since; while a third more numerous and now wealthy party were early in the field, and worked hard and late without any returns, when of a sudden luck seemed to change, and they have done well ever since.

Among the diamonds that were found soon after the discovery of the mines was one of the most splendid in the world, "The Star of South Africa," a gem of the first water, weighing eighty-three and a half carats, and which has been sold for twenty-four thousand pounds sterling.

Thus far operations have been carried on at the diamond-fields in the most primitive manner. The machinery has been of the rudest and most simple character, and nothing like a systematic search by competent persons has been undertaken. Much remains to be done, but sufficient has already been accomplished to prove beyond dispute that the diamond-fields of South Africa are more than exceptionally productive. The natives residing in the vicinity of the diamond-fields are peaceful and moderately industrious, the country is free from dangerous reptiles and beasts of prey, and the climate is healthy and pleasant. The prices of provisions on the spot are moderate: bread, sixpence per pound; beef, one shilling; potatoes, two pounds per bag of three bushels; flour, two pounds ten shillings for ditto; Indian-corn, thirty shillings ditto; brandy, two shillings and sixpence per bottle; wine, eighteen pence ditto; sheep, ten shillings each; butter, eighteen pence per pound; and Kaffre-corn thirty shillings per bag. Parties visiting the diamond-fields usually lay in a stock of necessaries previous to leaving Cape Town calculated to last them during their stay in the country, and in this way are able to purchase at the most reasonable rates.

A letter-writer says that the diggers are generally successful: "There are on the fields, of course, as on Californian and Australian gold-fields, many who have got nothing. These are, however, for the most part new-comers. Indeed, it is confidently asserted that no old digger is on the fields who has not had some luck. As has been often stated by the public press, the Natal and King William's fields have been most successful. Mr. Mackintosh,

latter, very kindly gave me a sight of one hundred and twelve diamonds. One was a large one of thirty carats, for which he has refused thirty-five hundred pounds. The whole collection is valued at between five and six thousand pounds. The party numbers five, and they have been working for eight months. The first five months they got nothing to speak of, but during the last three months they have had splendid success. The Natal party have found the greatest number of diamonds, and one of their finds is a magnificent stone of forty carats, for which Captain Rolleston, the chief, was offered seven thousand pounds. These two parties had, as has been reported some time ago, their greatest success in the 'Old Kopje' (as it is named, to distinguish it from those in which the diggers are at present engaged). The King William's Town men took out one hundred and ten gems, and the Natal company one hundred and thirty-five. This kopje, Mr. Mackintosh informed me, produced at least four hundred diamonds, valued at from six to eight thousand pounds. Upward of one hundred were found in the narrow crevice formed by the junction of two reefs of rock."

Another correspondent writes: "It is astonishing the way the hills and hillocks have been turned over—some places to a depth of six feet, regularly quarried, stones now lying in heaps, piled up, or thrown into worked-out claims, giving the hills a very strange appearance. There are at present about fifteen hundred men at work, but what is found it is utterly impossible to say. We don't hear 'on the spot of half that are found. You at a distance hear of more than are actually brought to light. It is just simply conjecture as to what is really found; suffice it to say that diamonds are found every day. I have seen upward of one hundred since I have been here, no two alike. By far the prettiest is of a greenish color—a beautiful fancy gem, though not large (about two carats), still very valuable. The finding of diamonds is just simply a matter of chance and good luck. Nothing on the surface to guide you as to where to dig; just as likely to be successful on one spot as another, provided you find the water-worn pebble. It requires no amount of intellect, but any amount of muscle. Those who have been longest here, and who have the most experience, are no wiser than those that came yesterday as to where to go to work next. It is just a matter of time and perseverance. I could relate many curious instances of good luck. One must suffice. A poor man came, borrowed a sovereign to buy pick and shovel with, went to work, and in almost the first sieveful found a diamond, and has now, I believe, five in all. Of course, wherever there is a hit like that, all the surrounding ground is taken up as claims, and dug over immediately; a complete rush is made to such a locality. The usual mode of proceeding is this: a claim is marked off; pick and shovel are made to work; the ground or gravel thrown up into a heap; the large stones raked off, the other either carted down to the washing-place as it is, or else put through a fine sieve, which only allows the sand to pass. It is then washed in a cradle consisting of two sieves, the top one with holes about half an inch in diameter, the bottom one with holes that will not allow a diamond of about half a carat to pass. After being thoroughly washed, it is emptied on a table and carefully sorted and examined. The sorting is the most tedious work of all, as the sorter sits still with his feet on the damp gravel, and often he gets very cold, but then every scrape he makes he expects to turn out trumps. There are vehicles of every possible description at work from daylight till dark. No idleness here; every thing is stir and bustle. It is a rough life, and I certainly would not recommend any one to come here who has permanent employment where he is, and who cannot rough it; it is too much of a lottery. Those who have nothing, and but little to do at home, are as well here as anywhere, and perhaps better. Many have been working for weeks without success. Boats seem to pay; there is a continual traffic from one side to the other; the charge is sixpence. Immediately opposite are those who are working on the Pniel lands. I hear that more diamonds have been found on that side in proportion than on this, but smaller. There are only about one hundred men at work there. The river is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, a fine stream, not deep, and not clear, like the Orange River. The banks are well wooded, and altogether it is a pretty sight, especially at night. You may stand on a hill and see hundreds of waters below. It is altogether a peculiar scene."

in time to get something. A man arrived the other night, and, while scraping away a place to kindle a fire, found a diamond of five carats. Lucky fellow!"

Another writer expresses the opinion that the diamond-fields will give employment to at least ten thousand diggers for a hundred years to come. But this, of course, is mere conjecture, as no one at present is able to determine with certainty the extent of the diamond-fields or how soon they may be exhausted. Nothing is certain except that they have been found over a very large area at a distance of at least one hundred miles apart.

The first South-African diamond is said to have been discovered in March, 1867, by a Dutch farmer, named Schalk van Niekerk, who was struck with the appearance of a stone with which some children were playing. He showed it to Mr. O'Reilly, and, through the clerk of the peace for the district of Colesberg, it came into the hands of Dr. Atherstone, of Graham's Town. After taking the specific gravity and hardness, and testing it by polarized light, he decided that it was a genuine diamond. It was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, and purchased by Sir Philip Wodehouse, then governor of the colony, for five hundred pounds. Professor Tennant, in June, 1868, directed attention to the Cape diamonds at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. He alluded to two specimens which had been purchased by Sir P. Wodehouse of Messrs. Garrard. The first is in the shape of an octahedron (three-fourths of an inch by three-eighths of an inch), of a yellowish tinge, weighing $21\frac{1}{2}$ carats. It was found near Hope Town, on the Orange River. The second is an octahedron, more symmetrical, weighing $8\frac{1}{2}$ carats, specific gravity 3.54. The professor stated that one stone was taken to a blacksmith, to see if it would resist a blow of the hammer, it being a mistaken notion that a diamond would resist such a blow. He pointed out that there are few more brittle substances in Nature than the diamond, and that a valuable stone may be seriously injured by merely falling on the floor.

In May, 1869, the magnificent diamond of eighty-three and a half carats was discovered, which has been named the "Star of South Africa." It was found by a man named Swatbooy, near Sandfontein, on the Orange River. He sold it to Schalk Niekerk for five hundred sheep, ten head of cattle, and a horse; and Messrs. Lilienfeld Brothers are said to have given eleven thousand and three hundred pounds for it. The stone was last year brought to England, and, being cut, produced a fine stone of forty-six and a half carats, valued at twenty thousand pounds. In a single year the new field has yielded more than five stones above forty carats, whereas the other localities altogether have not yielded more than one stone of that weight per annum. Professor Tennant thinks we shall have diamonds from South Africa exceeding the Koh-i-noor in size, and equalling it in beauty when cut and polished.

Diamond-merchants are in the field in force, and one firm asserts that the fields are, without doubt, the richest ever discovered. In the *Cape and Natal News* of August 8th, one party of associates is said to have sent to the coast stones to the value of twenty thousand pounds. Mr. Silverfield, of Hope Town, is said to have purchased three hundred and seventy diamonds, valued at only three thousand pounds. Mr. Mann tells us of one persevering man who worked for six months without getting a single stone, and, when about to give up, found a gem that paid him for all his labor. Another account states that Mr. Hond is known to have purchased upward of four hundred stones in six days, and one man saw sixty-three diamonds unearthed in a day at Kallenberg. In one week, seventy-five diamonds were registered by the committee. Many, of course, are never reported; but the rule is, that each finder shall take his stones to the committee to be entered in a book. Diamonds to the assumed value of fifty thousand pounds are reported to have been discovered in one week—namely, that ending August 27th. Messrs. Goodliffe and Co., of Cape Town, say they are understanding the amount when they put the total value of those discovered to September at two hundred thousand pounds. These gentlemen are convinced that the real riches of the fields have yet to be yielded to the scientific application of capital. M. Unger, of Hamburg, states that the general quality of Cape-diamonds, the result of

the washings, is superior to the stones of Brazil found at a

The general characteristics of the Cape-field

the Brazilian diamonds. Most

side of the river. An extract from the diary of Mr. G. S. Higston gives the *modus operandi* in use at the fields: "After loosening the red ferruginous gravel by means of a pick, and removing the large boulders, those who are not possessed of washing apparatus, and the means of transporting the diamondiferous soil to the river, merely pass it through a fine sieve, and then examine the remainder, to detect the precious gems. In this way many have been obtained; but as a diamond or a ruby, when covered with moist ferruginous dirt, is not easily detected, no doubt some have been passed over and thrown away among the *débris*. Washing, although requiring more hands and appliances, is, no doubt, a much more certain process. The ground is first puddled in a shallow trough, about five feet long, two broad, and six inches in depth; one man pouring water upon it, while another works it well about with a shovel. As the trough is slightly inclined, almost the whole of the sand, etc., is thus got rid of; a couple of spadefuls of the gravel is then thrown into the top sieve of the cradle (which is simply a box on rockers with three metal sieves of different-sized perforations), and while one man rocks, his assistant pours two or three buckets of water on it. By this means, the smaller stones are carried down to the undermost sieves. The rocker and his mate then examine the top sieve, which has retained all the large pebbles, and lucky indeed are they if a gem should be discovered in this, as it is sure to be one of the largest size. The second sieve is emptied out on a sheet of iron, or other sort of table, at which the searcher or searchers sit; and when all the ground is worked out of the puddling-box, the last sieve is examined for the smaller gems. At the bottom of the cradle is a small ledge, against which a little fine gravel collects, and it was from washing this *débris* in a wash-hand basin, that I was enabled to procure a minute diamond, a small nugget, and several specks of gold. I have no doubt that, on further exploration, payable deposits of the precious metal will be brought to light. Rubies are plentiful, but small; the largest I saw was between four and five carats. When a native finds a surface-diamond, he fires a shot, and hardly a day passed during my stay that one or more of these reports were not heard."

A Cape-Town correspondent of the *Times*, under date October 3, 1870, mentions a gem of pure water, octahedral in form, weighing, before cutting, one hundred and seven carats. Captain Rolleston ridicules the complaints of those who, after a few weeks' unsuccessful search at the fields, turn away, vowing there is nothing in them. He was unsuccessful for six months himself, but persevered, and ultimately secured a good reward. He thinks it useless for men to work single-handed. The captain sent a fortune home by the Saxon, and returned by the Norseman, in order to organize a company on a large scale, to prospect the diamond-fields, and avoid the short hot season. Messrs. Levenson and Goldschmidt, of Argyll Street, Regent Street, say the mines at the Cape have not produced, nor are likely to produce, any fall in the value of diamonds. These merchants state that the amount received has been much exaggerated. The value of the gems in the Norseman was said to have been eighty thousand pounds; but, when examined, eighteen thousand pounds was found to be nearer the mark. The amount of diamonds from existing mines and from private sources coming into the market, Messrs. Levenson state, is so immensely superior to any that can come from the Cape, that the latter will be lost in the aggregate. It is estimated that the value of diamonds arriving from the Brazilian and East-Indian mines is about eighty thousand pounds a month; and about the same amount is brought into the market by private holders—so that we have a total of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds' worth per month, or two million pounds a year. Messrs. Levenson state that at the Cape the smaller sizes, used chiefly in ornaments, have not been found in sufficiently large quantities. Professor Tennant says that only ten per cent. of the Cape-diamonds are of the first water.

On the 30th of July last, Commandant Parker was elected president of the new miners' republic. The president gave a ball the same evening. We are told that in August the president of the Transvaal Republic arrived at the diggings, signed the rules, and took out a claim for working.

We close the present paper with a few notes on the composition of the diamond.

Diamonds may be described as the final product of the chemical decomposition of vegetable substances. Impressions of grains of crystals have been observed on the surface of some specimens terminating fungi. A specimen in Mr. Ruskin's col-

lection shows the association of diamonds with gold found in the bed of a river in Brazil. It is a conglomerated mass of quartz pebbles, with crystals of diamond and grains of gold, the whole cemented with oxide of iron. It is curious that the primary crystal of gold is like the diamond, an octahedron. M. Rossi, of Toulon, produced diamonds by placing certain quantities of water, phosphorus, and bisulphide of carbon in a vessel which he left undisturbed for several months, and crystals of carbon were produced of minute size. The diamond is the only gem which, after long exposure to the sun's rays, becomes phosphorescent in the dark.

AMERICAN DIET AND DRINK.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE LEISURE HOUR."

IN American diet, I did not observe many peculiarities worth noting. Breakfast is a hearty meal. The wheaten bread is good, and the corn-flour and buckwheat cakes excellent. Omelets, with chopped ham, were new to me. I saw many men commence with a whole melon, with ice in a hole scooped out—an experiment upon which I did not venture, with the thermometer above eighty degrees. Eggs were generally mashed in a large wineglass, and eaten with pepper, the waiter making the mess. He seemed surprised when I asked for a hard-boiled egg and an egg-cup—a convenience not forthcoming in one hotel. The variety of fish at dinner is great, and, in strolling through the fish-market, I wished I had Mr. Frank Buckland, Inspector of British Salmon Fisheries, at my side. The halibut, blue-fish, and lake-trout, were capital. Beef and mutton were not so good as our own; poultry abundant, and turkey at every table. Game is not scarce; and at Chicago, prairie chicken, plump as partridges. Of vegetables there was considerable variety: boiled heads of Indian corn, sweet potatoes, egg-plant, and others not familiar in England. I never saw a good mealy potato, with all the Irish in the land. They are generally served in butter-fried chips, as in France. The puddings are good, and ices better than ours. The American ladies have the "sweet tooth;" little vessels like cream-jugs, filled with syrup, are on every table, to be poured over the hominy cakes or crumpets. The ladies are also great pastry consumers. Hot rolls, and pies, as they call tarts, may partly account for the prevalence of dyspeptic complexions. A tart, in America, is our pie, though it may be as big as the real Yorkshire or Northumberland pie, covering half a table. Cheese is rarely seen at dinner, or, if used, is mixed with preserves or apple-pie. The manufacture of American cheese is for the English market, and may it increase and prosper, for the price has risen forty per cent. in my recollection.

Of the fame of American oysters I had heard so much that I was disappointed in every thing but the size. They tell of Thackeray that, on his first arrival, a dish of large "saddlebacks" was set before him. He gazed at them for some time, and then asked what he was to do with them. "Why, eat them, of course." "Oh, eat them," said Thackeray, as if a new light had dawned upon him; adding, after a pause, "Well, here goes!" When he had performed the feat of swallowing one whole oyster, he seemed stunned by his own courage, till his friend asked him how he felt. "Feel?" said he, "I feel as if I had swallowed a baby!" All oysters are not of this size, or thus treated. The methods of cooking them are countless. But the true "natives," as we get them, or used to get them, at Pim's or Lynn's or Rule's, sweet, fat little Whitstable natives, are as different from American oysters as a peach from a pumpkin. Most of them come from rough water, and have muscle and shell strong and coarse proportionally. If they were less common, they might receive more culture. Still, the oystery taste is good, whether *au naturel*, or in soup or other dressing. I found the best form by accident; asking for "fried oysters" in the *carte*, I had as good "scalloped oyster" with bread crumbs as is ever got in Old England. The average price seemed to be not much below our market-price as to number, but each fish equal to four of ours for culinary treatment, so far as material goes.

I was disappointed also with the fruit. The peaches and grapes, especially, were greatly inferior to our own. Melons and apples were up to the mark, but I remember no other fruit worthy of praise compared with our own.

Very little wine is used at table, even in private houses, though always at hand for hospitality's sake to a stranger. Lager-beer is the only cheap beverage, retailed at the saloons for five cents a glass.

The consumption is immense among the Germans. In the week the news arrived of the capture of the Emperor Napoleon at Sedan, the inland revenue issued two hundred thousand quarter-cask stamps beyond the average! The Irish get their own whiskey, dear as imported, but often produced in private distilleries. When I was in New York, a raid by the custom-house officers and police was made upon the whiskey-stills in Brooklyn, and large seizures were effected. The native whiskey, Monongahela or other, is a hard, fiery spirit. Drinking is very much confined to the bars and saloons. The number of drunkards is large, perhaps as large as in England; but there is a broader line of demarcation between the temperate and intemperate. The number of total abstainers far exceeds what it is with us, and the soaking, boozing habits of British workmen are rare in America. In every class, the progress of temperance is marked and conspicuous. The head-master of a college, a Scotchman, told me he sometimes longed for a glass of Scotch ale; but if it was known that he ordered such a thing, his influence would be at an end, as the majority of the students were pledged teetotallers. Another Scotchman, an official in a Burns Club, told me that when he first came to America, twenty years ago, "the nicht wi' Burns" was a night of whiskey and revelry. Now, the Burns Club meetings are often held in the same locality, with nothing on the table but fruits and iced water. It may not be so in New York and elsewhere; but the fact is worth recording, as indicating a change of manners. As far as I saw, intemperance in drink is not a national vice in America, although intemperance in eating is still noticeable by a stranger. I have seen Americans order a dozen dishes from the dinner *carte*, and yet drink nothing but iced water.

There was less smoking, and, to my surprise, less chewing than I anticipated. Perhaps the price of cigars has its influence on the former habit. The native tobacco is not palatable, and a good Havana is a costly luxury. The smoking-tobacco is sold in little cotton bags, fastened with a government stamp. It is dry, like the bran with which dolls are stuffed. An English smoker will find the American chewing-tobacco, moist, in tinfoil, more suited for his pipe, or mixed with the brown bran. I do not think the young Americans chew as much as their fathers. Talking with an old American gentleman in the car going to Niagara, he held a neat silver oval case in his hand. "I thought you were going to offer me a pinch of snuff," I said. He laughed and said: "I would offer you this, but I know you would not accept it," handing for my inspection his tobacco-box. The spittoon will remain ubiquitous for some time longer, in the Senate-house as well as in hotels and offices. I saw a curious notice posted in the lobby of a church in Washington: "As the seats are all free, you are requested not to expectorate on the floor." In another church, "Dirty boots and tobacco strictly prohibited." Although the use of tobacco is nationally prevalent, and the offer of a cigar, like the pinch of snuff in Scotland, or the chibouque in the East, is a sign of readiness for friendly communication between strangers, smoking is, on the whole, not so general as with us. The smoking-car on the railroads is occupied by the roughest of travellers, and in long journeys I have seen the vast majority abstaining either from smoking or chewing, which they could scarcely do if enslaved to the habit.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

VERSATILITY is the characteristic of many of the English statesmen of the day. As in the era of Louis Philippe in France, men of letters now occupy high places in the councils of the British empire. The last four prime-ministers—Russell, Derby, Disraeli, and Gladstone—would be distinguished as authors had they never been ministers. Brougham, Canning, Macaulay, and Lytton, in earlier generations, won laurels as well with their pens as by their speeches and public measures. It has become fashionable for the aspirants to high political place, or the possessors of it, to acquire and display graces derived from a polite or profound scholarship. Noblemen of high-sounding names and ancient lineage have not only not disdained to follow the fashion, and to further adorn their titles by exhibiting the results of study and the fruits of learning, but some of them have entered the literary lists with an enthusiasm which is notable when we remember the repressive tendencies of ancestral pride and the enervating influences of great wealth.

The Duke of Argyll, who has the best possible reasons for family pride—for his family has for centuries been historically distinguished

as well as ancient—has added one more excellent name to the nowadays fast-increasing roll of noble authors. His literary impulses have taken a direction quite different from those pursued by his political contemporaries who are *literati*. Derby produced a rich and polished version of Homer; Disraeli grew wealthy in producing fashionable novels, the scenes of which were laid in palaces and castles, and which were otherwise devoted to laudations of the Hebrew race; Russell excelled in biography; Gladstone in classical criticism. Argyll has divided his studies and labors between ecclesiastical history and polity, geology, and the profounder problems which relate to the origin of civilization and the development of man.

He is triply renowned—as the bearer of a splendid name, as a successful statesman, and as an accomplished scholar and writer. Thus he is a type of what is best in the British aristocracy—of those nobles who, too proud to be self-indulgent and to reap listlessly the advantages which attended their birth and inheritance, and be no more in the world, leaven the whole of that decaying body by their public usefulness and private virtues.

The family of CAMPBELL has had an historical existence of more than eight centuries. Before the Crusades, or even the advent of William the Conqueror, in the reigns of the Saxon kings they were already a noted race, governing men and leading clans. In the age of feudalism they were the greatest subjects of the Scottish kings; so great as often to be dangerous, and sometimes fatal, to their liege lords. Later, the Campbells of Argyll were sometimes great ministers of state of Scotland or of Great Britain, and sometimes leaders of armies in domestic and foreign wars.

The marriage of Archibald (or, as some chronicles have it, Gillespick) Campbell with the Lady of Lochow, in Argyllshire, established the family as the Lords of Argyll. Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, descendant, six times removed, of this patriarchal Campbell, and who flourished in the reign of Alexander III. of Scotland, and during the era of William the Conqueror, won his spurs by knightly acts of valor on the battle-field, and was the first of the family to adopt the since splendid surname of MacCallum More, which is said to mean, in Gaelic, More, the son of the Great Colin. Since then, the Earls and Dukes of Argyll, while known by these titles in London and the world at large, have always been proud, among their Highland hills, to hear themselves called MacCallum More. There have been but brief intervals, in the long period between Sir Colin and the present duke, when the representatives of this family have not been in some way making history for their race and their nation. Niel, Colin's son, was Bruce's doughtiest lieutenant, and married Bruce's sister. The first Earl of Argyll was Scottish ambassador to France and lord high chancellor in the fifteenth century. Archibald, fourth earl, the first heretic Campbell, led the Scotch Reformers in their resistance to the Established Church. The first Marquis of Argyll was commander-in-chief of the Scottish Covenanters in Cromwell's time; then declared for the Restoration, and crowned Charles II. with a vain diadem at Scone; after which he again turned in Cromwell's favor; then a third time for the Stuart when the successful restoration was accomplished. The king was, however, distrustful, and sent him back to Scotland, where he was tried for high-treason and beheaded. The second marquis was also beheaded for the same crime in 1685. The greatest, perhaps, of this remarkable family of "able men" was John, the second duke, grandson of the marquis last spoken of. He was a real soldier, valiant and keen-sighted, and was no less a bold and convincing orator. He led the king's troops against those of the Old Pretender, in 1715, dealing sturdy blows, and effectually aiding by his brilliant talents, as well as by the power of his name, in settling the Protestant succession, and in firmly establishing the German ancestors of Victoria upon the British throne. In the last century and in this the Argylls have been "Revolution Whigs," often occupying high state offices, and not seldom sitting in the cabinet. Throughout all their history we recognize a proud, high-spirited, independent, and enterprising race, standing in the advanced ranks of the civilization of their age, frank and outspoken in opinion, daring in action, impulsive—unlike the average Scottish temperament—and seldom, almost never, sinking to the level of mere stag-hunting landlords and listless, do-nothing peers of the realm. The power conferred by antiquity of name and extent of wealth, they have retained by the activity and enterprise of their individual careers.

The present duke is the eighth who has enjoyed that highest title held by British subjects, his dukedom being, however, a Scottish, and

not an English one. He sits in the House of Lords, not as the Duke of Argyll, but by his English title (conferred upon his ancestor of a century ago) of Baron Sundridge. He was born at Ardingdale Castle, Dumbartonshire, April 30, 1823, and is now in his forty-ninth year. English statesmen are not thought to have reached their official prime until they are approaching or have reached sixty. The Duke of Argyll, before he was thirty, had become a leading member of the Upper House; he was a cabinet-minister at thirty-three. In reaching so important a post, his high birth and title doubtless powerfully aided him; but it may also be said that no peer, of however exalted rank, could reach the cabinet at so early an age without individual abilities also much above the average. The duke's capacity is all the more above suspicion that it was demonstrated, and that he won wide reputation, anonymously.

His literary eminence is the more noticeable in that he did not receive the collegiate and university education enjoyed by most persons of his rank. Neither Eton, Harrow, Oxford, nor St. Andrew's, can claim him as an *alumnus*. The years of his childhood and youth were for the most part spent at Inverary and at Ardingdale. It was very rarely that he visited London, or even Edinburgh. His studies were from first to last pursued under the guidance of private tutors who attended at his father's castles, among whom was Dr. Munroe, since become a distinguished Presbyterian divine. The lot of the young noble was pleasantly cast in the lovely vales of the Lowlands, along the banks of the Clyde, in localities which might peculiarly remind him of the historical careers of his ancestry, and where his contemplative bent might have a serene and unobstructed current. His thoughts seem to have early turned to the grave subject to which he has devoted much time in his riper years, that of the Scottish ecclesiastical polity. For centuries the Lords of Argyll have been Presbyterians, and have been pillars of the state church at home and its sturdy defenders before the somewhat chilling audience of the English Parliament. Just as this scion of the house was approaching his nineteenth year, came the famous crisis in the Scottish Church, which resulted in its disruption and the establishment of a Free Church under the lead of Dr. Chalmers. In 1842 appeared an anonymous pamphlet, entitled "A Letter to the Peers from a Peer's Son," which contained an earnest and energetic appeal to that body to intervene, by legislative action, in the distracted affairs of the Church. This turned out to be the production of the (then) Marquis of Lorn. It created much discussion, and, although not achieving the object at which the writer aimed, was thought worthy of more than one vigorous answer from the solemn old presbyters of the ultra-church party. His sympathies at this time seem to have been somewhat enlisted in favor of those who threatened secession. This was apparent in a letter addressed, in the same year, to Dr. Chalmers, still further commenting on the ecclesiastical position of the moment. But further consideration induced him to abstain from following that great divine in the final step of separation, though this course was pursued by the Earl of Breadalbane, his cousin, the representative of a younger branch of the clan Campbell, and a person of superior mind and serious disposition.

The separation of the Free from the State Church took place in 1843. In the following year Lord Lorn married Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, and of the duchess who so long shone as the most brilliant ornament of Victoria's court. This marriage was for more than one reason an auspicious one; for it connected the heir of Argyll with the great English houses of Howard, Sutherland, and Gower, and gave him a wife whose domestic virtues and courtly graces adorned even the splendid rank of her lineage. The marquis continued to interest himself in Church affairs, writing frequently, and taking an active part in the discussions of the day.

In 1847 the duke, his father, died, and he succeeded to the title, estates, and seat in the House of Lords, at the age of twenty-four.

In the year following this event he published a work, upon which he had spent much labor, and which caused much comment and discussion, on the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, marked with the same peculiarities of earnestness and positiveness of conviction which had been evinced in previous efforts.

When he took his place among the hereditary legislators of the three kingdoms, he had an already national reputation. He was able at once to assume a position which his titles alone would not have

given. No peer so young was known so well. His opinions, on one important subject at least, were not doubtful. But his pride and ambition were not content with a laurel so little prolific in high public honors as that won by ecclesiastical learning.

His first speech in the Upper House was at once a good omen and a prophecy of his future political career; and his is one of those rare records in modern English statesmanship in which the liberal opinions embraced in the generous and hopeful years of youth have not been departed from, nor the trust in them been extinguished, as middle age has come on. He started well on the high-road of reform, and has never swerved from it. The question upon which

he for the first time addressed the peers was, whether the political disabilities imposed upon Jews should be removed. The contest was a bitter one, many Whigs joining the Tories in their efforts to perpetuate the intolerance of less-enlightened eras of statesmanship. Argyll's speech was manly, positive, and straightforward, in favor of admitting the Jews, as the Catholics had been, to political privileges. The subject of his second speech was equally auspicious; it was upon the bill to prevent bribery and corruption at elections. He also spoke—always earnestly, and seldom without winning new consideration for his abilities—on the Scottish marriage bill, on free trade, foreign relations, real-estate laws, and questions affecting the Established Churches of England and Scotland. In all these matters he betrayed the results of careful study, and of a

clear-headed acuteness which was able to seize the pith of the subjects to which he gave his attention. At twenty-five, he had supplemented his reputation as a controversialist by that of being a ready and effective debater. The Whig traditions of his family had naturally drifted him into that party; his own reason and experience have carried him beyond it into the advanced liberal ranks.

He was a consistent supporter of the Russell ministry until it broke up, owing to the dissensions between Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, in 1851. The Derby (Tory) ministry lasted less than a year. The Earl of Aberdeen became prime-minister in 1852, with a coalition cabinet, comprised of the Whigs and "Peelites." In this cabinet the Duke of Argyll took his place as Lord Privy Seal, at the age of thirty-three. A few years after, in relating his first impressions of official life, the duke said: "I have been deeply im-

pressed with the high character and incorruptible good faith of those public men who stand in the front rank of British statesmen. When you put the best construction on the motives of their conduct, you put that which is not only the most generous, but the most just—the nearest to fact and truth."

Gladstone was at that time ascending the "upward slope" of his fame as an orator, and his power as a politician. He was in the full ripeness alike of his physical beauty and his high intellectual abilities. The Duke of Argyll became one of his earnest disciples and followers, and has advanced side by side with him ever since; indeed, on certain occasions, the duke has proved himself even more radical than his

leader. In the Aberdeen Cabinet—which seems to have been a later cabinet "of all the talents"—Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sidney Herbert, Sir George Lewis, and other intellectual lights, were among his colleagues. The duke continued to be Lord Privy Seal until 1855, when the Aberdeen ministry was voted out of office on a question relating to the Crimean War. Lord Palmerston, who succeeded to the premiership, transferred him to the less ornamental, but more responsible, and to an ambitious statesman more desirable, place of Postmaster-General, when Lord Canning was appointed Governor-General of India. Three years later, the Palmerston ministry fell, and the duke retired to the "cold shade of the opposition benches" during the brief period of the second Derby ministry. The Liberals, however, held the mandate of the country,

as they really had held it ever since Sir Robert Peel's conversion to free trade, and his resignation in 1846. Palmerston returned to office as a result of the general election of 1859, and Argyll was restored to the Privy-Seal office, which he held, with another brief tenure of the Post-Office intervening, until the defeat of Earl Russell (who had become Premier after Palmerston's death in 1865) in June, 1866. During this long official life, Argyll's opinions steadily advanced with those of the more radical wing of his party. At Liverpool, on one occasion, he declared himself in favor of a much wider extension of the suffrage than any Liberal leader had hitherto dared to confess. There were now and then questions on which Liberals were divided; on which the more timid hung back; which some thought "leaps in the dark." But the Duke of Argyll on all these took bold ground in favor of the most advanced ideas; and never hesitated once to cham-



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pion the cause of reform, whether industrial, political, or social. The Russell reform bill was moderate, and intended to conciliate the more conservative Liberals, while it partially satisfied the advanced wing of the party. Argyll energetically sustained it, as he undoubtedly would have sustained a much broader measure. But the Tories were oblique of vision, and, aided by Liberal renegades, voted down a detail in committee. Derby and Disraeli succeeded the veteran Earl Russell, were forced to bring in a much more sweeping suffrage bill than that they had defeated as revolutionary, and, having done radical work to spite the Whigs, were ignominiously thrust out of power by the exciting elections of 1868. Earl Russell, being politically *passé*, Gladstone gracefully bowed Disraeli out of the premier's chair.

The new cabinet for the first time admitted to the royal councils the distinctly radical wing of the Liberal party, John Bright and William Page Wood, life-long advocates of household suffrage, taking seats beside Gladstone, Granville, and Argyll; and Forster and Stansfield, the last the friend of Mazzini, being appointed to subordinate ministerial offices. The Duke of Argyll was designated for promotion, and became Secretary of State for India, a much more distinguished post than those which he had previously occupied; and one which, at present writing, he continues to administer with signal ability. To his management are committed the vast interests of the Indian empire, and the welfare of a race far more numerous than that inhabiting the British Isles.

Not less interesting is the duke's career as a thinker and writer, than as a statesman, during this period of high and almost continuous political honor. At thirty-three, he was unanimously chosen Chancellor of the Scottish University of St. Andrew's; three years later (in 1855) he was installed as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Both honors were conferred in recognition of his learning and his devotion to the interests of the Church, and in spite of his never having been educated at any public institution.

Soon after, he seems to have turned his contemplations into the channels of physical science, which powerfully attracted his vigorous and searching intellect. He appeared several times before the British Association, and read papers embodying the results and conclusions of his scientific research. The special branches to which he devoted himself were the history of the human race, and geology. He delivered a series of remarkable lectures on the latter science before the Glasgow Athenæum, in which he endeavored to harmonize geological developments with the Christian faith. Indeed, his enthusiasm for scientific progress, and his zealous sympathy with every effort of men to penetrate to the still veiled mysteries of man and Nature, have never been dampened by his yet more earnest devotion to the faith of the Bible; for his creed, though orthodox of the orthodox, is not of that fearful and halting nature which fears the result of greater light, of a clearer view of natural truths.

He pursues science because he believes that its unravelled secrets will be but new testimonies to the great first cause. In 1868, he read a paper before the Geological Society on the physical geography of Argyllshire, in connection with its geological structure. In this he combated previous geological conclusions, and contended that the hills and valleys of that region had been in the main determined by subterranean forces. As president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, he criticised Darwin's "Origin of Species," concluding that "Creation, of which we talk so easily, is a work of which we have no knowledge, and can have no conception." This, and other addresses and essays on kindred topics, are published in a volume entitled "The Reign of Law," which is as well known in this country as in Great Britain. Another work of a similar kind, "Primeval Law," is equally widely known, and these two works abundantly attest the duke's careful research, clear reasoning faculty, and bold, vigorous style. In the former, he reaches the conclusion that "creation by law, evolution by law, development by law, or, as including all those kindred ideas, the reign of law, is nothing but the reign of creative force, directed by creative knowledge, worked under the control of creative power, and in fulfilment of creative purpose."

His conclusions also relative to the origin of civilized society are marked, and in bold contrast with those of Darwin and of his disciple Sir John Lubbock. The latter records his belief that "the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism;" Darwin thinks of utter bestiality. Argyll argues that that primitive condition was one of civilization; that "man, even in his most civilized condition, is

capable of degradation; that his knowledge may decay, and that his religion may be lost."

I can but glance rapidly at the duke's labors and conclusions in the field of science, much less comment upon them; but it is already seen that he is a sturdy champion of that view of scientific discoveries which is reconcilable with the Scriptures, and even confirmatory of them, as opposed to the view which would regard Nature as the challenger and contemner of revelation. Besides the subjects of ecclesiastical polity, geology, civilization, and politics, the duke has been a student of social science, and an earnest worker in the cause of general education.

Inverary Castle, the hoary ancestral home of the Lords of Argyll, has often been thrown open in hospitable welcome to men and women famous in the paths of literature and of science. Prescott, accompanied by Sir Roderick Murchison and Professor Sedgwick, visited the castle in 1850; Mrs. Stowe was later a guest there; Baron Bunsen, and other Continental diplomats and scholars, have experienced its luxurious comforts amid a nobly-rugged landscape and teeming historic memories. Bunsen says, writing from Inverary: "I am lodged as in a royal residence, with a fine area of the sea, and the nobly-wooded hills around me." The queen visited Inverary on one occasion, and, in her "Highland Journal," speaks of seeing there the infant Marquis of Lorn, who was afterward to become her son-in-law.

In person, the duke is short and robust, with an inclination to stoutness. His form is straight, and his head, with its abundant crop of golden hair brushed up and back from the forehead, is held haughtily high in air, while the face is a proud but very kindly and expressive one. His features are regular, the nose being straight and standing prominently out, the mouth firm and even, the chin round. In one feature—his forehead—he resembles the portraits of many of his ancestors; it is very high and gently receding, and this peculiarity is seen in almost all the Dukes and Earls of Argyll. The face is long, so a true Scotch face. As a debater, the Duke of Argyll has none of those impediments, either natural or assumed, which mar the declamation of so many Britons. The words come clearly and quickly, and his earnestness hurries him on in a bold and straightforward delivery, which admits neither of hesitation nor of the studied graces with which many orators of the day still love to adorn their addresses. Though a man of learning, he is seldom pedantic in speech; but some one says of him that, when he speaks in the House of Lords, he has the air of a school-master lecturing his scholars. There is, indeed, something of this kind in his manner at times. His impetuosity not seldom leads him into sharp forensic encounters; for he is very jealous of the honor of his colleagues, his party, and his ideas, and hotly resents attacks on either, trusting to the temper of his weapons as, on the spur of the moment, he clutches them up. He is not a great statesman; but he is a faithful and able administrator, and an honest worker. He is not a great orator; but he is an excellent debater, and has no superior in the Upper House, in the lucidity of his ministerial statements and the conduct of a controversy upon the measures within his ministerial province. It is gratifying to be able to add to this sketch of his career and public character, the fact that his private virtues are conspicuous, and that his reputation as a high-minded, honorable, benevolent, and amiable gentleman, is not surpassed by that of any British public man. It is equally gratifying to close by saying that the Duke of Argyll was, from the beginning of our civil war to its triumphant close—through all its periods of gloom, of depression, and of apparently impending failure—the constant friend of the Union cause, often standing up in the Peers, before an audience overwhelmingly hostile to the Union, and pleading its right, while eloquently warning them of the shortsightedness of England's policy.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

THE PALISADES.

THE Palisades of the Hudson, of which we give a general view on the first page of this number of the JOURNAL, are described by Mr. Lossing, in his "Book of the Hudson," as portions of a ridge of trap rocks extending in an unbroken line along the western shore of the Hudson, from a point just above Weehawken to Piermont, and irregularly to near Haverstraw. These rocks present a rude, precipitous

front, from three to five hundred feet in height, forming a mural escarpment, columnar in appearance, yet not actually so in form. They have a steep slope of *débris*, which has been crumbling from the cliffs above during many centuries by the action of frost and the elements. The ridge is narrow, in some places being not more than three-fourths of a mile in width. It is really an enormous projecting trap-dike. On the top, which is a level table-land, and among the *débris*, is a thin growth of trees. On the western side of the range the slope is gentle, composed generally of rich soil and covered with trees.

Viewed from the river this range is monotonous and forbidding, and the traveller can scarcely imagine that behind their frowning front is a fertile and smiling country. The view in our illustration is from a point near Dobb's Ferry, on the eastern shore, just below the break in the range at Piermont.

AUGUSTE BLANQUI.

IN the latest and most melancholy phase of the French revolution which began with the fall of Napoleon III., one of the turbulent spirits of other days has arisen and now dominates the capital. Auguste Blanqui controls that inner committee, which moves the central committee, which in its turn governs sternly the commune.

It is noteworthy how many of the republican leaders have issued from the better classes of society; how few are self-made men, rising from the lowest strata—Robespierre, Barère, Desmoulins, in the old Revolution of 1789-'93, belonged to what the English would call "county families;" Mirabeau was the scion of an ancient and noble house. In the Revolution of 1848, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Ledru-Rollin, Crémieux, Garnier Pagés, Arago—indeed, all the government, with the conspicuous exception of Albert the Laborer—were what is in countries with social grades called "well-born." In the present revolution Favre, Rochefort, Flourens, Simon, Picard, are men of social rank; Rochefort is noble, and Flourens the son of a member of the "Forty Immortals"—the Academy of France.

AUGUSTE BLANQUI may be ranged in the same category. His family was of the "highly-respectable" sort. They were well-to-do people at Nice, and Auguste received a more than liberal education. In his early years he was already distinguished for the graces of a polite and even profound scholarship. He at least exemplified in his own person no grievous wrongs, no aristocratic or kingly tyrannies. With a different temperament he might long since have sat in a *fautuil* of the Academy beside the father of his colleague, Flourens, and his antagonist, Thiers. After leaving the Lycée and college, he became a private tutor in a rich southern family, varying this occupation by giving occasional lectures on the classics—notably on Horace and his odes—at Nice and Marseilles. So he was engaged, with every anticipation on the part of his friends that he was fast winning his way to a professorship and a distinguished career in the avenues of learning, when the stirring political events of 1828-'29, foreshadowing the overturning of the restored Bourbon monarchy, diverted his attention. He is described, by one who wrote of the "Men of 1848," as being, in his twenty-fifth year, a taciturn, sallow, dark-eyed youth, with close-cropped brown hair, almost clerical in dress, and, when speaking, speaking with a "sharp and short dogmatism" which may be observed as a prevalent characteristic of French school-masters. He had been radical ever since his accession to the years of manhood. But it was remarkable that Blanqui, unlike almost every other French agitator of distinction, and especially unlike those born in the hot provinces lying on the Mediterranean, was little imaginative—that he dealt little in the use of oratory, and was wanting in the flourish and *élan* which so captivated, and still so captivates, a French mob. His power was none the less real and constant. Polignac's policy, which had in view the gradual abrogation of the famous charter by which Louis XVIII. was vouchsafed by his people a comparatively peaceful reign, fired the hearts of the French republicans, to whom, indeed, it was a very god-send. This quiet, reticent, private tutor seems to have caught the infection, for, as events became grave, and revolution threatened afar, he threw aside his books, bade adieu to Horace (as a medium for bread-getting) forever, and started for the centre of action.

From that day to this, Blanqui's career has been stormy, full of romance and vicissitude; and, if his name has been less often in the mouths of fame and rumor than many others with whom he has acted, it is because he has been rather an actor in confused times and events than, like Louis Blanc, an orator, or, like Flourens, a soldier. For more than forty years he has alternated between the dictatorship over a mob, and the punishments inflicted by monarchy, republics, and empire. And now, at sixty-six, with parched and wrinkled sallow face, sunken eyes, stooping shoulders, and grizzly head, but yet dauntless spirit and sinewy frame, he once more enacts the part wherein he is "himself again"—as the power behind the wall, which moves, as by wires, the players outside it. He mingled in the Revolution of 1830, and therein sat in one of the club-rooms with two pistols at his side, issuing orders to be executed at some barricades in the street below. But the Revolution of 1830 took an anti-republican turn; Thiers was responsible, for it was he who turned the channel of insurrection and gave it a king. Many republicans submitted; Blanqui did not. As one of the extreme irreconcilables of the day, he at once set to organizing secret clubs; and, by his strange, quiet force of character, infused a large body of Parisians with his own courage and his own intense hatred of all conservative forms of government. He permitted but one year of peace to the citizen-king, when he planned an insurrection which, on the eve of becoming itself a revolution, was suppressed, and its leader arrested. Blanqui was sentenced to imprisonment for life—"if the government lasts so long," said he, adding to the judge's sentence as he passed out of court with a quiet, sneering smile. After two years spent in prison, where, it was observed, he seemed to give over political cogitations and took to reading the Roman historians, the government pardoned and set him free. It was always the Orleanist policy to be gentle with political offenders; this was forced upon the monarchy by the memory of its own origin. Blanqui tried his hand at writing in the anti-dynastic papers, but that was not his forte. He seemed always to retire, as it were, behind the editors and orators, and to be telegraphing to them with his eyes what tack to take. In the clubs he was still probably the most powerful man in Paris. One source of this power undoubtedly was, that no one suspected his political faith. If ever there was in France a socialist republican "pur et simple," Blanqui was and is one. If the mantle of Marat has fallen on any shoulders, they are his. Then his courage was perfectly demonstrated. It was not of the loud and ostentatious kind common to French agitators; his courage was placid, unyielding, even. He never blundered at any venture, and never fled before any odds. The next insurrection of which he was a moving spirit was that of 1839, when, his military leaders having stormed and taken the Hôtel de Ville, the Place de la Bastille, and the whole upper end of the Rue de Rivoli, he came down quietly and sat in consultation at the first-mentioned place, and all but established, over half of Paris, a pure socialism. This, however, also failed; shortly after, he was arrested in Paris—though he might have been, had he chosen, out of France—and now, as utterly contumacious, was sentenced to death. Once more he became the subject of royal clemency, and the sentence was changed to a life-imprisonment. Shortly before the Revolution of 1848 he was pardoned, as a necessity; but even conciliatory acts like these did not avail to preserve the throne. On the formation of the Provisional Government, Blanqui once more became a hero of the clubs; but two months had not passed when he discovered that the new executives were "conservative," their policy "reactionary," and their end "treason." He was a chief in the insurrection of June, and the republic, ungrateful to this Simon-pure republican, sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment on Belle Isle—the famous island which Fouquet, in the old times, fortified, so that he might resist the tyranny of the grand *monarque*. He tried to escape, but the island-fortress was too well guarded. After his release he went into exile, and nothing more was heard of him till, on Napoleon's fall, he hurried back to Paris, there to resume his old influence in the midnight Jacobin meetings.

Blanqui, at sixty-six, is a man of singular energy, and is as bitterly, intensely radical as at twenty-five. He is at the extreme of the extremists. His presence signifies constant turmoil and insurrection. If he achieves the power he aims at, the guillotine will be set up again, and the Reign of Terror will once more be resumed. Rochefort and even Flourens are mild political trimmers compared with him. It will be an evil day for France should the insurrection triumph, and this arch-agitator and arch-Jacobin sway its victorious counsels.

FRAGMENTS OF TRAVEL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. O. C. DARLEY.



VENICE AND THE GRAND CANAL.

WINTERING in Florence is by no means so charming as most travellers would lead us to suppose, and I sincerely advise all invalids to beware of the fearful north wind which blows over the snowy shoulders of the Apennines, and during the winter months causes a most uncomfortable sensation, to say the least of it, often reminding me of our own miserably chilly March winds. Many a time, when walking over the stone slabs with which the streets are paved, have I shudderingly buttoned up my coat, and thrust my benumbed fingers into my pockets, almost envying the good people their *scaldini*, the little earthen vessels, filled with hot ashes and burning charcoal, with which almost every man, woman, and child, seems to be provided. But Florence, in the early spring, with lovely roses climbing her garden-walls, with her luxuriant foliage, her orange-groves and myrtle-bowers, her marble palaces, her statues, fountains, cypresses, beneath the warm sunlight and clear blue sky, is a very different thing, and makes Florence la Bella worthy of the name.

Her streets are well paved, clean, bright, and cheerful, and are generally filled with a constantly-changing concourse of people, among whom there is by no means the same appearance of poverty and wretchedness as is to be met with in either Rome or Naples. Food of all kinds is so marvellously cheap that cases of actual starvation must be rare indeed. Quantities of chestnuts, luscious figs bursting with ripeness, blooming peaches, and magnificent grapes, may be bought for a mere trifle. I have often seen the dirtiest little specimens of unwashed Tuscan youth fairly revelling in the possession of huge bunches of grapes worthy to crown the brows of Bacchus himself. My picturesque friends, too, the beggars, are not half as numerous as they are in most Italian cities. Indeed, I quite missed their fantastic shreds and patches, their strange contortions and pleading cries, their piteous "Give me something for the love of God—I am dying of hunger!" dwelling on the last words with a heart-touching pathos that, when heard for the first time by the inexperienced traveller, seldom fails to awaken the charity that thinketh no evil.

Surely these pertinacious unfortunates have an especial claim upon

the artist, who so often finds invaluable studies among their tattered draperies and patriarchal beards. Who can say that the magnificent fell of hair that flows over the mighty chest of Michael Angelo's "Moses," did not find its original in the possession of some picturesque vagabond of the great Buonarrotti's time? We are all familiar with the ugly story with which history has blackened the memory of Giotto, who, when painting the martyrdom of one of the apostles, discovered an admirable model among these miserable beggars, and is said to have tortured the unhappy wretch to death, with savage enthusiasm, that he might the better portray the dying agonies of the saint.

One of the features peculiar to the streets of Florence is the flower-girl, whom you are sure to meet on the Lung Arno, or in the Cascini; which, in fine weather, are always filled with handsome equipages and throngs of people. The name of flower-girl is undoubtedly suggestive of something pretty and youthful, fair of form and light of step, her breath scenting of new-mown hay, and her whole person redolent of the lovely blossoms which fill the basket she carries in her hand. Perhaps you see one of these damsels in the distance, and are naturally anxious to obtain a nearer view. There is nothing very striking about her dress; she wears a broad straw hat, whose "shady brim" doubtless conceals "the blush that, in the midst of brown, was born." As she comes nearer, you see her entering the *cafés*, where you imagine her gracefully presenting her floral treasures, and whence she emerges, perhaps three or four *centesimi* the richer. She continues to approach, though her figure is occasionally lost among the people and vehicles that throng the street; again you see her, stopping for a moment to gossip with some friendly chestnut-roaster or purveyor of pumpkin-seeds, with whom she is possibly effecting an exchange of property. In another moment she has darted off in the direction of a group of *forestieri*, each of whom, when they soon after pass you, carries a tiny bouquet of rosebuds at his button-hole. Before you have time to think how very charming is this pretty little piece of attention, and how characteristic of her graceful country women, two coarse brown hands are busily insinuating a small knot of sweet-smelling violets into one

of your own button-holes, while beneath the shady brim of the broad straw hat—now within an inch of your amazed countenance—appears the dark and wrinkled visage of a matron of some forty summers.

This, by-the-way, reminds me of a droll story I heard while in *La Bella Firenze*, told to me by its hero, "a fellow of infinite jest," whom I encountered at our hotel, and toward whom I was much attracted by his genial and gentlemanly address. He had a fund of anecdote and story, and a manner of relating his experiences of which it would be impossible to convey an idea; and was, altogether, so agreeable a companion that we all regretted his departure from Florence, which took place soon after our arrival. The adventure occurred in Venice:

"I reached the Silent City," said he, "at night, stopping at the bustling, noisy railroad station, which might have been in England, or America, or anywhere else, so utterly commonplace was it, so altogether different from what the mind is prepared to find on approaching the gorgeous city of historic splendor and romance. I had been suffering from headache almost ever since I left Padua, and now found myself slightly feverish, and far from being in a proper condition to appreciate the strange, mysterious beauty by which I was surrounded.

"Every traveller tells you of the wonderful effect of the brilliant lights dropping in golden streams into the watery way as you glide noiselessly along in the low, black, hearse-like gondola between

tall and stately palaces; not a breath, not a sound, meeting the ear, save the silvery plash of the oar, or the occasional warning voice of the gondolier as other dark objects silently pass by—how you turn out of the grand canal into some smaller channel, and find yourself gliding beneath bridge after bridge, lonesome, sad, and dark; only an occasional light showing itself here and there, serving to make the shadows more profound, until your silent boatman suddenly stops at the ample door of one of the melancholy-looking palaces, and tells *il signore* that he has now reached his hotel; as did my aquatic friend, on introducing me to the B—.

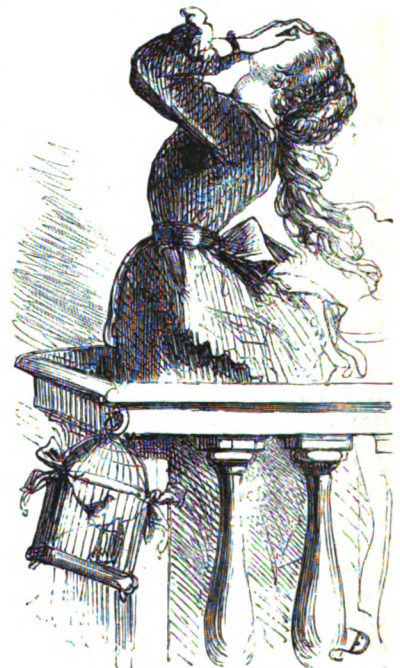
"I need not say how glad I was to rest my wearied body and aching head in the spacious and comfortable apartment to which I was shown, though my feverish brain soon became the playground of the most extraordinary and painful dreams, wherein all manner of malignant tyrants and mischievous water-sprites combined to make night hideous. At one moment I imagined myself the victim of some terrible conspiracy; was tried, condemned, strangled, and thrown into the canal; at another, the windows of my room—apparently besieged by an army of gondoliers, who seemed to be battering on the shutters with their long oars—were furiously burst open, and suddenly a foaming torrent would pour into the apartment, rise in the form of a bubbling fountain at the foot of my bed, nodding its plumed head as if swayed by the spirit of some fair Undine; then as suddenly descend in an overwhelming shower—icy cold as Dante's frozen lake—on my helpless, unoffending shoulders. This pleasant state of affairs must have continued not only for that night, but for many other nights and days; for, when I next awoke to consciousness, I found myself free, indeed, from pain, but weak and



THE FLOWER-GIRL.



A DEMONSTRATION.



A DISCOVERY.

powerless as a little child, and doubtless with the same desire—if any one in such a condition of body can be said to have any thing that argues the possession of a desire—to be soothed and quietly talked to; to be helped to disentangle the curious, dreamy recollections that were gradually coming back to my brain of the many lands in which I had been wandering, and to account for the condition in which I found myself in the mysterious Silent City.

"I suppose the effort I made to speak aroused the attention of two persons who were in the room, one of whom came softly to the bedside, and, with an expression of pleased surprise, leaned over me, felt my pulse, and, said in a low voice and in excellent English:

"Do not exert yourself to speak, you have been very ill, but will now recover rapidly. I am your physician."

"After staring up at his kind, benevolent face, for some minutes, with, I am quite sure, a look of remarkable penetration—

"Have I been wandering, doctor?" I asked.

"You have been suffering from a violent fever for two weeks, and, of course, you have not always uttered the profoundest wisdom, as you may suppose. But you are all right now. Skin moist, pulse calm and regular, head cool—"

"Head cool!" I repeated, slowly raising my hands to my forehead. "It does feel cool, doctor, but what—what is *this*?" I tremblingly questioned, as, in passing my fingers beyond my forehead, they came in contact with a smooth and slightly downy surface, suggestive of the head of an infant of the tenderest age.

"My dear sir, you must not be so curious," he gently answered. "In a day or two you will be strong enough to ask as many questions as you like, but just now all you have to do is to keep yourself as quiet as possible, and—"

"Shaved, doctor, shaved, I know it, I *feel* it!" I groaned, feebly clutching my denuded cranium, once the proud possessor of raven locks that might have rivalled Absalom's.

"The excellent medico's predictions with regard to my returning health were quite correct, for, thanks to his unceasing care, in less than two weeks I was almost myself again and in the possession of a most fascinating wig, the daily arrangement of which, during my convalescence, afforded me infinite amusement. I don't believe that I am the ugliest fellow in the world, and, when crowned—but I will not anticipate, my wig shall speak for itself.

"While in a convalescent condition, and yet under the dominion of Dr. Niccolo and beef-tea, I used to pass an hour or two every morning at my window, which did not overlook a canal, but one of the *campi*, which at that season of the year—it was early spring—are always swarming with busy traffickers, venders of fish, flesh, fruit, and fowl, who fill the air with their vociferous cries.

"Though I seldom failed to find amusement among the droll scenes that were continually taking place among all these busy people, yet I soon found better occupation for my eyes in the balcony of an opposite palace, which soon became decidedly interesting.

"One morning, just after I had taken my usual place at the window, with a remote idea of looking over one of Balzac's stories, some movement caused me to look in the direction of this same balcony, from which, at the moment I raised my eyes, a female figure quickly withdrew into the room beyond, but not so quickly as to prevent my observing the somewhat unusual but pleasing combination of dark-brown eyes and very light hair. Of course, it was the most natural thing in the world for me to look in the direction of my fair neighbor the next day, and the next, and the day after that; and there she was sure to be, and, what soon became quite exciting, was equally sure to disappear as rapidly as on the first occasion.

"After a time this pretty timidity, or whatever it was, began gradually to wear away, so that she would sometimes linger for a few moments, leaning upon the balcony in a graceful attitude, with a cunning little knot of scarlet flowers in the bosom of her light-blue dress; or she would bring her pet bird and hang its gilded cage in the warm sunlight—no doubt using sweet Italian terms of endearment as she did so—of course, quite unconscious of the pale, sentimental stranger at the opposite hotel-window.

"I have no doubt that I looked extremely interesting; indeed, I have often thought so while making my morning-toilet, as I beheld myself reflected in the mirror, with my ghastly visage and great gray eyes, to say nothing of the crowning glory of that superb black wig, which was so decidedly becoming that I began to think of adopting it altogether.

"Sometimes for a whole day I was only permitted to behold my fair Venetian's blue drapery flitting within her own apartment; then again, as if irresistibly attracted, or from an amiable desire to afford the lonely invalid, '*il povero ammalato*,' the sight of her own pretty face—for by this time she had become quite conscious of my neighborhood—she would bring her work-basket and busily employ her taper fingers in arranging the bright colors it seemed to contain.

"What harm if, while so employed, a bright glance and still brighter smile were sometimes sent in my direction? What harm if, as she rose to go, she sometimes turned and kissed her pretty hand? Poor girl, the artistic flow of that immaculate wig was rapidly doing its work!

"For a day or two I refrained from going to my window, and, when I again did so, kept my eyes most determinately fixed upon the passers-by below—upon the citizens, soldiers, and sailors, in their various costumes, gossiping in the warm and cheerful sunlight, or upon the idlers about the *cafés* and shop-windows—but it was all in vain; my wandering glances gradually returned to their allegiance, and fondly came back to their familiar resting-place. There stood the signora, talking to her canary, which seemed to be enjoying the lovely spring morning in an ecstasy of song, while its fair mistress hung flowers about its golden-wired cage, apparently as bright and happy as her feathered pet. In another moment she saw that I was looking at her, and, leaning upon the balcony, took a rose from the flowers in her hand, and, while the sunlight sparkled in her soft, light hair, slowly plucked its leaves, letting the velvet petals fall below.

"Did I fancy that, while thus gracefully occupied, the softest glow suffused her cheek? or that, as each leaf slowly fluttered to the ground, her lips were gently murmuring some tender enchantment?

"Now," thought I, 'this charming creature is gradually taking my reason prisoner, and, instead of being allowed to continue my travels with renewed health and vigor, if I am not careful I shall be thrown back upon the good Dr. Niccolo's hands with an aggravated case of disease of the heart.'

"As I leaned back for a moment to reflect what was the best thing to be done, whether to change my hotel or only my room, my glance chancing to fall upon the mirror, I beheld what I firmly believed to be the cause of the fair Venetian's delusion, the immaculate wig, in whose magnificent locks, as in those of the Hebrew giant, lay all my strength.

"It shall be done!" I mentally ejaculated, 'though at how great a sacrifice! The end must justify the means.'

"Then coldly and deliberately rising from my chair, at the very moment she had dropped the last leaf from her white fingers, with her soft cheek all aglow from the apparently-happy result of her little incantation, and her smiling brown eyes timidly looking into mine, I desperately seized the ambrosial locks and held them high in air above my denuded poll!

"Imagine, if you can, her start of horror, her sudden change of expression, from blushing happiness to pitiable bewilderment and utter disgust! She stood for a moment perfectly motionless, as if totally unable to realize her situation; then, clasping her hands before her eyes, as if to shut out the fearful sight, rapidly retreated to her apartment. The remedy was effectual, for I have never seen my pretty coquette since; and so ended the amusing little episode, to which, I must confess, I have often looked back with a feeling of regret, slightly tintured with remorse."

Memorandum in my journal runs thus: "Should we go to Venice, must not fail to look out for the Hôtel B—."

If any one has a desire to see the *élite* of Florence society, let him go to the Cascini, which lies just beyond the city-wall, along the Arno. On Sundays and fête-days you will find a capital band there, which all the world turns out to enjoy. The grounds in fine weather are always sure to be filled with countless promenaders, male and female equestrians, handsome open carriages, filled with elegantly-dressed ladies, and drawn by superb horses. The band is generally stationed in a large open space, which seems to be the chief point of attraction, for here generally assemble the great mass of vehicles, whose occupants keep up a lively interchange of compliments and other small talk. Here you have an admirable opportunity to study the graces and beauty of the fair Tuscans, who most amiably do every thing in their power to gratify your curiosity. The arrangement of a shawl, the readjustment of a stray curl, or the pulling off of a glove, may

each involve a variety of easy and graceful movements, as well as the momentary display of a fine bust, a white throat, or a dimpled hand.

All this charming coquetry, however, is by no means confined to the Florentine dames, who are really almost outnumbered by the everlasting tourists, French, English, and American, who are conspicuous everywhere upon the Continent, more especially in Florence the Beautiful.

From the heights of Fiesole, you have a most lovely and extensive view of the valley of the Arno, where lies Florence with her stately domes and towers, her splendid churches, and Giotto's Campanile. Hills covered with olives, myrtles, and climbing vineyards, gently slope to the greenest of green valleys, watered by the broad and sinuous Arno, on whose banks gleam the white walls of countless villas, "bosomed high in tufted trees." Imagine the mellow tints of the distant Apennines as a background to all this luxuriant loveliness, and you have a most charming picture, on which the eye is never tired of gazing, and which the mind delights to recall when far away.

There is another magnificent view from Galileo's Tower, or Observatory—for it is said that here he used to study the heavenly bodies. As we slowly ascended its three stories, I could not help recalling the words of the enlightened Holy Fathers when the learned philosopher first appeared before the Court of the Inquisition at Rome.

"Firstly," said the Holy Fathers, "your doctrine of the sun being in the centre of the world, and immovable, is absurd in itself; secondly, it is false in philosophy; and, thirdly, it is damnable, as being contrary to the Scriptures. And, again, your doctrine that the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, is, in the first place, absurd in itself; in the second place, false in philosophy; and, in the third place, an error, to say the least of it, in point of faith."

A great number of the inhabitants of Fiesole employ themselves in plaiting straw, of which they make a profitable trade by sending the products of their industry to various parts of the world. Scarcely had we entered the town when we were beset by a crowd of these importunate straw-merchants and their families, who fairly drove us before them, wildly imploring us, in the most frantic manner, to purchase their bundles of braids and straw birds with impossible heads and tails. The enormous amount of gesticulation the Italian people bring into play on all occasions is really wonderful; among the Neapolitans it is especially observable.

While passing through one of the streets of Naples—or on the Molo, for example—stop for a few moments to observe a group of fishermen; hear the incessant chatter of their voluble tongues; how heads wag, eyes flash, and teeth gleam; how arms are thrown into the air, and fists become so powerfully active that you look momentarily for the glitter of the sharp knife which all these men wear, and

fear the whole thing is about to result in a general battle. Now, were you near enough to overhear the subject of their conversation, you would probably find that this immense amount of vital energy was being expended on the friendly recital of some successful piscatorial adventure.

To witness the passionate warmth of their religious feeling is sometimes almost painful; often, while standing in one of their magnificent churches, lost in admiration of the resplendent marbles, mosaics, gilded shrines, crucifixes, paintings, images, and glorious stained-glass glowing with gorgeous color, your attention will be startled by the sudden entrance of an apparently-frantic female, who throws herself prostrate upon the marble pavement, as if in a despairing condition of mind; you observe another fervently kissing the feet of an image, perhaps bathing them with her tears; while a third is upon her knees before some distant saint, whose marble drapery gleams through the uncertain light.

Before leaving Florence we did not fail to pay our devotions to "Dante's Stone," whereon, it is said, he was wont to sit for hours in mournful meditation. My mind's eye readily conjured up the thin, dark-robed figure, the sallow and somewhat saturnine visage looking as if no cheerful thought had ever visited his brain, or smile parted his thin lips.

Of the picture-galleries I will say nothing. A mere catalogue of pictures, which is all that I could pretend to give, can be found in the guide-books; but art criticism should be left to connoisseurs.

On our way to Venice we stopped at Padua, a rare old city, suggestive of much learning and stateliness. Its streets have a gloomy aspect, owing to the broad arcades on each side, supported by massive pillars, which, in fact, make the whole city, as some traveller says, look like a cloister.

The Brenta is a decidedly slow-moving and uninteresting river, and without a particle of beauty to recommend it to the most enthusiastic traveller. The country gradually becomes nearly as flat as Holland, but well cultivated, with fine green meadows, abundance of olives, and, now and then, long rows of poplars. But something tells you—some pleasant perfume in the air—that you are approaching the sea. Your imagination is becoming excited, your pulse quickens with eagerness, when suddenly, just while you are in a state of feverish expectation, and you are afraid that your companion will address you with some commonplace remark in unsophisticated English, and so break the charm, the train stops at a railway-station, and you are told that you have reached Venice.

Now, a railway station is altogether foreign to our ideas of what the approach to Venice ought to be; and terribly confusing to the mind is it to be forced to pull down all the lofty dreams that have been filling it for the last hour or two, and to find yourself surrounded by a troop of noisy individuals in utterly unpicturesque costumes,



"A good canal enof; 'tis only ven de tide is out she schmells."

crying out, like so many New-York hack-drivers, "Gondola? Barca? Gondola? Barca?" So, although I knew of all these exceedingly unromantic circumstances from the experience of others, yet their actual occurrence came upon me like a blow from Thor's hammer. Even after we were seated in our dark, funereal gondola, and were slowly moving down the Grand Canal, with the gray old palaces on either hand, looking like poor patricians who had once seen better days and were now condemned to stand upon the brink of that which would one day prove their own watery grave, I believe the prevailing feeling with all our party was one of disappointment, though all remained perfectly silent, as if ashamed to acknowledge the truth to each other.

Our first visit, however, to the noble Piazza San Marco more than restored our preconceived ideas, filling us with the greatest admiration and delight, and though, through the medium of pictures and photographs, every one is familiar with the superb buildings that surround it, yet here color, warmth, and animation, are added to complete the picture, which, once seen, can never be forgotten. Standing opposite the ducal palace, with its colonnade of massive pillars, bearing a lighter one above, and its checkered walls of white and red marble, my eyes suddenly rested upon the capital of one of the corner columns, with its curiously-sculptured Judgment of Solomon, and I remembered, with a feeling of tenderness tugging at the parental heart, how, a night or two before I left my household gods, I was showing to my little ones—now, alas! three thousand miles away—a stereoscopic view of this very angle of the ducal palace.

On the east side of the piazza, whose magnificent pavement is of square pieces of gray marble with white tracery, stands the glorious Temple of St. Mark, whose once gilded domes instantly transport the imagination to Constantinople. The immense amount of Oriental marble, bass-reliefs, bronzes, gilding, and mosaics, with which the whole surface of this remarkable building is covered, is truly marvelous. In front of the cathedral stand the three gigantic bright-red flag-staffs that once supported the standards of the three vassal kingdoms of the republic—Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea. On a line with these, the Campanile lifts its square brick tower three hundred and thirty feet into the air. At its base stands Sansovino's beautiful little lodge, elegantly adorned with statues, bass-reliefs, bronzes, and marbles.

At the end of the *piazzetta* which terminates on the quay are planted the two columns of Oriental granite, said to have been brought from the Holy Land, one surmounted by the winged Lion of St. Mark, and the other by the statue of St. Theodore. Any reward having been offered to him who should succeed in raising them to their present position, Nicolo il Barattiere, as he was called, who at length overcame the difficulty, demanded the *legalization of gambling between the columns*. The grant being unavoidable, the spot was at the same time dedicated to public executions, for which reason it was considered a bad omen even to cross this space. It is said that the unfortunate Marino Faliero landed here when about to assume the dogedom.

We ascended the Campanile, not by a staircase, but by an inclined plane, which a royal personage is said to have once ascended on horseback. From a gallery near the summit we looked down upon magnificent but melancholy Venice, which, though broken into many islands, from that height seemed but one, with the Grand Canal winding through it, spanned by the Rialto, and communicating with the minor water streets of the city. On the west lie the porphyry hills of Euganea; on the east rolls the Adriatic; and in the distance a splendid panorama of the snowy Alpine peaks glitters like fire in the setting sun.

The Piazza San Marco is the very centre of Venetian life; its superb marble colonnades, under which at one time the nobles alone had the privilege of walking, are both day and night thronged with animated crowds of people. At night it is especially attractive; the brilliantly-lighted shops and *cafés*, starred and garlanded with lamps, are filled with well-dressed loungers of both sexes, who here assemble to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse, to eat ices, to drink excellent coffee, and to listen to good music. It is one of the hardest things in the world to tear yourself away from the fascinations of this brilliant and animated scene. With the cheerful sounds of merry laughter, tinkling glasses, rustling silks, and soft Italian voices lingering in the ear, and color, light, and loveliness still charming the eye, it is indescribably depressing to find yourself once again seated in your black gondola, moving along a dark and dreary canal.

It is a melancholy truth that, on opening my window the first morning after our arrival, the odor that arose from the canal beneath was of so fearful a character as to cause me to petition the "gentlemanly proprietor" of the Hôtel C—, a stout Teuton of much courtesy of manner and very little English, for a change of apartment. This favor he politely and immediately granted, adding, as if by way of apology for the offending canal, while his broad, good-natured face expanded into one of the very blindest of smiles, "Ja, ja, mein Herr, it is a goot canal enof; 'tis only ven de tide is out she schmells."

You may be sure we did not fail to cross the far-famed Bridge of Sighs, and, torch in hand, descend into the gloomy stone cells whose blackened walls have so often echoed the despairing groans of the unhappy victims of a cruel state policy. The only light allowed the prisoner within must have been received, through a small loophole in the thick walls, from a lamp hung in the outer passage. Names and inscriptions, cut in the rough stone with the points of nails by the wretched captives, are still shown to the curious visitor, who cannot help feeling a thrill of pity as he throws the light of the torch he carries on these painful records of human suffering. It was by no means easy to forget all this, even when once more out in the cheerful sunlight, and again filling our oppressed lungs with the soft, delicious air of the South.

DECORATION DAY.

I.

O DAY of sweet blossoms
And memories sweet,
That now on the altar
Of liberty meet,
And mingle their incense
Alike to perfume
The corporal's grave
And the general's tomb!

II.

Wherever are sleeping
Our patriot brave,
A wreath is descending
For every grave,
As if the archangels
In many a crown
Had woven a rainbow
And showered it down.

III.

Flowers of the magnolia,
The South bringeth forth,
And twines them to-day
With the rose of the North;
For over the fallen
We plighted our troth,
And the dead of the UNION
Belong to us both.

IV.

If we have forgotten
Some mound on the hills—
Some miniature grave
That a drummer-boy fills—
God above it will hang
When the evening lowers,
A star-spangled banner
Sublimar than ours.

CLARENCE F. BUEHLER.

OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS.

THERE is a wide difference between the new and the old fashioned garden in many respects; and few who have lived by an open, breezy lawn, with groups of trees, the outline lost in shrubbery, gay with bright flower-beds, with glades that wander off into cool woods, and vistas that open on the distant landscape, would be willing to sacrifice the freedom and beauty of the general effect for the close quarters of the old garden, with its fences, and hedges, and mixed crops.

Whoever now plans a country home, demands the lawn as its chief feature, and, impatient of straight lines and right angles, would have his paths seem to wander as carelessly as the track of the humming-bird when he goes from flower to flower, demanding its buried sweets. But with all its indifference to openness and breadth, its mixture of the useful and the beautiful, its determined right angles, which seemed to force its less agreeable features into sight, there was a pleasure in the old-fashioned gardens that we, who lived in them in our childhood, can never forget.

The paths were the keys to the place; the land was divided by them into squares or parallelograms, edged with box or till, bordered with shrubs and perennials, and shaded by fruit-trees; the enclosed space was devoted to fruit or vegetables, or occasionally to a grass-plot, with a statue or a vase or rustic basket, or perhaps a fountain, in its centre.

But however incongruous the mixture, the straight paths, with their wide borders, were just the places to show the masses of bulbs, perennials, and annuals, when in bloom, for which the flower-bed in the lawn can make very little room. The long lines and masses of blue, white, and pink hyacinths, mixed with violets, forget-me-nots, blood-root, trillium, bell-wort, pink and white phlox, of the spring, gave place, as the summer approached, to lines of yellow, scarlet, and purple tulips, which marked the paths with unmistakable distinctness.

Before the tulips were fairly gone, they were forgotten in the opening blossoms of the blue and white Canterbury-bells, the fox-glove, ragged robin, scarlet poppies, red and pink peonies, scarlet lychnis, white and red phlox, fraxinella, and groups of white lilies that filled the garden with their delicious fragrance, and glistened like snow among the green leaves.

Tall bushes of June roses, the Scotch yellow Harrison, white cottage, Lady Washington, cabbage, moss, damask, thornless, maiden's blush, and a host more, grew higher than the head, and were so full of buds and blossoms that no one could question the right of the rose to be called the queen of flowers. In the dewy morning the full-blown roses were gathered in baskets, to be packed away with salt until the good housewife could distil out of them their rose-water. But with the roses and the lilies the glory of the flower-garden culminated; there were bunches of tall larkspur and aconite, and summer and autumnal phlox and hollyhocks to maintain some show of color; beds of mignonette, thyme, lavender, and sage, gave their sweetness to the wind; asters, balsams, coreopsis, four-o'clocks, zinnias, tried to replace the perennials, but August and September could make no floral show which would compare with June. The scarlet geranium, heliotrope, and verbena, which had been carefully nourished during the winter, brightened a few spots; petunias crept among the bushes, and hung their white and purple bells over the edges of the walks; but the summer glory of the garden was the blushing cheeks of peaches, purple plums, golden pears, red-streaked apples, and the humbler crops of melons, tomatoes, corn, and cabbages. The grape borders and arbors were no longer fragrant with spicy blossoms, but grew slowly purple with Isabellas and ruddy with Catawbas. In favored spots, on some sheltered wall or rock, the sweet-water, contending with creeper or honeysuckle, would give a few ripe bunches of grapes. The trumpet creeper and clematis wreathed their white and orange colored blossoms above their dark-green leaves; and when the creeper threw its flame-colored flowers into the air, or covered the top of a wall or fence with a crest of leaves and flowers, the clematis filled the spaces below with a white, feathery softness.

The monthly honeysuckles still gave a few blossoms, but the scarlet and yellow trumpet and the evergreens were silent, and could show only red and waxy, sticky, tasteless berries for the bright, fragrant blossoms of spring.

As we walked down the paths in September, and heard the shrill shout of the cicada, the quick chirrup of the cricket, the drowsy hum of the bees in search of fruit-honey, the air just scented with lavender or sage or musk, we thought more of peach or pear or ruddy apples

than of the delicate form, color, and fragrance of the flowers, whose dried and mildewed leaves reminded us rather of death than glory, and gave no hint of the beauty that only a few weeks before filled all the space.

The long alleys of the old garden were choice places for many plants that are shy of the sun; there were beds of vivica, nummularia, and stone-crop, whose thick leaves made good borders for shaded walks and to separate the paths of inside beds.

In some gardens, as in some houses, all things were kept clean and neat; no litter or rubbish was allowed to remain; the box was trimmed close, the overhanging branches pruned out of the way; but in others there was carelessness, and the box grew high enough for birds to nest in, and the tiny feet of the babies of the family often raised them on tiptoe to peep in among the crisp, fragrant leaves at the speckled brown eggs or callow young.

Elder brothers and sisters gathered round to restrain the little fingers that would have lifted out the tender birds by wing or leg, unconscious of the mischief which too much curiosity might cause.

Behind the box, there were often tufts of clove and carnation pinks, whose dark colors and rich fragrance were a joy to mothers and fathers, young men and maidens; but whose short, thick leaves were choice hiding-places for Easter eggs, and the children grew up, loving the pinks because of their association with hidden treasures.

At some point where two walks met, or where the path ended at a neighbor's boundary, there was an arbor of lattice-work, painted green and white, with square windows, seats round the inside, and a table in the centre. The arbor was covered by crimson and pink bausault or Michigan roses, mixed with honeysuckle or woodbine, or buried under the great leaves of the aristotochia, whose queer crooked flowers give it the common name of Dutchman's pipe; and, though haunted by mosquitoes and spiders, often damp and mouldy, was the children's play-house, the lovers' retreat, and the scene of many a tea-drinking and picnic. The prim neatness of New-England households, that seemed to cramp or fetter young souls, was forgotten in the old garden, where no mortal gardener could keep things within bounds or in order. Shrubs and perennials would outgrow shears and spade; trees would stretch their branches into forbidden spots; there was a luxuriant abandon that freed the children from the dread of punishment for disorderliness, and seemed to invite to a free and easy life. Where one of these old gardens still exists, we find the favorites of past generations, some almost forgotten now. Rose-bushes that have stretched into trees, honeysuckles that have long since swelled over stake and trellis, and have been clipped and pruned until their stems have grown trunk-like and have changed them from vines to shrubs; great magnolias, that hold up one or two hundred purple or white cups at a time to catch the warm rays of the spring sun; weeping ash and elm trees that are now dense arbors, their branches trailing widely over the ground; weeping beeches that might be likened to water-falls of green and purple leaves. Frunty climbs from bush to tree, its little pink blossoms and glaucous, fine-cut green leaves giving a lace-like decoration to every plant they cling to. And there are masses of single hollyhocks, pink, red, white, and yellow; and, when the summer is gone and the cool autumn winds remind us of winter, we find in a corner a bed of the autumnal crocus, as beautiful in form and color as their sisters—the harbingers of spring; cultivated not for their beauty, but that the thrifty housewife may save their pistils for saffron, to be gathered, dried, and hung up with the bundles of dried thyme, lavender, sage, and sweet-majoram.

The old garden was a variety-shop, and was quite equal in its stock of plants to that *omnium gatherum*, the village store; but there was an odd formal irregularity and bountifulness in the heterogeneous collection that made it a most attractive place, and keeps its memory green in the heart of many a man who delves in noisy workshops, hot factories, and cheerless counting-rooms.

These old gardens knew nothing of the beauty of the white centauria, the crimson coleus, never heard of canna, colodium, or a chrysanthus, had no masses of verbena and geranium, no beds of purple fragrant heliotrope, were never decorated so as to produce particular effects of color, often grew weedy as the summer passed, and before autumn lost their special charms of flower and fragrance; but there was a rich memory of May and June which stimulated the imagination all winter, and made every member of the household eager to see the snow disappear and to search for the first snow-drop, crocus, and violet.

ROBERT MORRIS COPLAND.

TABLE-TALK.

THE Bishop of Peterborough having recommended that manners should be taught as part of the curriculum of the national schools, the question has arisen in England whether it is possible to teach good manners by such a means. The best way to answer the question is to give the matter a fair trial. We should be glad to see some of our American boards of education take up the subject, for certainly the general public give evidence of a great need of reform in this direction. The London *Spectator*, in discussing the question, concedes that manners can be taught as a discipline, but instances the superficial character of a breeding thus instituted. "No instruction in manners," it says, "can be so perfect as that of the domestic servant, and no lesson can be more perfectly learned. The well-trained servant or waiter, in his employer's presence, is a model of manners, civil, obliging, yet independent; he lacks nothing but the tone which can be communicated only by culture, by the long-continued habit of command, or by exceptional moral qualities. But then he dons his manners with his uniform, and, once off duty, displays all the roughness or brutality of which observers complain. He puts off with his service-coat even the modulated voice, which is the first requisite of good manners, and which is preserved by the cultured classes so carefully that they, in the end, forget that it is entirely artificial. There is sometimes no brute in the world like a soldier off duty, who, for twenty years, has been drilled in all the essentials of manners; no one so hopelessly vulgar as the shopman, who, in his shop, appears to be so full of self-respecting civility. The lad, who at school was drilled into decorum, would not have half the real training in manners obtained by the soldier, the servant, or the little shop-keeper, and we do not see why he should be expected to retain his false mental skin any longer than they do." While there is a large share of truth in all this, it would probably be found that, if our girls and boys were taught manners thoroughly and systematically in the public schools, the instruction coming at the impressive period of life, a large measure of good would be the result. Schools, as it is, leave their impression on the manners of children; and everybody concedes that, whatever may be the deficiencies as regards sound education in fashionable boarding-schools, good-breeding is at least one benefit conferred by them—a breeding, in the estimation of many, too artificial; but the friction of life soon rubs off whatever about it that may be too rigid or purely superfluous. If the high tone of good manners can only be acquired in the refined atmosphere of polite circles, good habits can at least be inculcated at school, and the essential coarseness and rudeness, that are the consequence of vulgar homes, may in some measure be qualified by the discipline of the school-room. We would emphatically urge upon our school-commissioners the consideration of this subject. Manners are minor morals that act more or less upon the greater morals, and good-breeding influences the conduct of men

more effectually than can always be computed. Manners do not make the vicious virtuous; they do not reach down to the depravity of essentially bad men, but over the average human creature they exercise a great control. The world, at least, would be no worse for a general good-breeding, and certainly would be far more agreeable. These are truisms, perhaps, but the current disposition to underrate the value of manners justifies their repetition; and we would fain awaken a public interest in the suggestion that manners should form a regular feature in the training of our public schools.

— We hear it sometimes said that men deprecate learning and genius in the opposite sex because they are afraid of brilliant women. But the men thus charged with mental pusillanimity in regard to intellectual women, are not commonly supposed to exhibit a similar dread of learned and accomplished persons of their own sex. No man withholds from a club because great men belong to it. No man is afraid of a career at the bar, in literature, or in politics, because distinguished persons are connected with those professions, whom it will probably be his destiny to meet and perhaps professionally to encounter. Men, if any thing, are over-confident in all intellectual struggles with their fellows; self-respect, or pride, or conceit—some motive either worthy or unworthy—prevents them from acknowledging inferiority, even if they are conscious of it. It cannot, therefore, be that men dislike learned women because they are apprehensive of intellectual fence. People are usually too unconscious of defeat in all encounters of wit to dread it much. Their very insensibility to the palpable hits and the verbal triumphs of an opponent give them no fear of the conversational arena. The dulness or the indifference of men in this particular is alone sufficient to prevent them from disliking ability in women; and then every man is so profoundly assured of the intellectual inferiority of the other sex that, in the abundance of his confidence, he has no doubt. Clever men know that the most brilliant women are always vulnerable in argument, and stupid men talk on without ever knowing they are defeated. Why, then, is conspicuous ability disliked in women? It may be asserted by some people that we are assuming our ground, and that it is not certain that men are offended at the evidence of talent in the other sex. We think it must be conceded they are—not but what every man imagines women of genius in whom he could find delight; but, whatever learned women may say or think about the matter, the first, the second, and the third essential quality that every man admires in his mother or seeks for in a wife is womanliness. If genius and learning can enhance this supreme grace, genius and learning will be admired in women; but, so long as it is believed that intellectual force extinguishes or diminishes delicacy, gentleness, and sweetness, men will dread its manifestation in their wives and daughters. Frivolity and insipidity, which men are accused of liking in women, are simply accepted with forbearance when they are accompanied by those charms of sex that make women delightful, and which compensate for

so many shortcomings. Judgment, taste, discretion, vivacity—all good qualities of sound minds, are excellent things; but even these in women must be fused into a harmonious, mellow, unobtrusive unity. Delicacy of apprehension, quickness of perception, capacity of appreciation—these supreme womanly qualities of mind every man of taste delights in; but loud argument, boisterous assertion, clamorous talk, these things men do most decidedly dread in women, and these things have too commonly marked our intellectual Amazons. Do not let our ladies lay the flattering unction to their souls that men fear their mental superiority; let them rather believe that there is gallantry enough among us yet even to delight in their victories over ourselves; but let them understand that, so long as man inherits the nature of Adam, the primal delight of his heart will be in fresh, fair, and gentle women, and every honest man will confess that he does fear in woman whatever may tend to rob her of these graces.

— One of the most curious features of the present French revolution is the prominence assumed by General Cluseret. This personage is well known in New York, where he has resided many years, and where he has repeatedly attempted to take a part in public affairs with very little success. He is a soldierly-looking man, rather above the middle height, with a swarthy complexion, and an air of firmness and determination. In 1864 he was concerned in the absurd attempt to make John C. Fremont a candidate for President in opposition to Mr. Lincoln and General McClellan. He edited for some time the *New Nation*, the organ of the Fremont faction, in which he wrote foolish and fantastic articles, exceedingly foreign in their tone and style, and as little likely to make a favorable impression on the American mind as if they had been printed in Chinese. He afterward went to Europe, and took part, we believe, in the Fenian attempt on Ireland. He turned up here again in the beginning of 1870 with a wild scheme of appealing to the Government for the redress of injuries which he had sustained from the Emperor Napoleon, who had ordered him out of France, on the ground that he was conspiring against the empire. The charge was doubtless true, for Cluseret is a born conspirator, and his visit to France was unquestionably not altogether with friendly purposes toward the empire. As he claimed, however, to be an American citizen, he insisted that his expulsion from France was an outrage on our national honor which demanded prompt retaliation or atonement. We believe that no attention was paid to his claims at Washington, where he was regarded as a somewhat crack-brained person with very little principle. The outbreak of the war between France and Germany led him again to Europe, and, after various rebuffs and failures, he has succeeded in becoming for a time the war minister of the Paris Commune. In appearance, in adventures, and to some extent in character, Cluseret resembles the Captain Bruges of "Lothair," though he has not the good sense nor probably the military skill ascribed to that adventurer. The fact that he has been able to make himself so prominent in the conduct of affairs at Paris is one of the

strongest indications that we have seen of the folly and desperation of the Communal insurrection. No party, no community possessing good sense and a reasonable amount of insight into character, would ever confide high office to such a charlatan.

— Theatre-goers in New York have for some weeks been enjoying the performances of Mr. Charles Matthews, the distinguished London comedian. Audiences composed of a more than usual proportion of refined and intellectual people have assembled to witness his renditions, which have so long been famous in London, and which recently won the favor of fastidious Parisian critics. Mr. Matthews appears in plays of a very slight calibre, and his performances have no significance or value beyond the temporary pleasure they confer upon the spectator. It is almost surprising to find so great a reputation identified with renditions so purely ephemeral; but, like the *genre* painters of France, the significance or meaning of his art is subordinated entirely to the grace and finish of the execution. The thoroughness of Mr. Matthews's art in part defeats itself, for people find it difficult to understand the merits of delineations in which nothing obtrusive or marked is permitted to disturb the perfect naturalness of the actor's style. The ease, grace, simplicity, and truthfulness of all that he does will be conceded by every critic, but the entire absence of effort blinds the ordinary observer to the masterly skill of the performer. That art which conceals art was never better exemplified than in the acting of Mr. Matthews. One must admit, however, that the exclusively light and eccentric characters that come within the *répertoire* of Mr. Matthews do not afford a very high order of entertainment. The play that gives subjects solely for the passing laugh most inadequately fulfils its mission. The imagination needs to be aroused and the sympathies awakened at the theatre; plays or actors that do less than this may possess every quality of perfect representation, but scarcely justify a very high recognition.

Art Notes.

IN the spring exhibition of the Royal Academy, London, are some pictures by Millais. Of the two principal ones the *Athenæum* speaks as follows: "Would that Mr. Millais had always done his powers the justice he has in his noble and pathetic landscape, 'Chill October!' It represents a little river bay, with its maze of whispering rushes rustling; one almost hears their secrets as they stand in a body by the bank, as in a gray day they shiver under a chill breeze. The breeze moves the surface of the river, and sweeps through the branches of the willows which fill part of the mid-distance, until the eye glances past them to the further banks of the stream. Over all is the gray sky, with here and there glimpses of its silver lining and an ashy firmament. The picture is a poem in painting, and the more admirable because its materials are homely, or at least found at home, and such as all those who can see may often see. The subject was found on a back-water of the Tay; the art of the painter has supplied that subtle grading of light and tone which all enjoy, while few understand it; that natural and perfect harmony

of low notes of color, grays and greens and whites, are reproduced as only a master can; the bringing of color, light, and tone to complete accord, in which lie the triumphs of *chiaroscuro*, the ineffable charm of the least definable phase of art is the painter's doing, and by far the most fortunate attempt of the kind that he has made. Mr. Millais's largest picture represents the upholding of the hands of Moses by Aaron and Hur while Israel fought with Amalek in Rephidim. Moses was on the mountain; the battle took place in the valley, where the Amalekites had surprised the feeble rear-guard of the Jews, and Joshua was sent to the rescue: 'And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword.' The composition of this picture is singularly original and expressive. The sky behind the figures has the ruddy flames of sunset. Moses is seated; his face displays utter absorption in passionate prayer, and he seems as irremovable as his rock; yet his supporters themselves are exhausted, as with both hands each grasps an arm of Moses, and, pressing it against his breast, bears it up with his hands—back, loins, and lower limbs, all centred to one action. Aaron, in red, with the water-bottle by his side, is erect and stiff and strong, in ripe age. He turns half about, so as to catch a glimpse of the fight in the valley below the rocky mountain-side, on which the three are placed; yet he seems tired, however resolute. Hur has the staff-hand of Moses, and, like Aaron, clasps it against his breast, bringing to the support of it all his remaining strength; that of his arms has departed long ago. Such is the design and composition of this work; among its more striking qualities is that of fine flesh-painting. Mr. Millais has had this picture in hand during several years past; it does him great honor, and redounds to his credit far more than many of his recent works, which have a tendency the other way." Page, the president-elect of our National Academy of Design, has a large picture of the same subject which he painted nearly twenty years ago.

In the London Exhibition is a painting by Gérôme, *A Vendre*, which is described as follows: "The life-size figure of a girl, who is placed 'for sale' outside a shop in a market, probably in Egypt—a naked, dusky damsel, hardly clothed by her long and thick hair, which hangs in black masses about her shoulder, bust, and face; through these masses she glances with a sulky fire, which is finely expressed. Her salesman sits behind in his shop; at her feet is another female for sale—a Nubian, in a white cotton robe, with red flowers in her black hair, and occupied by a monkey, whose profile is oddly like her own, and who nestles against his mistress's shoulder; she clasps a knee with her hands, resting against a Turkey carpet; a silver-sheathed weapon and other articles of trade hang by the shop, where the master reclines at ease, including a gawdy parrot and a beautiful halibut shell. The dark, half-subdued luxury of the chief girl's sorrowful eyes gleaming in the shadows of her tangled hair—the lithe, muscular freshness of her form—her exuberant limbs, and their fine color—constitute the charms of this picture. Its masterly, broad, yet tender painting and largeness of style will, notwithstanding a certain hardness and the by

no means unimpeachable quality of certain parts of the drawing of the figure, delight artists. The color is extremely rich—free from the metallic lustre which is too common a defect in M. Gérôme's works. The painter has represented the fair and dark races by his women: the one idle, and content with physical ease; the other—however violent, troubled by grief and moved by passion, weak in sense of right and wrong—suffers in constraint, and would strive to be free, even if freedom meant labor."

In Hammerton's "Thoughts about Art," a work that has attracted much attention both here and in England, occurs a passage on the difficulties of landscape-drawing, which we quote: "The extreme refinement of form in natural landscape is a point so little understood by the public, and by the painters of portrait and *genre* who exercise authority in the artistic profession, that I hardly like to mention it here at all. The impression among figure-painters that landscape is easy to draw, and the readiness with which, on the authority of figure-painters, the world has accepted the doctrine, make it painfully evident that all these good people have never really looked at natural landscape at all, nor attempted seriously to copy it. Now landscape is not merely difficult to draw, but it is infinitely difficult; that is to say, that the best designer of the figure now alive upon the earth, whoever that may be, if he really set himself in earnest to draw a mountain as it is, would find, after any quantity of labor and care, that he had only been able to draw it in a manner which is to be called good out of indulgence for the weakness of human faculties, and in a certain restricted sense, and that the natural mountain still remained at quite an infinite and unapproachable distance beyond him. As for the slight sketches of mountains which figure-painters are accustomed to put behind their personages by way of background, they bear precisely the same relation to real mountain-painting that the figures we landscape-painters sketch in our compositions to do real figure-painting. If I can judge of the progress of others by my own, I should say that one of the clearest signs of advancement in drawing is a steady increase in refinement of line and consequent moderation, and that the best proof of progress in color is an increasing relish for slight gradations and faint reliefs, and quiet harmonies."

"The French," says the *Saturday Review*, "believe themselves the greatest landscape-painters on the face of the earth; and yet their ideas about Nature are all but unintelligible to the average run of Englishmen. Certain distinctions between the two national schools are evident. Our English painters, it may be said, hold the mirror up to Nature; their transcripts are photographic, uncolored by emotion; hard, tangible facts are wrought out literally, even mechanically. On the other hand, French landscape-painters approach Nature with passion, their eye kindles with the fire of frenzy, and is sometimes shaded with melancholy. It has been said with truth that a Parisian rushes at Nature as a relief to artificial city life, as a healthful reaction from a highly-wrought civilization. And it is easy to understand how men who promenade for months along the cut avenues and prim flower-beds of the Champs Elysées may feel a wild sense of liberty on reaching the Forest of Fontainebleau, or when careering across the wide plains of Algeria. French landscape-artists show the glee of a caged bird escaped, of a prisoner let loose, of a traveller long bound to

shipboard when touching the land, treading the grassy turf or gazing on cool green trees. Sometimes, however, relief comes too late; the spirits cannot regain elasticity, Nature herself seems gloomy, and pictures then painted will share in the mind's melancholy."

In Goupil's Gallery hangs a new picture by Mr. Church. The subject is "Jerusalem." It presents an excellent topographical panorama of the site and surroundings of the Holy City, but has few of the merits which make a really fine work of art. The sky, perhaps the best feature of the scene, has a good deal of merit in the formation of its clouds, and the feeling of space one receives from it. Otherwise the color is thin and poor; and this thinness and coldness of tone applies equally to all parts of the picture. The city, Jerusalem itself, is very minutely drawn, but every object in it, from the wall, cut as hard and sharply as a strip of paper against the pale grass without, and the pink buildings within it, lacks any feeling of distance, and any atmospheric effect. So too with the near foreground; the hill-side, the ravines, and the trees, though delineated with the most faithful exactness of detail, lack solidity of form, or the firmness of line which distinguishes a tree from a stone, or the stone from a rolling field.

"Whatever may be the capabilities and scientific excellences of the Albert Hall," says the London *Athenæum*, "there is not much to call for remark in the architectural character of that vast structure. As a piece of engineering it seems to be all that could be desired, but neither its external nor internal aspects move any one to warm admiration. Probably its most satisfactory parts are the advanced porches, which are striking and picturesque, and the internal arcade, which, to say the least, is elegant in design. The architectural treatment of the organ, except so far as relates to certain hideous dumpy pilasters and the wooden arches which connect them, is very good indeed. The terra-cotta enrichments to the exterior are trite, tame, and rather coarse. As to the decoration of the interior, one may say that, while not without much elegance in the proportions of the details, the effect of the whole must necessarily depend on the nature of that chromatic enrichment of which it so greatly stands in need."

In Schaus's Gallery, Broadway, there hangs an ideal head, painted by Mrs. Ione Perry, called "Ferdinand," which has attracted some attention. It is designed to represent Shakespeare's Ferdinand of "The Tempest," at the moment he is listening to the mysterious and enchanting music that floats in the air from the lips of the invisible Ariel. The head is too ideal for Ferdinand—too ideal and sentimental for life or truth under any name. It almost entirely lacks the elements of man as a creature of flesh and passion, but it is such a face as poets sometimes like to dream of. These ethereal conceptions have a great charm for many minds; but Mrs. Perry must supplement her delicate imaginings with more strength if she would command general attention.

Foreign Items.

PROFESSOR OPPOZZER, the great Austrian physician, who died a few weeks ago in Vienna, was a very eccentric man. He often went out among the poor of Vienna and prescribed for them in a disguised hand. One day he was at the bedside of a poor widow who was dangerously sick. All at once a messenger

from the Hofburg entered the room and requested Oppolzer to repair immediately to the imperial palace, the empress having been taken sick. Oppolzer inquired what was the matter with her. Upon receiving the reply that she had a very bad headache, he quietly said: "Her majesty can wait until to-morrow, but the widow here cannot." On another occasion the Emperor Ferdinand conferred a very high order upon him, but, as there were some charges to be paid on it, Oppolzer sent the order back.

The Prussian authorities state officially that the assertions of the French newspapers about the large number of Frenchmen who were said to have been flogged by order of the German officers are unfounded. That mode of punishment was administered only to twenty-three persons. Nine civilians were shot after trial by military commissions.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia was recently violently attacked by one of the domestics at the Winter Palace, who had suddenly become deranged. The czar did not succeed, without some difficulty, in overpowering the madman, and he bore traces of the struggle in his face for nearly a week.

All the officers of the court-martial which ordered the prominent ladies of Brescia to be publicly flogged in the year 1849 have been killed by the descendants of the victims. The last of these brutal military judges, Count Annstein, was recently killed by a young man named Wacetti, whose mother had received fifty strokes of the *verges* at the barracks of Brescia in the above-mentioned year.

At the request of the Crown-Princess Victoria, the Emperor William has issued orders that henceforth all vacancies in the *personnel* of the public libraries of Prussia shall be filled by the widows of soldiers killed in the war with France.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is employing her spare hours usefully in taking lessons in the German language. Until quite recently the daughter of Ferdinand VII. and Maria Christina spoke only her own language, and that not very correctly.

Napoleon III. cannot be so very poor as some of his adherents would make us believe. His agents have recently invested for him upward of eleven hundred thousand florins in property situated at no great distance from Vienna.

Last year only forty-two German authors dedicated their books to Queen Victoria. Ten of them received in return presents of more or less value. The others had to content themselves with letters of thanks.

Lieutenant Bernhardt, the young officer of hussars who, as a reward for his gallant conduct in front of Paris, was allowed to head the German troops entering the French capital, has died of typhoid fever.

One of the principal grievances of the unruly Roumanians against their hospodar, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, is that the prince is secretly married to a German woman of plebeian descent and doubtful character.

The publishers of the music to the "Wacht am Rhein" have given one thousand thalers to the war relief fund, the sales of the celebrated war hymn having yielded them a very large profit.

The Emperor William has refused to add one hundred thousand dollars to the fund of

the Schiller *Stiftung* for poor German authors. He is dissatisfied with the way in which the *Stiftung* has recently been managed.

A Neapolitan professor has been detected in the attempt to purloin a number of very valuable curiosities from the Pompeian Museum. He had already sold them in advance to an English tourist.

Octave Feuillet writes, in a recent letter to a friend, that the terrible events in France have made so profound an impression upon his mind, that he is unable to do any serious literary work.

Maria Sophia Schwartz, the Swedish novelist, is the daughter of a German physician, and she writes all her books both in Swedish and in German. She has thus far published no fewer than thirty-one long romances.

The Belgian house, which has hitherto published the novels of Madame Rattazzi, has declined issuing her new book, "Eudoxie," on account of the offensive allusions it contains to the ex-Empress Eugénie.

Nyary, the most brilliant political orator of Hungary, committed suicide a few weeks ago at Pesth by throwing himself out of a fourth-story window. He was unable to meet his pecuniary obligations.

Professor Pilcher's thefts from the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, it has now been ascertained, amount to over seventy thousand rubles. What he did with all the valuable books is yet a mystery.

They have a funny way of voting at the elections in Roumania. The elections last two days. On the first day only voters voting "aye" are admitted to the polls. On the following day the "noes" are received.

The King of Bavaria intends to establish at Bamberg a school for actors and operatic performers. The building will cost one hundred and fifty thousand florins.

Among the lieutenants of the Communist army killed at the bridge of Neuilly was Berzowsky, the Pole, who tried to assassinate the Russian czar in the year 1867.

Kossuth has been persuaded by his new wife to return to his native country. Hitherto he had steadily refused to do so as long as a Hapsburg occupied the Hungarian throne.

Since his recent sickness, Rochefort's face presents a most repulsive appearance; blisters, covering it entirely, having been applied to it for many hours in order to save his life.

The most eloquent speaker in the German Parliament is Herr von Treitschke, a Heidelberg professor, who is so deaf that he is unable to hear his own words.

Like Napoleon I., General von Moltke at one time seriously intended to leave the service of his own country, and to become an officer in the Turkish army.

Rochefort has lost every sou he earned by publishing *La Lanterne*. Neither the *Marseillaise* nor the *Mot d'Ordre* ever paid expenses.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria presents one hundred florins to every mother in the Austrian monarchy bearing her eighth child.

Murad Azy is the name of a Turkish novelist whose works are said to be exceedingly interesting.

Jean Jacques Offenbach, the composer, has

purchased a house in St. Petersburg, where he will henceforth reside.

The losses which the French publishing trade sustained in consequence of the war of 1870 are estimated at forty million dollars.

They say in Constantinople that the Sultan of Turkey is so illiterate as to be unable to write his own name.

Louis Blanc has offered to give one-half of his large fortune to the fund for paying the war debt of France.

Perloff, the Russian poet, has been granted a pension of two thousand rubles by Czar Alexander II.

A translation of the Mühlbach novels into the Magyar language is now in course of publication at Pesth.

Prince Napoleon announces that he will publish an additional volume of the "Correspondence of Napoleon I." at his own expense.

The *Hamburg News* is the most profitable daily paper published in Germany.

The attempt to establish an illustrated paper at Copenhagen has failed.

Part of the Thorwaldsen Museum was recently destroyed by fire at Copenhagen.

Victor Hugo lives at present at the Hague.

Miscellany.

Notes of the Siege of Paris.

(Translated from the French for Appleton's Journal.)

INTER ARMA, LITERA.

AT Neuilly, in the environs of Paris, stood a charming little country-seat, the residence of Alexandre Flan, a sprightly composer of happy *vaudevilles*, noted among his intimates for his exuberant wit and high spirits. He had purchased this suburban retreat with the fruits of half a lifetime of labor—alas, in his case it proved much more than half!—had embellished it with a carefully-chosen and all but perfect theatrical library, and hoped that in this spot he might realize the *hoc erat in votis* of his master Horace. One day he was abruptly told:

"You must get out of this place; the Prussians are coming, and, if the engineers do not pull down your house, the Prussians will sack it!"

"Leave this place," he replied; "impossible! No, it cannot be. I will wait; they will not come."

While he yet paced his little garden with uneasy step, where his own hand had grafted every tree; while he yet contemplated with affection all his books collected with so much pains and arranged with so much care—there came a rude knocking at the door. It was some engineer troops.

"Come, there is no use talking; you must move this evening!"

"This evening? Why, it would take eight days to remove my library alone!"

"So much the worse for your library. This house comes down to-morrow!"

The unhappy author was struck speechless. He said nothing more, but, hastily collecting a few necessities, wandered off he knew not where. At the first hotel he came across he asked for a room and went to bed.

When they went to call him in the morning

he was found there—dead! All that made life happy for him had been snatched away, and he fled from what was to him but a world of sorrow.

His sad history was that of many others.

Some were more fortunate, and found their houses uninjured by friend or foe at the close of the siege.

"At last we found our house," writes Théophile Gautier, describing a trembling visit to his little country-seat, "and on the outside nothing was changed. The head of Victory from the Parthenon, the marble for which had been brought from Athens, was still in its place on the wall of my workshop, flanked by the Venus of Milo, whose superb beauty, *vis superba forma*, had made me select her as the tutelary goddess of my humble abode. One window was open, as if the building still sheltered its former inhabitants. We accepted this as a good omen, and obtained entrance with beating hearts into this little place, as small as the home of Socrates—so small it would not have been difficult even to fill it with friends.

"There is a singular sensation on entering a long-deserted house, a feeling that you are disturbing some one who has lived there during your absence. You almost expect to see the flutter of robes behind the doors as these mysterious inmates flee before you. For at your approach the spirits hush their whisperings, the spider stops weaving its web, and silence reigns till the echo of your own footsteps rings through the deserted rooms with a strange, appalling sonority.

"Nothing had been touched. No damage done, no one had been there in my absence, the modest retreat of the poet had been spared.

"On my chamber mantel-piece a volume of Alfred de Musset was open as I left it. On the wall still hung a half-finished picture by my daughter, now far away, and in the maiden's little chamber there exhaled still a faint sweet odor from an unstopped bottle of perfumery which stood on the marble-covered dressing-table.

"From there I ascended to the workshop, in course of arrangement for labors which perhaps I was destined never to see accomplished; every thing was finished except painting, and the Oriental proverb, 'When a house is finished, Death enters,' forced itself vividly on my mind, standing on the spot where so many days, fraught with mingled good and evil—more evil, though, than good—had passed never to return; where so many friends had called, who had since departed on their long journey.

"Then in the garden, where I loitered a while before taking leave, an evening fog was rising and draped the ends of the avenues with gauzy curtains. A light breeze stirred the moist leaves, and the trees shivered as if they felt cold. An old black-and-yellow blackbird came hopping along the path and flapped his wings as though to bid me welcome. I knew the bird well; every spring he had built in the ivy that clung to the wall, and came whistling to my window pertly, to overlook what I was writing.

"Just at this moment Mont Valérien fired two heavy guns, bidding good-night to the Prussian batteries. The explosion resounded through the agitated air, but the bird, well used to such disturbances, was not startled."

EPISTOLARY FENCING.

One day during the siege General Trochu received the following through a messenger from the Prussian outposts:

"VERSAILLES, December 5, 1870.

"It may be of service to your excellency to know that the Army of the Loire was defeated yesterday near Orleans, and that town occupied by the German forces. Should your excellency seek confirmation of this news, and desire to send one of your own officers to verify it, I shall be happy to furnish him with a pass to go and return.

"Accept, general, the expression of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be, your most humble and most obedient servant,

"VON MOLTKE,
"Chief of Staff."

To this General Trochu replied:

"PARIS, December 6, 1870.

"Your excellency deems it may be of service to inform me that the Army of the Loire has been defeated near Orleans, and that town occupied by German troops. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of this communication, which I do not intend to verify by the means which your excellency suggests.

"Accept, etc.,
"TROCHU,
"Governor of Paris."

Two days after this there flew into besieged Paris a pair of carrier-pigeons which were recognized as belonging to a number of such birds taken out by the balloon *Daguerre*. Now, it was known in Paris that this balloon had fallen into the hands of the enemy near Ferrières. It was observed, too, that the papers attached to the birds were not fastened in the same way that the French were accustomed to do it. Here is one of these suspicious dispatches:

"To the Governor of Paris:

"Rouen occupied by Prussians, who are marching on Cherbourg. The country-people receive them with acclamations. Orleans is retaken by these devils. Bourges and Tours threatened. Army of the Loire completely routed. No further chance of safety in resistance. (Signed)

"A. LAYERTUJON."

The best of the joke was that M. Laver-tujon, the assumed writer of this dispatch, was then in Paris, acting as secretary to the government.

THE FLYING POST.

Paul de St. Victor thus celebrates the services of the famous carrier-pigeons of Paris:

"They are the doves of this huge ark beaten by waves of fire and blood; and the delicate spiral of their airy track seems like a rainbow predicting the end of storms. Under their little wings the soul of the whole country palpitates. What kisses and tears, what hopes and consolation fall from their plumage, saturated with snow or torn by birds of prey! Returning to their nests, they bear hope, encouragement, life, to thousands of human dwellings. More than ever now, and in the purest sense of the word, do they merit the title, 'Birds of Love.'

"Like the storks of Northern cities, like the pigeons of Venice, they should be henceforth considered sacred. Paris should remove their dove-cots and establish them beneath the roof of a temple. The traditional poetry of this mighty siege, unique in history, will cluster around them. Their future flutterings in street and garden will ever remind us that there was a day when every heart in this great city hung on the wings of a carrier-pigeon! Let, then, a religious veneration cling to these

propitious birds. During her long siege, Venice, a thousand times more famished than Paris, forbade the pigeons of St. Mark to be touched. Corn was very scarce, men wrangled over a scrap of bread, but *their* food was never behindhand a single day. Venice, dying of hunger, threw to her pigeons the last grains from her empty granaries!"

THE SHELLS AND THE CITIZENS.

When the shells exploded on the street, all the street-boys scrambled for fragments, which they sold as keepsakes. A warm piece brought a higher price. Such was the curiosity among men, women, and children, that, as soon as a projectile had lodged in the ground, they all pressed to the spot. Finally, the government issued an order deprecating the practice. In this order, or proclamation, it was explained that one shell dropping at a given point was almost certain to be followed by two or three more, and to go there was like running under a spout when it was raining. Though all seemed to recognize the wisdom of this advice, nobody seemed to mind it.

When the workmen in the streets saw a well-to-do citizen coming along, well dressed, with large stomach decorated with white waistcoat and gold watch-chain, it was their great delight to shout, "Look out for the shell!" Then the good citizen would fall flat on his stomach in the mud (such was the course prescribed to avoid flying fragments), and was only informed of the joke that had been played upon him by a burst of laughter from the gratified crowd.

A wine-merchant at Auteuil, whose establishment had been struck by some projectiles, added to his sign, "Headquarters of Bombshells," and immediately drew a crowd of customers.

These were some of the pleasanter features of the bombardment, but there were, alas! some horribly-tragic scenes connected with it.

The men, being for the most part in the trenches or on the ramparts, were not nearly so much exposed to danger as the women and children in their houses. Women were killed with children at their breasts; children in the cradle; mothers of families at the doors of shops, trying to get provisions for their starving little ones at home. All Paris shuddered with horror at receiving the following invitation, which was widely distributed:

"M. and Mme. Jules Legendre, with great sorrow, inform you of the death of their daughters: Alice, three and a half years old, and Clémence, eight years old, both killed by a Prussian shell."

The seminary of St. Nicholas, one of the largest educational institutions in the capital, was struck, and five boys, from twelve to fourteen years old, were killed or wounded.

A school for young ladies was also entered by a shell, which mutilated several of the inmates and killed two outright.

An immense crowd followed these victims to their graves, and over the coffins of the scholars of St. Nicholas an eloquent, touching oration was delivered by Jules Favre, in which he denounced the needless barbarity that had caused so many innocent deaths.

Some fatality appeared to guide the shells to the hospitals, museums, and libraries, on the left bank of the Seine. But, after the hospital of the Val-de-Grâce had been struck many times, General Trochu placed the wounded Prussians there, and informed the Prussian commander of the fact. After that the building was not injured.

The sick, who were in temporary hospitals in the Luxembourg, were obliged to flee; the Garden of Plants was destroyed, and the mag-

nificent conservatories of the Museum, the finest in the world, utterly ruined. The venerable director of this establishment, the famous Chevreul, wrote as follows in the official record of the institution:

"The garden of medicinal plants, founded in Paris, January 3, 1638, under Louis XIII., changed into the Museum of Natural History in 1794, was bombarded under the reign of William I., King of Prussia, Count Bismarck being chancellor, by the Prussian army on the nights of the 8th and 9th of January, 1871. Up to this period it had been respected by all parties and all foreign powers."

DISCUSSING THE SURRENDER.

It is said that the government convoked a council of the superior officers of the army at the Hôtel de Ville.

After laying before them the condition of the defences and the amount of provisions left, the opinion of each one was asked separately, and the supreme command was promised to him who would take upon himself to defend the place to the last. From generals the offer passed to the colonels, from colonels to simple captains, but all declined this terrible honor.

One alone, it is said, though history so far is silent as to his name, energetically pointed out a plan for breaking through the lines of investment, which he said could not fail of success; but then, after breaking through, the army would have been in a desert, without means of subsistence, and speedily demolished by the enemy.

The Revolution of the Commune.

In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* there is a very able paper, by Frederic Harrison, on the "Revolution of the Commune," in which there is an attempt to explain the causes of the insurrection and the motives of the Communists. It points out the injustice that has everywhere characterized the criticisms of this movement and the extravagant misstatements that have been circulated by the press. It shows that while Paris has always been the real intellectual centre of France, its head and heart, the political power has been lodged in the provinces. The Bourbons, the Orleanists, and the Empire, have successively ruled Paris and the cities in direct opposition to the ideas of those great centres, by means of the support of the peasantry and the Church. The entire population of Paris is ardently republican; they resent the oppression of priesthood, soldiery, and police. But they seek a changed political state only as a step to a changed social state. "The workmen of Paris," says Mr. Harrison, "had found by bitter experience that not only was their political but their social future impossible while the bonds of centralization between the city and provinces remained. They found that their great industrial movement was crushed by a government resting on the country." But, in the language of one of their own documents, "our enemies deceive themselves when they accuse Paris of seeking the destruction of French unity. The unity which has been imposed on us up to the present by the empire, the monarchy, and the parliamentary government, is nothing but centralism, despotic, unintelligent, arbitrary, and onerous. The political unity as desired by Paris is a voluntary association of all local interests, the free and spontaneous coöperation of all individual energies with the common object of the well-being, liberty, and security for all." The ideas which animate the Communists are social as well as political, and it requires no little study of Parisian life and politics to comprehend the

complex motives that have prompted a revolution the real nature of which has been so little understood. Mr. Harrison concludes his eloquent paper as follows: "Though the mass of the workmen in Paris, like the mass of the people everywhere, who cling with intense love to their personal and domestic belongings, are not and never can be communists; they passionately believe in the spirit of which communism is the gross and extravagant expression. The people of Paris believe not in any god, nor in any man. But they have a religion of their own, for which they are ready to die. That religion is the faith that capital and its holders must adapt themselves to nobler uses, or they had better cease to exist. A society in which generation after generation passes away, consolidating vast and ever-increasing hoards of wealth, opening to the wealthy enchanted realms of idleness, luxury, and waste—laying on the laborer, generation after generation, increasing burdens of toil, destitution, and despair; a society in which capital has created a gospel of its own, and claims for the good of society a divine right of selfishness, the right to exert its powers at will indefinitely for the indulgence of its own desires, rebelling against any social control, and offering up 'with a light heart' the misery and degradation of the poor as a sad but inevitable sacrifice on the altar of competition—such a society these workmen of Paris will not forever tolerate. The war and the siege had rudely broken the splendid flow of the established order of things. For once luxury, pomp, and accumulation, had been arrested in mid-career. For six months they had all stood, rich and poor, side by side on the ramparts. They had seen themselves all brought down to the simple worth of man. They had seen the millionaire unable to buy a loaf with his hoards; they had seen the master of factories as poor and as helpless as Crusoe on his island. They had been called on to serve in arms, and they had served. They had been ill led, ill governed, distrusted, and eventually stung by a crushing and unexpected surrender. And now they were told it was all over. Their idle season was ended. The workshops in time would open; in the mean while they must shift for themselves, and in the first place pay the arrears of rent and debt which had grown while the war had suspended trade and cut off their earnings. It was hard, but they must submit to the law of competition, and supply and demand. They must shift for themselves; the great god Competition would, somehow, bring them out at last. In the interval numbers might starve or rot, but soon trade would revive; Capital, if they were quiet, would timidly return, and condescend to send for them; the gayety and life of the city were even now recovering; Luxury, Wealth, Self-indulgence, and gilded Vice, were hastening back to their old haunts after their tedious absence in foreign capitals; Pleasure would come back to her wild, satyr dance, and Enterprise to her grand mill, by whose myriad wheels colossal fortunes would be reared, and through whose gates the poor might crowd and crush for their pittance. The old familiar world had been suspended, but was not dead. It was about to restore its wonted triumph; and, while the poor scrambled and struggled for bread and life, Competition and Riot should renew the spectacle of selfish and pitiless ostentation. And this the workmen of Paris with arms in their hands, this, they said, should not be forever. Little knowing how to end it, or what it might be that could save them, they have thrown up this tremendous yet wild veto on the absolute reign of Capital. It is their protest against the selfish, anti-social independence of wealth—a

protest which now may fail of effect, which has but a small programme of its own, which may soon be silenced and crushed for a time, but a protest which nothing can stifle forever. The evil, it is true, is deeper than can be reached by any wild protest. Men cannot be forced by law, nor by revolutions, to be just, generous, and right-minded. As a political and violent remedy of profound social disorders, the Revolution of the Commune is abortive, and must fail. These disorders need a true education, a new morality, and an organized religion of social duty. But as a political solution of a profound political disorder, the oppression of the cities by the rural suffrage, the cause of the Commune has triumphed, however cruel the reaction it may suffer. Their great political programme is effectually founded in France; is sufficiently suggested to Europe; and the bloody vengeance of the monarchists will not blot it out from the memory of the future."

Children in Santo Domingo.

A correspondent, describing the curiosities of Santo-Domingo City, writes: "But the most singular of all are the spotted children; that is, white children turning black, or black children turning white. You may believe either, according to your politics. Whether this is a freak of Nature to show that the black and white races can live in harmony together on this island, or whether it is the beginning of a system to introduce white labor here and exterminate the black race, I leave for Democrats and Republicans to discuss in Congress. The spotted children are certainly curious specimens of Santo Domingo productions. There are not many of them, but enough for variety. There are children also here that have learned much of our coinage system, which is astonishing in creatures so young. They stand on street-corners, all over the city, and continually say to Americans who pass them, 'Five cents?' or 'Ten cents?' according to the extent of their English or the knowledge of our coins. They also plead for cigar-stumps, for I believe that unfortunate children of tender age here are 'brought up' on nicotine instead of lactical fluids. They all smoke from the time they walk, without regard to sex, race, color, or previous condition."

Varieties.

A STRING and gun trap for tigers, invented by Captain Rogers, of the British East India service, seems to be a great success. The *Jubbulpore Chronicle* states that a man-eating tiger, long the terror of the district, and "which has been known to attack a party and kill four or five persons at a time," was a short time ago dispatched by having incautiously put his foot in a string attached to a trigger that discharged a bullet which killed him. The trap seems to be an admirable invention, but rather disagreeable to set, for the bait, it is said, was a "dead woman."

A letter from Newfoundland says: "A favorite toast at convivial entertainments in St. John's is 'Death to our best friends.' However frequently the sentiment may be repeated, it is invariably received with shouts of applause and laughter, and honored by the fullest bumpers. A stranger, hearing it for the first time, might be shocked or bewildered by being called upon to drink such a heartless toast; but to the initiated it has a harmless significance. It is equivalent to 'Prosperity to our fisheries'—the 'friends' who are devoted to death being the seals and codfish."

Janesville, Wisconsin, is noted for its smart boys. The latest story is told of a youth of six summers, who was taken to task by his aunt for some supposed offence, which he persistently denied. "Now, Johnny," said she,

"I know you are not telling me the truth; I see it in your eye." Pulling down the lower lid of the organ which had wellnigh betrayed his veracity, Johnny exultingly replied: "You can't tell any thing about it, aunt; that eye always was a little streaked."

A fashion-letter has the following information of interest to those who are improving their grounds:

"Colored lawns are trimmed with white edgings; for instance, a green lawn had a bias flounce headed with a bias band; a ruffle extended each way, and upon this a narrow white edge."

We are unable to say where these "bias flounces" and "bands" are to be obtained, but presume they can be procured at the seed-stores or any establishment where agricultural implements are kept.

A mushroom will lift a paving-stone many times its own weight, rather than turn over and grow sideways, which it would appear so much easier for it to do. So tree-roots will throw over immensely strong walls, against which they have grown, though one would think the pressure against the softer soil would give room for their development.

The Turkish ambassador was at a public dinner in London recently, in company with some of the magnates of the land: the president gave as a toast, in compliment to his excellency, "The Sublime Porte and the Turkish ambassador." The waiter echoed it down the table, "A supply of port for the Turkish ambassador."

Amadeus, the new King of Spain, has found the climate of Madrid so trying to his usually robust health that he thinks he must spend the winter farther south. His physicians have recommended Malaga. The Spanish republicans advise his return to Italy if he has any desire to live long.

The following remedies are said to be valuable and infallible: for corns, easy shoes; for bile, exercise; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for gout, toast and water; for the toothache, a dentist; for debt, industry; and for love, matrimony.

Basle is reported to have fifty citizens who possess fortunes estimated to be over ten million dollars each. Basle is the wealthiest town in Switzerland, and men of two million or three million dollars are deemed of little financial consequence.

A gentleman learned in the origin of social customs was asked what was the meaning of the custom of casting an old shoe after a newly-married couple as they started on their trip. Said he, "To indicate that the chances of matrimony are very slippery."

A young girl in Malaga, named Anita Perez, has published, in the *Andalusian Monthly Review*, two novels, which the Spanish critics pronounce superior to any which have appeared in the literature of their country for many years past.

A clever repartee is attributed to the member from Mormonism in the new Congress. A brother member asked him how many wives he had. "Enough to keep me from running after other people's," was the prompt reply.

Dublin city is said to have been built in 800; walled in 838; stormed by Dermot, 1171; fresh charter granted, 1173; castle built in 1220; university founded, 1591; students admitted, January, 1594.

Mayne Reid's novels are exceedingly popular in France. Three years ago the imperial Minister of Public Instruction ordered copies of them to be published for the public libraries of the communes.

Bishop Colenso, who has become as radical as his friend Miss Cobbe, prefaces the reading of the Creed with the declaration that he does not believe it, but reads it as an officer of the queen!

"A young Shakeress" says, in a note, that the assertion often made that the Shaker males hate the females, and *vice versa*, is not true, "for we love each other better than we can express."

Old Moneybags says that a girl with an income of three thousand dollars a year or more is always an object of interest, because she has so much principal.

A clergyman in the West seeks damages of a journal which published a report of his lecture, "Mind and Matter," under the head of "Wind and Water."

There are in the world about one hundred and twenty thousand miles of railway, that have cost ten billion dollars, and give employment to over one million persons.

What is the use of women trying to assert their equality with men, when the court reports of every city establish the fact that a man can beat his wife?

There are said to be millions of pounds of fossil ivory in Alaska. It is of excellent quality, and is worth a dollar a pound in San Francisco.

Madame Gerolt, wife of the Prussian minister, has resided, it is said, for thirty years in Washington, and thinks it one of the most delightful cities in the world.

When does rain become too familiar to a lady? When it begins to patter on the back.

In the Louisiana State-prison prisoners are always washed before they are ironed. Of course.

All the pews in Grace Church, New York—over two hundred—are now leased, for the first time in twenty-five years.

The total expenditure in Europe for education, science, and art, is more than one hundred million dollars per year.

The announcement is made that the single eye-glass has entirely disappeared from good society.

What is that which is so brittle that if you name it you are sure to break it? Silence.

What's the difference between my mother's brother and my mother's sister? One's my uncle and the other ain't (aunt).

Queen Victoria is said to have grown uncomfortably stout during her recent long retirement.

In Colorado there are many men of many mines.

The greatest nutmeg ever known met with a grater.

What causes a cold, cures a cold, and fees the doctor? A draft.

Brigham Young has buried twenty-seven mothers-in-law in five years.

Cotton was first planted in the United States in 1759.

The Museum.

THE Papuans of New Guinea are, as a race, very fine examples of savage humanity, tall, well-shaped, and powerful. They are remarkable for two physical peculiarities—one, a roughness of the skin; the other, the growth of the hair. They are very proud of their hair, and will seldom cut it off; but as, if left untrained, it would fall over the eyes, they have various modes of dressing it, in most cases making it stand out at right angles from the head. The color of their skin is a very dark chocolate, inclined to black, but having nothing in common with the deep, shining black of the negro. Their features are large and tolerably well made. Dress is not used by the men, who, however, wear plenty of ornaments. They mostly have a belt made of plaited leaves or rushes, about five inches wide, and so long that, when tied together behind, the ends hang down for a foot or so. Some of them adorn this belt with a large white shell, placed exactly in the middle. Ear-rings of

plaited rattan, necklaces, and bracelets, are worn by nearly all. Some of them wear a very ingenious armlet, several inches in width, made of plaited rattan, and fitted so tightly to the limb that, when a native wishes to take it off for sale, he is obliged to smear his arm with mud, and have the ornament drawn off by another person. Their principal weapons are bows, arrows, and spears, the latter being sometimes tipped with the long and sharp claw of the tree-kangaroo.

The agility of these Papuans is really astonishing. Along the water's edge there run wide belts of mangroves, which extend for many miles in length, with scarcely a break in them. The ground is a thick, deep, and soft mud, from which the mangrove-roots spring in

such numbers that no one could pass through them, even at low water, without the constant use of an axe, while at high water all passage is utterly impossible. As the natives, who are essentially maritime in their mode of life, have

to cross this belt several times daily in passing from their canoes to their houses, and *vice versa*, they prefer doing so by means of the upper branches, among which they run and leap, by practice from childhood, as easily as monkeys.

There is really nothing very extraordinary in this mode of progress, which can be learned by Europeans in a short time, although they never can hope to attain the graceful ease with which the naked savages pass among the boughs. The familiarity of these people with the trees causes them to look upon a tree as a natural fortress, and explorers relate that as soon as they have succeeded in reaching the villages the natives invariably made off and climbed into the trees that surrounded the villages.



The Papuans of New Guinea.

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THE PIGEON-MATCH.—THE SPORT AND THE VICTIMS.

A SKETCH BY HARRISON WEIR.

VENUS VICTRIX.

BY ANNIE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "FALSE COLORS," "DENIS
DONNE," ETC.

HE was their only son, and it was the ambition of their youth that he should be clever, and beautiful, and prosperous, and happy, with a cleverness, and beauty, and prosperity, and happiness, that are not ordinarily meted out to poor humanity. So, actuated by this ambition, they spun and toiled, labored and saved, and took great heed for the morrow, for the sake of their handsome, spirited boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Arkwright were young people when Bertram was born; but much thought and incessant anxiety to add to their hoard for his sake made them seem comparatively old by the time the young fellow was one-and-twenty. The father in his mercantile office, and the mother in her home, had this thought ever before them: that for Bertie's sake they must be careful; for Bertie's sake they must deny themselves all luxuries, and nearly all comforts that were not essential; for Bertie's sake they must cultivate the "best people," whom they wouldn't have troubled their heads to please, had it not been for this Dagon of a son of theirs.

The devotion of the old people, as Bertie called them lovingly, was very well repaid by the bright-faced, bright-hearted young fellow. At twenty-two or three, the son for whom they had cheerfully sacrificed so much, that other people in their position would never have dreamed of going without, was well worthy of every sacrifice the most self-abnegating parents could make. Unspoiled by the long course of indulgence and ultra-consideration to which he had been subjected, the young man carried in his breast one of the most generous, unselfish, truthful hearts that human being could be blessed with. The only subtlety he knew was the subtlety of gratifying the unspoken wishes of his parents without letting them discover that those same unspoken wishes sometimes ran counter to his own.

The mercantile firm of which his father was the head was an old-established and thoroughly respectable one, and Bertie divined that it would please the dear old father if he, the only son, desired to succeed in it. The boy's own tastes would have led him into other grooves—into the tortuous paths of literature, in fact. But, without much ever having been said on the subject, it was well understood by the son that his sire held the practice of that unremunerative profession in something like aversion. "He'd buy a newspaper property or start a magazine for me, if he only knew that those were the flesh-pots I hankered after," the young fellow said to some of his like-minded friends; "but he'd do it with a pang, sir, and, please God, I'll never cost him one." Verily, they were well rewarded; they were reaping the love they had sown so lavishly.

But it is not in the human heart to rest content with any state of things, however full of beatitude that state of things may be.

"The boy will marry, some day," Mrs. Arkwright said to her husband, when Bertie had reached the dignity of twenty-three years. "If he shouldn't choose wisely for his own happiness, it would kill us both, I believe." And tears filled the loving, motherly eyes at the wraith of the possibility she had conjured up.

"Time enough for us to think about that when Bertie thinks about it for himself," Mr. Arkwright said, cheerfully.

"No, no, my dear; it will be too late then," Mrs. Arkwright said, with some truth and more energy. "When Bertie has seen the girl he loves, and has chosen her, it will be too late for us to think about putting a suitable girl in his path."

"But he may choose a suitable girl for himself," Mr. Arkwright urged.

"And, on the other hand, he may *not*," the lady insisted; "and it is our duty, where there is such a wide choice of good and evil, to put the good in his way. If Bertie made a mistake in his marriage, what would our lives be worth?"

There was something in this; there was a great deal in this. Bertie with an unsuitable wife! The bare supposition made Mr. Arkwright feel more loving to the wife who had been such a suitable wife to him, and the son she had brought him. The king can do no wrong; and Bertie was their king, and could with difficulty do wrong in their eyes. Still, he might do "less well" for *himself* than they could wish him. There was a great deal in it.

Need it be told how the idea, once having entered in, grew, and strengthened, and flourished, and finally bore fruit, in Mrs. Arkwright's

mind? The danger appeared imminent to the mother of such a matchless son. He might fall a sudden prey to any one of the many undesirable girls they knew—to any one of the flighty, frivolous, idle, over-dressed young beings who were about him, and who were unworthy to bear the honors of being Bertie's wife and the mother of Bertie's children. If he should in an evil moment, because his mother had neglected to put something better before him, choose one of these, as she had pathetically remarked to her husband, "What would their lives be worth?"

The something better was heard of at last. Mrs. Arkwright did not actually shout "Eureka!" when she met with Helen Faulkner; but she rejoiced with a great joy, and her heart went out to the girl at once. They met Miss Faulkner at an evening party with her mother, and the mother turned out to be an old friend of Mrs. Arkwright's unmarried days. Remembering that old friend well, and having vividly in mind all her purity and integrity, and womanly truth and sweetness, Mrs. Arkwright felt that there would be happiness and safety and honor in the daughter's being Bertie's wife.

For her own sake, too, Helen Faulkner was well worth the seeking—a clever, well-educated, good girl, capable of managing a house and sustaining a conversation on politics, with the looks and tastes and habits of a cultivated lady, yet no mere butterfly. If Bertie would only love *her*, Mrs. Arkwright felt that they would, indeed, be blessed.

The Faulkners had come up from their country home to have a taste of city pleasures, and, as they were living at a boarding-house only, the Arkwrights' hospitable house being so open to them was no slight boon. The dark-eyed, nice-looking, intelligent girl was a new and pleasant element in the home-circle to Bertie. He drifted into a great, unfettered, frank intimacy with her, and it was only a natural sequence Helen soon came to love him as much as even his mother could desire.

The result may easily be guessed. She accepted his superiority so unquestioningly, because she loved him, that he could but be flattered at her estimate of it. She was the most agreeable companion he ever met with; his mother evidently loved her dearly; and what he felt for her was surely something that sufficiently resembled love for him to be justified in offering it to her as such. He was not a cold, calculating fellow; still he did reason very much in this way before he eventually laid down his arms at Miss Faulkner's feet.

As soon as he had worded the sentiment he had for her, he knew that it was a very warm, true affection, and his heart beat thankfully when he knew that she reciprocated it fully. He could not truthfully say to her—

"Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine;"

but he could assure her, and he did assure her, that she was the first woman to whom he had ever talked love-talk, or about whom he had ever dreamed love-dreams. "The boy," as his father and mother fondly called him still, was at peace in his own mind about his choice, in fact, and, when a man is *that* from honest conviction, his future looms very fairly before him.

"What a lucky fellow I am!" He told himself this a dozen times a day, as more and more the real value of the woman he had won unfolded itself. Lucky, supremely lucky, in having pleased both himself and those dear "old people" who were so tenacious of what was due to him! Lucky, supremely lucky, in having avoided those shoals and quicksands which wreck so many little "first-love" barks! Bertie hardly knew how to be grateful enough for the great good that had befallen him.

And now the time came for the Faulkners to return to their country home, and it was arranged that Bertie Arkwright should go back with them to be introduced to the friends and neighbors among whom Helen had grown up. He knew a good many of these by name and repute already, for Helen was fond of talking of the absent. But there was one whose name had never been mentioned until they were about a stage from Mapledcan, the Faulkners' home. Then, Helen said:

"I had a letter of congratulation from Gertrude to-day, mamma."

"She's been rather long in offering her congratulations, I think," Mrs. Faulkner remarked.

"Oh, she has been away from home, and is only just returned," Helen explained.

"My dear child, what has that to do with it? With all her cor-

respondents in the village, don't you think that the news of your engagement reached her long ago?"

"Who is the object of dispute?" Bertie asked.

"A great friend of mine, who happens not to be a great favorite of mamma's," Helen said, quickly—"Gertrude Wylding, the greatest beauty in our neighborhood. I am longing for you to see her."

"Are you?" he said, carelessly; and then he looked admiringly at Helen's earnest little mobile face, and added, "On my word, then, Helen, Mapledean is an exceptionally well-endowed place to possess such—"

"Ah!" the girl interrupted, blushing a pleased, bright, happy blush, "Gertrude is as different to me as a star is to a candle; she is a *real* beauty."

"And you're the loveliest, sweetest woman a man's eyes ever rested on," he thought, lovingly, as the good young face was turned trustingly and proudly toward him.

"We shall be inundated for a few days, I suppose," Mrs. Faulkner said the next morning. "Nell is rather a popular girl about here, Bertie, and, even if she were not popular, curiosity would bring people to see you. Are you prepared to go through such an ordeal?"

"We sha'n't stay in on purpose to go through it—shall we?" he asked, dolefully. "If it comes in the order of things when we are in the house, all right—I'll bear it like a man; but I don't seem to see the good of Nell and I losing our rides these fine mornings for the sake of gratifying the curiosity of Mapledean."

"Not for the sake of gratifying their curiosity, but I want you and my friends to get known to each other," Helen urged. "I don't want to miss Gertrude."

"She's your village beauty, isn't she?" he asked, indifferently.

"Village beauty," she repeated. "What a joke that phrase will seem to you when you see her! Yes, Master Bertie, she is our village beauty, and you'll have to own, I think, that few in your empire city can compare with her."

"Helen is a little infatuated about that girl," Mrs. Faulkner said, when Helen went out of the room.

"And you are not?" Bertie said, laughing.

"No, honestly, I am not," Mrs. Faulkner said, with energy. "She has done things that I should grieve greatly to think a daughter of mine could do; she has trifled cruelly with more than one man's peace, and yet they all spare her; and Helen, who is herself the soul of honor, vindicates her."

"She's a sort of spoiled village coquette, I suppose," he said, indifferently.

Mrs. Faulkner shook her head. "I hardly know what she is. But I must own that I do wish Helen were not so fond of her; but I have never attempted to coerce Helen about either love or friendship; I only hope after your marriage that the intimacy between the two girls will die away: things must take their course now."

Things took their course. All Mapledean came to take the measure of the man to whom the fair favorite Helen had given herself—all Mapledean with the exception of Gertrude Wylding. She let more than a fortnight pass after Helen's return without coming near the Faulknors' house. But at length, just as Helen was getting piqued at this neglect, and Bertie was becoming curious to see "the topic," as he termed her, she came and won forgiveness at once for her apparent neglect.

She came in rather early one morning while Helen was still employed in setting their drawing-room in fair array for the day. Bertram Arkwright was helping her to rearrange flowers, and was just coming in through the open French window, laden with a mass of blooms and foliage, when the visitor was announced. Instinctively he paused and raised his hat, and the flowers that he had gathered for Helen fell at Gertrude's feet.

"I hope I haven't come too soon," the guest began, greeting Helen.

"Too soon, Gerty, I have been so angry with you for not having come before; why is it? This is Mr. Arkwright; he'll be 'Bertie' to you before long, I hope." And then the introduction that she had been so longing to effect was over, and Helen turned to see the impression her friend had made upon her lover, with triumph in her great, sweet, gray eyes.

So this was the village belle, the local beauty. Well, he was fain to confess to himself that he had expected something widely different.

She had come on horseback, and the riding-habit showed off the supple, luxurious proportions of her figure to perfection. It was a dark-blue habit, contrasting well with the rich red gold of her hair, and harmonizing marvellously with the most intensely violet eyes he had ever beheld. Her face was rather pale and very fair, and her features were perfectly pure and well cut, and at the same time were mobile and full of expression. The riding-hat gave her just what a severe critic might have thought she lacked—height, namely. But it was hard to wish for any thing, even for half an inch, to be added to that splendid beauty that was so dangerous a dower.

What a voice the girl had too! Not the angel Israfil himself, "whose heart-strings are a lute," could thrill the souls of others more subtly than Gertrude Wylding could—there was such entire harmony between the face, and voice, and manner. They were all three equally beautiful and refined, and unlike any thing Bertie had ever seen or imagined.

"And what have you been doing all this time, Gertrude?" Helen asked, after a little reunion talk had been exchanged by the two girls.

"No harm I hope," Gertrude said, smiling. "I went to the springs when you went to the city, you know. I had never been there out of the season before, and it was like going to a strange place—"

"Dull, I suppose?" Helen suggested.

"Some people would have thought it dull, perhaps," Miss Wylding said, with her wonderful smile irradiating her wonderful face. "But I found it far more congenial to my taste than when it's crowded. I had time for things that I never have had time for before. I did a great deal of sketching, and a great deal of reading, took up German, and read 'Faust' in the original. Even your mamma would say that I made the most of my time, I think."

"Did you ride at all?" Helen said, evading the reference to her mother's tolerably well-known dislike to her friend.

"Oh, yes, Venus Victrix was not idle either, I assure you."

"Venus Victrix?" Bertie questioned, confusedly, thinking she must be meaning herself.

"Yes, my mare," she said, with animation. "Such a beauty; you can't think how people look at her when I'm riding her about. Will you like to see her? She is in the yard now."

"Yes, do go and look at her, Bertie, while I finish the flowers, and then I'll come and join you," Helen said, eagerly.

"Did you give your mare her name?" Bertie asked, as he walked out by the side of the greatest enchantress he had ever met with.

"No," she said, and he thought that a faint color crept up into her face as she spoke. "Venus Victrix owes her name to her late owner."

They were by the side of the mare by this time, and Bertie fell to patting, and petting, and admiring her in a very genuine way. She was, in truth, as perfect of her kind as her mistress was, and what more can be said in the way of commendation? A sparkling, splendid, glossy-skinned chestnut, with a tiny mite of a head, a slender, arching neck, and slim legs, firm and fine as a lady's arm. She looked superb as she struck the ground impatiently with her hoof, and gave other signs of animation and suppressed power on the approach of her mistress.

"She deserves her name whoever gave it to her," he said. "What a poem it must be to see you on her!" he added, warmly, and Gertrude laughed her rich, musical laugh, and said:

"Some people were kind enough to think so."

"Where did Miss Wylding get that mare of her's?" Bertram asked that night when he was alone in the moonlight with Helen and her mother.

"It's a long story, and I'll tell it to you when you know Gertrude better," Helen said; "the bald facts would give you a false impression of her."

"The bald facts would just give you a true impression of her," Mrs. Faulkner said, quickly; "that chestnut mare belonged to the man Gertrude Wylding behaved very badly to—"

"I hate that phrase to be applied to a girl," Bertram Arkwright said, with a good deal of that young, trusting enthusiasm in his manner which is sure to diminish as years roll on. "I hate that phrase to be applied to a girl; most likely the fellow deserved a rebuff if he got one from her."

"She might have given it to him before she had been engaged to

him three months, at any rate," Mrs. Faulkner said, resolutely, though Helen made many signs that "no more should be said about it."

"Engaged! was she?" Bertie asked.

"Yes, engaged, and to a man who was a thousand times too good for such a frivolous flirt; he almost worshipped her, I believe; and, when she found out that she didn't love him sufficiently to become his wife, it sent him wrong altogether."

"But, mother dear," Helen interposed, gently, "surely you, who are so just, must admit that it was better, when poor Gerty found out that, that she should have been what she was—frank about it."

"I have no patience with such frankness; frivolity and fickleness I call it."

"Why does she keep the horse?" Bertie asked.

"She is like the old border-barons. She takes while she has the power, and keeps what she can; if I had a son, I should say to him: 'Beware of Gertrude Wylding.'"

A day or two after this conversation, Miss Wylding came down again to the Faulkners' house, and again was poor Bertie almost bewildered by her beauty, and by the brilliant way she rode her brilliant-looking mare. She came down avowedly to have a little girlish private talk with Helen; but, when Bertie, hearing this, offered to go out into the garden and leave them to themselves, Miss Wylding entreated him to remain, with a pretty little assumption of being driven on to do so by irresistible inclination that made him feel guiltily flattered.

And so on, and so on. Who, that has chanced to number a coquette among his or her acquaintances, cannot guess at the fine gradations of manner which this girl, armed with such rare beauty, brought to bear on Bertram Arkwright? His weakness was patent to others almost as soon as it was to himself. Helen saw it with an agony of wounded love and of bitter disappointment, both in her lover and her friend, that it is difficult to depict.

Bravely the girl resolved to hear the worst, and bear the brunt of it at once, whatever it might be. She would not interchange speech with any one on the subject, before she had speech with him about it. "No, mamma," she said, imploringly, when she saw her mother about to begin, one night, as they were watching Bertie home from a miserable solitary stroll. "No, mamma; *don't* speak—at least, not yet." And then Mrs. Faulkner's heart ached with the sharp, motherly sorrow of a full knowledge of her pitiful inability to save her child from this misery that was coming upon her.

By the time Bertie had got himself into the house that night, Helen had strung herself up to say the conclusive words. She did not trust herself to speak a long preface—she rushed straight to the point at once.

"Bertie," she said, "you would think meanly both of my heart and head, if I didn't feel this change in you and tell you of it."

"What change in me?" he stammered.

"This—that Gertrude Wylding has caused," and then my poor little heroine went on with trembling lips to tell him that this was the last time—the last time she should ever speak to him of love. "But we must speak of it this once, Bertie; I think it such a holy thing, that we must bury it decently," she said, with a sad smile; "don't wrong me by thinking that I could hold you to your vows now your heart has gone from me. I won't say that I'll try to forget you, I can never do that; but, oh! Bertie, I hope I shall not see you any more after this."

"Since you wish it!" he said, making no further protest, though he was sorely conscience-stricken. And so the next morning he went back to his city-home, and Mapledan was soon in possession of the fact that Miss Faulkner's engagement was broken off.

The old people at home were very miserable about this falling short of their boy's fealty; but they were more miserable still when he presented Gertrude Wylding to them as the daughter-in-law he wished them to receive. However, miserable as they were, since their Dagon willed it so, they invited her to stay with them. And Miss Wylding and Venus Victrix were soon great objects of public attention and admiration.

It was all very well for a few weeks. The girl won the hearts of both his father and mother, won them so entirely that it was only out of her presence that they remembered to give a sigh for their lost Helen. There was a talk of a speedy marriage, and Gertrude portrayed intense devotion to him, so Bertie was absolutely without fear when the fiat went forth that it was time for Miss Wylding to go home.

The preparations for the marriage were commenced in good earnest by the Arkwrights. A house was taken, furniture was looked at and ordered, subject to Miss Wylding's approval. The whole of the vast business was surrendered by Mr. Arkwright to his son, the old people themselves retiring on a comparatively small income, when—a check came!

It came in the shape of a letter from Gertrude, a letter that followed immediately on the receipt of a most affectionate one from her. She had been questioning her own heart severely, she wrote, and now she found that it was pity and not love that had induced her to accept him. She had pitied him so much for his engagement with Helen Faulkner being broken off, that she had striven hard to compensate him for that loss. But she could not do so any longer at the expense of her own feelings. She wound up with an assurance of her lasting friendship for him, and hinted, that if they ever met again, she would feel obliged by this episode in their lives being as though it had not been.

And so the dream was wholly o'er, and Bertie Arkwright woke up knowing himself to have been a cruelly-deceived man. He was shattered by the blow at first, fell down prone and utterly helpless under it. Then that phase passed, and one of recklessness, that made his poor parents' hearts bleed, set in. But, after a while, the original good that was in this much-loved boy set in, and he checked himself in the course that was killing his mother—checked himself, and stayed at home with them a great deal, and became in all respects a sad and altered man.

"It is a wound that will not heal itself," Mrs. Arkwright said to her husband; "we must help him, dear; we gave him his being, and must make that being as happy as possible; his wound will not heal by itself, because he aggravates it by the thought that he has given Helen such another wound."

But the help the mother longed to give, she did not dare to give yet. At least it must *seem* that accident favored her plan, she felt, however much in reality design had to do with it. And so Mrs. Arkwright mustered what patience she could, and bided her time until the summer brought the Faulkners back to the city.

"Helen Faulkner is coming here, to-day, dear Bertie," she said to her son one morning, and he went on carefully brushing his hat, the red blood meanwhile mounting to his brow, but saying never a word.

"Be home in good time," Mrs. Arkwright went on; and then he said, "I will, mother," and kissed her and went out.

He could not get himself to his office that day. He mounted his horse and rode into the country, and then, in the solitude, sternly reviewed the events of the last year. He had been weak and wicked, and he had been punished. He would do Helen the justice of telling her that he felt these things to be the truth now.

It was evening when he reached home, and Mrs. Faulkner and Helen were both sitting in the twilight with his mother. "Well, Bertie," they both said to him, and he was grateful that the low light did not suffer them to see his face.

But he would be brave at any cost, so he said it was "time for the lamp," and rang and ordered the lights in, and by the time they came he was prepared to show a very composed front to Helen.

A few days after this, he went to see the Faulkners, and found Helen alone. After some time—he never quite knew how it came about—he found himself telling Helen that he had bitterly repented him of that mistake of his, and then it all came quickly, "Would she—could she love him again?"

She could and would. She had been his true Helen all along, even when he was in the toils of Venus Victrix. And so, by reason of her having had such patient love for him, it all came right at last.

As for Miss Wylding, those who are interested in her may care to know that, though these events happened ten years ago, she is Miss Wylding still. She has carried on the campaign against honor and mankind in most of the big cities of the Old and the New World, and, as she is still possessed of the most marvellous beauty, she has carried them on very successfully from her point of view. She has been on the brink of marriage with a London banker, a Parisian count, and a New-York merchant, and one and all of these engagements have come to naught.

It is said now that she must try a new country, for no man who has heard of her doughty deeds will ever put himself in the power of Venus Victrix.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER XXVII.—MRS. GORDON'S SUGGESTION.

WHEN Mrs. Gordon read her cousin's name on the card, she hesitated a moment. Then she surprised Babette by lifting her face with an air of decision.

"I will see Mrs. Annesley," she said. "Ask her in here."

Babette left the room to obey the direction, and a minute or two of silence followed. To Mrs. Gordon the interval seemed much longer than it really was, and she had extended her hand to ring the bell and ask the cause of the delay, when there came the sound of footsteps, and the rustle of silk, crossing the passage. Through the closed door she heard Mrs. Annesley's voice:

"Just left, you say?—not more than half an hour ago? It is strange I did not meet him. Do you know where he was going?"

"No, madame," said Babette, in reply.

Catching both the question and the reply, Mrs. Gordon dropped the bell-rope with a smile. "I might have known what detained her," she thought—and, as she thought it, the door opened.

The two ladies met in the centre of the floor, and greeted each other with a moderate show of warmth. They called each other "my dear Elinor," and "my dear Pauline," but, beyond this, there was not much of effusion on either side. They shook hands, kissed lightly, spoke of the weather, and sat down opposite each other, like two ordinary acquaintances. Mrs. Annesley looked at ease, but in fact she was very far from that enviable state of mind. She remembered her former discomfiture in that house; and something in her cousin's face seemed to warn her that it might possibly be repeated.

Nevertheless, she plunged boldly into conversation, and began deploring the many social duties that had kept her so long from Morton House. "I am sure you believe that I would have come if I could," said she, looking at her cousin. "Oh, my dear Pauline, how wise you were in declining to reënter society! I so often think of you, and envy you—so retired, so quiet, so surrounded by repose. As for poor me—I might as well be a galley-slave, for all the liberty I have! If it were not for the sake of my children, I really think I should give up society entirely. It tries my health so severely, and is so unsuited to my taste. A quiet day with you, now, would have been much more agreeable to me than all the gay times we have had at Annesdale."

"I should have been glad to see you, if you had come," said Mrs. Gordon; "but pray, Elinor, don't trouble yourself to make excuses for not having done so. I understood your position quite well. It is hard for any one in the full tide of social life to be able to see much of another person who is entirely apart from that life."

"My only consolation," said Mrs. Annesley, "has been that Morton sees so much of you. Riding continually about the country, he is able to come here more often than I possibly could; and I have been so glad of it. I did not feel as if I were completely neglecting you, while he was my representative."

"There was no cause for you to feel so," said Mrs. Gordon, a little coldly.

She was growing weary of these prolonged excuses, and did not see the point of them. Mrs. Annesley saw it, however, and timed her advance to it with careful exactitude.

"In fact, Morton often unconsciously shames me," she said. "He does not let any thing stand in the way of his visits to you. I don't know when I have felt as much ashamed of myself and my own neglect, as I did this morning. I saw him on the piazza with Irene Vernon—have you ever heard him speak of Irene Vernon? Ah, she is such a charming girl, and so lovely!—Well, he had been there for some time, when suddenly I missed him. I went to see what had become of him, and I found Miss Vernon alone. Morton, she said, had received a note from you, and left instantly to obey your summons—he even broke an engagement to ride with her, which he had made for this afternoon. My dear Pauline, when I heard this, I felt absolutely rebuked. Although my house is full of company, I at once ordered my carriage. I was determined not to let the hateful thing which we

call society keep me any longer from coming to see you. I thought I would follow Morton, and meet the dear boy here, and that, after we had both enjoyed a visit to you, we could go home together. But your maid tells me that he has been here, and is already gone."

"Yes, he has gone," said Mrs. Gordon.

She saw the object of Mrs. Annesley's visit clearly enough now—saw it so clearly that all this careful fencing amused her not a little. She could have closed with her, and brought matters to an issue, very speedily, if she had chosen to do so; but she contented herself with this non-committal reply, and left her visitor to show her hand by force of necessity.

"It is strange I did not meet him," said Mrs. Annesley, in the same words she had already used in speaking to Babette. "He could not surely have returned to Annesdale?"

An accent of interrogation made this a direct question, and, as such, Mrs. Gordon answered it.

"He went to Tallahoma, I believe."

"Indeed!"

A pause after this. Within the bounds of civility, how could Mrs. Annesley ask the question which was next trembling on her tongue; and yet, how was it possible for her to forbear asking it? Who of us can account for certain instincts which at various times of our lives influence our actions in greater or less degree? Such an instinct had caused her to follow Morton from Annesdale, and such an instinct—now that she was on the threshold of the matter which had brought him to Mrs. Gordon—made her resolute to press forward, and in the face of civility (or of any thing else) learn what it was. After a short-hesitation, she asked the question:

"Pardon me, my dear Pauline, if I appear curious, but was it on your business that he went to Tallahoma?"

"Certainly not," answered Mrs. Gordon. "I have no business in Tallahoma."

"Then you do not know why he went?"

"Yes, I chance to know why he went."

"And I am not to know, I suppose?" said Mrs. Annesley, flushing.

Her cousin looked at her gravely and silently for a minute, before she replied.

"I might answer that it is Morton's affair—not mine, Elinor," she said. "But since it is in part mine, and since I have a question concerning it to ask you, I shall not violate Morton's confidence in telling you. He has gone to see Miss Tresham."

Involuntarily, Mrs. Annesley started to her feet, and made a step toward the door.

"I knew it!" she cried, passionately, "I knew it! Something warned me that he had gone to see that—" Here she stopped suddenly, and sat down again. "I am a fool," she said, bitterly. "What could I do, if I followed him? He has gone his own way, without any regard to my wishes. How could I prevent him, if I tried, from doing so?"

Her cousin came over to her, and, strangely enough, sat down by her, laying one hand on her arm.

"I will tell you what you can do—if you care to hear," she said.

Mrs. Annesley drew back. The instinct of distrust between these two women was so strong that circumstances could hardly be imagined in which it would not have betrayed itself.

"I do not understand," she said. "I thought you liked this—this girl!"

"You are right," said Mrs. Gordon, quietly. "I did like her. But that was when I knew very little about her. Since I have learned more, she is, so far as herself is concerned, an object of indifference to me. So far as Morton is concerned, however, she is an object of distrust, and as such, to be dealt with—as summarily as possible. Elinor, do you wish Morton to marry her?"

"Can you ask me such a question?"

"Well, I have tested his infatuation thoroughly, this morning; and it has been proof against the strongest plea that I could urge. Yet I forced him to concede that he would give her up, if it could be proved that she was unworthy of him. If you wish to prevent his marrying her, your only hope is to prove this."

"I know it," said Mrs. Annesley, "but I have tried—" She paused suddenly here, caught her breath, and was silent.

"You have tried to prove it," said Mrs. Gordon, quietly. "Well,

* EXTENDED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

I know that. What I don't know, and what I would like to hear is, how you succeeded."

"I did not succeed at all," answered Mrs. Annesley, coldly. "What do you mean when you say that you know of my effort? You cannot possibly know—any thing."

"I fancy I know every thing, or almost every thing," replied the other, with the same composure as before. "Pray tell me, Elinor, did you ever hear of a Mr. Henry St. John?"

The shock of startled surprise caused by the question was unmistakable. But Mrs. Annesley never surrendered without a struggle.

"I do not understand you," she said.

"Don't you?" said Mrs. Gordon, smiling slightly. "Perhaps I can assist your memory by asking another question, then. Do you remember an anonymous letter which, by way of jest, you once wrote to Edgar Annesley?"

"I—think I do."

"I am sure you must, for the events which followed it were too marked to be readily forgotten. Well, you may remember, also, that I read that letter, and admired the ease with which you wrote a hand entirely unlike your own. It is twenty-four years since I saw that writing, but the consequences arising from the letter stamped the recollection of it on my memory; and when a letter—when *two* letters—were shown to me this morning, I recognized the hand at once. Now will you tell me whether you ever heard of Mr. St. John?"

Mrs. Annesley saw that all attempt at further concealment was useless. However much or however little Mrs. Gordon knew, it was at least certain that she knew too much to make denial safe. In an instant she remembered the man who had met Miss Tresham in the grounds of Annesdale, and what had been before merely a suspicion resolved itself at once into a certainty.

"I have heard of him," she said—and then she added, "He is here!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gordon, "he is here. I have no right to blame you for the means you took to obtain information concerning Miss Tresham; but it may surprise you to hear that by those means you have brought upon me the curse of my life—the worst enemy I have ever had, or can ever expect to have!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Mrs. Annesley, in amazement. "How could I imagine—whom do you mean?"

The answer came in four bitter words:

"I mean my husband."

"Your husband!"

"I see that Morton has not told you my story."

"Not one word," cried Mrs. Annesley, eagerly, forgetting for the moment every thing else, and with the extreme of curiosity painted on her face, and quivering in her voice. "My dear Pauline," she went on, "you can surely trust me—you can surely confide in me!"

"It is a matter of necessity to tell you something of my life, Elinor," said her cousin, coldly. "Otherwise, I have learned that it is wise to 'confide' in nobody. You know that I was married. What I endured in my married life it is not worth while to tell you. I *did* endure it as long as endurance was possible. When it became impossible, I fled from my tyrant and came here, hoping to find rest and shelter under my father's roof. How long I might have remained undiscovered I do not know. Not long, I suspect. But, however that may be, it was your act which brought discovery upon me. The advertisement, which you inserted in the *London Times* before I came here, has borne bitter fruit. I have been tracked to my place of refuge, and my child has been taken from me—perhaps forever!"

"Taken from you! By whom?"

"By my own will. I have sent him away, that his father may not be able to find or claim him."

"But I do not understand," said Mrs. Annesley, in a state of perplexity which, all things considered, was very natural. "Is it this Mr. St. John who is your husband?"

"St. John! Are you mad? Have you ever seen him?"

"Never."

"He is a hanger-on of my husband's—his secretary, he was called—a sort of instrument for unprincipled purposes. Of character or position he has not even the shadow. Where he comes from, who he is, or what he is, it is impossible to say. I only know him in the position of which I have spoken. I am sure he has never had a better one."

Mrs. Annesley looked horror-stricken.

"And it was *this* man who wrote to me as the friend or relation of Miss Tresham!—it is *this* man who is here now to see her!"

"It is this man."

"And you—you let Morton go without telling him?"

"I told him much more than I have told you, and it had no effect upon him. Stop, Elinor"—as Mrs. Annesley, in uncontrollable agitation, rose to her feet—"you can say nothing to Morton that I have not already said. We have no proof of any thing beyond mere acquaintance between Miss Tresham and St. John. Think a moment. Did his reply to your letter contain nothing more?"

"I don't need to think," answered Mrs. Annesley, impatiently. "It contained not one word. Do you suppose I should have permitted matters to go on as long as they have in this way, if I had been able to produce a word of proof against her? My God! to think how helpless I am!" said she, striking her hand heavily on the end of the sofa near which she sat. "To think that this artful creature may make Morton marry her any day, and then—discovery would come too late."

"Have more faith in Morton," said her companion, gravely. "Believe, as I believe, that he will not take any extreme step, without giving you fair warning. In the mean time, you must endeavor to find out something about Miss Tresham."

"But how?"

"Do I need to tell you how? Is not St. John here, and have I not described his character? You need feel no delicacy about approaching him."

"But this is more difficult than you think," said Mrs. Annesley, hesitatingly. "Morton would never forgive me if he knew of such a thing, and how am I to see the man without his knowing it?"

"I have simply pointed out the way," said Mrs. Gordon. "The means I leave to yourself."

"But you—you know this St. John. Could not you—"

"No," answered Mrs. Gordon, with forbidding coldness. "Nothing would induce me to see or hold any communication with him."

"Not even for Morton's sake?"

"Not even for Morton's sake."

There was no appeal possible from that decided tone. Mrs. Annesley saw that, whether for success or failure, she must act for herself. After a minute's consideration, she said:

"Can you tell me where I shall find Mr. St. John?"

"It is probable that Babette can," said Mrs. Gordon, ringing the bell.

Babette appeared, and proved at once the accuracy of her mistress's judgment. She was able to gratify Mrs. Annesley with every possible particular concerning Mr. St. John; and, after that lady had heard all that could be of service to her, she dismissed her informant, and turned to Mrs. Gordon.

"I don't see my way at all clearly, Pauline," she said. "But I hope you will remember that I am acting according to your advice."

"According to my suggestion," amended Mrs. Gordon. "I never give advice, Elinor."

"If Morton discovers it, he will never forgive me."

"If you are so much afraid of Morton, you had better let him go his own way without interference."

In reply to this, Mrs. Annesley rose from her seat.

"One word, Pauline," she said, as her cousin rose also. "Have you told Morton about those letters?"

"No; why should I?"

"You will not do so?"

"I have not the least intention of doing so."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Annesley, impulsively. Then she added, with more of her usual manner: "My dear Pauline, no words can say how sorry I am that *my* act should have brought so much annoyance upon you. Can you possibly forgive me for it?"

"There is nothing to forgive," answered Mrs. Gordon. "When you wrote that advertisement—last summer, was it not?—you could not possibly have thought or known of me. Are you going?"

"I must. It is getting late, and I fear I shall not be back at Annesdale in time for dinner. I will come to see you soon again. Would you advise—that is, would you suggest, that I should offer money to this St. John?"

"I can only say there is no reason why you should hesitate to do so."

Mrs. Annesley repeated her thanks, and took leave. Once in the carriage, she looked at her watch and made a calculation of time, with reference to dinner. Having made it, she pulled the check-string and said: "Tallahoma—Mrs. Marks's."

Poor Mrs. Marks had barely done more than recover from the combined effects of Morton's visit, and her husband's unusual assertion of himself, when this new astonishment was prepared for her. Having seen the table finally cleared off, and having rid herself of the children by dispatching them in a body to the "old field," of which mention has before been made, she sat down with a very heavy heart, to darn various small stockings full of various large holes. As she darned, she sighed; and, in fact, sighs were more frequent than stitches with her. The kind soul was lamenting her husband's resolution, and grieving much over the loss of her favorite, "Miss Katharine." She even shed a few tears, and wiped them away with the leg of Jack's sock. Impatient thoughts on the perversity of human circumstances came to her, as they had come to Katharine at Annesdale, as they come to all of us when people and events prove "contrary." Oh, why cannot things go right? Why cannot people act as they ought to? Why cannot circumstances cease to fret, or goad, or restrain us? What is the reason that every thing has its dash of bitterness, and that life seems to vibrate, like the pendulum of a clock, continually, between the painful and the disagreeable? This is the strain of thought that is going up to heaven on the wings of every minute, like the broken cry of an imprisoned spirit, panting, ah! how vainly, to be free. What is the good of it all? Ah! granted—what, indeed, is the good of it all? But then, friends, dwellers upon the earth, co-heirs of the curse laid on Adam, the question is, not what is the good of it, but how are we to help it? There is but one way known to men—the way of childlike faith—and few of us are great enough, or strong enough, to follow that.

Mrs. Marks was still darning, still heaving sighs, and still dropping a tear or two occasionally, when she was startled by the sound of a knock at the door. The dining-room was in the back part of the house, and so it chanced that she had neither seen nor heard the arrival of the Annesley carriage; so it chanced, also, that, with her work in her hand, she went out to answer the knock, and found herself face to face with no less a person than Mrs. Annesley.

Her consternation was almost as great as her surprise. The fear of something additionally disagreeable—a fear vaguely inspired by Mrs. Annesley's face—instantly seized her. Somehow or other, the greeting was accomplished, and Mrs. Annesley was ushered into the dining-room. When she had been installed in the most comfortable chair, and Mrs. Marks was sitting opposite, with her darning mechanically retained in her hand, a few remarks were exchanged, and then the visitor opened the serious business of the occasion.

"No doubt, you are surprised to see me, Mrs. Marks," she said, graciously. "In fact, I ought to apologize for such a startling visit. But, being in Tallahoma, I thought I would stop for a few minutes; and I also thought that I might find Morton here. I am anxious to see him on a matter of business before he returns to Annesdale."

"I am very sorry that you have come a little too late," said Mrs. Marks, with the utmost sincerity. "Mr. Annesley was here, but he left a short while ago; and I think he said he was going back to Annesdale."

"He was here, and left only a short while ago! Oh, how provoking!" said Mrs. Annesley. "What an instance of my bad luck! But pray, Mrs. Marks, what does a 'short while' mean? Do you think, for instance, that I could overtake him before he gets home?"

"Oh, no. I am sure you couldn't," said Mrs. Marks, with decision. "It's been a good hour since he left, and he must have reached Annesdale by this time—or, indeed, before this. He didn't stay long," she went on, telling of her own accord the very thing Mrs. Annesley was anxious to hear. "He called to see Miss Tresham, and, Miss Tresham not being at home, he left very soon."

"I thought Miss Tresham was at home," said Mrs. Annesley, a little stiffly. "She left Annesdale this morning."

"She came here this morning," said Mrs. Marks, in an aggrieved tone, "but she is gone now."

"Gone!" Mrs. Annesley simply opened her eyes. It could not be possible that exposure had come so soon, and come of itself? "Gone! Excuse me, but you surprise me very much. I thought she came back to recommence teaching."

"She went to Saxford to-day," answered Mrs. Marks, unconsciously lifting the stocking, which she still held, to her eyes, from which one or two tears were drawn forth by that oft-repeated statement. She stood extremely in awe of the elegant mistress of Annesdale, but the latter was a woman, after all, and she had dropped in to pay a sociable visit, and Mrs. Marks's heart was sorely in need of a *confidante*, and so she began to open the floodgates of her feelings, and to express in words what she had heretofore only expressed in sighs.

"She went to Saxford," she repeated—very much as she might have said, "She went to be buried!"—"It is hard on me, Mrs. Annesley—it is certainly hard on me! I never meddled with Miss Tresham's affairs in my life—I never said a word, either to her or to anybody else, about them—and yet you'd hardly believe all the trouble and worry that's been in this house this day—all on account of Miss Tresham's affairs, and Miss Tresham's visitors, and because Miss Tresham has taken it into her head to go to Saxford!"

"But why has she gone?" asked Mrs. Annesley, with a very un-civil disregard of Mrs. Marks's personal grievances.

"Everybody asks me that," answered Mrs. Marks, "and Miss Tresham told me no more about why she was going than she told my little Nelly playing out in the yard. I am sure it seemed natural enough to me that she should go—she often does go to see her priest—but everybody seems surprised about it, and Mr. Marks is so provoked that he says if she don't come back on Monday, and if she won't explain every thing about Mr. St. John, she"—second application of the stocking as a pocket-handkerchief—"will have to leave us."

This good news was so unexpected, and so startling, that for a minute Mrs. Annesley scarcely realized it. Then a glow of satisfied pleasure began to steal over her, and she saw how well Fate was fighting the battle of which she had been almost ready to despair.

"Really, you astonish me!" she said. "I had no idea of any thing like this. Miss Tresham only left my house this morning, and now to have gone away so unexpectedly—and, you say, without any explanation?"

"Without even so much as a word of explanation," answered Mrs. Marks, who was now fully launched into her theme. "Perhaps I ought to have said something to her, Mrs. Annesley; but my head was quite upset—and then she was in such a hurry to get to the hotel before the stage left that she didn't give me time hardly to breathe. I'm sure I didn't pay any attention to what Mrs. Gordon said about her—I mean"—hastily correcting herself with a timely recollection that Mrs. Gordon was Mrs. Annesley's cousin—"that I felt confident there was some mistake—but it seems to me all the same, that Miss Katharine might have told me something before she left, so that I could have explained it to Richard. But she never said a word."

"Nothing about Mr. St. John?"

"Not a syllable."

"How extremely singular!" said Mrs. Annesley, very slowly and very gravely—so gravely that Mrs. Marks began to feel as if she had much underrated the importance of Miss Tresham's reticence, and Miss Tresham's departure. It was astonishing how infinitely more Mrs. Annesley's opinion on the subject weighed with her, than that of her husband had done!

"It was strange," she said, "though I didn't think of it at the time. Miss Katharine is so nice, Mrs. Annesley, and we are all so fond of her, that somehow it never struck me that—that, as you say, it was singular for her to give no explanation about Mr. St. John."

"Perhaps he may be related to her," said Mrs. Annesley, carelessly—she began to be aware that she had betrayed more interest than it was proper to show in Miss Tresham's affairs—"your governess herself is a very lady-like person; but people in her position often have very disreputable relations, you know."

"Mr. St. John is very much of a gentleman, indeed," said Mrs. Marks, greatly astonished. "I am sure nobody could say that there is any thing disreputable about him. But I don't think he is any relation of Miss Katharine's; that is"—a short pause—"I really don't know. I never heard her say that she had any relations."

Mrs. Annesley knew this before, but none the less did she think it necessary to look as much shocked as if she heard the statement for the first time.

"No relations!" she exclaimed. "A girl of her age! Why, that is dreadful! Really, Mrs. Marks, you must excuse me if I say that I wonder very much at your courage in engaging such a person to enter your house and teach your children."

By way of reply, Mrs. Marks only stared. It had yet to dawn upon her comprehension that the misfortune of having no relations could possibly be made a social crime.

"It is hard on a young thing like Miss Katharine"—she began, when Mrs. Annesley interrupted her in her grandest way.

"It is not of Miss Tresham I am talking, Mrs. Marks, but of her position. Of course, it is only reasonable that when a girl of her age, and I suppose I may say of her refined appearance, talks of having no relations, she simply means one of two things—either that her relations do not acknowledge *her*, or else that they are themselves not fit to be acknowledged. In either case, as I remarked before, I think you must possess a great deal of courage to admit her to your family as you have done, and to be willing to trust her as you seem disposed to do. For my part, I confess that I should shudder to think of assuming such a responsibility; but then my conscience is very sensitive."

"She was so nice," said Mrs. Marks, deprecatingly, much impressed by this forcible view of the matter, and much aghast at being brought in guilty, by implication at least, of a callous conscience.

"So nice!" repeated Mrs. Annesley, in a tone of overpowering scorn. She forgot herself and her part, for a moment, and let the real earnestness which she felt come to the surface, as the thought rushed over her that all the trouble now weighing upon her, all the fear that had made her life wretched for months past, resulted from the act of this woman—this woman so far out of her life, so apart from all her associations. She had scarcely done more than bow to Mrs. Marks when they chanced to meet, once a year or so, on the village street, and yet the fateful sisters had thrown their shuttle, and across the warp and woof of her own life had woven the threads of this other homely existence. Common as such things are, when they come home to us as they came home to her, it is hard not to feel startled by them—hard to realize that they form the daily history of that which we call circumstance! Two strangers met by chance in the parlor of that Charleston hotel; the girl's face brightened into a winning smile, and the elder woman's heart was touched; a few words were said, and lo! the whole current of life was changed, not only for them, but for others then scattered in widely-different corners of the civilized world, then going each his different way, laughing, talking, smiling, weeping, perhaps, and knowing not what had been done—knowing not that, on a single breath, as it were, every aim and purpose of existence had been staked and changed—for better or worse, who could tell? Surely only He of whom it is well to think in the midst of such reflections as these—He who draws us each into our appointed path, and does not leave us to be the blind victims of a merciless Chance.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Annesley, recovering herself with a faint, forced laugh. "I suppose, of course, you think Miss Tresham nice, but I was really unable to discover her attractions. What a beautiful view this room has! Do you cultivate your garden much?"

She rose and walked to the window. Well disciplined as she was, and thoroughly accustomed to self-control, she could not have sat still a moment longer and face the woman who had brought all this anxiety and possible grief upon her. An outbreak of some sort must have come, and she wisely prevented it by walking away and gazing absently into the garden, while Mrs. Marks willingly forsook the subject of Miss Tresham for that of her celery and winter lettuce.

As she talked, Mrs. Annesley's fertile brain ran over expedient after expedient for seeing St. John, and dismissed each as impracticable. How was she to do it?—*how* was she to do it? This was the accompaniment in her brain to Mrs. Marks's conversation. Yet she was as far as ever from the solution of her difficulty, and she almost began to despair of its accomplishment, when she accidentally caught sight of a man's head above a rose-bush in the garden. In a second, she felt sure that, by some strange coincidence, her opportunity was here, ready to her hand—that St. John stood before her.

She did not stop to consider why she knew that it was he, she did not think for a moment how he came there. She only felt, by a strange, intuitive thrill, that her desire was gratified more speedily and more completely than she could possibly have hoped for it to be, and that, come what would, she must seize the fortunate opportunity.

Yet how could she escape? how get rid of Mrs. Marks? That became as great a difficulty now as the means of meeting St. John had been before. As she asked herself the question, however, she

saw that there was no need of immediate haste. Plainly, St. John had entered the garden to bide his time, and plainly he meant to wait till that time came. His head had now disappeared from above the rose-bush, but Mrs. Annesley marked the place where she had seen it, and a thin, pale wreath of smoke, which now and then floated up, sufficiently indicated his present position, and sufficiently proved how he was whiling away the period of waiting.

"What is he waiting for?" Mrs. Annesley began to consider. "Is it Miss Tresham, or is it to come in and see Mrs. Marks?—Ah!"—as a sudden recollection flashed over her—"it is for *me* to leave. He sees the carriage before the gate, of course, and he has decided to remain in the garden and smoke a cigar until the coast is clear. There could not possibly be a better opportunity for seeing him, if only I could get rid of this horrid woman! But how on earth am I to do that?"

How, indeed! For, while the blue smoke floated pensively over the rose-bushes, and while Mrs. Annesley could scarcely keep her impatient hand from the latch of the door near which she stood, Mrs. Marks steadily held her ground, and steadily poured forth her flow of language with a profound unconsciousness that seemed as if it could be shaken by nothing less than a moral earthquake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON VARIETY AS AN AIM IN NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

IN No. 2, Vol. I., of the *Journal of Travel* there was an article by Mr. Wallace, applying the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection to the architecture of birds, and professing to explain thereby the varieties and peculiarities in the structure of nests.

As that explanation appeared to me altogether fanciful and erroneous, I contributed to the same journal a paper, in which the argument of Mr. Wallace was contested. In that paper the following passage occurs: "I am more and more convinced that variety, mere variety, must be admitted to be an object and an aim in Nature; and that neither any reason of utility nor any physical cause can always be assigned for the variations of instinct."

Mr. Darwin, in the work just published upon the *Descent of Man*, quotes this passage, and makes upon it the following comment: "I wish the duke had explained what he here means by Nature. Is it meant that the Creator of the universe ordained diversified results for His own satisfaction, or for that of man? The former notion seems to me as much wanting in due reverence as the latter in probability. Capriciousness of taste in the birds themselves appears a more fitting explanation."

I respond the more readily to the challenge of Mr. Darwin because the question which he puts to me, and the objection which he makes, involve points of the highest interest in philosophy and in theology.

Let me say, then, at once, that I meant precisely that which appears to him irreverent; I meant that variety, for its own sake—variety of form, of beauty, and of enjoyment—has been a purpose of the Creator in His creative work. The dislike which Mr. Darwin expresses to this belief is the more remarkable considering his own idea of the rank which the Law of Variation takes in the methods and in the history of creation. The inexhaustible variety of Nature has been, indeed, long observed. As a fact it stares us in the face in all the phenomena of the world. But it was reserved for Mr. Darwin to fix upon an innate, universal tendency in all species to vary, as the cardinal fact upon which turns the origin of species, and the whole system on which organic life has been developed from the lowest to the highest forms. It is—according to him—out of the accidental variations which have been perpetually arising that certain varieties have been "selected," because of these being the fittest to survive. But these variations must happen before they can be "selected." And so Mr. Darwin has been led to accumulate a mass of evidence to show that an inherent tendency to variation is a great general law of fundamental importance in the history of life, and furnishes the only and the sufficient key to the rise and progress of all its complicated structures.

If this be so—if the Law of Variation be indeed of such primary importance in the work of creation—how can it be "irreverent" to

hold that the establishment of this law has been an object and an aim of the Creator in the work which has been accomplished by it? The further back we push the idea of a Creator, and the more we conceive His "interference" to be limited to the ordaining of "laws," the more certain it becomes that in these laws at least, if anywhere, we have the expression of His mind and will.

Into what, then, does the objection of Mr. Darwin really resolve itself?

There seems to me to be but one answer to this question. The objection of Mr. Darwin is founded on that disposition—so old in the history of philosophy, and now so much revived—to dismiss as "Anthropomorphic" every conception of the divine character and attributes which brings them into conceivable relation with even the highest character and attributes of man. This is part of the philosophy of Nescience, and this is the point to which I wish to direct myself in the present paper.

I am under no necessity of arguing with Mr. Darwin on the existence of a Creator. I have never thought that his special theories on the methods of creation are inconsistent with theism. He himself repudiates such antagonism. "The birth both of species and of the individual are equally parts of that grand sequence of events which our minds refuse to accept as the result of blind chance. The understanding revolts at such a conclusion."* In the passage also on which I am now commenting, Mr. Darwin assumes the existence of a Creator, and assumes, moreover, that there is some standard by which we may judge what is reverent and irreverent to think concerning Him.

What is this standard? Mr. Darwin has asked me one question which I have answered plainly. May I ask him to be good enough to answer that other question which I have now put, and to follow me for a short time in certain considerations which bear upon the reply?

If there be a Creator, there seems to be only two possible sources of information from which we can derive any knowledge of His character—one source is to be found in the nature and character of His works; the other source is to be found in direct revelations from Himself, if such exist.

Looking, then, to the creation as the Creator's work, the first thing to be observed is that the highest thing in it is the mind of man. If, therefore, there be any work in Nature which reflects any image of the Creator, the human mind is that work. Nor is there any difficulty in conceiving how such an image may be true and yet be faint—how it may be real and yet be distant. For nothing in the human mind is more wonderful than this, that it is conscious of its own limitations. The bars which we feel so much, and against which we so often beat in vain, are bars which would not be felt at all unless there were something in us against which they press. It is as if these bars were a limit of opportunity rather than a boundary of power. It is as if we might understand immensely more than we can discover—if only some one would explain it to us! There is hardly one of the higher powers or faculties of our mind in respect of which we do not feel daily that we are tied and bound by the weight of our infirmities. Therefore, we can have no difficulty in conceiving all our own powers exalted to an indefinite degree. And thus it is that, although all goodness, and power, and knowledge, must be conceived of as we know them in ourselves, it does not follow that they must be conceived of according to the measure which we ourselves supply.

These considerations show, first, that, as the human mind is the highest created thing of which we have any knowledge, its conceptions of what is greatest in the highest degree must be founded on what it knows to be greatest and highest in itself; and, secondly, that we have no difficulty in understanding how this image of the Highest may and must be faint, without being at all unreal or untrue.

And if this conclusion is forced upon us by the very nature of our own mind, it is a conclusion abundantly confirmed by the relation in which our mind stands to the rest of Nature—that is, to the other works of creation. Every hope we cherish, and every success which we attain in physical investigation, depends upon the fact that we can succeed, within certain limits, in discovering and in understanding the order of Nature—which fact has no other meaning than this, that the laws of Nature are so related to our faculties as to

be recognizable and intelligible in the light which they supply. And the highest light which these faculties do supply is that by which the mind recognizes in Nature the working of a spirit like its own. Hence it is that the question "What?" is ever instinctively followed up by the question "How?" and this again by the final question "Why?" In whatever degree and measure this last question can be answered, in that degree only do we reach an explanation. Hence the perpetual recurrence in the descriptions of naturalists of those forms of expression which bring the phenomena they describe within the conception of purpose, and translate the facts of fitness and adaptation into the familiar language of design. I have already pointed out* how largely Mr. Darwin has drawn on this language as the fittest, if not the only language, by which the facts can be described.

Mr. Mivart has, indeed, lately remarked, in a very able work,† that this teleological language is, when used by Mr. Darwin, purely metaphorical. But for what purpose are metaphors used? Is it not as a means of making plain to our own understandings the principles of things, and of tracing, amid the varieties of phenomena, the essential unities of Nature? In this sense, all language is full of metaphor—that is to say, of words which transfer and apply ideas gained in one sphere of investigation to another, because there also the same ideas are seen to be expressed in some other form. When Mr. Darwin uses metaphorically the language of contrivance and design, he must use it as a help to the understanding of the facts. When, for example, he tells us of the traps and triggers which are set in orchids; that they are constructed and set, "in order that" they may catch the probosces of moths or the backs of bees, he does not mean that the plan and scheme of vegetable physiology have been explained to him by the Creator. He means only that the traps and triggers are, as a matter of fact, so set that they do catch the probosces of moths—that these do again convey the pollen to other flowers, by which they are fertilized; and that all this elaborate mechanism is "as if" it had been arranged "in order that" these things might happen. Exactly so; that is to say, the facts of Nature are best brought home to, and explained to, the understanding by stating them in terms of the relation which they obviously bear to the familiar operation of the mind and spirit.

And this is the invariable result of all physical inquiry. In this sense Nature is essentially anthropomorphic. Man sees his own mind reflected in it—his own, not in quantity, but in quality—his own fundamental attributes of intellect—and, to a wonderful degree, even his own methods of operation. In particular, mechanical contrivance, which he knows so well, and in which he takes so much delight, is one universal character of creation. It is as if the Creator had first laid down a few simple laws—that is to say, had evolved a few simple elementary forces, and had then worked from these with boundless resources of constructive skill.

I do not know that the discoveries of modern science, great as they have been, and much as they are vaunted, have contributed any thing toward the solution of the final problems of all human speculation. These, in so far as mere speculation is capable of dealing with them, seem to remain very much where the great intellects of the ancient world found them and left them. But, short of these final problems, there are two impressions which the progress of discovery has largely tended to teach and to confirm. One is the universal prevalence of mechanism in Nature; and the other is the substantial truthfulness of the knowledge we derive from that most wondrous of all mechanisms—the mechanism of the senses. And this last is a matter of immense importance. For all that we know of matter is so different from all that we are conscious of in mind that the whole relations between the two are really inconceivable to us. Hence they constitute a region of darkness in which we may easily be lost in an abyss of utter skepticism. What proof have we, it has been often asked, that the mental impressions we derive from objects are in any way like the truth? We know only the phenomena, not the reality, of things; we are conversant with things as they appear, not with things as they are "in themselves." What proof have we that these phenomena give us any real knowledge of the truth? How, indeed, is it possible that knowledge so "relative" and so "conditioned"—"relative" to a mind so limited, and "conditioned" by senses which

* "Descent of Man."

* "Reign of Law."

† "Genesis of Species," by St. George Mivart.

tell of nothing but sensations—how can such knowledge be accepted as substantial? Is it not plain that our conceptions of creation and of the Creator are all mere “anthropomorphism?” Is it not our own shadow that we are always chasing? Is it not a mere bigger image of ourselves to which we are always bowing down? I know of nothing in philosophy better calculated to disperse these morbid dreams than to breathe the healthy air of physical investigation and discovery. Although here, also, the limitations of our knowledge continually haunt us, we gain, nevertheless, a triumphant sense of its certainty and its truthfulness. Corroboration follows on corroboration, to assure us that we have a hold on truth.

It is impossible to place too high a value on the work which science is doing in this direction. It is a service which has not yet, I think, been sufficiently noticed or appreciated. Let us take an example. Up to a very recent period, light and sound were known as sensations only—that is to say, they were known in terms of the mental impression they produce, and in no other terms whatever. They were not known “in themselves.” There was no proof that in the sensations we had any knowledge of the unknown reality which produced them. But now all this is changed. Science has not, indeed, bridged the gulf which separates mind from matter; it has not explained to us, and it never will, what is the method of contact between the mind and the organism through which the mind is informed; but it has discovered what these two agencies of light and sound are “in themselves”—that is to say, it has defined them under aspects which are totally distinct from seeing or hearing, and is able to describe them in terms addressed to wholly different faculties of conception. That which we call light is a series of undulations in some ethereal elastic medium, to which undulations, or rather to a certain portion of them, the retina is “attuned,” and which, when they reach that organ, are “translated” into the sensation which we know. These are the words used by Professor Tyndall to describe the facts. They are “metaphors” only in the sense in which the highest expressions of truth are always metaphorical. We know that light is, as it were, a translation from one language to another. And now it appears that the facts, as described to us in this language of sensation, are the true equivalent of the facts as described in the very different language of intellectual analysis. The eye is an apparatus for enabling the mind instantaneously to appreciate differences of motion which are of almost inconceivable minuteness. The pleasures we derive from the harmonies of color and of sound, although mere sensations, do correctly represent the movement of undulations in a definite order; while those other sensations which we know as discords represent the actual clashing and disorder of interfering waves. Thus the mental impressions which our organs have been constructed to convey are a true interpretation of external facts. The mirror into which we look is a true mirror, reflecting accurately, and with infinite fineness, the realities of Nature.

And this great lesson is being repeated in every new discovery, and in every new application of an old one. Every triumph of modern science is a refutation of the bad metaphysics out of which the sickly fancies of nescience have arisen. Every reduction of phenomena to ascertained measures of force; every application of mathematical proof to theoretical conceptions; every detection of identical operations in diverse departments of Nature; every subjection of material agencies to the service of mankind; every confirmation of knowledge acquired through one sense by the evidence of another—every one of these operations adds to the verifications of science, confirms our reasonable trust in the faculties we possess, and assures us that the knowledge we acquire by the careful use of these is a substantial knowledge of the truth.

Such considerations may well inspire us with some confidence that the impressions which we derive from Nature of the Creator's character are not untrue because they are necessarily conceived in the terms of human thought. Doubtless, they are imperfect and incomplete; for this, indeed, our own faculties tell us they are and must be. But all reason and analogy assure us that they contain some real and solid representation of the truth. Let us not be scared, then, by this terror of anthropomorphism, which, under the aspect of humility in respect to ourselves, is, when we come to analyze it, really based on utter distrust of the truthfulness of God. If we cannot believe in the relations which he has established between the mind of man and the rest of his creation, we can believe in nothing. We are ourselves “magnetic mockeries” in a world of lies.

And well may we reject this fear of anthropomorphism when we recollect the result of all past endeavors to construct an idea of God which should be, as far as possible, removed from the image of man. The pale, impassive deities of the Lucretian Olympus are, I suppose, the only alternative conception we can form. They are far enough removed, assuredly, from the creation, as we see and know it—a creation so full of movement and of effort, of designs conceived, and of difficulties overcome.

... “The gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred, everlasting calm!”

I need not say that such conceptions as these of the divine Nature do not escape from anthropomorphism. The only difference is, that they take as their pattern a maimed and morbid humanity instead of the humanity which Nature actually presents.

I have no right to assume that all whom I address in this paper will admit that there is any appeal from the evidence of Nature on these subjects to the evidence of any special revelation on the character of the Creator. But at least I may assume that, if there be such a revelation, it is to be found in the Hebrew and in the Christian Scriptures. No higher conception of the divine Nature than the conception which they present has been, or can be, formed. At least, if there be such a conception, I do not know where to find it. We must be satisfied with what has been written in the Prophets and in the Psalms concerning Him. I cannot find any standard of reverence, whether new or old, better than the standard which they supply. They reflect both those aspects of the truth which are so striking in Nature. On the one hand they assert the unsearchableness of God. On the other hand they assert, as strongly, the intelligible relation which He bears to the human spirit. And in their language, whether in the Old or in the New Testament, I find no fear of such representations of the Creator in reference to His works as I ventured to use in the passage which has been condemned by Mr. Darwin. There, at least, it is not considered irreverent to speak of God as taking pleasure in the works of His own hands. “For thy pleasure they are and were created.” Variety is one of the most notable facts in Nature. I repeat, therefore, once more, my belief that this variety—variety of form, of beauty, and of enjoyment—appears to have been an object and an aim in the creative mind.

I cannot conclude this paper without an expression of respect for the rare candor with which Mr. Darwin confesses that, in his work on the Origin of Species, he underestimated the number and variety of organic structures which have no positive utility, and cannot, therefore, have been either originated or preserved through the influences of “natural selection.” For these structures—subserving mainly the purposes of ornament—he now accounts by what he calls “sexual selection.” I have no leisure now to state all the facts and arguments which appear to me to disprove this theory. Many of them are stated with admirable force in Mr. Mivart's work. But I may simply observe that, as Mr. Darwin himself confesses, the propagation of organic forms takes place throughout extensive provinces of Nature under conditions which exclude altogether the element of choice on the part of either male or female. When we consider that these conditions apply to the whole vegetable kingdom, and to extensive subdivisions of the animal kingdom also, and when we consider how enormous in these is the development of forms which are splendidly ornamented, we have some measure of the utter inadequacy (to say the least) of the explanation which Mr. Darwin has suggested. It would seem to be an elementary principle in reasoning on such subjects that phenomena cannot be ascribed to a particular cause which is not co-extensive with its assumed effects.

THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ.

A RIDE with his force, Jeb Stuart
Around the enemy made;
He carried the torch and the sabre,
And ruin followed the raid.

Just fourteen hundred horsemen
Went out that summer day;
One only stayed behind us;
But that one was Latané.

We met some Federal riders—
Not many, but brave and stout—
Under their captain, Royall;
And they stayed to fight it out.
Gayly we spurred to meet them,
And foremost in the fray,
At head of his squadron riding,
Was the daring Latané.

The strife was stern and bloody,
The struggle was quick and hot;
A sudden clashing of sabres,
A rattle of pistol-shot.
One went down in the skirmish,
One of our side, that day—
Death loves to strike the bravest,
And the dead was Latané.

We mourned the loss of our comrade,
Though death was familiar then;
And tears fell fast as we passed him,
From the eyes of bearded men.
But we left him in charge of his brother,
While we rode slow away—
Our horses' tramp and scabbards' clank
Were the dirge of Latané.

When we had gone, the foemen
Swooped down with a troop of horse
To the gate of the old plantation,
Where the brother had borne the corse.
They carried away that brother—
He was killed on another day—
And forbade the priest and the service
To the body of Latané.

Hedged by the Federal forces,
While none of ours remain—
Shall no funeral-rites be given
To the chief untimely slain?
Buried without the ritual,
The cold and pallid clay,
And covered in mode unseemly,
The form of Latané?

The brave among the bravest,
In a desperate cause to die,
Shall the foe in sullen anger,
The honors of death deny?
Keep back the priest with sabres,
Ye shall not win your way,
While a kind Virginia matron
Is the friend of Latané.

A fair Virginia matron,
Worthy the name she bore—
A matron proud and stately,
Summoned her maidens four.
Daughters of Giles and Waller,
Of Pegram and Paul, that day
Followed the shrouded figure
Of the gallant Latané.

Under the oak-trees' shadow
The faithful servants bore
The dead and silent captain,
Whose sword may flash no more—

Bore in a sad procession,
Down through the leafy way,
The rude and hasty coffin
Of the lifeless Latané.

And there, while tearful maidens
And pitying servants stood,
In voiceless grief and sombre,
Beneath the spreading wood,
The matron's voice ascended
To the heaven above, that day,
In the prayer the Church had given,
For the soul of Latané:

"Earth to earth, and ashes
To ashes, and dust to dust—"
The body to earth, and the spirit
To God in an humble trust.
They heaped the dark soil over,
And, till the judgment-day,
They left to lie and moulder
The body of Latané.

There lie, in state, some corpses
Beneath a lofty dome,
And then, with the rolling drum-beat,
Are borne to their final home.
He sleeps as well in his coffin
Who is earthed in another way;
And the angel's trump will surely waken
The spirit of Latané.

THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY" AND "LOTHAIR"—A CONTRAST.

FROM "LONDON SOCIETY."

IT is the height of the London season some forty years since, and we are standing in a long library in Lady Blessington's mansion in Seamore Place, whose sides are alternately covered with rows of magnificently-bound books and gorgeously-framed mirrors. The window, which is deep and runs the entire breadth of the room, opens upon Hyde Park. We have before us a letter, written by a gentleman at the time, describing his introduction to Lady Blessington in this very room, and from that letter we will venture to quote: "The picture to my eye as the door opened was a very lovely one; a woman of remarkable beauty, half-buried in a *fauteuil* of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts, arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; grand tables covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner; and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially, and, a gentleman entering immediately afterward, she presented me to Count d'Orsay, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man, and a well-dressed one, that I had ever seen."

There was no other room in Europe which could boast of witnessing more brilliant *réunions* than those which were then in the habit of frequently assembling in that library in Seamore Place. The *salon* glitters with stars, and is resplendent with orders of every kind. Not a nation of the civilized world is without its representative. There are foreign counts, who have achieved eminence, and who speak every European language, *attachés*, ambassadors, and princes. There, stands the greatest capitalist in the world, the original, possibly, of Sidonia of "Coningsby" fame; and there, in groups at intervals round the apartment, are met together all that is most eminent in every possible department and kind of excellence and skill in England. Mr. Lytton Bulwer, who has just won his spurs by his novel "Pelham," enters with an attractive frankness, and is received with *empressement* by the

• N. P. WILLIS.

noble hostess. That speaker yonder with the merry eye and the Bacchus head is Tom Moore, criticising the *personnel* of the English House of Commons, and discussing the condition of Ireland. "The great period of Ireland's glory," you may hear him say, "was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand." A volley of well-bred laughter draws your attention to another portion of the room; you look up and you see Theodore Hook, the Lucian Gay of "Coningsby," with his hand on Lord Canterbury's sleeve, narrating the incidents of the last practical joke, or expatiating upon the theme of some new political squib for the "Examiner." A little bit to the left you have Horace Smith, one of the authors of rejected addresses, playing rather an *aside* in the conversation, interpolating a pun or a witticism whenever he gets a chance, but more a listener than a talker. There is a famous traveller just returned from Constantinople; and there, Henry Bulwer (to-day Lord Dalling) discussing with great earnestness the last speech of Daniel O'Connell. Scattered about the room are such men as Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Strangford, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Henry Luttrell—the "wit among lords, and the lord among wits"—the Hon. W. R. Spencer, and Captain Marryat.

Two persons of different ages and different appearance, indeed, yet not without a strong mutual resemblance of feature, enter, and remind us by the announcement of their names that we have already delayed too long over the preliminaries of the subject of this article. The pair are Mr. Disraeli the older and Mr. Disraeli the younger; and Lady Blessington receives them both with conspicuous welcome. It was only the other day that her ladyship was mentioning to a visitor how delightful it was to witness the old man's pride in his clever young son, and the son's respect and affection for his father. Mr. Disraeli *père* is just now engaged in collecting materials for an exceedingly elaborate and comprehensive "History of English Literature"—one of those books, unfortunately, which are destined never to advance beyond the stage of design. Mr. Disraeli *fils*, Disraeli "the younger," as you may read his name on the title-page of his new (and soon to be issued) volume, has lately made a triumphant successful *début* in the arena of authorship. "Vivian Grey" is the talk of the town. Who is the Marquis of Carabas? Can it be possible that Lord Courtown is really Sir —? And does the dangerous young author mean by Mr. Cleveland none other than —? And then who are all German duchy celebrities? And, if it comes to that, who is "Vivian Grey" himself? These are the questions which sapient

London is asking itself, and every day rejecting answers by the score, or framing new ones which are certain to meet with a similar destiny of repudiation to-morrow.

Just at this moment we will not puzzle ourselves with the interrogations as to who Mr. Vivian Grey is or is not: we may as well occupy ourselves with taking some personal observations as to the creator of Mr. Vivian Grey. And there he stands—"Disraeli the younger." He has taken up his position in front of hostess's mantel-piece, and you may note the clever young man at your leisure. Every one is looking at him to-night; for Mr. Benjamin Disraeli has made a sensation, and sensation is what society loves, and of whose author it invariably makes a hero.

It is possible that if we were to project ourselves somewhat forward in the course of time, and to glance at the costume of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli by the light of some ridiculously advanced date in the world's history, say A. D. 1871, if our island is not by that time sunk deep in the sea's profound, we should pronounce it a trifle peculiar, antiquated perhaps. Now it is simply the highest mode and the newest fashion, for the famous young author of "Vivian Grey" has a dash of the dandy about him. But, after all, it is the face which attracts and even fascinates you more than the dress. A countenance lividly pale—till you hear the ringing voice and know the energy of the lungs which it implies, you might fancy the brilliant young writer was the victim of a slowly but fatally wasting consumption—eyes black as the night, that glisten forth from their recesses with an expression of mingled mockery and ambuscade; a lofty forehead, and an unmistakably intellectual brow, above which is an opulent mass of jet-black hair, flowing in ringlets over his left cheek to his almost collarless stock, while on



THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

From a Sketch by the late D. MACLISE, R. A.

1830.

the left it is parted and put away with a girlish carefulness. The coat is the coat of any ordinary civilian of the times, but not the waistcoat—a marvellous vest, in truth, gleaming in the wax-lights with its splendid embroidery of gorgeous gold flowers. Add to these, patent-leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a mysterious complication of gold chains in the region of his neck and pockets—and you have a faithful picture of Disraeli the younger, author of "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming, or the Psychological Romance."

We have headed this article "A Contrast," and the title is the more closely enforced by the two illustrations which accompany it. The truth is, that Mr. Disraeli's entire career is one continued series of contrasts. We are now only glancing at those which, by virtue of

their historical position, are the most conspicuous and strongly defined. We are looking at the first and latest scenes in Mr. Disraeli's public and political life. The right honorable senator in his brougham in Bond Street may be the living antithesis of the curled young exquisite in Lady Blessington's *salon*; but the former is not the less the natural development of the latter, for all that. In the realities of Mr. Disraeli's manhood the ideals of his youth are accomplished. When "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming" were written, their brilliant young author neglected to take heedful note of the inevitable interval between ambition and achievement. The dreams of power and influence which are shadowed forth in the psychological romance have taken form and substance, as consummated truths with the author of "Lothair." The contrast, such as it is, is the contrast between the vision of aspiration and the fruit of action: and the great statesman is the logical outcome of the romantic youth. The wildest of Mr. Disraeli's youthful romances have been but the spiritualized exaggerations of actual life. "Contarini Fleming" is sonorously pronounced by its author to be a "history of the formation and the development of the poetic character." As a matter of fact, the pretensions are not justified by the book. "Contarini Fleming" is the autobiography of a youth who abandons the impalpable day-dreams of a visionary for the tangible gratifications of political power. He is a great man, Mr. Disraeli has told us in "Coningsby," who is able to sway his fellow-men, and mould them to his sovereign will. The key-note of all Mr. Disraeli's novels, of the careers of all his heroes, is also the key-note of Mr. Disraeli's life—the acquisition of power

and the possession of influence. "The moment that he entered society, his thoughtful face would break into a fascinating smile, and he listened with interest to the tales of levity and joined with readiness in each frivolous pursuit. He was sumptuary in his habits, and was said to be even voluptuary. Perhaps he affected gallantry because he was deeply impressed with the influence of women both upon public and private opinion. With them he was a universal favorite; and, as you beheld him assenting with conviction to their gay or serious nonsense, and waving with studied grace his perfumed handkerchief in his delicately-white and jewelled hand, you might have supposed him for a moment a consummate lord-chamberlain—but only for a moment, for, had you caught his eye, you had withdrawn your gaze with precipitation and perhaps with awe. For the rest, he spoke all languages, never lost his self-

possession, and never displayed a spark of strong feeling." So writes Mr. Disraeli in the psychological romance, and the words are significant as showing us the ideal of the author.

A contrast there, indeed, is between the position of the writer of "Vivian Grey" and that of the writer of "Lothair;" but it is not a contrast of surprise. On the contrary, it would have been strange if the lad who wrote the former of these works had not in time emerged to the dignity which clothes the statesman who wrote the latter. The magnificently-arrayed young gentleman whom we have seen in Lady Blessington's *salon* gave us ample promise of performance which should bring any honors of public life within his grasp that he

might wish to achieve.

If Mr. Disraeli had been able or cared to divest himself of some attributes of clever impetuosity, and to employ more of cunning, his political success might have been accomplished long before it actually was. A contrast, these two sketches, certainly; but it is simply the contrast between youth and manhood, between anticipation and fulfilment: it is the contrast which every progression exhibits: it is not the contrast of negation. In support of our position, let us examine matters a little more closely; let us investigate, as minutely as possible, the relation in which Mr. Disraeli of "Vivian-Grey" notoriety stands to Mr. Disraeli of "Lothair" renown; what and how significant is the interval of space which separates the Disraeli the younger, of Lady Blessington's drawing-room in Sea-more Place, from the Disraeli of the brougham in Bond Street, the ex-premier, and the acknowledged head of the Conservative, or, as we would rather say, of the Tory, party. Stated briefly, of what must the contrast

between the Mr. Disraeli of "Vivian Grey" and of "Lothair" be considered symbolical? Of the antithesis which is offered by inexperience to experience, and by sound practical wisdom to fantastic exaggeration. Whether the impression made by Mr. Disraeli's "Vivian Greyisms" has acted unfavorably for him upon the public mind may be a moot point; but it is quite certain that this novel contains the first germs of Mr. Disraeli's future vigor and power. We are not going to examine the mechanism of this or any other of Mr. Disraeli's works; neither shall we open up the profitless question as to how far some of the fictions of this eminent writer may or may not be considered autobiographical. What we are here concerned with is the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli at two different stages of his career, with the interval of forty years between them. As to



THE AUTHOR OF "LOTHAIR."

By JOHN GILBERT.

1870.

how far the one picture may be said to contain the promise of the other, we have already expressed our opinion. In what essential respects, if any, does the latter portraiture resemble the earlier? What features have been wholly obliterated by the lapse of time? or, on the other hand, are there any which have been brought out into stronger relief?

Every great poet, it has been said, must partially create the taste by which he is enjoyed; and the remark is eminently true of Mr. Disraeli's popularity. Mr. Disraeli has created the taste for Disraelism. "Vivian Grey" was the intellectual relish which provoked the public appetite. Mr. Disraeli has achieved eminence, not in spite of the shock of surprise which that "novel by a boy" administered to the world, but in virtue of continuing the impression of that shock by pursuing the method of its production. The audacious originality, which characterized the youthful novelist characterizes equally the complete and maturer statesman. Nothing is more remarkable than the continuity of Mr. Disraeli's intellectual life and development. The expansion and the enforcement of his public views and political doctrines have been strictly logical processes. Were the dreams of his youth extravagant? But who shall say that they are not the realities of his manhood? As a political thinker, Mr. Disraeli has been both consistent and sincere. The fantastic theories and the wild dreams of "Vivian Grey," "Contarini Fleming," even of the "Revolutionary Epic," have been crystallized into the compact principles of the statesman's policy. They have not been abandoned. Here and there a semblance of absurdity has fallen away, and an excrescence of impossible exaggeration has been pruned off. The wild imagination of youth has been subdued by the tempering discipline of experience. Ends that, when enounced in their crude shape, were asserted by the world to have been impracticable, have been steadily followed out by the statesman, and many of them have been attained. The ambition has been accomplished: only its vaunting pride, which on Mr. Disraeli's first entrance into public life overlapped itself, and threatened to land its rider in a bottomless pit of bathos, has been abandoned. The author of "Vivian Grey" made the mistake of supposing that the same qualities which had gained him notoriety as a novelist would give him fame and influence as a senator. He discovered the mistake, and he rectified it. The world, like Nature, can only be subdued by obedience to its laws. Mr. Disraeli has been able to so conspicuous an extent to gratify his pet political instincts by moderating his impulses.

Once more we turn to the portraits, placed in immediate juxtaposition, with which we have accompanied this article, and once more we seek to identify the earlier with the later. We have said enough to render the process of identification easy. Vivian Grey breathes again in Lothair, though with a difference and—a contrast. But it is the contrast of development rather than of metamorphosis. Between a stripling who has just written an undeniably clever but in parts utterly preposterous novel, who has as yet barely got his foot upon the first step of the ladder of public power and political fame, and the statesman who has in his time reorganized a great political party, mastered all the difficulties of political life, familiarized himself with all the labors of administration, given titles and conferred dignities, made baronets, peers, dukes, bishops, and even selected the primate himself, occupied important places in three different ministries, and finally, by winning the premiership, acquired the highest post which can be conferred on an Englishman, himself no Englishman at all—between these two conceptions a great gulf is fixed. But it is a gulf whose bridgment the years that bring the philosophic mind, a resolute determination to succeed which exhibited itself from the very first, are quite enough to explain. There are two or three closing reflections which this contrast between the Mr. Disraeli of "Vivian Grey" and the Mr. Disraeli of "Lothair" may suggest, as well as facts of which it may serve to remind us. There is no word which has so often been applied to the illustrious subject of our remarks as "adventurer." From the language employed by a host of uninformed and ill-bred writers it might be supposed that Mr. Disraeli commenced life without any thing save his brains, without friends, without connection, without means, without rank; that he has had throughout to struggle with difficulties both social and financial, wellnigh overwhelming in their nature; that he has eaten the bread of poverty, and been the needy creature of his superiors. On these points let us endeavor to correct public opinion, and enlighten popular ignorance. Is it likely that a young gentleman who had the *entrées* of the best so-

ciety in London, who lounges, as we have seen him, in and out of Lady Blessington's drawing-room whenever he pleases, who has, while a mere youth, men such as D'Orsay for his intimates, whose father can introduce him to the most considerable people in the kingdom, and who does introduce him—is it likely that this young man should be either impecunious or friendless? On the contrary, from the very first, Disraeli the younger was the favorite of Fortune. His father was well off; his son was always more than liberally allowed. Isaac Disraeli's house was frequented by the most eminent people of the day, and by visitors of the very highest rank. Where Disraeli the elder went, there went also Disraeli the son. He was exceedingly popular in his manner; his society was universally sought after, and it has only been his dogged determination of purpose which has enabled him to devote so much of his time to the laborious and exhausting pursuits of his career. In a man so circumstanced by nature and by fortune, where can we find the marks of an adventurer? Fame, notoriety—these were the two objects which Mr. Disraeli has striven so hard, and with success so magnificent, to gratify. The example is one which may be emulated by many another young man; but it is quite impossible that it should be emulated by any one who can start from a more conspicuous vantage-ground.

If we look at the nobler qualities of human nature, we shall fail to prove in respect of these any contrast between the author of "Vivian Grey" and "Lothair." Mr. Disraeli's writings have always been pure and elevating in tone. The characters which he has selected for eulogy, or the models which he has held up for imitation, have all been of an ennobling kind. The atmosphere into which he introduces us is healthy and sweet. His husbands are honest; his wives are true; his maidens are pure; and his lads are ingenuous. He has never written a word which a father would not read to his daughter, or a lover to his betrothed. And, in "Vivian Grey" and "Lothair" alike, there is the same chivalry of sentiment, the same generosity of soul, the same loyalty to the cause of friendship. There is nothing more interesting in Mr. Disraeli's history than his devotion to and his championship of those whose friendship he has made. In his biography of Lord George Bentinck, professedly a panegyric as that biography is, there is not a word which savors of fulsome insincerity.

OUR NATIVE ORCHIDS.

WHEN visiting a conservatory of choice exotics, we are usually most fascinated by the singularly beautiful forms and colors of the orchids. Many of them so closely resemble the shape of insects and imitate their color so exactly, that it is difficult to realize that they pertain to the vegetable kingdom.

Most of the tropical members of this splendid order love to perch themselves airily upon the branches of trees, and their position thus aids in deceiving the observer as to their actual nature. He fancies that some gorgeous insect has but alighted for a moment to rest its party-colored wings, and expects, at the next instant, to see it flit to the nearest flower.

We would naturally suppose, from their favorite position, that they were parasites; but such is not the case. The boughs of the trees and the nooks of rocks are but their resting-places; the air itself is their sustenance. Their delicate beauty disdains to be nourished by the earth which supports the neighboring plants. Nothing but the pure breath of heaven can be moulded into forms of such ethereal loveliness.

So perfect, oftentimes, is the resemblance to the lepidoptera, that insects themselves are said to be deceived and enticed toward their gaudy petals. This apparently trivial fact assumes a deep significance in view of the discovery of Darwin and others, who have proved, by careful observation, that most of the orchidaceæ are unable to produce seed except through the agency of insects, who, in their search for nectar, carry the fertilizing pollen from one flower to another, adhering to some portion of their bodies. The organs of the plant and of the insect are evidently planned to assist cross-fertilization. It is asserted that some of the orchids would perish from the earth, if their living attendants were destroyed. So instructive a study is the reciprocal relation between these two kingdoms of Nature as here indicated, that most botanists of our time have engaged in it with

enthusiasm. None can do so without admiring the patience, ingenuity, and perseverance with which Darwin has labored, or the clearness with which he has stated his results.

Examination proves the same relationship to the insect-world to exist in a vast number of plants belonging to other orders. Our own mountain-laurel, and the *houstonia* which whitens the June meadows, are found to be thus dependent upon insects. Other curious affinities between animal and vegetable life have been pointed out by Wallace, whose essays upon "Mimicry and Protective Resemblances" are among the most interesting in his published works.

The study of the orchids will prove very interesting to all whose attention is attracted to them. Generous though our friends may be, however, they will scarcely care to furnish, from their conservatories, their costly specimens for analysis. But the tropics do not alone yield this fantastic family. In summer its members rejoice all about us; but in our cold climate we must not seek them in the tree-tops, but mostly in swamps or damp woods. May brings us the lady's-slipper, and June adds the exquisite *arethusa*, the fragrant *pogonia*, easily mistaken for the last, and the *callopogon* with its beauteous beard. To describe either individually would be but to reflect upon the equal elegance of the others. But of one, the small, fringed orchis, we cannot hesitate to speak. When, in early June, we discover it upon the river-bank, but one of its ciliated blossoms perhaps may be expanded; but, as we bid it welcome to the house, it holds out flower after flower in gratitude.

There is a larger and even more showy fringed orchis, of similar appearance. It is not so frequently met with here, but is of common occurrence in the woods of Maine and New Brunswick, where, too, is found the rare calypso, a dainty slipper of purple, pink, and yellow, which "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand" has so tastily adorned that even Titania would hesitate to profane it by her fairy touch. In July it may be our rare good fortune to meet with the white-fringed orchis, the most spiritual flower of the forest. It may be regarded as some sweet soul, who, in this form, loves still to linger upon earth. We hesitate to breathe, lest we waft it away.

Many other orchids might be mentioned—such as the showy orchis, whose odor recalls some scarcely-defined impression of the past; the goodyera, with its strangely-mottled leaves; the graceful "maiden's-tresses," and the coral-root. But our desire is not to chronicle a list of names, but to introduce these pretty flowers to our readers in the most pleasing guise. We have already said enough to call attention to these gentle teachers of beauty and all-wise design.

JAPANESE FÊTES.

IN the opinion of Kaemper, the ancient Japanese chose days for their principal annual *fêtes* which were supposed to be the most unfortunate, their object being, not only to divert the gods, but also to counteract all evil influences, by the united prayers and wishes of the people. The principal fêtes—five in number—are connected by a series of solemnities of an inferior order, specially characterized by manifestations of public joy. Of these there are thirty-eight, occurring on the first, fifteenth, and twentieth of each month, and at the summer and winter solstice.

The *reïbis*, as these minor fêtes are called, are, however, not days devoted exclusively to recreation. All the citizens don their best attire, it is true, but only to offer up their morning devotions in the temple of their choice, and to make a round of visits among relations, friends, or civil or military dignitaries. The remainder of the day is spent in playing their respective vocations, in the family circle, or in the public gardens.

Such are the general characteristics of the monthly fêtes. That which distinguishes the one from the other is due to certain peculiarities of climate, or to the various natural products of the seasons. Thus, a dish of boiled beans (*Phaseolus radiatus*) invariably forms a part of the repasts of the first month, and a dish of fresh vegetables of those of the second. The boys take an active part in the merry-makings that accompany the agricultural labor of the spring. They are allowed to carry a holy-water sprinkler, and to cover their faces with a mask representing the head of a fox, in memory of the God of Rice, who brought this precious cereal from China to Japan, mounted on a horse with the head of a fox.

The following month, the young girls, in their turn, leading their younger brothers and sisters, repair in crowds to the banks of the Semida-gawa. They are not masked, but are painted, and powdered, and tricked out with gewgaws and bawbles in their hair and girdles. Thus adorned, they go gathering bouquets of flowers, vying, in a manner, with the luxuriant verdure of spring by the brilliant colors of the infantine costumes.

One of the principal annual fêtes—that of the seventh day of the seventh month—is called the Fête of the Lamps, or the Lanterns. At Jeddo, little girls promenade the streets in crowds, singing at the top of their voices, and carrying paper lanterns. In some of the southern cities, the inhabitants visit the cemeteries, and pass the night among the tombs.

The thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, are the days on which the people visit the temples to pray for the dead and burn tapers for them. The fifteenth is the day on which all accounts are adjusted for the first half of the year. The performance of this duty is followed by a general jubilee, embracing every variety of amusement, in which masquerades, accompanied with the national dances, are one of the most popular. All the masks have their signification, their traditional character. There are the placid faces of noblemen and the ladies of the *dairi*; then the savage features of the heroes of their civil wars. There are fantastic masks with movable jaws, in imitation of those worn by the actors of the mikado. Others represent the grotesque and divine Tengau (the good), chub-faced Okame, or the unfortunate Hiyotoko, the ideal of ugliness. Among the latter are representations of every known variety of the race of demons—those with one eye, with two eyes, and one, two, and sometimes three horns, from the smallest devil to the most gigantic, including the odious Hanggia, the female demon. Finally, there is another class made to represent Master Kitsne, the fox, or Sarau, the ape, or the lion of Corea or of Kappa.

As for dances, there is no end to them. The rice-dance alone has about thirty figures. It is executed by men only, wearing for their entire costume a girdle of rice-straw, a hat of the same material, pulled down over the eyes, and a short mantle, falling over the shoulders, with sleeves that resemble the wings of a butterfly.

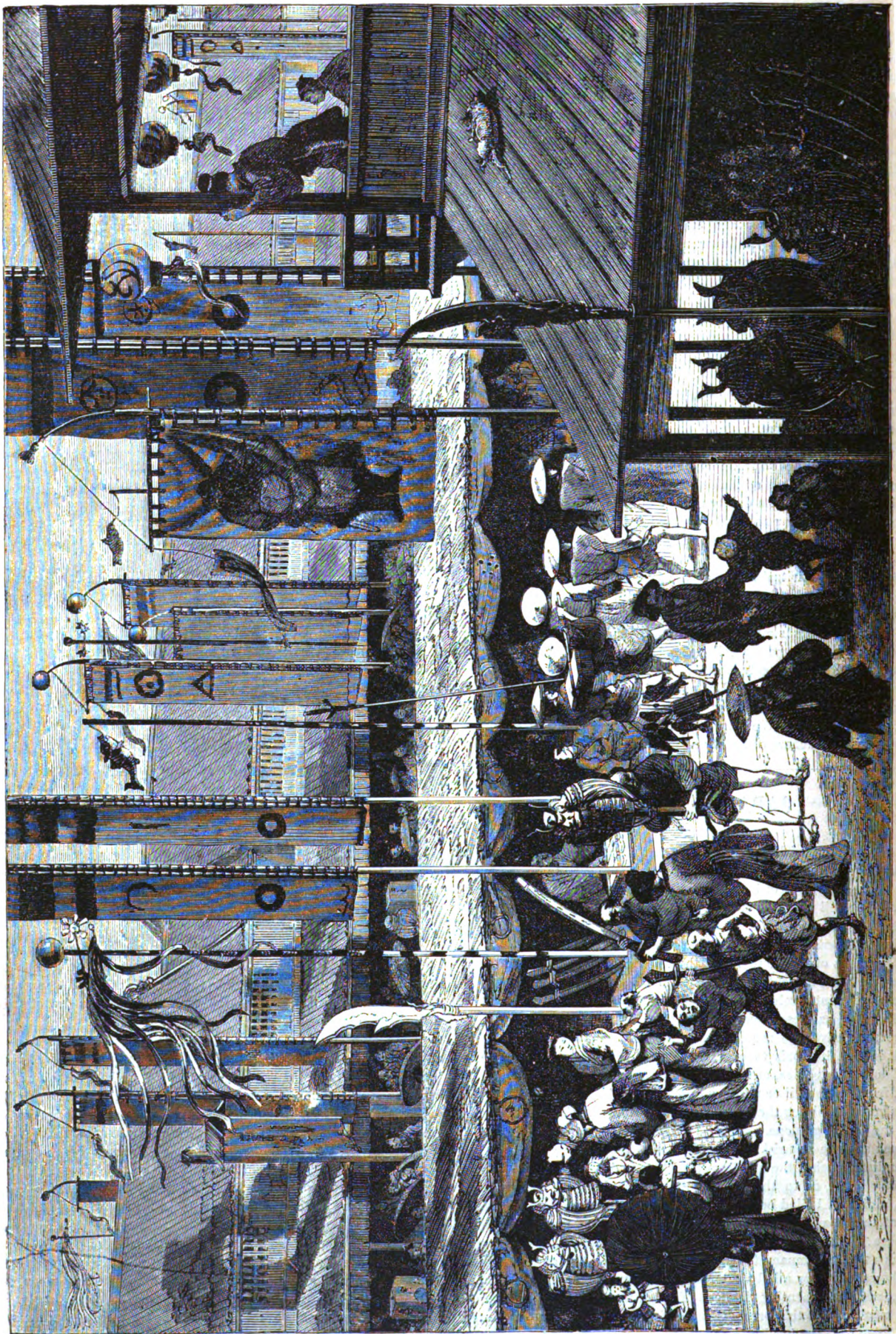
Among the fêtes of the fourth month is that of the baptism of Buddha, which takes place on the eighth day. On this occasion the god is represented as he is at his birth, standing, pointing to heaven with one hand, and to earth with the other. Not only do the pious sprinkle holy tea over the bronze image of the sacred infant, exposed over the baptismal font of the temples of his religion, but the *cashéris* of the *bonzeries* run through the city, carrying his statuette, secured to the centre of a tub, in order that the same ceremony may be repeated from house to house.

The fêtes of the sixth month have reference to the harvest of the cereals—rice, wheat, millet, or paddy, etc. The priests bless little square pieces of white paper, fixed to wooden pegs a few inches in length, which cultivators of the soil buy and place at the corners of their fields, believing that these mystic amulets are indispensable to give fecundity to the soil.

This season of the year is for the citizen of Jeddo a time of general public merry-makings, which, for the most part, take place on the banks of the Semida-gawa or in the gardens of Odgi. These amusements are continued until the last day of the month, a day of universal expiation and purification.

The God of the Water, an ancient divinity, is fêted, from one end of the empire to the other, during the entire seventh month, which comprises nearly all the rainy season. Tall stalks of bamboo, ornamented with their upper branches, little glass bells, and bands of holy paper, are raised near the springs, wells, and canals of irrigation. On these stalks, every morning and evening, at the sound of the gongs of the *bonzeries*, they raise, here and there, banners bearing the inscription, "Respect and homage to the God of Water!" In the habitations of the country people, the members of the family bring to the altar raised in honor of Kami offerings of rice, fish, and small coin.

The eighth month opens with a tedious exchange of civilities between employers and employés, subalterns and their superiors, etc. The fifteenth of the month is dedicated to the god of the moon. The Japanese say that it is then our satellite shines most brilliantly. The rivers and canals are covered with gondolas, whose occupants find their chief pleasure in contemplating the full moon.



JAPANESE FESTIVAL OF THE BANNERS.



JAPANESE RICE DANCE.

The tenth month is devoted to Yebis, who is at once the god of the fisheries, and one of the principal patrons of commerce. The merchants evince their piety by making presents, among which figure prominently millet-cakes, and a large red fish, called *taï*, much esteemed in Japanese festivals for the delicacy of its flesh and its beautiful appearance.

The ladies of the city are not less diligent in performing the duties their social position imposes upon them. Like good neighbors, they make one another visits, but do not allow the interchange of civilities to prevent their burning a few tapers before the image of Yebis, for the prosperity of their husbands' commercial enterprises. At an early hour in the morning they may be seen wending their way in groups to this or that *bonzery*, which has reserved in its sanctuary an altar, modest though it may be, to the god that, more than any other, has the privilege of receiving the homages of the citizens. They go in the habit of a pilgrim, the head bonneted with a cotton handkerchief of marvellous whiteness, artistically arranged over their luxuriant tresses.

Toward the middle of the month, every one is morally bound to observe, and to communicate to his neighbor, the fact that the leaves of the palmated maple begin to change their color.

At the beginning of the eleventh month, the maple is in all the magnificence of its autumn robes. Crowds of the curious unite to admire it in the gardens of the *bonzeries* and the tea-houses.

The winter solstice is a time of general felicitations; it is the fête of the married women. No affair, however important, no commercial negotiation, or any business matter whatever, is allowed to keep the husband from the conjugal roof on this occasion. They return to their homes from every direction. In the evening the city is illuminated, and in every house may be heard accents of general rejoicing.

The fifteenth of the month is called the "Crossing of the River," on account of the religious and domestic solemnities celebrated on that day, that symbolize the flight of Time and the transition to the new year.

Finally, with the twelfth month, the Japanese enter into such a grand bustle of affairs, settlements, liquidations, moving, repairing of furniture, and such a succession of ceremonies, formalities, fêtes, and merry-makings, that the four or five weeks of the end of January and the beginning of February offer sufficient material for a volume.

MATRIMONIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

IN olden days, June was held the most propitious month in the twelve for marriage, a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction. But in these later days May is a favorite marrying month in England, so that one matrimonial superstition has gone the way all such fancies are doomed, sooner or later, to go; for May used to be as much avoided by persons about to marry as June was favored, that merry month being supposed to be specially under the influence of malignant spirits delighting in domestic discord. "The girls are all stark naught that wed in May," is the verdict of one old saw; another declares—

"From the marriages in May
All the bairns die and decay;"

a third pronounces, "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive;" while a poet, complimenting the month at the expense of what should be the ruling passion in marriage-minded folks, sings:

"May never was the month of Love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, wet but kind,
For Love is full of showers!"

But if old sayings ruled the world, there would be no marrying at all, for a very old one avers that no man enters the holy state without repenting his rashness before the year is out; unless, indeed, everybody determined, like the old Norfolk farmer, to cheat the adage by wedding on the 31st of December.

In times gone by, candidates for connubiality were obliged to study times and seasons. The Church would not allow them to marry just when they felt inclined. "Marriage," says the register of Norton, "comes in on the 13th of January, and at Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity

Sunday; from thence it is unforbidden till Advent Sunday, and comes not in again until the 13th of January." That those concerned might better remember the rules, somebody put them into rhyme, running thus:

"Advent marriage doth deny,
But Hilary gives thee liberty;
Septuagesima says thee nay;
Eight days from Easter says you may;
Rogation bids thee to contain,
But Trinity sets thee free again."

It was considered improper to marry upon Innocents' Day, because it commemorated the slaughter of the children by Herod; and it was equally wrong to wed upon St. Joseph's Day. In fact, the whole season of Lent was declared sacred from the intrusion of Hymen's devotees. "Marry in Lent, and you'll repent!" and there are good people among us still who, if they do not believe that bit of proverbial wisdom to be prophetic, undoubtedly think Lenten wedders deserve to find it so.

We may possibly be doing a service to some of our readers by informing them (on the authority of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, quoted in "The Book of Days") that there are just thirty-two days in the year upon which it is unadvisable to go into join-hand—namely, seven in January; three each in February, March, May, and December; two each in April, June, July, August, September, and November; and one in October; so that January is the worst, and October the best month for committing matrimony; the actual unlucky days being these: January 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th; February 6th, 7th, 18th; March 1st, 6th, 8th; April 6th, 11th; May 5th, 6th, 7th; June 7th, 15th; July 5th, 19th; August 15th, 19th; September 6th, 7th; October 6th; November 15th, 16th; and December 15th, 16th, 17th. As to which is the best day of the week, why—

"Monday for wealth;
Tuesday for health;
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses;
Friday for losses;
Saturday no luck at all."

Friday is generally considered an unlucky day in England; but in France the country lasses look upon the first Friday in the month as peculiarly favorable, if not for the actual ceremony, at least for determining who will be one of the principal actors in it. Before getting into bed, the curious damsel raises one leg, and plants it against the foot of the bed, hoping by this simple action to induce the patron of bachelors, good St. Nicholas, to show her in her sleep the counterfeit presentment of her destined husband.

Young ladies should abstain from listening to any one whose surname begins with the same letter as their own:

"To change the name and not the letter,
Is a change for the worse and not for the better;"

and they would do well to take the precaution of placing their initials in conjunction with those of any admirer they incline to favor, and ask, like Malvolio: "What should that alphabetical position portend?" for if, of the united initials, any word can be formed, they may be certain the owners of them will never be happy together.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has once been fixed. In Sweden, it is believed much harm will ensue if a bridegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads, or beside a closed gate, upon his wedding morn. It is a bad sign if the bride fails to shed tears on the happy day, or if she indulges herself by taking a last admiring glance at the looking-glass after her toilet is completed; but she may gratify her vanity without danger if she leaves one hand ungloved until beyond temptation. To meet a priest, dog, cat, lizard, or serpent, on the way to church—to look back, or to mount many steps before gaining the church-door, are alike ominous of future unhappiness; and, according to English north-country notions, it is courting misfortune to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the church-yard; or to go in at one door and out at another. The weather, too, has a good or bad influence upon affairs; happy is the bride the sun shines on, and, of course, the converse is equally true. Evil portents may scare the happy pair even after the knot has been tied. "When the bridesmaids undress the bride," says Misson, describing the marriage merriments of England, "they must throw away and lose all the pins. Woe to the bride if a single one be left about her; nothing will go right! Woe also to the bridesmaids if they keep one of them, for they will not be married before

Whitsuntide, or till the Easter following, at soonest!" Where the Scottish custom is followed of the newly-wedded couple being welcomed home by the husband's mother meeting them at the door, and breaking a currant bun over the head of the bride before her foot crosses the threshold, it is thought a very bad omen if the bun be, by any mistake, broken over any head but that to which the honor is due. If a bridal party venture off dry land, they must go up-stream; should they be foolhardy enough to go down the water, either the bride, the bridegroom, or one of the bridesmaids, will infallibly feed the fishes. Spite of the faith in there being luck in odd numbers, it is a belief, in the north of England, that one of the wedding guests will die within a year, unless the party counts even. Another comical idea is, that whichever of the two, bride or bridegroom, goes to sleep first upon the wedding night, that one will be the first to succumb to death.

The only omens we know of tending to encourage adventurers in the great lottery of life, are the meeting of a wolf, spider, or toad, on the way to church, and a cat sneezing within the bride's hearing the day before the wedding; but, fortunately, there are many ways of insuring happy fortune. In the Highlands of Scotland, the malicious influence of warlocks and witches used to be kept at bay by preventing any unlucky dog passing between the couple on their road to church, and by taking care the bridegroom's left shoe bore no latchet and buckle. By using gray horses in the bridal carriage, the same good purpose is effected. Swedish bridegrooms sew garlic, chives, and rosemary in their wedding garments, to frustrate the evil designs of the trolls and sprites; and the attendants on the lady carry bouquets of the same herbs in their hands; while the bride herself fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to any poor wayfarers she espies as she goes to church, every piece she gets rid of averting a misfortune; the gift, however, is of no use to the receiver, since, if he eats it, he thereby brings the misfortune upon his own head. Manxmen find a pocketful of salt equally efficacious. The brides of Elba go bareheaded to church; and, while the ceremony is proceeding, the happy man puts his knee upon the bride's dress, preventing evil spirits putting in their undesired presence, and whispering words in the bride's ear which would render the priest's prayer for fertility utterly inoperative. Women married at Jarrow need no prayers to make them joyful mothers of many children, that end being attained by sitting themselves down in the chair of the Venerable Bede as soon as the parson has done his part. In some parts of England, good luck is supposed to be insured by a friend making a hen cackle in the house of the wedded pair. In China they have a curious ceremony, believed to be a never-failing means of making a marriage turn out well for the lady. When she has taken her place in the sedan in which she is to be carried to her future home, her father and mother, or other near relatives, hold a bedquilt up by its four corners in front of the bridal chair. Into this, one of the bride's female cronies tosses, one by one, four bread-cakes (the gift of the bridegroom's family), sending them up high in air; while the lady most concerned in the matter repeats without ceasing certain sentences invoking happiness upon herself and spouse, to which the company assembled respond with the Chinese equivalent for "Amen."

The Cornish well of St. Keyne possesses

'The quality—that man and wife,
Whose chance or choice attains,
First of this sacred stream to drink,
Thereby the mastery gains;'

but, in Sweden, the damsel ambitious of ruling her lord as well as his house, can attain her wish by merely contriving to see him on the bridal morning before he sees her; or, failing in this, she has yet another chance at the last moment, by putting her right foot before that of the man when they approach the altar.

The lately-revived custom of throwing shoes after a newly-wedded couple for luck, is a very old one. In the Isle of Man, the shoe is thrown after bride and bridegroom as they leave their respective abodes; but the ceremony is generally performed elsewhere, upon the departure of the hero and heroine of the day for the honeymoon trip. In some parts of Kent, the shoe-throwing does not take place until after they have gone; when the single ladies range themselves in one line, and the bachelors range themselves in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as the thrower's strength permits, and the ladies race after it, the winner being rewarded by the assurance that she will be married before any of her rivals. She then throws the

shoe at the gentlemen, the one she hits laying the same pleasing unction to his heart. Something like this is practised too in Yorkshire and Scotland. In Germany it used to be the rule for the bride, as she was being conducted to her chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests, who battled for its possession, the successful he or she being held destined to be speedily married and settled. In England, the bride, from between the sheets, threw her left stocking over the shoulder of one of the company, the person upon whom it fell being marked out as the next individual to be married. In some places, the threshold is kept warm for another bride by pouring a kettleful of hot water down the door-step as soon as the bride and bridegroom have taken their departure; the fancy being, that before the water dries up, another match will be made up, or "flow on," and that it will not be very long before another wedded couple passes over the same ground. In Prussia, the method adopted of invoking blessings on a newly-married pair used to be the more expensive one of smashing crockery against the door of the house in which they were domiciled.

The breaking of a wedding-ring is an omen that its wearer will soon be a widow. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* found this fancy current in Essex a few years ago. A man had been murdered in that county, and his widow said: "I thought I should soon lose him, for I broke my wedding-ring the other day; and my sister too lost her husband after breaking her ring. It is a sure sign!" Such superstitious notions are far more prevalent than one would suppose, and the school-master will have to work hard and long before they are entirely eradicated in England.

AN HOUR WITH BISHOP DUPANLOUP.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ON the morning of December 5, 1870, the Prussian flag waved from the Cathedral of Orleans, and at noon we drove into the "City of the Maid." I entered it with the firm resolve to institute a search for the whereabouts of a highly-respected colleague, Dr. Kayssler, general correspondent of the Berlin papers at the grand headquarters. This gentleman had arrived in Orleans on the day before General von der Tann's evacuation of the city, and, remaining behind, had been made a prisoner of war and had disappeared. Orders had come from Versailles to search for him in Orleans. Unfortunately, the inquiries set on foot by the Prussian commandant had but a poor result: from his captivity in Orleans, Kayssler had written one letter to his friend, Dr. Alexis Schmidt, and since then every trace of him was lost. Among the persons who took an interest in the fate of the German journalist, Bishop Dupanloup was also mentioned to me. To him I determined to address myself, with a view to learn more of the missing man; but, certain circumstances preventing, I could not carry my purpose into effect during our first stay at Orleans, from the 5th to the 12th of December, and did not, therefore, write to the bishop respecting the matter until we had returned from our week's jaunt to the south, and the French Army of the Loire had changed its northerly direction toward Paris for a westerly one. On the following day I received an invitation to visit the bishop, if convenient, between the hours of five and seven.

The bishop's residence lies right behind the cathedral. Passing through a stately gate-way you enter a large court, the entire depth of which is taken up by the bishop's mansion. Over the gate-way shine the arms of the bishopric of Orleans, and under them hung a French flag, another with the emblem of the Geneva Convention, and in the centre a large Prussian banner, indicating the presence of French and Prussian wounded in the mansion, on which account, a guard being also posted at the gate-way, this had occasioned the report that the bishop was detained a prisoner in his dwelling by the Prussians. To the right of the gate-way is the dwelling of the steward. I rang the bell and inquired the way to the apartments of monseigneur. The steward seemed to have been apprised of my visit, and prepared to conduct me. As I was about advancing toward the entrance to the palatial main building, which differs in nothing from all structures of the kind, the steward pointed to the left, and excused himself for not conducting me up the great staircase and through the reception-rooms. These, he said, were fitted up for the wounded, and he should have to show me the way to monseigneur's apartments by a side entrance. We crossed several small yards, in which Prussian soldiers were split-

ting wood, entered a wing of the building by a plain-looking door, and ascended a tolerably broad staircase, at the upper end of which my conductor opened a long, narrow antechamber, bidding me enter. The apartment into which I was shown was furnished in rather a plain manner; on either side stood a row of chairs, on the walls hung water-color paintings and framed drawings, probably the productions of noble and pious female *dilettanti* and penitents of the bishop, who is the friend, adviser, and spiritual father of the French legitimist nobility. From all parts of the country, and not even of France alone but also of England, come the fair and noble penitents to leave with him their scruples of conscience; in Orleans there is a colony of Catholic English of high station, and very often, too, the bishop is summoned to Paris to perform spiritual offices.

While looking at these pictures, I heard the steward speaking in a low tone to some one on the outside of the door; but I could distinguish only the words "*Le Prussien!*" spoken in a tone of mingled anxiety and surprise. The long Prussian military cloak and the Prussian infantry-cap, which I wear during the winter campaign, must have caused the speaker to recognize me. Who knows for what an important personage the old servant, alarmed for his spiritual master, may have taken me! The next moment a young abbé entered, glided noiselessly along the carpeted floor, and, opening an apartment lying to the left of the antechamber, requested me to enter, with the remark that monseigneur would presently make his appearance.

Apparently this was the bishop's study. It was a large, square room, very high, and containing two windows, which fronted upon the court. The walls were covered with dark hangings; the wall opposite to the windows was occupied, from the floor to the ceiling, by a library. On the wall to the left of the windows hung framed engravings; the middle of the opposite one was occupied by the large marble mantel, upon whose shelf stood a clock in the style of Louis XVI.; the mirror's place was supplied by a large crucifix; another hung on the wall between the two windows, and under this was a *prie-dieu*. To the right of the window stood a large writing-desk, with a small arm-chair, covered with gray leather; at this the bishop appeared to be working, while at another, placed at a little distance from the book-shelves, sat the secretaries, of whom he has no less than six. The bishop's correspondence extends, as was told me, over the whole Catholic world, which means more than the whole civilized world. His activity is unceasing—very frequently he dictates to several secretaries at once; it is his custom to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and to retire to bed at nine in the evening, from which latter habit nothing can divert him, neither company at another nor at his own house. He visits only the prefect and the first president of the Court of Cassation; on Sundays he receives at his own mansion the society of the city. In order to enjoy his company for a longer time (it being known that he retires the moment the clock strikes nine), they assemble as early as seven, and nowhere in Orleans are more people and better society seen than at monseigneur's receptions. But the people of Orleans hold their bishop in high esteem, and, indeed, the influence exerted by him upon the moral spirit of the population is unmistakable. An almost German modesty and severity reigns in the families there; and nowhere in France have Parisian life and manners excited greater disgust than in Orleans.

"Your lines meet my wish to learn something more of Dr. Kayssler, and I bid you welcome, sir."

It was a soft, somewhat high, but musical voice which I heard; a tall and venerable old man stood before me, clad in a violet-colored *soutane*, with a cape of the same color reaching to his waist. From beneath the little black cap covering his head fell his snow-white hair; his face had much color, and the lower part of it, the round chin, the pleasantly-formed mouth, contrasted remarkably with the sharply-cut nose and the vivacious, fiery eyes. Around his neck he wore the black, white-bordered band peculiar to the Gallican clergy, upon his breast the bishop's golden cross—his whole appearance, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, the type of a prince of the Church.

With a graceful gesture he bade me take a seat in one of the *fauteuils* before the mantel. I did so; he seated himself opposite to me, and then requested me to place my feet upon the fender. I begged his pardon, if in the course of our interview I should be found not to speak the French language with that elegance which such a mind as his was justified in demanding.

"A person who can write French as well as you have done in your note, and who can beg pardon so cleverly, can speak French, too."

"The latter is even easier than writing, monseigneur. In the composition of my note to monseigneur, I was assisted by the landlord with whom I am quartered."

The bishop laughed. He now proceeded to tell me all he knew regarding Dr. Kayssler, speaking of him as a gentleman whose acquaintance he had made with the liveliest pleasure, and for whose abilities and character he entertained the highest respect. The doctor, he said, had been betrayed into the hands of the French by his landlady on the day after Von der Tann's departure, and he had immediately done all in his power to secure his release, writing to the government at Tours for that purpose. Dupanloup succeeded in obtaining a letter of safe-conduct for another prisoner, who took Dr. Kayssler under his protection. Since their departure from Orleans, he had heard nothing of the doctor. He again offered to do all for the prisoner that his position and influence rendered possible; yes, he would even write to Gambetta. Upon my expressing a belief that the doctor was confined at Hyères, the bishop instantly declared his readiness to write to the parish priest of Hyères, to a female acquaintance of his at Pau, and also to Père Gentry, and desire them to make inquiries. To the Bishop of Tours he would also write. As there was no safe way of transmitting the letters, however, I said that I would take care they reached their destination if he would have the kindness to send them to me in unsealed envelopes, as the law directed. By so doing, I added, he would earn the gratitude of all my colleagues of the press for his extraordinary kindness.

"Very well," he said, "I will send you the letters this very evening. Oh, how difficult and complicated all this is now! Into what a terrible state have we fallen! What will become of poor France?"

"The country will certainly not remain a republic," I observed, and availed myself of the opportunity to give him a brief description of the feeling I had met, during our week's trip, in the villages and towns south of Orleans—a state of feeling any thing but friendly to the republic, and decidedly hostile to M. Gambetta. It were an offence against what is due to so eminent a public personage, did I repeat here his views and expressions; the kind reader must content himself with being informed that his manner became every moment more animated and excited, one thought pressed upon the other, deduction chased deduction, philosophical propositions and historical facts crowded one another, but all had been grasped with an original mind; all was reproduced in the most perfect form—mouth, eyes, and hands, speaking. In spite of his sixty-eight years, he grew young again, and his speech took such enthusiastic flights that I was admiringly silent; and here, in a simple conversation by the fireplace, I comprehended the immense power exerted by this man as a pulpit-orator upon the people, and why they flocked to his sermons as well now in Orleans as also formerly when he was only *curé* of St. Roche in Paris. It is not the religious element alone which produces this overmastering effect, but its being blended with the national. Dupanloup, together with his three great friends Montalembert, Lammenais, and Lacordaire, belongs to a shade of the Roman Catholic Church professing a liberal Catholicism, or, more properly expressed, a national one, and whose first tenet is, "*First a Frenchman, and then a priest!*"

There is a great national mobility and sprightliness in this man, an incessant working of the thoughts, and especially of the imagination. On Christmas-day, I saw him in the repurified cathedral, sitting upon his throne in his golden sacerdotal robes, and surrounded by the splendor and nimbus of the Catholic ritual. This being compelled to sit quietly in one place during the monotonous vespers did not seem at all to his taste; he was constantly moving about on his seat, tugging at his robes, as if they were too heavy and uncomfortable for him, and he even looked about several times. To all appearance, his thoughts were anywhere but with the vespers at the Cathedral of Orleans, for which I am very far from blaming him. These songs are too cold and unimpressive—a movement of the lungs, but not a quickening of the religious spirit. The impression was quite a different one when, attended by the clergy, the mitred bishop mounted with his staff the stairs leading to the high altar and greeted the faithful. With large, sure steps he led the way, and the impression he made upon you was that of a prince of the Church wearing an armor beneath his priestly robes. It is not to be denied that there is something militant about the bishop, which, too, is expressed in his letter to the lower clergy on the occasion of the festival of Saint-Aignan. Aignan, it will be remembered, was the second bishop of Orleans, the same who, on the approach of the Huns, secured the aid of Aëtius, and, by his eloquence and example,

inspired the already despondent inhabitants of Orleans with fresh courage and redoubled power of resistance. On reading this letter (which is in reality addressed to the whole of France), we get the picture of a priest marching fanatically before his warriors, cross in hand; we feel how the writer, driven by his glowing, patriotic heart and bold imagination, identifies himself with the second Bishop of Orleans, the Army of the Loire with the rescuing hosts of Aëtius, and the commander of the Second German army with—Attila!

"I know," he said, "that the Prussians have frequently reproached me with this letter. But have I insulted the army, the Prussian nation—can any invective be shown?"

"No, monseigneur, there cannot; but the whole letter is a declaration against us."

"Great offence has been taken at one expression of which I made use, namely, 'wild hordes.'"

"Not that I know, and pardon me, monseigneur, for doubting it, too. People take offence only when they are hurt."

"If you have read the letter, you will, indeed, find such an expression; but it is not I who use it. It occurs in a quotation that I employed from Gregory of Tours, the father of our national history, as you know."

To which I might have replied that this method of argumentation is a very hazardous one, since what else is the object of a quotation but to substitute another's words, another's opinion, for one's own, with a view to giving the latter greater strength? Quotations are words which we appropriate and by which we are represented. But I did not say this. The bishop was friendly and accommodating toward me, and it is not the usual way to return discourtesy for kindness. If in the course of our conversation I had answered several arguments, it was done to maintain our national stand-point, and this caused me, also, to remark to the bishop that the danger in respect to his letter lay not in the opposition it displayed toward us, but in his having inflamed the hearts of his countrymen to resistance, and his having excited in them hopes incapable of fulfilment.

"That was my duty as a Frenchman. Oh, I cursed the war, but when the people rose after the defeat of the imperial army, could I have done otherwise than strengthen their spirits with hope? Why should I not give expression to the belief that Saint-Aignan, that the Virgin, could assist and lead us to victory?"

"I made mention of her in my first letter."

"I have read it, monseigneur, and also the words which monseigneur has given his people for a consolation: 'I do not believe in force, I believe in justice only.' But pardon me, monseigneur, the queen suffered through France, died through France; this sacred shade is our own; those words, too, are ours, and we cannot let them be snatched from us; for the memory of the queen is our vindication and our standard; justice is on our side in this war, and because it is, force is not, but strength. Monseigneur intimates in his first letter that it is military ambition which induced the king to continue the war. No, monseigneur, it is our nation that induced him, and the king and Count Bismarck know this very well, and also know that they can make no peace for Germany but one restoring to the latter Alsace and a part of Lorraine."

To this the bishop made no reply. Perhaps it showed little tact on my part to touch this sensitive spot in the heart of a Frenchman—but I had allowed myself to be carried away—his national animation had proved infectious. With all the art of a man who possesses in the highest degree the gift of speech and social discourse, he passed from this general discussion to persons, speaking in the most respectful terms of the king, and expressing the highest veneration for Queen Augusta.

"I waited upon the queen last year at Coblenz," said he, "and in dignity, grace, intellect, and sense of duty, saw a true queen. I regarded with particular interest her majesty's library, which the queen directed one of her ladies to show me. You Prussians are fortunate, you have a strong government—when shall we reach that point? Ever since 1789 we have not been able to free ourselves from revolutions, and these incessant shocks cause the want of social restraint from which France is suffering. Poor France! Peace—peace—peace! Why did they not accept the armistice at Versailles?"

"Your hopes, monseigneur, are turned to the Virgin: the female ideal to whom we raise our hearts and thoughts in this war is Queen Louise."

"Probably, monseigneur, because it offered the French greater advantages than it did us."

"That is your way of looking at it—Thiers had another; he is an old friend of mine, and visited me on his way from Tours to Versailles. He represented the matter differently to me. I believe that different conditions would have been made by you, could you have known that Paris possesses so great a supply of provisions. And yet it is my conviction that our present government, and above all Trochu, would be disposed to treat, if the sentiment of the country were known to them, especially that of the provinces devastated by the war. But who shall tell them of it? Count Moltke, it is true, tried something of the kind, but then he is on the hostile side; it would have to be some one who possesses the confidence of our country. Ah, this is mere wishing, and yet we all stand in such need of peace!"

This ended the audience; it was now six o'clock. With extraordinary amiability the bishop accompanied me to the farther door of the antechamber, and that very evening I received the promised letters.

MY HOUSE AT BIENVENUE.

IN my house at Bienvenue,
Pleasant passed the days—
So blissfully we scarcely knew
We walked such happy ways.

Ah! here Hope's golden seed was sown,
And blossomed with all grace;
The sun—he could not bear to frown
Upon the quiet place.

'Twas built so many years ago,
The house is old and quaint,
And yet about it spreads a glow
Like halo round a saint.

Above the casements roses weave
A net-work light and fair;
The open doors, from morn till eve,
Let in the scented air.

The sloping lawn, the shadowy grove,
Were grateful things to see;
And our two hearts, so full of love—
We could but happy be.

Those summer-eves, so soft and calm,
Reach far into the night,
And swathe us in sweet clover-balm
And gold-and-purple light.

We watch the dying of the day,
My head upon her lap—
So still, we hear, across the bay,
The far drum's muffled tap.

What heaven of comfort in the hands
She presses on my head!
I pass into the misty lands,
And dream that I am dead,

And that an angel watches me—
And feel that I am glad
Beside the shore where breaks no sea,
And souls are never sad.

HENRY GILMAN.

TABLE-TALK.

WE recollect reading, many years ago, a story, written by a lady of Philadelphia, the moral of which turned upon the New-York dining-rooms. According to the story, a cultivated and wealthy son of the Quaker City had fallen in love with and married a daughter of one of the Knickerbockers. The hero and heroine were young, were endowed with excellent qualities of heart and mind, were very fond of each other—and yet the demon of discord entered their household, and for a time threatened their permanent peace and welfare. The master of the house liked the Philadelphia fashion of a dining-room on the parlor floor; but the wife was so enamoured of the New-York method of using the basement floor for the purpose that she insisted upon converting their Philadelphia house into a New-York “high-stoop, basement-story” domicile. The master of the house objected. He did not like the half-lighted, gloomy, semi-cellar dining-room of the New-York pattern, and argued that the Philadelphia mode gave a more cheerful room. But the lady of the house was wedded to the ways of her fathers. She thought a basement dining-room more convenient than any other, and quite as pleasant. From this difference of opinion arose many bickerings, and finally a temporary estrangement. But these details we are not concerned to follow. The story is interesting to recall because it touches upon what is really a great defect in our New-York households. Whence arises the notion that any room in a house, provided it is conveniently near the kitchen, will do to eat in? Inasmuch as breakfasting and dining are the two occasions that specially assemble all the members of the household together, there is every reason in this fact alone that these reunions should be under cheerful and agreeable conditions. A breakfast ought to be something delightful. Through broad windows, the sun should enter, with all the pomp and splendor of his morning glory. The furniture of the room should be pleasing in form and color. In winter, a cheerful blaze in an open grate should give lustre and charm to the apartment. Bright breakfast-rooms promote cheerfulness in the social circle, stimulate talk, and thereby aid digestion, and are a very great means of bestowing comfort, increasing happiness, and benefiting health. But somehow the idea prevails, that breakfast and dining rooms must always be furnished and set forth in a gloomy fashion. We paint the wood-work in oak; we buy furniture of oak; we cover the walls in some sombre color; we take all the pains we can to render this apartment exceptionally dreary and repulsive. In New York we select a room half underground for the purpose; but everywhere there is a traditional idea that eating is an unpleasant necessity, that must be performed with some show of decency, it is true, but one that requires no particular attention as regards enlivening surroundings. Our family circles would gain in felicity no little if an entire change in the current notion on this subject should come about. The model dining-room should have a southerly or easterly

exposure; it should be furnished almost gayly, certainly brightly; it should have an air of complete refinement; and the table itself, in its tasteful articles and inviting arrangement, should contribute to that atmosphere of quiet joyousness which is so desirable, and which would go so far to render the morning and evening board an occasion of cheer and delight. Some of the later style of New-York houses are a great improvement on the old ones in the location of this important room; but, as a rule, the whole conception of dining-apartments needs reforming. Set forth your meals, *mesdames*, with every possible condition of elegance, attractiveness, and cheer, and you will thereby gain a new hold upon the admiration and affections of your husbands and sons.

— Mr. Harrison Weir, in the graphic drawing we present on the first page, has most successfully pointed a moral for which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will thank him. The sport of pigeon-shooting, if it may be called a sport, seems a mockery, indeed, when the suffering of its victims are brought so closely home to us. The poor birds, as we see them in Mr. Weir's illustration, left to die in heaps, mangled, mutilated, with backs broken, limbs fractured, flesh torn, and every nerve quivering with pain, may well excite the commiseration of every humane being. Pigeon-matches, which have been so popular and fashionable in England, have recently been gaining ground with us. It is scarcely a fashionable sport yet, but we are usually not long in adopting whatever amusement finds favor abroad. In this case, it is a pity it is so. We could wish that Mr. Bergh's earnest protest against the “sport” last summer had been heeded. It was then feared, by a number of persons preparing for a match of unusual magnitude, that Mr. Bergh's society would interfere and prevent the contest. Hence he was waited upon by gentlemen concerned in the matter, and asked what he intended to do. Mr. Bergh consented not to interpose his authority, but took occasion to express his detestation of an amusement derived from the pain and suffering of harmless birds. The great match came off, regardless of the humane sentiments of those who opposed it; but, in this instance, at least, no such scene occurred as that depicted by Mr. Weir. Mr. Bergh dispatched members of his society to the spot, with directions to look after the wounded birds, and to kill at once all that were in agony. It is sometimes urged in defence of pigeon-matches that the design is to cultivate skill in shooting; but surely this can be obtained without subjecting innocent creatures to pain and suffering. Skill in shooting can be developed by firing at any sort of mark; but this, possibly, would be dull amusement. To a mere contest of skill must be added, it seems, the excitement of killing, so savage and fierce are our natures, under all the show and pretension of our civilization. In England, we learn, the rage for pigeon-matches among the noble and wealthy has induced the formation of linnnet and sparrow shooting clubs by other classes. The demand for victims for the matches has led to such extensive bird-netting all over the country, as to cause an alarming increase of ravenous insects, which small

birds so industriously keep within bounds. This evil, fortunately, will be likely to lead to parliamentary interference, and we may soon see measures taken that will effectually terminate the barbarous sport.

— “The luxury of travel” is the sign that frequently greets the passer-by on our principal thoroughfares. The announcement is the advertisement of the railroad lines, and refers to the sumptuous drawing-room cars that are now connected with through-trains upon almost every road. These cars are, indeed, sumptuous; but travel, in order to be truly luxurious, or even comfortable, demands improvements upon the tracks as well as in the vehicles. Think of the dust that in summer-days becomes so fearful an infliction to the traveller, and which no means are taken to allay! Unless our railroad managers can devise a way to prevent dust, either by sowing the road-side with grass, by watering the track, or by some process gathering up the dust and discharging it in the rear of the train, their “luxury” is a delusion and a snare. A traveller blinded with dust, choked with dust, deaf with dust, and begrimed with dust, is likely to laugh at the notion of “the luxury of travel.” And then there is the intense heat of summer-days, which often renders car-travelling an agony. If the road-sides were planted with trees, and the track thereby shaded, this improvement would contribute one important item to the welfare of travellers. If the time ever comes when splendid drawing-room cars, provided with every essential of comfort, shall dart over tracks properly laid, under umbrageous trees, with a grassy or dustless road-way, then “the luxury of travel” will be a completed fact.

— The word comes from all the sea-coast resorts that a brilliant vacation season may be expected this year. The shores that have been lonely so long will soon now glory in the youth and the beauty of fair visitors, and Gayety will resume her reign over the rocks and the sands and the waves. It is not difficult to fancy the Dryads and the Naiads rejoicing at the change. Even the ancient sea, which all the winter months has beat its dull, sad refrain on the beach, must curl now its white locks in graceful and joyous anticipation. What longing it must feel in its dreary loneliness for the merriment of the summer sea-bathers! and how it must love the laughing girls and stalwart youths that come down to sport in its old arms! Is Nature insensible to the human affections that are offered to it? Cannot the mountains feel a responsive pride in our delight at their stately majesty? Have the woods no kindly sympathy with our rapt pleasure in their ancient shades? Does the sea really feel no tender glow as it tosses too and fro the young beauties from the towns? It would seem as if the mountains and the woods and the sea stood waiting with earnest welcome for us, and that, eagerly as the heart of youth pants for the days of pleasure that summer brings, Nature, too, in the great largeness of its antique soul, opens wide its bosom to the pulse of human feeling. Possibly our coming rural pleasures will gain a little flavor by giving room to the thought. It would do us no ill to

transfer to Nature something of the old Greek personality—much good, indeed, if we found that true voice of Nature which gives “books in running brooks,” and poems in all its many phases of being.

—Referring some weeks since to the gilded and ornamental iron front of the new Appleton Building on Broadway, we predicted a revolution in the architecture of that street. The beginning of this change is already apparent. One fine new building in Bond Street, within a few steps of Broadway, has largely bettered the instruction of the Appleton example, and astonishes every beholder with its polychromatic glories. Other buildings on Broadway have caught up the notion, and gilding in architecture promises to be an established feature of our metropolitan streets. Broadway, indeed, may ere long win for itself a new title, and come to be known as the “Rue Dorée.”

Correspondence.

Lotus-plants.

NEW YORK, May 16, 1871.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

The reference of your correspondent in No. 113 of the JOURNAL to the occurrence of the lotus in Missouri has attracted my attention.

From his very intelligent description, the plant which he admires, I conclude, is the *Nelumbium luteum*, or the Occidental lotus. He will find it described under its above-given botanical name in Professor Gray's “School and Field Botany,” and the word lotus in the index. Professor Wood also describes it, but omits lotus from his index.

The Oriental lotus, *Nelumbium speciosum*, is almost exactly like our American species; but its flowers are pink-white, while ours has, as your correspondent says, “creamy” or yellow-white flowers. The shape of the anthers is also somewhat different in the two species.

Paxton says that the cultivation of this pink-flowered species came into Great Britain from India in 1787, and that of our cream-flowered plant in 1810. He mentions three other species: a pink-flowered one, brought from Malabar in 1813; another pink one, from the Caspian Sea, introduced in 1822; and a pale-blue species from Jamaica, in 1824.

It is probable that several species of the closely-related genus *Nymphaea* have also been designated as lotus-plants. All the species of both genera are prominent; many are magnificent water-plants—their petals beautifully colored and often sweetly scented, their seeds and roots more or less edible by man and brute.

Two species of *Nymphaea*, one blue and the other pink, are said to be natives of Egypt; while no *Nelumbium*, so far as I can just now learn, is claimed as coming originally from that country.

Our strongly fragrant and elegant *Nymphaea odorata* is a well-known and highly-prized water-plant, tolerably common in our Eastern States. The larger, *Nymphaea tuberosa*, abounds West and South.

I hope all these plants may come to be designated lotus-plants, and not water-lilies, since they have no relation whatever to the true lilies, except in their beauty and fragrance.

Some smaller but very interesting plants—the water-shield (*Brasenia*) of our Northern States, and the *Cabomba* of the South—are related to the two genera of lotus-plants. The

former at times exhibits a singular characteristic. Its flower-buds, stems, etc., are often found thickly enclosed by a pellucid, colorless, compacted mucilage, as clear as crystal.

Finally, that gigantic lotus, the *Victoria regia*, with its immense flowers and leaves, one of which may be capable of floating a man, has been the wonder and admiration of plant-lovers since it was brought from Guiana in 1838.

Once more I have to beg that botanists will sternly resist the universal tendency throughout science to *Babelism*, in this, at least, of discouraging the application of similar common or scientific names to wholly dissimilar plants.

There are, to be sure, some water-plants which have a not very distant relation to the lilies; but these lotus-plants, as I have designated the members of the two genera, are not lilies in any even remote sense.

Scientists should remember that the very existence and continuance of science depend on its general popularity. The people at large must be relied upon eventually and ultimately to furnish the material aid without which scientific men, collections, and libraries, cannot be maintained; and they should study, through simplicity, to commend, and not, through complexity, to disgust, the practical people of the world. Above all, they must know how to make their studies acceptable to the youthful recruits who are to be the scientific men and women of the future. Verily, the number of laborers in the fair fields of science is not too great.

J. H.

Literary Notes.

MR. EDWARD B. TYLOR, author of “Researches into the Early History of Mankind,” has just issued from the press of John Murray, of London, “Primitive Culture: Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Culture.” Beginning with an outline of “The Science of Culture,” Mr. Tylor proceeds to dwell on “The Development of Culture,” attempting “to sketch a theoretical course of civilization among mankind, such as appears on the whole most accordant with the evidence,” and to show that “the main tendency of culture from primeval up to modern times has been from savagery toward civilization.” Next he treats the subject of “Survival in Culture,” showing how that survival, after “placing all along the course of advancing civilization way-marks full of meaning to those who can decipher their signs, even now sets up in our midst primeval monuments of barbaric thought and life.” Passing on to the problem of the “Origin of Language,” Mr. Tylor deals with the question as to “whether speech took its origin among mankind in the savage state,” coming to the conclusion that, “consistently with all known evidence, this may have been the case,” just as his examination of the art of counting leads him to assert that “satisfactory evidence proves numeration to have been developed by rational invention from this low stage up to that in which we ourselves possess it.” Turning to the subject of mythology, which he has examined from a special point of view, with the desire of “tracing the relation between the myths of savage tribes and their analogues among more civilized nations,” Mr. Tylor brings together a mass of evidence in favor of the theory, which he is inclined to adopt, that “the earliest myth-maker arose and flourished among savage hordes, setting on foot an art which his more cultured successors would carry on, till its results came to be fo-

silized in superstition, mistaken for history, shaped and draped in poetry, or cast aside as lying folly;” and then he proceeds “to examine systematically, among the lower races, the development of Animism—that is to say, the doctrine of souls and other spiritual beings in general”—the second volume of his work being mainly occupied with a mass of evidence collected from all quarters of the world, “displaying the nature and meaning of this great element of the philosophy of religion, and tracing its transmission, expansion, restriction, modification, along the course of history into the midst of our modern thought.” Last of all comes an attempt “to trace the development of certain prominent rites and ceremonies,” treating them as the outward expression and practical result of the inmost powers of religion; but investigating them rather from an ethnographic than a theological point of view.

Dr. William Stroud's treatise on “The Physical Cause of the Death of Christ, and its Relation to the Principles and Practice of Christianity,” now first reprinted in this country, has maintained, for the last quarter of a century, a great reputation in England. It is, in its own place, a masterpiece. “It could have been composed,” says Dr. Stroud's biographer, “only by a man characterized by a combination of superior endowments. It required, on the one hand, a profound acquaintance with medical subjects and medical literature. It required, on the other, an equally profound acquaintance with the Bible and with theology in general.” The object of the treatise is to demonstrate an important physical fact connected with the death of Christ—namely, that it was caused by rupture of the heart—and to point out its relation to the principles and practice of Christianity. “It has always appeared—to my medical mind at least,” says Sir James Y. Simpson, in his letter on this subject, “that this view of the mode by which death was produced in the human body of Christ intensifies all our thoughts and ideas regarding the immensity of the astounding sacrifice which He made for our sinful race upon the cross. Nothing can possibly be more striking and startling than the appalling and terrible passiveness with which God as man submitted, for our sakes, His incarnate body to all the horrors and tortures of the crucifixion. But our wonderment at the stupendous sacrifice only increases when we reflect that, while thus enduring for our sins the most cruel and agonizing form of corporeal death, He was ultimately ‘slain,’ not by the effects of the anguish of His corporeal frame, but by the effects of the mightier anguish of His mind; the fleshy walls of His heart—like the veil, as it were, in the temple of His human body—becoming rent and riven, as for us ‘He poured out His soul unto death’—‘the travail of His soul’ in that awful hour thus standing out as unspeakably bitter and more dreadful than even the travail of His body.”

“The Canoness; a Tale in Verse of the Time of the First French Revolution,” is a new volume of verse by a new poet, which the English critics are praising. We give two specimens of the poet's style:

“All things a lover praises; hair that lies
Like down on the white strand
Over pure brows, and faith in fearless eyes,
The light wave of the hand.
The musical clear tones, the manner born
To gracious thoughts, yet capable of scorn.
“The nameless charm of life subdued to law,
Of law that brings new grace.
Make distance greater while they witch and
draw;

Light heart and sunny face
Often in vain. So perfect is not near.
O for the little faults that banish fear!"

"There is, we conceive," says the *Spectator*, "no little power which can turn from the tenderness and grace of verse of this kind to the strong invective of the following passage:"

"Death, is it only death the spectre we dread may come?
Fall not darker shadows at times on the poor man's home?
Come not strange forebodings across us whenever we press
Bride or daughter in loving arms, lest this be the last caress?
Lest the pure eyes coyly drooped, the low tones endlessly sweet,
Eyes that lighten to see us, voice that softens to greet,
Be but quarry for courtly sport, the prey of the tyrant's lust,
While we bow the heavy head, and bear as the peasant must!
Day that our fathers prayed for, when all the wretched should rise,
Day of combat and victory, is this thy star in the skies?
Still the darkness is round us, and scarcely who aids us we know,
Scarcely discern the battle, but grope to close with the foe:
If we strike a brother to earth, not reading the doubtful sign,
Brother, who wouldst have died for us, forgive us, the cause is thine.
If we strike in the flush of wrath when the field is gained and sure,
Blame not ye who know our past: is the blood that flows so pure?
Surely the tavern, the midnight brawl, the vices that stain and sear,
Have had richer harvest from France than we in our vengeance-year!"

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPEDIA, for 1870, has just appeared. This valuable yearly register has now reached its tenth volume. The issue of the present year is of unusual interest. The portion devoted to the United States gives full details, as we learn from the publishers' prospectus, "of the census, so far as completed; the debates in Congress upon important questions; the details of the internal affairs of the United States, the revenue and expenditures of the Government, the measures taken to reduce the public debt, the modifications of its currency; its fluctuations, the changes in the system of taxation to promote the relief of the people, with its effects upon their industrial interests and prosperity; the banking system, with its expansions and contractions; the fruits of agriculture, and the spread of internal trade and commerce; the proceedings in the Southern States to establish securely their social affairs; the various political conventions of the year, both national and State; the results of elections; the acts of State Legislatures; the surprising extension of the facilities of transportation, especially of railroads, etc. The great events in Europe are also fully presented. The civil, military, commercial, and social condition of each nation, with its population by races, is stated; the irresistible march of the German armies in the heart of France is described day by day, and illustrated with complete maps. The proceedings of the Vatican Council and its suspension, the occupation of Rome, and the organization of the Italian Government in the city, are set forth in details. In a word, the present condition and relations of the various nations of Europe, and their transactions during the past year, are fully related." The progress of science; the movements of religious bodies; the record of literature; the mortality among distinguished men; the doings in art—all

have their complete presentation. The book is an exhaustive record of all transactions and events of the year.

The marriage-contract of the Bride of Lamer-moor, we learn from the London *Athenæum*, has quite lately been discovered at St. Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk. It was evidently unknown to Sir Walter Scott when he wrote the novel. Lord Selkirk is the representative of the family of Dunbar, of Baldoon, and has the family papers in his possession. It was in arranging these that accidentally he came upon this contract of marriage. The four signatures are David Dunbar (the bridegroom), Janet Dalrymple (the bride), James Dalrymple (the bride's father), Baldoon (the bridegroom's father). One of the witnesses, James Dalrymple, may have been the bride's brother, who rode behind her to the church, and whose dagger was said to have been used by the bride. A fac-simile has been taken of the document. Judging from this, there is little tremor in the bride's signature. Messrs. Black, we are glad to hear, are going to publish the fac-simile in their Centenary Edition of the Waverley Novels.

A new revised edition of the late Winthrop Sargent's "Life of Major André" has been published by D. Appleton & Co. "This volume," says Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, "is full of attractive and valuable matter, displaying the fruit of rich culture and rare accomplishments." Mr. Sargent has given to the public several important contributions to history. His "Journal of Officers engaged in Braddock's Expedition," from original manuscripts in the British Museum, with an introductory memoir, which was published under the auspices of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, was highly praised by Washington Irving, Winthrop, and others. It is the most accurate and thorough account of the Braddock expedition extant. The "Life of André" has been equally fortunate in receiving the commendation, at home and abroad, of capable critics.

Bicknell's "Village Builder" is a handsome quarto volume, containing a large number of designs for "cottages, villas, suburban residences, farm-houses, stables, carriage-houses, store-fronts, school-houses, churches, and court-houses," all accompanied with plans and elevations, and details as to cost in different sections of the country. Fifty-five plates embellish the volume, which appears to have been prepared with care. To those contemplating building it would be valuable.

About a hundred years ago Mathias Claudius, the German poet, whose hymn on the Rhine is still sung by everybody in the Fatherland, published a small weekly journal called the *Wandsbeck Messenger*, of which only about three hundred copies were printed. A few years afterward the paper was discontinued, but full sets of it are now to be reprinted, it having been ascertained that not a few of its articles were written by Goethe, Schiller, and Herder.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is about to publish, in London, under the general title of "The Best of all Good Company," a series of "Days" with eminent authors. He begins next month with "A Day with Charles Dickens," to be followed by "A Day with Lord Lytton," and then, in the centenary month, "A Day with Sir Walter Scott," and so on.

MM. Erekmann-Chatrion in their new work, "Histoire d'un Sous-Maitre," which is republished from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, depict

the humiliating position to which public teachers in France are reduced, owing to the local influences of the clergy or of the authorities, and particularly through the meanness of the budget of public instruction.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has in the press a work entitled "The Kembles," consisting of a biography of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.

Miscellany.

Mr. Darwin's Hypothesis.

IF, in short, in its general application, Mr. Darwin's hypothesis is utterly unsupported by observed facts, it is still more destitute of such support in its application to man. Mr. Darwin himself admits two things: first, that the difference is immense between the highest monkey and the lowest savage; and, secondly, that "this great break in the organic chain cannot be bridged over by any extinct or living species," or, as he again expresses it, that "the connecting links between man and some lower form have not hitherto been discovered." No monkey has been discovered which is even comparable with man; no race of savages, however degraded, can be regarded as on a level with monkeys. If Mr. Darwin's hypothesis were true, it is almost incredible that no evidence should be producible of the existence of ape-like creatures closely allied to man, and showing a tendency to further development. On the other hand, we have the undoubted and recorded experience of at least four thousand years of history, during which many races of man have been subjected to influences the most diversified and the most favorable to the further development of their faculties. After the lapse of that time man remains as distinctly man as he was before, just as all the animals with which he is acquainted have preserved their specific characteristics. It is more than questionable whether his faculties have in any degree improved. He has accumulated knowledge, he has increased the instruments of his thought and action, and his power has thus been augmented. But there is some reason to think, with Plato, that these numerous aids have actually debilitated his natural vigor of body and mind. At all events, it is in glaring contrast with Mr. Darwin's theory of continuous development to observe that the earliest known examples of man's most essential characteristics exhibit his faculties in the greatest perfection ever attained. No poetry surpasses Homer's; no religious sentiment is more sublime than that in the Book of Genesis; no art is more perfect than that of Greece; no specimens of the human form are more beautiful than the models which Greek sculptors have preserved for us. History is a continuous refutation of the theory that faculties are gradually called into existence by circumstances. On the contrary, they seem to start fully formed from the brain of man, and to work out their inherent power for the modification of circumstances. Race after race appears on the scene—the Egyptian, the Jew, the Greek, the Roman, the German, each with some special endowment working, as it were, in its blood with inexhaustible vigor. The endowment is applied in various ways, and its forms are multiplied; but it seems to lose, rather than to gain, in fulness and fervency by the lapse of time and the course of experience. The real problem of life lies in that mysterious fertility, at once so constant and so variable, by which the same nature is constantly reproduced, but by which,

from time to time, germs of new energy seem developed. The solution of this problem is to be sought, not in Mr. Darwin's facile method of observing superficial resemblances, but in the difficult task of penetrating into hidden differences. It is a problem which will be solved, if at all, not by romances in human and natural history, but by minute investigations with the microscope and in the laboratory.

We wish we could think that these speculations were as innocuous as they are unpractical and unscientific, but it is too probable that, if unchecked, they might exert a very mischievous influence. We abstain from noticing their bearings on religious thought, although it is hard to see how, on Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, it is possible to ascribe to man any other immortality, or any other spiritual existence, than that possessed by the brutes. But, apart from these considerations, if such views as he advances on the nature of the moral sense were generally accepted, it seems evident that morality would lose all elements of stable authority, and the "ever-fixed marks," around which the tempests of human passion now break themselves, would cease to exert their guiding and controlling influence. Mr. Darwin is careful to observe that he does not wish "to maintain that every strictly social animal, if its intellectual and social faculties were to become as active and as highly developed as man, would acquire exactly the same moral sense as ours." If this be the case, why should our existing moral sense be deemed a permanent standard? "If, for instance," says Mr. Darwin, "to take an extreme case, men were reared under precisely the same conditions as hive-bees, there can scarcely be a doubt that our unmarried females would, like the worker-bees, think it a sacred duty to kill their brothers, and mothers would strive to kill their fertile daughters, and no one would think of interfering." What is this but to place every barrier of moral obligation at the mercy of the "conditions of life?" Men, unfortunately, have the power of acting, not according to what is their ultimate social interest, but according to their ideas of it; and, if the doctrine could be impressed on them that right and wrong have no other meaning than the pursuit or the neglect of that ultimate interest, conscience would cease to be a check upon the wildest, or, as Mr. Darwin's own illustration allows us to add, the most murderous revolutions. At a moment when every artificial principle of authority seems undermined, we have no other guarantee for the order and peace of life except in the eternal authority of those elementary principles of duty which are independent of all times and all circumstances. There is much reason to fear that loose philosophy, stimulated by an irrational religion, has done not a little to weaken the force of these principles in France, and that this is, at all events, one potent element in the disorganization of French society. A man incurs a grave responsibility who, with the authority of a well-earned reputation, advances at such a time the disintegrating speculations of this book. He ought to be capable of supporting them by the most conclusive evidence of facts. To put them forward on such incomplete evidence, such cursory investigation, such hypothetical arguments as we have exposed, is more than unscientific—it is reckless.—*From a Review in the London Times.*

A Letter from Sherman.

When Sherman, in 1864, was on his march to the sea, a clergyman in Alabama, whose horse had been taken from him by a Michigan soldier early in the war, applied to the general

for restitution, and received the following answer, for a copy of which we are indebted to W. G. Poole, of Tallahassee, Florida:

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE }
MISSISSIPPI, ATLANTA, September 16, 1864. }

"Rev. J. H. Willoughby, D. D., Chaplain
Eighteenth Alabama Regiment, Confederate
Army.

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of September 14th received. I approach a question involving the title to a horse with great deference, for the law of war, that mysterious code of which we talk so much but know so little, is remarkably silent on the 'horse.'

"He is a beast so tempting to the soldier—to him of the wild cavalry, the fancy artillery, or the patient infantry—that I find more difficulty in recovering a worthless, spavined horse than in paying a million of 'greenbacks.' So I fear I must reduce your claim to one of finance, and refer you to the great Board in Washington that may reach it by the time your grandchild becomes a great-grandfather. Privately, I think it was a shabby trick in the scamp of the Thirty-first Michigan Regiment who took your horse, and the colonel or his brigadier should have restored him, but I cannot afford to undertake to make good the sins of omission of my own colonels or brigadiers, much less those of a former generation.

"When this cruel war is over, and peace once more gives you a parish, I will promise, if near you, to procure out of Uncle Sam's corals a beast that will replace the one taken from you so wrongfully, but now 'tis impossible. We have a big journey before us, and will need all we have—and I fear more, too—so look out when the Yanks are about and hide your beasts, for my experience is that all soldiers are very careless in a search for title. I know General Hardee will confirm this my advice.

"With great respect, yours truly,

"W. T. SHERMAN,

"Major-General."

American Sympathy—German Courtesy.

Among the surgeons of the great military barracks of Sempel Hofer Feld, near Berlin, is Dr. Rankin, from Newburg, New York. Not long ago some ladies of Newburg made up and sent to him a box containing delicacies and articles of comfort for the wounded soldiers of those barracks similar to those sent to our own soldiers during our late civil war. This box and contents were most enthusiastically received, and afforded the highest gratification to the soldiers.

The comfort-bags, each containing, in addition to many articles of utility, a small American flag, were especially prized, and each patient, as he received his flag, fastened it at the head of his bed, so that, to a casual observer, the barracks appeared to contain a group of American rather than German patients. The barracks have been frequently visited by her majesty the empress and her imperial highness the crown-princess, who have been untiring in their devotion, tender sympathies, and practical kindness, to their wounded soldiers. Some of the comfort-bags were more elaborately worked, and fell into the possession of the empress and crown-princess. Their estimate of them is shown by the following translation of an autograph letter, dictated to the Baroness von der Laneken, wife of the private secretary of her majesty, and sent to Dr. Rankin's family at Newburg:

"BERLIN, April 8, 1871.

"I beg leave to express to the family of Dr. Rankin, as well as to all those who took part with them in sending the rich presents for the

barracks at this place, with what pleasure this proof of philanthropic sympathy from the far West has been received, and how thankful we are for it. But, at the same time, I wish to add my personal thanks, which are as warm as they are sincere. (Signed)

"AUGUSTA.

"To the Baroness von der Laneken."

The letter was accompanied by a handsome brooch, bearing her majesty's coat-of-arms, in gold, on the reverse.

Monarchy in England.

If royalty is a superfluity, why waste money on it? The ministry will ere long have to answer that question, and they will, we imagine, find it not a little difficult to make their answer intelligible to the people who are putting the question forward. There is no answer conclusive to rough and simple minds. Mr. Wintherbotham's, that monarchy is durable, that it saves us from three revolutions in sixty years, is, in the first place, historically untrue, and, in the second, is no answer to the questioners. The oldest government in Europe is an elective despotism, the papacy; the most stable was a close oligarchy, that of Venice; the one least likely to be rebelled against is a republic, Switzerland. Monarchy, by limiting the action of the popular will, causes, not prevents, revolutions, which, again, are not formidable things to the classes now in political motion. Nor is it an effective answer to say that monarchy "keeps up society"—maintains, that is, those grades and differences of *status* which the upper classes so highly value—for the opponents of the monarchy are the opponents also of this very result, which to them seems bad, and not good. And, finally, we take it, the historic plea, which weighs so heavily with all cultivated men, will be nearly useless here. The people of England, partly owing to the gross neglect of the upper classes, partly owing to a certain defect of imaginative interest in the past, do not know English history, do not understand how unbroken English tradition has been, how complete has been our escape from social wars, and, if they did understand, would probably reply: "History is grand to you; what has it done for us? It may be beyond measure glorious; but still it has for us, the real people, been a failure. Half of us, the peasantry, pass lives of monotonous toil to earn insufficient wages, and die at last in the work-house; and the other half, though better off, have but just been placed in possession of their fair share in the government of the country. Even now they enjoy neither equality nor comfort. The historic system, which has, after eight hundred years, produced so poor a result, may be bad or good; but it certainly is not so good that its result alone should be sufficient to limit political experiment."

A Virtuoso.

"Art is the helpmate of Humanity."—POPULAR ERROR.

Be seated, pray. "A grave appeal?"

The sufferers by the war, of course;

Ah, what a sight for us, who feel—

This monstrous *melodrame* of Force!

We, sir, we connoisseurs, should know

On whom its heaviest burden falls;

Collections shattered at a blow,

Museums turned to hospitals!

"And worse," you say; "the wide distress!"

Alas, 'tis true distress exists,

Though let me add, our worthy press

Have no mean skill as colorists.

Speaking of color, next your seat

There hangs a sketch from Vernet's hand;

Some Moscow fancy, incomplete,

Yet not indifferently planned.

Note specially the gray Old Guard,
Who tears his tattered coat to wrap
A closer bandage round the scarred
And frozen comrade in his lap;
But, as regards the present war—
Now, don't you think our pride of pence
Goes—may I say it?—somewhat far
For objects of benevolence?

You hesitate. For my part, I—
Though ranking Paris next to Rome,
Æsthetically—still reply
That "Charity begins at home."
The words remind me. Did you catch
My so-named "Hunt?" The girl's a gem;
And look how those lean rascals watch
The pile of scraps she brings to them!

"But your appeal's for home," you say,
"For home, and English poor!" Indeed!
I thought Philanthropy to-day
Was blind to mere domestic need—
However sore—yet though one grants
That home should have the foremost claims,
At least these Continental wants
Assume intelligible names.

While here with us—ah, who could hope
To verify the varied pleas,
Or from his private means to cope
With all our shrill necessities!
Impossible! One might as well
Attempt comparison of creeds;
Or fill that huge Malayan shell
With these half-dozen Indian beads.

Moreover, add that every one
So well exalts his pet distress,
'Tis—Give to all, or give to none,
If you'd avoid invidiousness.
Your case, I feel, is sad as A's,
The same applies to B's and C's;
By my selection I should raise
An alphabet of rivalries.

And life is short—I see you look
At yonder dish, a priceless bit;
You'll find it drawn in Brongniart's book,
They say that Raphael painted it—
And life is short, you understand;
So, if I only hold you out
An open though an empty hand,
Why, you'll forgive me, I've no doubt.

Nay, do not rise. You seem amused;
And yet one must have principle!
'Twas on these grounds I just refused
Some gushing Lady Bountiful—
Believe me, on these very grounds.
Good-by, then. Ah, a rarity!
That cost me quite three hundred pounds—
The Dürer figure—"Charity."

Law of Evolution.

In a recent lecture before the post-graduate class at Harvard University, on the "Law of Evolution," Mr. John Fiske draws the following comparison between the labors of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Herbert Spencer: "Laplace has somewhere reminded us that, while gratefully rendering to Newton the homage due him for his transcendent achievements, we must not forget that he was singularly fortunate in this—that there was but one law of gravitation to be discovered. The implication that, if Newton had not lived, Laplace might himself have been the happy discoverer, is perhaps a legitimate one, though it does not now especially concern us. But the implied assertion that Nature had no more hidden treasures comparable in worth and beauty to that with which she rewarded the patient sagacity of the great astronomer is one which recent events have most signally refuted. We now know that other laws remained behind—as yet others

still remain—unrevealed; laws of Nature equaling the law of gravitation in universality, and, moreover, quite as easy of detection. For, while it may be admitted that the demonstrations in the 'Principia' required the highest power of quantitative reasoning yet manifested by the human mind; and, while the difficulties and discouragements amid which Newton approached his task, destitute as he was alike of modern methods of measurement and of the resources of modern analysis, impress upon us still more forcibly the wonderful character of the achievement; it must still be claimed that the successful coördination of the myriad-fold phenomena formulated by the law of evolution was a gigantic task, requiring the full exertion of mental powers no less extraordinary than those required by the other. In an essay published ten years ago youthful enthusiasm led me to speak of Mr. Spencer's labors as comparable to those of Newton both in scope and in importance. More mature reflection has confirmed this view, and suggests a further comparison between the mental qualities of the two thinkers; resembling each other as they do, alike in the audacity of speculation which propounds far-reaching hypotheses and in the scientific soberness which patiently verifies them; while the astonishing mathematical genius peculiar to the one is paralleled by the equally unique power of psychologic analysis displayed by the other. As in grandeur of conception and thoroughness of elaboration, so also in the vastness of its consequences—in the extent of the revolution which it is destined to effect in men's modes of thinking, and in their views of the universe—Mr. Spencer's discovery is on a par with Newton's."

Foreign Items.

ONE of the curious features of court-life under the second empire was the fact that nearly all the prominent ladies at the Tuileries, including the empress herself, were in the habit of consulting certain fortune-tellers on the events of the future. Three of them especially received frequent visits from Eugénie and her ladies of honor: Mmes. Lenormand and Leclercque, and an old soothsayer and magician named Dr. Manricardi. The latter died recently in Paris, and among his papers was found a diary containing most singular disclosures about the state of affairs to which we have referred. It is said that this curious diary will be published at an early day.

At the sale of the furniture, etc., found in the private apartments of the dethroned imperial family at the Tuileries, the library of the Empress Eugénie, containing about eleven hundred volumes, many of which bear autograph dedications from distinguished authors to the empress, was purchased by an agent of M. de Villemeussant, the proprietor of the *Paris Figaro*, with a view, it is said, of restoring the library to the ex-empress.

Isaac Brown, an American adventurer, who defrauded certain bankers in Vienna out of large sums of money by means of forged letters of credit, has been sentenced by the Criminal Court of that city to three years' imprisonment. Every other day of his term of confinement Brown will be fed exclusively on bread and water.

Jean Jacques Offenbach writes to a friend in Brussels that he is not at all discouraged by the heavy losses he had sustained in consequence of the Franco-German War. He said

he had been very industrious during the time of his exile from France, and had written several new *operettas* which, he would lay a wager, would be performed at an early day in Paris.

The domestic troubles of the imperial family of Russia seem to be growing worse and worse. It is now said at St. Petersburg that the emperor and his eldest son are no longer on speaking terms, and that the empress refuses to hold any intercourse with her daughter-in-law, the hereditary grand-duchess.

Bibliomania seems to be on the increase in Europe. Scarcely has the sensation created by the thefts of Dr. Pichler at the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg passed away, when now comes the news that a prominent professor at the University of Leyden has purloined most of the valuable manuscripts from its library.

Three heavy golden vases were lately found at Pompeii, in the middle of a street, only a few feet under the ground. It is believed that they were carried by priests in a procession to propitiate the gods, and that the bearers were killed while moving through the streets.

Hans Christian Andersen recently visited his native city on the island of Tyen. There was great rejoicing among the people in consequence of his appearance among them, and the place was illuminated every night while he remained.

The Hamburgers talk about founding a university in their city, and the newspapers of the place express the firm conviction that the capital required for the purpose could be easily raised in the course of a few weeks by voluntary contributions.

The widow of Levallant, the celebrated French traveller, whose books on his adventures in Africa formed the delight of our grandfathers, died recently at Lafions, in France, at the advanced age of one hundred and two years.

Madame Adelaide Ristori has cancelled her engagement with the managers of the Theatre Royal in Madrid, because the latter did not pay the sums due to the Righera troupe, a prominent member of which is a cousin of the distinguished Italian *tragedienne*.

Hacklander, the German author, has lost his eyesight. Ever since a prolonged journey in the Orient he has been in danger of becoming blind. He is a wealthy man, and owns one-half of the Stuttgart Illustrated News (*Ueber Land und Meer*).

The brewers of Munich are quite indignant at the declaration of Baron Justus von Liebig that samples of Cincinnati beer submitted to him for examination are equal to the best article manufactured at the breweries of the Bavarian capital.

They say in Berlin that the Grand-duke Frederick Francis of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who held a prominent command in the war of 1870, has recently shown unmistakable signs of insanity. He is a grandson of Queen Louisa of Prussia.

An idea of the value of the works of art and precious books destroyed within Thiers's house in Paris may be formed from the fact that they were insured for four hundred thousand francs.

Homburg, it is said, will this summer be the rendezvous of the Bourbonist and Orleans politicians. The Prince de Joinville, the Count

de Paris, and the Duke de Chambord, are expected there at an early day.

Richard Wagner received from the Emperor William, for the dedication of his "Imperial March," simply a diamond ring, and not a large sum of money, as had been previously reported.

The people of Copenhagen are greatly distressed at the impending closing of the Tivoli, their famous place of amusement, and a national subscription is talked of to enable the proprietor to keep it open.

M. Rudolf Gottschall, one of the most esteemed of German critics and poets, expresses, in a recent article on American poetry, his surprise at the popularity of Bret Harte's productions.

Germany has had many historians, but, according to the opinion of her most eminent literary critics, has not yet a history of Germany worth the name.

Kissengen, the famous German watering-place, will be enlivened this summer by the presence of three emperors, four kings, and a large number of minor princes.

Until the 1st of July, 1870, one hundred and two persons had committed suicide by jumping down from the now destroyed Vendôme column.

An old prayer-book, containing marginal notes from the hand of Martin Luther, was recently sold for two hundred florins at Stuttgart.

The Empress of Germany dresses generally very unostentatiously. Her dry-goods bills are said to be lower than those of most of the wives of the Berlin merchant-princes.

Short-hand writers in Germany command comparatively large salaries. The stenographers of the German Parliament receive ten dollars daily.

The venerable German philosopher Ludwig Feuerbach lives on his small farm in such reduced circumstances that a national subscription is proposed for him.

The *Leipzig Central Blatt* says that Mr. Bancroft, during his residence in Germany, has collected materials for a history of Europe since the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851.

Miss Hedwig Raabe, the great German actress, it has now been definitely decided, will not come to the United States. She returns to St. Petersburg.

Mlle. Rivière, whose political lectures in France during the last years of the second empire attracted so much attention, has opened a school for political speakers at Bordeaux.

The Emperor of Russia likes best to read German books, and the Emperor of Germany prefers French works.

Dr. Max Ring, the author of the historical novel "John Milton and his Times," is one of the most popular physicians of Berlin.

In Germany, Dresden has the largest number of American residents. Next comes Heidelberg, and then Berlin and Leipzig.

King Francis II. of Naples will take up his abode on a country-seat near Pesth, in Hungary.

M. Thiers alone, of all the members of the Versailles Government, has some knowledge of the German language.

Thalberg was wealthy, and must have left a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars.

George Sand has openly declared her sympathies for the cause of the Red Republicans.

Greece has four translations of Byron and two of Halleck's poems.

Varieties.

THE Atlanta *Sun* says this is the way a Georgia witness "explained it:" "The plaintiff altered, amended, explained, and expounded, but all to no purpose, as the lawyer either could not or would not understand. 'I want you,' he said, 'to show me how the assault was committed, so that I may have a correct understanding of it.' The plaintiff sprang up instantly, seized the legal gentleman by the coat with both hands, pressed him back across the bar, and shook him violently, to the amusement of all present, and to the aforesaid lawyer's entire enlightenment."

The following calculation is said to show the relation which should exist between height and weight in a healthy person, speaking generally, of course: A man 5 feet 1 inch high should weigh 120 pounds; 5 feet 2 inches, 126 pounds; 5 feet 3 inches, 133 pounds; 5 feet 4 inches, 139 pounds; 5 feet 5 inches, 142 pounds; 5 feet 6 inches, 145 pounds; 5 feet 7 inches, 148 pounds; 5 feet 8 inches, 155 pounds; 5 feet 9 inches, 162 pounds; 5 feet 10 inches, 169 pounds; 5 feet 11 inches, 174 pounds; 6 feet, 178 pounds.

In Wilmington, Delaware, the trustees of the poor have resolved to revolutionize the method of treatment at the almshouse, and have elected homœopathic physicians in place of those of the allopathic school. The next largest charitable institution in that place has also been placed under homœopathic management.

Tom Moore said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator, "You can see the very quiver of his lip." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered, "He meant *arraha* coming out of it."

The last scientific sounding experiments in the Atlantic show an upper stratum of warm water, seven to eight hundred fathoms deep, moving northward, and the entire deeper stratum below, of almost icy coldness, moving southward from the Arctic basin.

A Southern paper says: "Virginia housewives make the best of pickles." Perhaps on the score of acidity they might do very well, but we should think the size of such pickles would be rather objectionable. Give us cucumbers instead.

Deaf and dumb clerks are on trial in some of the departments in Washington. There is no reason why they shouldn't succeed. Dumb waiters were introduced in all the leading hotels long ago, and have satisfied everybody.

It is related of a certain traveller that, being in a wild country where he could find no provisions for himself or dog, he cut off the dog's tail and boiled it for his own supper, and gave the dog the bone.

A gentleman of experience has discovered one good thing in sea-voyaging. He says: "You can get as tight as you please every day, and every body will think you are sea-sick."

A few iron nails placed in a vase with flowers, will keep the water sweet and the flowers fresh. This arises from the sulphur eliminated from the plants combined with the iron.

An exchange tells of a negro who insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he had heard the preacher read about how "Nigger Demus wanted to be born again."

The Irish immigration to America, formerly so extensive, is now rapidly on the decrease. English and French immigration is increasing, while that from Germany is the largest.

The sixpenny edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, published in Edinburgh, has been the most successful of all that have ever been issued.

Mr. Caldwell, the new Senator from Kansas, is worth three million dollars. Out on the frontier, among the Indians, such a property-holder is Caldwell off.

Michelet, the French historian, says that what some nations accomplish by reform and others by emigration the French achieve by periodical blood-letting.

It costs two million dollars to build, and three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a year to run, a first-class American naval vessel.

The chief engineer of the Boston Fire Department reports that thirty per cent. of the fires in American cities are caused by the deposit of ashes in wooden boxes or barrels.

The *Journal of Chemistry* announces that the human body contains phosphorus enough for four hundred boxes of matches, but not quite sulphur enough for them.

Some one who has recently been studying John Ruskin pronounces his face the homeliest he has ever seen, and Ruskin the heartiest hater of America contained in all England.

The Chicago woman-barber has so many customers that she has taken a younger sister into the business, who attends exclusively to the lathering.

A paper having had an article headed with the conundrum, "Why do wives fade?" a contemporary "supposes it is because they won't wash."

A Sedalia (Missouri) editor says that a girl who is now called "a beautiful blonde" would, a few years ago, have been termed "a tow-head."

What pleased the Japanese best in our financial system was General Spinner's signature. They read it at once as classical Japanese.

It is remarked that Paris, which piques itself on being the brain of the world, has lately suffered much from determination of blood to the head.

A matronly cat in care of her kittens is an instance of severe maternal discipline. She is licking her offspring pretty much all the time.

According to the State geologist of California, the view from the top of Mount Diablo is the finest in the world, not excepting any in the Alps.

The woman who maketh a good pudding in silence, is better than one that maketh a tart reply.

Castelar, the leader of the Spanish republicans, has recently inherited a very large fortune.

A colored man from Charleston, South Carolina, is practising medicine with great success in Egypt.

A party by the name of Jones has written a book to prove that "The United States is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A contemporary says of a very prominent militia general, that "his sword was never drawn but once—and then in a raffle."

Every good business man should have his private Biz-mark.

What's the proper age for a parson? The parsonage, of course.

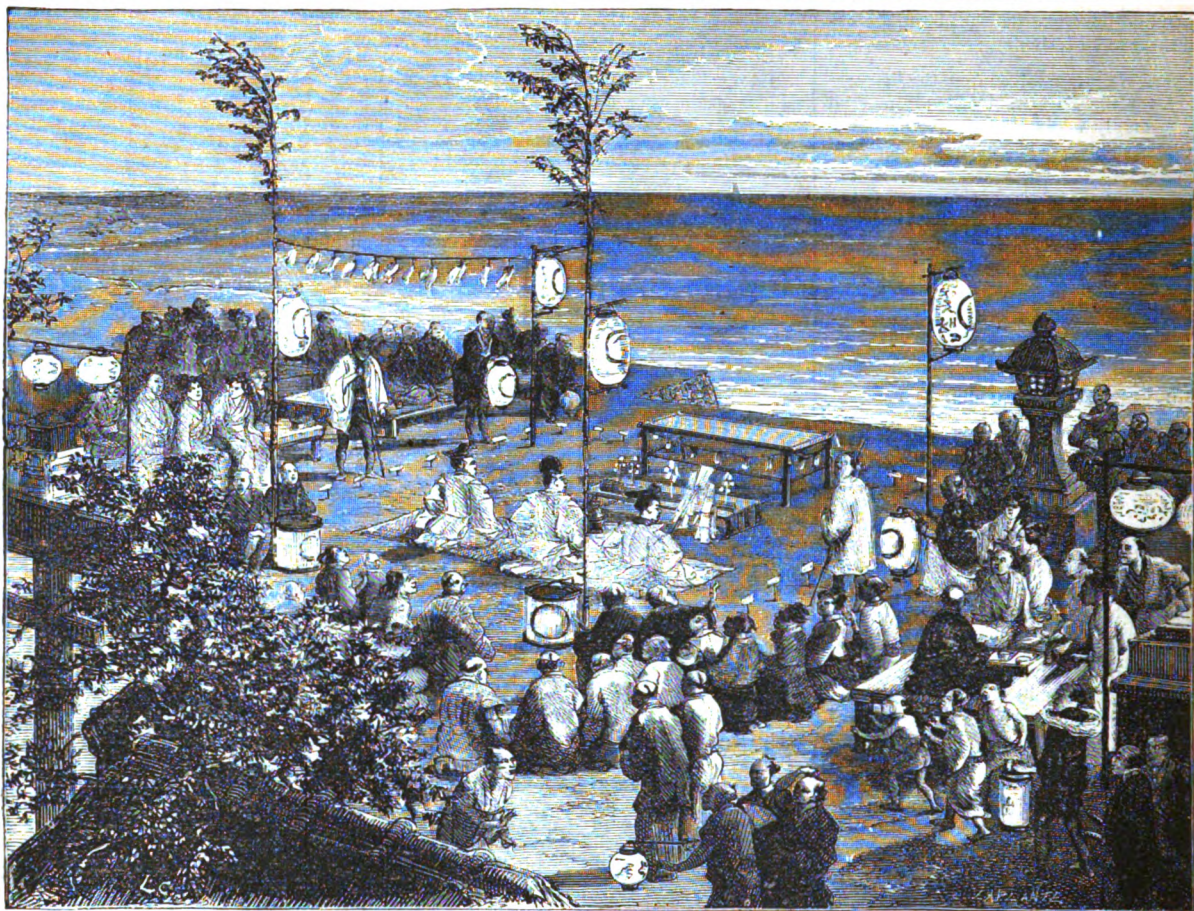
There are in New York about one hundred members of the Orthodox Greek Church.

Charles Sumner has one of the finest collections of engravings in the country.

When is a lawyer strongest? When he is fee-blest.

Innocence is like an umbrella—when once lost, we may never hope to see it back again.

Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen.



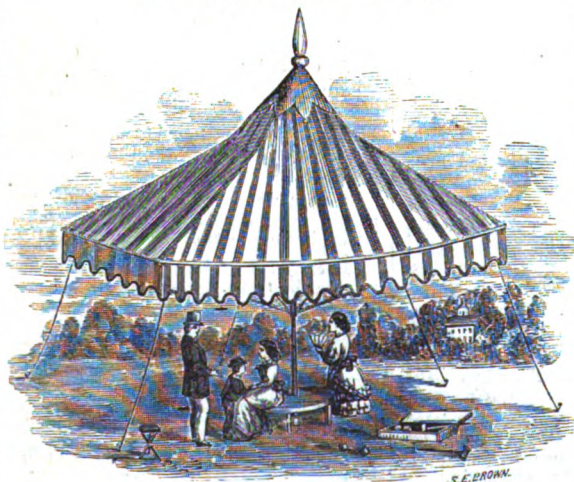
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FISHING OFF BARNEGAT LIGHT-HOUSE, NEW JERSEY. See page 735.

MAIDENS' HEARTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

THE parish villages of Grünheim and Langenau lie not far apart, the one upon the hem of the forest, its pretty parsonage-garden separated only by the width of a carriage-track from the nearest trees; the other, pushed back into the billowy plain at the foot of a little hill encircled by meadows and orchards.

The trestle-work of railways had not yet indented this mellow soil, and never had the sudden pant and scream of the iron horse been heard from afar, terrifying all living creatures as he rushed by.

A dreamy peace reigned in this happy valley. It sounded like a fairy-tale when the young pastor of Langenau, who had come thither with his mother scarcely a year before, told of the great university city beyond the mountains, whose soft outlines bounded the horizon.

Travellers seldom entered this region, since there was no watering-place in the vicinity, and no accessible romance of rocks and cascades. Books and papers found their way in very limited numbers to the villages, the latter only in their old age, which, nevertheless, did not prevent the two daughters of the Grünheim pastor from seizing with joyful impatience the package brought by the country messenger on the first of every month.

The materials for the modest toilet of the ladies were ordered from the nearest country-town and modelled by their own hands after patterns which had served the French empress at the opening of the previous year.

Elfrieda, the younger, always welcomed with especial joy the arrival of new books.

"There is nothing left for me to read in papa's library," she would sigh. "The learned books I do not understand; Goethe I cannot bear, now that I know the story of poor Frederika of Sesenheim; Schiller I know by heart already; Wieland and Herder do not relish every day; and my own Jean Paul, whom, after papa, I love best in the world, mamma is always taking away from me, because she says he does me no good. It is a bit of good fortune that I can read aloud to the pastor's mother at Langenau out of 'Hesperus,' and 'Titan,' and all Jean Paul's other books."

And so she did often, and, while she read, a side-door swung noiselessly ajar. There was the study of the young minister. He could be seen sitting at his writing-desk, apparently deep in his work, but the page before him lay unstained, while his eyes were often raised to admire the picture which the opening of the door disclosed—a slender, blond maiden seated on a low stool at the feet of the woman whom he loved best on earth—his mother.

Sometimes, later, he would join them in the parlor, and all three talked together of what had been read. Here, as nowhere else, Elfrieda gave free course to her heart, her fanciful little head, and her tongue, until a still, soft, and beautiful woman's hand was laid upon her fair brow, and a gentle voice said, half-chidingly, half in tenderness, "Be still, my child. You understand nothing of all this."

"Let her alone, mother," another voice would entreat, but, the deciding word once spoken, the young girl laughed and blushed, and the conversation returned to subjects of every-day life.

An end was always put to such interviews by the arrival of the pastor of Grünheim, who came to fetch his little daughter home, but remained a while, discussing theological questions with his young colleague.

Once, when father and daughter had gone—accompanied part way, as usual, by the mother and son—the old lady said:

"What a swarm of fancies whirl through the brain of a young girl like her, and what a blessing it would be if such a chaos were illuminated by the hand of a kind and judicious man! Then, indeed, our little Elfrieda would grow to be the noblest of women, for she has the one thing most needed—a warm heart. But she must herself find the way to that guiding hand—no one can give her counsel."

"Let us go once more into the forest, dear cousin," said Woldemar Wellen, the guest of the Grünheim parsonage, one afternoon in the late autumn. "I feel like singing 'Farewell, thou beautiful wood!' I shall see it no more until next summer. Come, Elfrieda, you have nothing to do in the house—will you go?"

Elfrieda was sitting on one of the garden-benches, tracing all sorts of mystic characters in the sand with a hazel wand, and rubbing them

out again with her pretty slipped foot, while her questioner, a cigar between his lips, walked back and forth before her.

Asters and chrysanthemums were blooming in luxuriant profusion, late roses stood in the garden-beds, and the withered leaves already lay quite thick along the path.

It was past two o'clock, and deep stillness reigned in the parsonage.

The father and mother were locked in their mid-day slumber, and Anna, the elder sister, had withdrawn herself to a solitary corner with one of the books which Woldemar had brought—a novel by Turgenieff, in the masterly translation of Bodenstedt.

"How much better it would be if you were not to go back any more into that world which everybody calls so wicked and frivolous!" said Elfrieda, suddenly, instead of replying. "It is not good to live there. I am sure of that, notwithstanding you can describe so beautifully your employments and the people of your society."

"I used to be happy there, I think, but now the thought of it does not please me. However, it cannot be long before I shall grow wonted to it again. But, really, I like best to stay in New Sesenheim, where it is more beautiful than anywhere else in the world, even though Goethe—"

"Hush! Why do you vex me with your Goethe? You know that I cannot abide him for forgetting poor Frederika. I would never leave Grünheim, but Anna—"

"Anna! Do you really think that she—"

"Certainly. Have you not seen how her cheeks always burn when you tell her about the world outside? And, indeed, she might go away at any time, for she has a godmother living at Rossock who invites her every year. Anna only writes to her at New Year's, and she always replies immediately. It is no small task to fill the pages, I assure you, for I always help Anna, she dislikes writing so much!"

"Anna—yes, she would excite great attention," he said, in a suppressed voice, with a wholly altered expression of countenance, "should the marvellous statue be animated, and some one discover the magic word which should teach those eyes the glance of love."

The young girl looked at him in astonishment.

"Statue! Love! Are you dreaming, cousin?"

Woldemar Wellen turned.

"You are right. I was dreaming. But I never saw a more beautiful or a colder lady than your sister."

"Are you in earnest? Is Anna really so beautiful?"

"Yes—but can you not see it yourself?"

"How should I? Can I compare her with other women? But she is not cold. Why, she loves me so dearly that she would give me any thing she possesses without a word. Only she has so earnest a life. How could any one who sings like Anna be cold? But come, dear cousin, we will go into the forest. Shall you take your portfolio along?"

"Certainly; I must sketch the old beech-tree once more."

They went slowly down the garden, opened the little wicket-gate, and entered the wood—a handsome pair, thus sauntering side by side.

The young man was tall and slender, with dark hair and eyes. His bronzed features were finely cut, and his winning smile—for he smiled often—disclosed the finest teeth flashing under his black mustache. His manner exhibited that blending of vivacity and indolence always so dangerous to the female fancy; no one before had brought to the quiet parsonage that easy self-assurance peculiar to the man of the world.

No woman's heart is ever quite inaccessible to the charm of those attentions which Woldemar Wellen observed as scrupulously toward his so-called aunt and her daughters as toward his noble patronesses and charming lady-friends in the world outside. He appeared on the scene as a kind of romantic hero, more piquant than all the newspaper stories, and carrying captive the fancy of his young cousins in a moment.

Now, for the second time, he was watching the forest "paint itself" in this seclusion, while he prepared himself by interesting tree-studies and sketches for the elaboration of those larger landscape-pictures which were the pride of his patron's noble saloon.

He had only by chance discovered his distant relationship to the pastor's family, whom he now playfully termed the dwellers in New Sesenheim, insisting that his little cousin Elfrieda was the exact image

of Goethe's Frederika. And, indeed, she bore some outward resemblance to that lovely type of womanly beauty.

She was a blonde, delicate and slender, but her eyes were brown, with long lashes, and her profile more perfect than Frederika's, whose little turned-up nose seemed to scan the world with saucy curiosity.

Anna, the elder sister, was strikingly beautiful, and of a form whose perfect outlines her plain, old-fashioned toilet could not mar. She seemed to have arrayed herself in some sportive disguise, so strangely did the head, with its strongly-defined lineaments; the mouth, with its antique curve; the deep-blue eyes, with their long lashes and faultless brows; the black hair and the regal form—compare with the dress of a country-pastor's daughter. Waiting so gracefully at the modest table, or walking hand in hand with her mother, she might have been taken for some disguised princess out of the old stories who served as a waiting-maid to win the king's son. She moved amid her surroundings like an actress studying a strange rôle. All her household duties were scrupulously performed, but she loved best, when her father was away, to shut herself up and read in his study.

The education of both sisters had been carefully attended to by their father, but only Anna perseveringly learned the Latin vocabularies or reached first grade in mathematics and physics.

Elfrieda's Latin, as her teacher said, was limited to the conjugation of *amo*, and she disclaimed an enthusiasm for any of the natural sciences, except botany. She was the companion of all her father's walks, plucking great handfuls of flowers, or catching gay butterflies to let them go again, and entering with him, like a good fairy, the abodes of want and wretchedness.

To her alone the good man read his sermons every Saturday evening—sermons full of love and gentleness—and a happy smile played about his mouth while she assured him that "*this* one was more beautiful than all the others." But, indeed, the most absurd and illogical arguments in the world would have been eloquence to her from *his* lips. To Elfrieda's mind, her father was the ideal man embodied; and when, after the fashion of girls, she dreamed of housekeeping, her future lord always appeared in just such a study, wearing a long, gray coat, and she sat beside him on the sofa, as with her father—only she could not imagine the oil-spot on the checkered blue cover, in her new dwelling, or the pipes. But she would, on no account, be willing to marry a minister—so she explained to her father—she must have somebody to whom she could be like an angel, some man half lost, or inexpressibly unfortunate. Some suitable obstacle must be interposed between her future love and its happy fruition. Her foolish little heart was bent on experiencing something extraordinary, doing something admirable. Let there be no quiet, commonplace happiness—either a career, or—a sacrifice!

Ah! how the breath of real love extinguishes all such girlish dreams, as if they had never been! How we come gradually to see that what we thought the fulfilment of all our charming fancies, differs from them, as the autumn day from the spring morning!

Elfrieda told all her heart, but no one knew what Anna dreamed. Her nature had been reserved and reticent from childhood. Only Elfrieda's gay winsomeness she could not withstand, however much she sought to repress her undue enthusiasm.

The father and mother differed in their estimates of the characters of their children. The pastor's wife was anxious for the beautiful, quiet daughter.

"It seems as if she were not in her right place here, as if she belonged somewhere else, and would gladly be away—and yet she would sooner die than betray her wishes. But Elfrieda never troubles herself about any thing—she will have an easy life."

"My anxiety is for our little one," replied the minister. "Fanciful creatures like her often strike upon wrong paths and do something evil, out of very zeal for accomplishing extraordinary good. My one consolation is, that some time a true and noble man will take her to his protecting arms. Walter Heimbürg, the young pastor of Langenau, loves the child, and has opened his heart to me; but we must say nothing of it to Elfrieda. That she will love him in time, I do not doubt for a moment. Anna could, at need, go alone through life—she is made of iron and steel. Elfrieda would be lost without a faithful, guiding hand. I am sure that she will clasp the right hand at the right moment."

After supper, as they sat together in the parlor, or in the grape-arbor, the old spinet was wont to hum and vibrate under Anna's

hands, while her thrilling contralto voice sang ballads and folk-songs which the dead chorister had taught her. And, sometimes, at the sound, Elfrieda felt a strange trembling in her heart. Was that her calm, quiet sister, who thus sang? Whence came this ardent ray, this breathing glow? But, the song once ended, Anna would rise, take her sewing in her hand, or go into the kitchen, with the same tranquil unconcern as before.

Into this story-like peacefulness Woldemar Wellen had suddenly brought the restless element of his modern artist-life. It was but natural that Elfrieda's eyes should require some time to accustom themselves to the appearance of her elegant cousin. A man out of the great world, with all the toilet accompaniments of a hero of the saloon, could not fail to impress her vividly. Then, too, the conversation and manners of her cousin were as fresh and attractive as his ruffles, or the graceful *krakelée*. Different was he from the young minister, who spoke from the pulpit, or within the best social circles. He seemed to find herself cornered by the handsome feet of the artist. His remarkable work—of her father's boots, and she admitted her cousin's favor with a lively, but secret annoyance, though the slender, finely-knuckled fingers of the pastor of Langenau should also be encased in an awkward black-and-white envelope, where two hands might have found ample room. She had anxiously watched Walter Heimbürg's manner in the presence of her cousin, and had given herself much vain trouble to bring the young men nearer to each other. She could not listen quite so eagerly, if the minister were there, when Woldemar Wellen told of the world outside; and, in his fascinating way, unrolled the most graphic pictures of society. His estimate of his lady-acquaintances had a strange sound, and his smile, as he described their fascinations, quite dismayed his listeners.

"The proud butterflies let themselves be caught only too easily," he said, "and forget the charm there is for the masculine nature in what is hardly won. I believe that I could love a woman to distraction, if she—despised me!"

When, in the midst of a ravishing description of those wonderful mazes of fashion, whose doors, he said, would not be closed for an hour against the lovely creatures before him, he asked, playfully, if his sweet cousins had no desire to know such a paradise, Elfrieda threw her arms about her father's neck, exclaiming:

"If papa, mamma, and Anna, were to go too—not otherwise!"

Anna was silent, but she flashed a strange glance at the questioner, while her mother answered, laughing:

"A single ball-costume for the child, and a dress for me, would cost more than the father's half-year's salary!"

The father nodded, in the midst of his dense clouds of smoke, and congratulated his children that they were not obliged to scorch their feet in the outside Sahara.

Woldemar had scarcely been able to conceal his first surprised impression of the daughters of the parsonage. Only a temporary caprice had decided him to ask from a distant cousin, whom he had visited at Prague the previous autumn, a letter of introduction to the pastor's wife at Grünheim, of whose former beauty that old gentleman had discoursed with real enthusiasm. It was Elfrieda who first fluttered out to him in the garden, like a little, shy bird, and led him in his search for her father. When Anna appeared upon the parlor threshold, the guest was already domesticated in the little family-circle—the letter of their dear, though distant kinsman having insured him the most cordial welcome.

Anna had just returned from a visit to Langenau. As she entered, in her light summer dress, somewhat flushed from her long walk, with a great straw hat upon her arm, and two poppies stuck negligently in her black hair, Woldemar arose, almost abashed at her appearance. She looked full in his eyes for a moment, while her mother uttered the few introductory phrases, then she gave him her hand coolly and quietly; but a momentary pallor chased the glow from her cheeks as she seated herself near him, taking little part in the conversation.

Afterward, the young artist sketched Anna in the most various attitudes and costumes—sometimes as a Spanish, again as a Greek maiden; now as an Italian fisher-girl, or a beautiful mendicant. He never tired of studying and copying her classic lineaments, and taking views of her head from all sides, and in every sort of adornment, until he at last exclaimed, almost in despair, that nothing but a crown, or a wreath of full-blown roses, would do for such a profile.

He never drew Elfrieda.

"She belongs to the wood-and-flower sprites, elves, and such-like merry servitors," he said, sportively, "who can only be caught at the appointed hour, or by close watching."

Perhaps Elfrieda would never have sat to him, for she declared the patience of her sister, who could sit motionless in one position with the air of a queen, to be something quite supernatural. But she could look on for hours, while her new cousin sketched or painted, and no one in the house more admired his work than she. She sought out eagerly for him the finest groups of trees, studied colors and tints under his tuition, learning "to see," as her cousin called it, and often astonishing him by her discriminating criticism of a striking light, or a beautiful object.

"Don't you think our new cousin like papa?" Elfrieda hesitatingly asked her sister one evening.

"Like papa!" said Anna, astonished. "What ails you? What are you thinking of?"

Elfrieda turned away her face, reddening hotly under the strangely-searching look of her sister.

"But I thought their eyes were alike, and their voices."

"To be sure, if black and light-gray eyes are alike, and a tenor can be changed into a bass voice!"

And Anna's hand smoothed her sister's hair, but her grave, earnest glance sought again and again the eyes of her sister.

Another time—Woldemar had already been several weeks at the parsonage—it chanced that the two sisters were walking up and down the garden-path, while the painter sketched in the wood. All at once Elfrieda stood still, and, laying her little hand upon Anna's arm, said, very earnestly:

"I want to ask you something."

Anna's beautiful face grew pale; she hesitated a moment, and replied, in a low tone:

"Speak, then. What is it? Only no long introduction."

She withdrew herself almost harshly from Elfrieda's touch, and, sitting down upon the nearest bench, repeated impatiently, "What is it?"

"How strange you are! It is nothing bad. I only wanted to beg you to be a little more kind to our cousin."

A charming smile parted Anna's lips. With a quick gesture she drew her sister toward her.

"Foolish child! No such solemn preparation was necessary for that. You frightened me."

"You were solemn, not I!" cried the young girl, embracing her sister. "But I see more plainly every day that you cannot endure him, and he is so lonely, and the ladies whom he knows seem not to have been good to him, and in the life he leads his soul will surely be lost, and we are here to save lost souls by goodness and love, and—"

"They were not good to him, Elfrieda? Was he good to them? Has he not told you about it?"

"No, but he thinks that love and truth have vanished from the earth, and nothing seems of worth to him any more. He will marry the first rich lady and be happy after his fashion, like all his friends. But, Anna, there are words that may guide the lost, and we ought not to let him go astray."

"Meanwhile, don't give yourself too much trouble about him. Our cousin is a man like those described in the books he brought us—he thinks that every girl who looks at him kindly is in love with him. Have you forgotten how he spoke of women?"

"Ah, if you would only talk confidentially with him, you would not think so. It makes me so sad, because he has no one who belongs to him, and I have decided to go often with him into the forest, that he may feel less how bad it is to be alone. Are you not at all interested, then, for lost souls?"

"Certainly I am; but I should try to save *such* a lost soul only when it asked me itself."

This conversation made Elfrieda oftener accompany her cousin in his rambles, while Anna grew more silent and reserved toward him than before. Only, sometimes, when Elfrieda was with her mother at Langenau, Anna would remain sitting near him in the garden with some light work in her hand. Then often, very often, he would raise his dark eyes to her, sitting there in her bright dress, with the coronal of black braids on her forehead, like a stranger-queen. A dream seemed resting on his eyelids—he felt as if cast away upon some unfamiliar shore. All the images of the world in which he had dwelt before vanished like shimmering mist. As he compared this young creature

before him with all those women who crowded the brilliant saloons, he seemed to be living in a fairy-tale. All those decorated forms, floating in clouds of gauze, or enveloped in heavy folds of shining silk—how faded, how superficial, would they seem here in this little garden beside this strangely-beautiful being, who grew only more fresh and lovely in the brightest sunshine! Then a word or glance of deeper meaning flew to and fro, and the maiden's *hauteur* almost disappeared as she spoke of her quiet life, and how she longed to know more of people and countries.

He talked very differently with Elfrieda. She was still almost a child, curious as a nightingale—she had so much to ask of the minute details of his life outside, and yet she declared that she could never be willing to leave Grünheim.

"I should like, just once, to take you both to a ball," said the young painter, one day to Elfrieda. "It would be delightful to watch the stir and stare which the appearance of such a pair of sisters would excite."

"What could we do among all those elegant dancers you have told us about?" she answered, musingly. "We should play as sorry a rôle there as poor Frederika in Strasbourg. The ball-costume of the city would become us very ill."

"Not you! You should always wear white, little Elfie. But Anna is, doubtless, more beautiful in rich stuffs and heavy folds."

"Why have you never married any of these charming women whom you know by the dozen?"

"I have waited for beauty—that true beauty which intoxicates my artist-eyes—and for love, to make me a better man."

As the sisters sat alone that evening in their little chamber, and Anna took the pins from her hair, letting it fall in heavy waves upon her proud shoulders, Elfrieda suddenly placed the lamp on a side-table, so that it shone full upon the face and figure of her sister. Anna moved backward, looking at her inquiringly.

"What now, little one?"

"I wanted to imagine how you would really look if you were splendidly dressed with flowers in your hair. I think, as our cousin does, that you would be lovelier than all the others."

"Nonsense! Take away the light, you silly child!" And Anna turned hastily, but not before Elfrieda had seen a vivid flush of anger overspread her face.

Sometimes it happened that Woldemar read aloud for an hour when the pastor was absent. He chose no books from the clergyman's shelves—he had brought with him all sorts of tales, novels, and romances, a whole library of his darlings, the exotics of modern literature—French translations, too, sweet foreign fruits, whose juices, as he himself said, jestingly, would "quickly steal away the senses."

The girls listened with glowing cheeks to every word, but their mother did not conceal her impatience at the "absurd stuff," and, at last, positively declared that it gave her a headache, and could not be healthful for anybody. Schiller, Goethe, and even Jean Paul himself, had never so distracted her children as these complicated love-stories of their cousin, where people behaved so wildly about each other, and yet never married.

"I don't understand the love in such books," she said, "and never shall; and I hope my children will never understand it either. In my time a girl loved with her whole heart, but she made no such ado about it. That her lover would be true was taken as a matter of course, but, if it ever happened otherwise, she married some one else, and made, notwithstanding, a thrifty housewife, who served her husband faithfully, and was a brave mother to her children. Not that the first love was forgotten, but she did not cry out her sorrow to the whole world—she kept it with her prayer for the silence of her chamber. Then she had her hands full, and no time for musing. And she was doubly attentive and devoted to her husband, to make amends for not having given him her fresh, first love. So it was then; but, in these new-fangled stories, the women are no longer faithful to any one, neither to the old sweetheart nor to the new, and they wish to make life agreeable to themselves and to nobody else. Each can love but one—herself. And nobody knew anything about lost souls and such-like things when I was young; it is as if there should be all at once a host of new diseases, of which nobody ever had a symptom before. Children used to do what was approved by their parents, who knew best, of course; but, if a girl could not quite force her heart, she became, with a good grace, an old maid, whom everybody liked to have about, because she helped everybody."

"But, dear aunt," laughed Woldemar, "our modern ladies are willing enough to throw over a friend or a lover and take up with another, provided the one is poor and the other rich. They are touchingly self-sacrificing, too, only in a different way. But one thing they have forgotten, to keep their emotions under lock and key, or, at least, their locks and keys are of very light workmanship compared with—"

"Not all, I hope!" exclaimed Anna, proudly, and her eyes flashed upon the speaker.

She sat at the open window, in the full glow of sunset. The vine-branches had been pushed aside, disclosing an unobstructed view of the garden. Her head was leaning upon her arm, and the wonderfully pure outline of her profile was cut clearly and sharply against the illuminated background. Her summer-dress floated like a light cloud about the perfect *contour* of her shoulders, and her queenly neck was almost swept by the low knots of her black hair. Her eyes flamed, her cheeks glowed, her full lips trembled with her restless breath.

Woldemar had never seen her so beautiful before. A glowing thrill shot through his heart, and he could not take his eyes from her face.

"This comes of those foolish books," said the mother. "The children are growing headstrong.—Anna, go into the wash-room and put away the two baskets of fresh table-linen which I left there, and see that the edges lie evenly upon each other."

Anna rose. She passed her hand across her forehead, and was once more the careful house-maiden.

"You are right, mother. Such reading is not good for us," she said, and left the room with her usual quiet manner.

"I will shut the bad books now," said Woldemar. "They are, indeed, little suited to this place. It is time to go to meet your father, Elfrieda—the christening-feast must be over.—Will you go, too?"

But Elfrieda said that she must help her sister, and the pastor's wife went alone with her guest.

Elfrieda looked after them a while, and then turned backward to the house. She sat down on the low door-stone—it was so cool and solitary, and she felt suddenly tired and sad. The servant-maid was busy in the yard, and through the open door could be seen the garden-path and the forest-road to Langenau.

"How long it is since I have been there!" she thought.

The old house-clock ticked slowly, and very softly, as if from afar.

Anna sung:

"He bade her adieu, as he rode amain,
And the maiden's heart it brake in twain!"

Still Elfrieda sat, with her hands crossed upon her knee, her head resting against the casement, her eyes half-closed, while all sorts of thoughts chased each other through her little head, circling in a roundelay about two central figures.

Why was Walter Heimburg so cool to her cousin? Why could his dear old mamma never endure to hear any one speak of Woldemar? As if one must not care all the more for him if nobody else did! If only in spite of them all! Why did Walter come so seldom now that Woldemar was there, and why did he never stop to talk with her now when he met her on her walks? And never one word of thanks had he said for that great bouquet of the loveliest wild-flowers which she had lately sent to his mother! Her father went often as ever to Langenau; he used always to ask her to go, too—but why did he never speak of it now? All this had never impressed her so strongly as now, when she sat so lonely, and looked out over the road winding, like a narrow ribbon, through the many-colored forest. Who could have time to think of such things when her cousin was by? But the day after to-morrow she would go to the service at Langenau—just out of curiosity—and Woldemar should go, too, and she would see if the minister—

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Fräulein Elfrieda," said a low voice, suddenly. "I could not think—I found nobody—I wanted to speak to your father—it is the Offenbarung Johannis."

She sprang up, startled and embarrassed.

"I thought—papa will surely be home directly—my cousin has already gone for him," she stammered. "Will you wait in the parlor? Anna is there—mamma went out with Woldemar."

A slight shadow flitted across the young minister's face.

"Thank you," he said. "I should not wish to trouble you. My mother sent you greeting."

"We are coming to Langenau day after to-morrow—all of us.

The Vicar of Grünheim is to preach for papa. I am so glad that he can rest for once. What are you going to preach about?" she asked, while he followed her slowly up the steps and entered the parlor behind her.

"About *love*," he answered, softly. "It is a wonderful word; 'though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.'"

"We are coming," she repeated, as if in a dream.

He reached his hand to her.

"I will go and carry the pleasant news to my mother," he said, earnestly. "Good-night, Fräulein Elfrieda. Greet your father for me. I will come another time. Perhaps I may meet him."

It was the first time that he had held her hand so long in his own. A strange disquiet possessed her. She drew away her trembling fingers, almost as if frightened, and, opening the door, accompanied her visitor down the garden-path.

Her eyes hastily scanned his face as he bowed his farewell. His light-brown hair was touched with a golden shimmer, but she could not discern the expression of his eyes. He stood with his back to the sunset.

"Many greetings to your mother," he said, and turned away.

She stood gazing after him, but he did not look back; then she slipped back to her quiet nook. Mechanically she repeated the words:

"'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.'"

Nobody heard her. Nobody saw tear after tear gather slowly under her drooping lashes. Why did she weep? She scarcely knew herself.

The minister's wife sat, with her two daughters, in the neat little church at Langenau, next Sunday. Woldemar had remained at home with the old clergyman. A face like that of the beloved disciple looked down with gentle eyes from the pulpit upon the congregation, and a mild voice spoke with persuasive eloquence of the "highest in heaven and earth"—of love.

He spoke of that love which accomplishes the one greatest miracle ever done on earth, the salvation of lost souls from destruction—of that love, which, as the saintly Thomas à Kempis so nobly says, is "quick, sincere, innocent, kind, dispensing joy, strong, patient, faithful, brave, long-suffering, firm, never seeking its own."

When they rested a while in the parsonage, before their homeward walk, chatting with their cheery hostess, whose eyes had not forgotten the merry light of eighteen years, and the young minister cut a spray of roses for Elfrieda—for Langenau garden boasted such roses as blossomed nowhere else—the fair girl would gladly have stayed the whole day. But Anna called aloud to her:

"Do not forget that you promised our cousin to help him arrange his sketches."

Why did Elfrieda blush as she looked up at the words, and met the deeply-earnest glance of the minister? A half-defiant expression hovered about her lovely mouth, as she rose hastily, saying:

"You are right. We must go, indeed."

So they separated, and a whole week passed without another meeting.

Woldemar Wellen soon came to recognize himself as the central figure of the simple, familiar life at Grünheim, and prolonged his stay from week to week. The whole course of this quiet existence was so novel and interesting that, to his own astonishment, he experienced no desire for worldly excitements. So pleasant was the rest from all those emotions which had been wont to thrill his heart, the conflicting tremors of a passion of a few days' or hours' duration, that he sought to hold fast his new freedom. His so-called cousins were beautiful and naive enough to make him forget all other women, at least for a time. Yet he was almost frightened at the influence of Anna's haughty nature upon him. He found himself taking real trouble to call the sunshine of a kind look or smile to that peerless face.

He did not lack employment. The old minister loved his glass of wine, and Walter Heimburg—if Elfrieda were not near—was an excellent hand at chess. The pastor's wife exercised a genuine motherly care over him, and Woldemar Wellen had nowhere else been so worthy to be loved as in the forest parsonage. He meant to grow better in this atmosphere of peace, and often said in jest that, if his good genius had but led him earlier to New Sesenheim, he should, doubtless, have become a minister.

"It is too late now for piety," he would sigh. "I cannot long do without the great, restless world. I am used to the sweet poison, like the arsenic-eater or opium-smoker, who would pine away and die, if he gave up his dangerous habit. Only a woman who loved me, and whom I loved, could save me now!"

He was still, as he had been, a child of the world, outwardly attractive, petted by women, swayed by circumstances, carelessly enjoying the present moment. He had long ago learned to love but one besides himself—his Art; and even her, not with the sacred devotion of genius, but with the grateful homage of talent, knowing only too well that he owed to her that *dolce far niente* which he called life, and that she alone opened to him the doors of those saloons and boudoirs in which he took such keen delight. And, with the same air of pleasant nonchalance which he wore when chatting with Frau von L— of music, fashion, and love, in her charming boudoir, he now sat with the pastor's daughters: only that here he really tried to be amiable; and *there*, all trouble seemed quite *de trop* to an invariable conqueror.

It was strange that, from the first, the two parents had looked without anxiety upon the association of their daughters with the new cousin. If ever the mother, with the keen glance of her sex, spoke in half-playful warning of the painter's fiery eyes, the father laughed away every budding apprehension with the words:

"How could our children fall in love with such a man of the world? You women see all sorts of tempest-clouds when the sky is blue and clear, but, if a real thunder-storm is brewing, you would make us believe it is nothing. That is your way."

After Woldemar's first return to M—, Elfrieda corresponded with him, and his piquant letters were common property in the family-circle. Anna never wrote to him.

"You can do such things better than I," she would reply to her sister's monitions; "and, besides, does he ever ask for a letter from me?"

She was the last to welcome him when he came again, but she wore that blue dress whose color, he had once said, became her so exquisitely that he should like always to see her in blue—she reminded him of Murillo's Madonna of Seville. She sung his favorite songs, but her demeanor toward him was no less reserved and repellent than before. It was clear—Elfrieda marked it with growing sorrow—that Anna could not abide her cousin. But why not? Walter Heimburg, too, had withdrawn himself more and more, and, if they ever met, he was so stiff and strange that Elfrieda was almost angry, and she was never so attentive to her cousin as during the visits of Frau Heimburg and her son at Grünheim. But when they had once formally taken leave, she felt as if she must run after them, and beg them to come back, and every thing should be very—oh, so very different. Sometimes she really did follow the old lady, and seize her hand caressingly, but nothing came right again, and the cloud still rested on her young friend's brow.

Once only, Elfrieda spoke with the minister of her cousin. As they were walking homeward from a visit to Langenau, shortly before Woldemar's second arrival, she found herself behind all the others at Walter's side, and he suddenly asked her if she kept up an industrious correspondence with her cousin. She was strangely glad to answer:

"He writes but seldom—he has so little time. Young and old lay claim to him, from all quarters, day after day."

"I can easily think so," said the young pastor; "the world holds its children fast, and gives them a wearisome life. I can understand an existence so wonderful that the soul is lost as if while dreaming."

"Lost! What do you mean by that?"

"To be unfitted for a freer, nobler, more beautiful life—gradually to grow sick and sorrowful, to stay in darkness, because the eyes of the soul can no longer bear the true light; to be poor, weary, and forsaken—that is what I call being lost."

"And can Woldemar be lost in that way?" She spoke eagerly, and looking full upon him.

"He, too, unless he be saved by the hand of that one angel, who still visibly walks the earth—the hand of Love."

"Could the love of a woman really save a man's soul?"

"It does so, a thousand times, and thus fulfils its highest mission."

"The highest?"

"In the Christian sense, at least—not in the worldly. In the

worldly sense, a woman wishes by her love to make happy, and to be happy; but, in the higher sense, she sacrifices herself to save another. She is then a martyr of that love of which Thomas à Kempis says, that it purifies the heart of all selfish desires, makes it whole within, strong in patience, and steadfast in hope. Not the old Christians alone numbered their martyrs—in *our* days they still walk upon the earth."

"Do you admire such martyrs as you do *those*?"

"Sometimes even *more*," was the answer.

"But to be happy, and to be happy, is surely the more beautiful," said Elfrieda, hesitatingly.

"I think so, too," said her companion, with a smile; "but women are never so dazzled by any worldly ornament as by an aureole. They think *that* more becoming than the rose-garland of happiness."

"And what do you think?" asked the young girl, a roguish smile flitting over her sweet face. But, before he could reply, they had reached the edge of the forest, where the others awaited their coming.

After this conversation, Elfrieda seemed often absent-minded and perplexed, and, in her next letter to her cousin, she wrote on a separate slip of paper the question, which of the women of the Bible he most admired.

The artist's answer made the young girl so angry that she tore the letter in a thousand pieces. It ran:

"I will confess the exact truth, without fearing the displeasure of my sweetest little cousin, that I prefer, to all the well-known holy women, that one—called a sinner, the fairest of the fair—Mary Magdalene. Fortunately, Correggio was of the same opinion, and Correggio passed for a very pious man."

It was clear as sunlight that Cousin Woldemar belonged to the totally lost souls, and must be saved. What would her father have thought?

"Why do you not read us your cousin's letter?" asked the mother that evening, as they sat together in the parlor.

"Because such scribbling is best burned up, and that is what I have done with it."

Her father raised his mild eyes from his paper, the mother let fall her knitting.

"You have burned Woldemar's letter! Why in the world—?"

"Because he talked such absurd and foolish stuff," and Elfrieda smoothed her hair nervously in remembrance of Mary Magdalene.

"If that is so, you ought not to write to him any more," said her father, quietly.

"Oh, no, papa! It is not so bad as that!" she answered, in embarrassment; "but he has been teasing me. He is not a bit good, and I meant so well toward him, and—indeed, I *must* write to him, for I am the only one in all his world who ever speaks a good serious word to him."

"Well, let it go, then; but I beg you to show us his letters in future, before you burn them."

"Yes—I will surely not do it again, papa." At this moment Elfrieda's eyes fell upon her sister, whose face was turned fully toward her. Anna's always busy hands were still, a cloud rested on her brow, and Elfrieda caught a look of searching anxiety and trouble. The young girl involuntarily stepped forward, asking hurriedly, "Are you angry with me, Anna?"

A quick flush overspread the beautiful face, and Anna pushed away Elfrieda's outstretched hand.

"Let us have done with this endless questioning. I was not thinking of you!"

She rose and left the room; but, entering a little while afterward, her face was calm as ever, and she smoothed her young sister's hair as if in token of reconciliation, meeting her eyes with a smile so tender that Elfrieda assured herself that only her own emotion had made the shadow of sorrow and care mount to *this* brow.

After this, Elfrieda wrote more seldom to Woldemar, but she began to keep a *diary*, like all the young girls in the magazine-stories. To Anna's astonishment, she often sat for a long time at night, in the attitude of a thoughtful muse, with her pen in her hand, before the unwritten leaves, and, after her most intense meditation, not a single page would be filled. She had so little variety of daily experience, and it was really frightful to see how absurd those fancies seemed, when written down, which had been so fascinating as they floated through her brain. So it happened that Elfrieda often tore out a leaf from her diary, and always locked it carefully, in terror, lest Anna, or

the mamma at Langenau, might some time cast a glance into it. She knew, too, how cheaply her old friend estimated such girlish records, calling them the best medium for cheating and deceiving one's self courteously. And he, Walter Heimburg himself—she could imagine his astonished smile, if he were to look into the mysterious book. This thought drove the blood to her cheeks. At all events, his name should not appear in it. He did not trouble himself about her, neither would she for him. And, indeed, she had nothing to write of him, for she scarcely saw him any more; and that she was sad, very sad about it, that she would never set down in plain letters—even her own eyes should not read that!

Cousin Woldemar, on the contrary, furnished inexhaustible material for the diary. Since he had come back, and the forest-rambles were begun anew, there was no more trouble about empty pages. How often Anna looked for a moment over her shoulder, and then, taking the inkstand away, sent the little journalist to bed. Why did a sight of the diary always make Anna so impatient? Could she not endure even the *written* name of her cousin? For, surely, she must know that it was written there.

"Get a diary for yourself," said Elfrieda. "It is really very profitable, and I understand, now, why the book-ladies so revel in diaries. One first learns to know one's self thoroughly by the aid of such a mirror."

"Do you think so? I am afraid that your real face will never look out of *this* mirror," laughed Anna.

Elfrieda was more dissatisfied with her cousin than ever. He gave her no opportunity for that serious conversation from which she hoped so much for his salvation, and had that way, which always vexed her so much, of turning aside the most earnest questions with a jest. Then, too, he seemed often restless and preoccupied, or sad and dejected. The diary had but one explanation of such conduct—he was in love. But with whom? Some lady of the outside world? Very unlikely. He could not love Anna, who visibly avoided him, and was colder and more repellent than ever; and the diary was firmly convinced that the unhappy young man must be pining for little Elfrieda. The most interesting thing in the real world, or in books, had transpired—a passion unreturned, a manly heart glowing with secret devotion, and a maiden with a hand full of compassion. It was a pleasant and profitable diversion, amid all her secret trouble at the coldness of her Langenau friends, to fill pages about the willing self-sacrifice of a woman's heart.

Meeting Frau Heimburg unexpectedly one day, she could not help falling upon her neck for very joy; but the old lady received the strange greeting icily, and asked her how she came to be wandering about by herself.

"With whom should I go?" said the young girl, in confusion. "The others have no time."

"The others? Not your future bridegroom?"

A hot glow shot over Elfrieda's face—she could not utter a syllable, and was scarcely able to refrain from bitter weeping.

Fortunately, Walter Heimburg came up with her father, and she could slip away, unnoticed, and weep in silence. She wished to detail all this minutely in her diary, but not a word of it could she force from her pen that night. So she told herself, instead, how busy Woldemar had been that afternoon, that he soon would be going away again, and that she dreaded the winter, and did not care to think of Christmas at all.

The time of Woldemar's departure was at hand, and the artist begged Elfrieda to go with him once more into the forest. The day was strangely beautiful—that enchanting blending of summer and autumn, of sunshine and blue atmosphere, and the forest stood robed in all the brilliant dyes of the season. But Woldemar seemed to have no eyes for all this glory. He threw his portfolio upon the grass, and, reclining under an old beech-tree, he said:

"Sit down opposite me, in the clear light, Elfrieda. Play at forest-queen once more, and let us talk. I have much—much in my heart. How long it will be before we shall see each other again! Who knows what may happen? And to-day I would gladly tell every thing—ask—confess—"

The young girl sat down. The sunlight played upon her hair through the tremulous, translucent roof of leaves. She seemed strange to herself—half-anxious, half-curious—she thought of her diary. Was it coming now—the noblest experience of a woman's life—a real declaration of love?

"Is your soul so burdened?" she asked, softly, with downcast eyes.

Perhaps he would himself turn the conversation to Mary Magdalene, and then she could chide him soundly by way of supplement.

"Oh, no! Not my *soul*—only my *heart*," was the answer. "Who can tell how we shall meet again? I am standing now at a cross-way, and am as fearful to go forward as a child in the dark."

"How can we meet other than as we part? You will find me unchanged when you come back."

He raised his eyes and looked long at her. She had spoken warmly. How beautiful she was at that moment! How delicate and *spirituelle* the small head! How lovely the drooping eyelashes! How charming the rosy mouth and glowing cheeks! A thought flashed through his brain. Was it possible that this bright creature loved him?

And, as Woldemar Wellen was a man, he answered his own question with, "It cannot be otherwise!" He stretched his hand to the young girl.

"Will you really be kind to me when I come back, Elfrieda? Will you keep just a little sunshine for me? I need it more than any one else, I think."

"How strangely you speak, Woldemar! I have so much time to think about you, and to be glad that you are coming—"

"And no one else will be glad, I know. For Anna—"

"What of Anna?"

The young man sat a moment in silence, with compressed lips.

"No, she is the coldest being in all the world," he murmured. "She will never think of me, never speak of me. She will marry some prince, and the whole world will admire her."

Elfrieda burst into a merry laugh.

"Cousin, you are dreaming! Would a prince ever wander here? That only happens in the stories. Anna never has thought of such things—it is only I who, when a child, was always seeing myself a duchess. But even with me that is long gone by, and Anna was always too sensible for such fancies, though she would have liked for once to look beyond the mountains. And because my sister does not like you, dear cousin, you must not think ill of her. Anna was always a very pious girl, and you know, dear cousin, with your soul—"

She looked expectantly at her *vis-à-vis*. He could not escape her. She had come at last to her darling theme. Gloomy and silent, he sat staring at her. Her heart smote her in pity. She arose, knelt down beside him, laying her little finger-tips softly on his shoulder, and said, gently:

"Do not be too sorrowful, Woldemar. Perhaps a hand will yet come to save you and make you happy again."

"It is well that other women are not like you, Elfrieda," he said, with a melancholy smile. "We men of the world should begin to love in the old idyllic fashion—and that would be sad, indeed, drawing in its train general financial disorder and the gravest revolutions of state."

She raised her eyes, and gazed at him like some startled wild creature. Was the declaration coming now? She suddenly wished herself a hundred miles away.

"Fie! How frivolously you are talking again, just as in your letter about the 'Magdalene!'" she said, uneasily. "The only salvation of all sick and perplexed souls grows out of true love, and you—"

"Yes, love were my only salvation, but love which should come to me fully and freely. It is very likely that all might go well with me yet if I were loved as I love. But that is over with—nobody loves me. Is not that sad, and at the same time ridiculous?"

Was this the decisive moment? Should she say to him now, "I will save and—love you?"

An icy flood seemed closing round her heart. For the world she could not have opened her lips. And yonder, in the thicket, did not the pale face of the pastor of Langenau arise, and gaze at her with sad, reproachful eyes?

She arose in haste.

"Come, we must go home. Mother will be waiting coffee."

He obeyed silently. The confession was unmade. They walked quietly side by side. Mechanically Woldemar stooped to pluck here and there a late wild-flower or a little autumn-painted twig.

But Elfrieda had forgotten, this time, her wonted occupation. Never had so many conflicting emotions filled her heart. An intense longing possessed her for the gentle eyes of the dear old mother of

the Langenau parsonage. How often she had told her all her girlish fancies, her foolish dreams, and, when the confession was ended, the soft hand was laid upon her forehead, and the mild lips whispered, "Darling child!" Only once more to hear those words! She seemed to herself so old and helpless she could have wept aloud for herself and for that foolish Woldemar, who cared more to be loved than saved.

At the edge of the wood the painter stood still.

"It is a poor sorry, little nosegay that I have gathered, Elfrieda," he said; "poor and sorry as my own heart; yet take it from me, in memory of this strange hour when I would have said so much to you, and said nothing. I lack the courage to leave, and yet I know that I cannot stay, because no one will say to me 'Stay!'"

She took the flowers mechanically, but her hand trembled and her face was pale.

"I am very, very sorry, for your sake," she answered, softly, after a pause, with downcast eyes, "more I cannot say."

The artist's eyes rested admiringly upon the sweet, girlish face. Poor little one! There was no doubt of it—she loved him! He felt a momentary blending of gratitude and triumph.

"Keep this sweet pity for me," he entreated, involuntarily encircling with his arm the delicate form.

One moment her head sunk upon his shoulder, her curling hair swept his cheek.

"Pity? Oh, yes, much—much pity!" she breathed; then she tore herself away, and hurried toward the house.

It was already dusk when Woldemar returned to the parsonage. He paused in the grape-arbor to look in for the last time upon the little illuminated paradise which he must leave before daybreak tomorrow.

How peaceful was the scene! The lamp-light fell on the pastor's white hair and on his faithful wife's sweet face, framed in her snowy cap. Elfrieda sat, as usual, beside her father on the sofa. One slender hand lay on his shoulder, but her bent head leaned against the wall; her face, half-turned away, wore a pained expression; and her eyes were closed, as if she feared to let the thoughts be read which stirred her heart.

"Poor little one!" thought Woldemar.

Anna sat in the full light, her hands nervously busy with her work, but now and then she raised her head and looked with a restless, dreamy expression toward the door. But when Woldemar entered she did not look up, but her fair head bent lower over her work. The old, familiar tone was gone to-night from the Grünheim parsonage. Elfrieda, always so gay, was silent. The Heimbürgs, who had been expected, did not come. Anna sung but little; her voice seemed veiled, and yet Woldemar thought it had never been sweeter. But when, at his request, she ended with the song—

"To-morrow my love will leave me,
My love so gallant and bold—
The birds in the wood are singing,
With voices manifold!"—

no one seemed able to speak again. The old pastor admonished them of the hour for rest, and thus they parted, for the young painter would leave before dawn without disturbing any one. How heart-felt were the parents' parting words! But it was strange that he only took Anna's hand in silence, and pressed it to his lips. How pale the beautiful girl grew at that moment! Elfrieda was almost frightened. Doubtless Anna repented having been so unkind to her cousin. What a pity that it was now all too late!

"I shall write soon," he whispered to Elfrieda, as he pressed her little hand.

Woldemar Wellen left his New Sesenheim before daybreak, in order to reach the nearest station in time. As he went slowly along the dark path, while the servant strode on before with his luggage, he felt a sudden, soft touch on his arm, and, as he turned, warm fingers pressed a rose into his hand, and a voice, choked with tears, whispered, "Farewell!"

Who spoke this word?

Before he could recover himself, the figure, whose outlines he could not distinguish, had vanished in the door-way, and only the sweet perfume of the flower assured him that he had not dreamed.

It was Elfrieda—poor child!

Eight days had passed since her cousin's departure before Elfrieda received his first letter. She had awaited it with strange anx-

iety. How many times had she gone to meet the letter-carrier on the road to Langenau! How would it sound, this first letter, after the scene in the forest, which she could not yet remember without heart-throbs? What could he confess to her, but the one thing—that he loved her, and that she must save him? But the thought of this "saving," which seemed so easy a little while ago, grew harder and harder, till it lay like a stone upon her young heart. Again and again she had knocked at the door of the Langenau parsonage, firmly resolved to confess to her dear old friend all her fear, her folly, and unrest; but, when she met the clear, gentle eyes, no words came to her lips. What would Walter think of her, to whom she had once said, in her self-exaltation, that she would gladly save a soul by the sacrifice of herself? It seemed to her that his glance often sought her with strange searching, and she felt the hot blood mount to her cheeks as she was reminded of her father's look, when as a child she had tried to hide any thing from him.

The letter came, and she held it fast in her trembling hands, gazing at seal and superscription as if both were strange to her.

At last she tore open the envelope and read:

"You will expect a full explanation, Elfrieda, and yet I feel I can confess only one thing: I can and will live no longer as I am. Since I am thrust out of paradise, for your atmosphere—I know it now—had become to me the air of paradise, I must help myself as best I can. The love for which I longed will never be for me, and so I have concluded, not to shoot myself, but to marry. In a week more, if no sweet voice recall me, I shall lay my life at the feet of a lady who thinks she loves me, and shall be neither happier nor unhappier than a thousand others. Do not give yourself pain about my soul, dear little seeress of the wilderness, for it is and will be irrevocably lost away from—New Sesenheim.

"WOLDEMAR."

Anna was standing at the window of her chamber when Elfrieda rushed in upon her with Woldemar's letter still in her hand. Her face was hot with blushes, and bathed in tears. She trembled, and embraced her sister with passionate affection.

"He has had a call away from Langenau—far, far away, papa says—and he is going to accept it, and Woldemar has written—only read it, Anna, I beg of you! He will be lost—he will do himself wrong, and marry a lady whom he does not love. He *must* be saved, and I—O God! I cannot do it now or ever if they go away from Langenau!"

In the midst of her confused utterances she pressed Woldemar's letter into Anna's hand.

"You cannot save him—you, Elfrieda?" asked Anna, pale and almost voiceless. "And yet you love him?"

"No, no, a thousand times no! I should be wretched, and he, too. I thought it very easy to be a martyr, but I am only a silly, selfish creature. He is right to go away and forget me!"

"He? Compose yourself, Elfrieda. Who?"

"Walter Heimbürg! I shall die if he leaves me alone."

A sudden light illuminated Anna's face. She bent down and kissed her sister again and again.

"Be comforted, poor child," she said, tenderly, with a radiant smile. "He shall be saved, and, if you will not do it, why, then, I must."

"You? O Heaven! you might have done it, but you have hated him so—"

"Because, at first, I was afraid to love a man who thought so ill of women, and afterward because I thought *you* loved him."

"And *that* was the reason you were so hard toward him? O God! how strange it all is! If I only knew how he—"

"I was harder to myself than to him. And I knew that he loved me, for, before he went away the last time, he wrote to me. I left his letter unanswered for your sake. Do you understand it all now, little Elfrieda?"

A few hours later Elfrieda sat at the feet of her motherly friend, and had no wish more. A letter had just been dispatched, refusing the call to L—. Walter Heimbürg would remain at Langenau. The old dame's hand lay on the young girl's fair brow, and her lips uttered, between smiles and tears, the words Elfrieda had so longed to hear, "My darling child!"

And somebody else was there, who held the little warm hand

fast, and as Elfrieda, radiant with bliss, looked into his eyes, she wondered at two things—that Walter Heimbürg looked so remarkably like papa, and that mere human happiness could be so sweet.

Meanwhile, another letter was flying over hill and valley to a lonely one. It contained only the words: "Come, Woldemar, to thine Anna."

He came? And were there in all the world happier mortals than at New Sesenheim and Langenau?

But, on the day of her future mother-in-law's arrival, Elfrieda burned her diary.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE ATLMER."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ON GUARD.

SUDDENLY the ill-matched companions were startled by a terrible uproar in the back yard—the deep, angry growl of a dog was followed by the scampering rush of two animals in a short, mad chase, and then the cries of inarticulate distress, which dumb beasts can occasionally utter in their own behalf, fell painfully on the ear. Mingled with these came a Babel of sound—men shouting, women running, cries, commands, and undistinguishable confusion—in the midst of which a panting little negro rushed to the dining-room door.

"Mistiss, Rollo's caught the calf, and Uncle Jake says as how he's goin' to tar it to pieces!"

"Good Gracious!" cried Mrs. Marks, in consternation. "What did he let the dog catch it for! What will your master say! Tell him to beat him—do any thing to make him let go! I always told Mr. Marks he better not bring that bull-dog here," she added, as the child darted away. "I knew he was sure to do mischief—Goodness! what awful sounds!—Mrs. Annesley, if you'll excuse me, I'll—"

The sentence was not finished, and Mrs. Annesley had no opportunity to reply. The uproar grew worse, and Mrs. Marks followed the example of the rest of the household—she flew to the scene of action.

If the victim of Rollo's unreasoning fury had been a child instead of a calf, it is to be feared that Mrs. Annesley would equally have regarded the episode in the light of a fortunate and providential relief. The instant that the last flutter of Mrs. Marks's dress had vanished down the passage, she opened the door that led out upon the side-piazza, crossed it, and the next moment was walking rapidly down the garden-path.

She was so lightly and delicately shod that her step made very little sound on the smooth gravel, and St. John, who was comfortably smoking his cigar in a sheltered nook—waiting, as Mrs. Annesley had shrewdly suspected, for the departure of the carriage—was completely taken by surprise when, without any warning, this elegant figure stood before him.

Instinctively he took the cigar from his lips, and rose to his feet. This was not Mrs. Marks, but none the less was it somebody much more at home in the garden than he had any right to be. Therefore, the first words that formed on his lips were words of apology for his presence there.

"Excuse me," he said. "I fear I am a trespasser; but I am waiting to see Mrs. Marks."

Mrs. Annesley bowed graciously, and, instead of retreating, swept a step nearer.

"Mrs. Marks is occupied just now," she said, "and I came out to look at the garden. Don't disturb yourself, I beg. I shall not interrupt you. Mr. Marks told me something about a new perennial," added she, glancing round. "Don't let me trouble you, but pray do you chance to know where it is?"

St. John smiled, and replied in the negative.

"I am a stranger," he said, "and this is the first time I have ever ventured to invade Mrs. Marks's garden. I am sorry that I cannot tell you any thing about the perennial."

"You have no idea where it is?"

"I have not the least idea where it is."

Mrs. Annesley gave a little sigh of resignation.

"Such a pity!" she said, and, as she said it, she ran her eye with apparent carelessness, but with really keen attention, over St. John's person.

The result of her observation was discouraging. Despite all that Mrs. Gordon had told her, and despite her own distrust of the man, she could not believe that it would be expedient or even possible to approach him with any overtures of bribery. Adventurer though he was—sharper though he might be—he at least bore all the outward semblance of a gentleman; and, as he stood before her—perfectly self-possessed, notwithstanding the equivocal position which he occupied, and lightly holding his cigar between two fingers as he returned her scrutiny—she felt as much at a loss how to address him as she had before felt at a loss how to reach him. It was hardly wonderful. This man was so different—in every particular so essentially different—from the man her fancy had created, that the discrepancy in itself startled her.

As she hesitated, St. John, on his side, had time for observation and consideration. The perennial excuse had not deceived him. He had seen at a glance that this fine lady—whoever or whatever she might be—had come into the garden to meet himself. At first he had supposed that her motive might have been one of mere curiosity; but, as she still kept her place in front of him, as he felt her keen black eyes reading his face, and, as he saw the doubt unconsciously stamped upon her own face, an instinct of her real purpose came over him.

"There is something she wants to get out of me," he thought. "Well, let her try. It will be strange if in the end I don't succeed in getting considerably more out of *her* than she thinks of or bargains for!"

"Perhaps there is something else I can do for you," he said, as she remained silent for some time.

Mrs. Annesley started a little, and recovered herself.

"There is nothing, thank you," she said. "I won't disturb you any longer. Good-day."

She bowed slightly, and walked away—three steps. Then she paused, and, turning back, spoke again.

"Perhaps there is something I can do for you," she said. "Am I not right in supposing that it has been my presence which has kept you from seeing Mrs. Marks? Shall I be obliging, and take my departure?"

"I could not presume to ask such a thing," answered he, bowing gravely.

"It would not be very much of a presumption," answered Mrs. Annesley, smiling graciously. "A friend of Mrs. Marks—you are a friend of Mrs. Marks, I suppose?"

"I scarcely think it probable that Mrs. Marks would allow me to claim that honor."

Mrs. Annesley arched her eyebrows and looked around the garden. Plainly she meant to say, "Not a friend of Mrs. Marks, and yet here!"

The coolness of the glance amused St. John, and he answered it more on account of this amusement than because there was any absolute necessity for doing so.

"Under these circumstances, you are surprised to see me here?" he said. "But I think that, when I explain the reason of my presence to Mrs. Marks, she will not regard my intrusion as unpardonable."

"I am sure Mrs. Marks is always glad to receive Miss Tresham's friends," said Mrs. Annesley, using the very words which Mrs. Marks herself had used that morning—the words which had encouraged St. John to return and endeavor to learn from her something more than he had been able to glean from her husband. The coincidence struck him, and, together with the unsuspected sound of Katharine's name, made him look sharply at the speaker.

"Excuse me," he said. "I do not understand."

But, as it happened, Mrs. Annesley had grown tired of this aimless fencing; and, besides, she had not time for it. At any moment Mrs. Marks might come in search of her, and the opportunity she had been so anxious to secure would thus be hopelessly lost. Making a rapid calculation for and against success, she decided to close at once with her slippery opponent.

"Excuse me," she said, with a smile. "I fancied that I was speaking to Mr. St. John."

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

The smile told St. John infinitely more than the words. There was a shade of malicious meaning in it, which, under the circumstances, was far from wise, but which Mrs. Annesley would have found it hard to control. It was so pleasant to turn the tables on him in this style—so pleasant to show him, in three words, how well she knew every thing about him! But still, it was a blunder. It put St. John on his guard, and it made him set his teeth and think: "Confound the woman! What devilry has she got in her head?" It galled him, too; but he had a very good armory of his own at command, and from it he immediately selected his favorite weapon of covert mockery.

"I am deeply flattered," he said, with a bow. "I had no idea that my name had been fortunate enough to attain any degree of notoriety. I do not think that I have the pleasure of an acquaintance with yourself, madam."

"You have probably never heard of me," said Mrs. Annesley, quietly. "I am a person of no consequence whatever—out of my own family. It has merely chanced that I have heard of you," she went on. "Mrs. Marks is very much attached to Miss Tresham, and, in speaking of her, she mentioned your name to me. I also am a friend of Miss Tresham's," said the mistress of Annesdale, with a virtuous expression of face, "and as such, I am glad to meet you—glad to be able to say a few words to you, if you will allow me to do so."

"I am at your service."

"Let us sit down, then. Since you are kind enough not to consider me impertinent, I should like to be very frank with you. I am generally frank with everybody. Experience has shown me that it is so much the best way."

They sat down. Just behind the short bench from which St. John had risen, was a wall of running ivy; on each side rose tall shrubs, which, although bare, still made a seclusion of the little nook. Regarded from a short distance, the two figures, who had the nook to themselves, might easily have passed for a pair of lovers. Considered, as they actually were, they much more resembled two adroit chess-players, who sat down equally matched to a game in which skill and care could alone determine the result. Mrs. Annesley made the first move—St. John contenting himself with keen watchfulness and attention.

Said the lady: "I must begin what I have to say, by explaining why I say it. I know Miss Tresham quite well, and"—a gulp—"like her very much. You can imagine my surprise, therefore, when I heard from Mrs. Marks that she has left her late home in a very sudden and mysterious manner, and that it is more than doubtful whether she will be received again when she returns."

St. John started. This was certainly news to him. Mrs. Annesley noted the start, and went on:

"I think it right to tell you, Mr. St. John, that the ground on which Miss Tresham will be dismissed from Mrs. Marks's house when she returns, is that of her connection with yourself. Mr. Marks has finally decided that unless a satisfactory explanation of this connection is given, he cannot retain Miss Tresham as a governess. Now, as a friend of Miss Tresham's, will you allow me to ask if it does not occur to you that it is your duty to remove the cloud from Miss Tresham's name by at once making this explanation?"

"You have set me an admirable example of candor, madam," said St. John. "Do not be offended if I follow it, and, imitating your frankness, ask if it does not occur to you that it is quite impossible for you to judge of the affairs of people who are strangers to you?"

"I thought I had explained that Miss Tresham is *not* a stranger to me."

"Evidently she is a stranger so far as regards her confidence, or else you would not need to make this appeal to me."

"You do not intend to heed the appeal, then?"

"Imitating your frankness again, I must decline to answer that question."

"Because I am not personally concerned in the matter?" asked Mrs. Annesley, resolutely resolved to keep her temper under any provocation.

"Yes—because I am unable to perceive that you have any personal interest in the matter."

"Suppose that I assume—that, if necessary, I am willing to prove to you—that I have an interest in the matter, that I have a personal reason for wishing to clear up the mystery around Miss Tresham, will you still refuse to give me the explanation?"

"I regret to say that I am compelled to do so."

"Do you not take Miss Tresham herself into consideration—her character? Do you not appreciate how badly this reticence looks—for her?"

St. John only smiled. Evidently, if it had been courteous to do so, he would have shrugged his shoulders, and said, "What is that to me?" As it was, his face said it for him, and Mrs. Annesley read his face. That instant she shifted her ground.

"I am anxious to obtain certain items of information about Miss Tresham," she said; "items which can harm neither her nor any one else. Do you know any one who, for a liberal reward, would show me how to obtain these?"

She looked steadily at St. John, and St. John returned her gaze without the quiver of an eyelash.

"I do not know any one whom you could employ for such a purpose," he answered.

"No one at all?"

"No one at all."

Mrs. Annesley rose from her seat, and drew her shawl gracefully around her.

"It is growing chilly," she said, "I must go in. I regret to have disturbed you, Mr. St. John. Pray, don't let me disturb you further—pray, don't get up. I suppose it is quite useless to look for that perennial. Good-day."

A bow on both sides, and they separated. The worsted player retired with all the dignity she could summon to her aid; but, as she swept slowly down the garden-walk, she struck one gloved hand angrily against the other.

"I went to work wrong," she thought. "Some way or other, I went to work wrong! The consequence is, that this wretch has completely baffled me, and that I am not an inch nearer to my end than I was before."

As for St. John, the first thing he did, when he was alone, was to relight his cigar, and the second was to indulge in a laugh of properly-subdued tone.

"Oh, these women! these women!" he said to himself. "How is it that the devil teaches them so much cunning, and yet lets them overreach themselves so completely? Well"—with a long puff—"this has certainly been something that I did not bargain for—a little dash of intrigue that I did not expect in coming to look up my respectable friend who asks me to tea. I fancy Mrs. Gordon is not the only person *now* who has discovered the identity of R. G. After this, I can put my hand on the writer of the advertisement and the letters whenever I choose. I have two things yet to find out, however—first, her name; and, secondly, her motive."

A thought struck him. He rose from his seat, walked to the garden-gate, let himself out, and sauntered down the road to where Mrs. Annesley's carriage stood, with Mrs. Annesley's coachman and footman in attendance. Stopping to admire the horses, he easily fell into conversation with the servants, and in five minutes had learned every thing that he wished to know. No human being was ever so fond of boasting as the family-negro of the old *régime*, and Mrs. Annesley's servants were no exception to the general rule. No sooner was it evident that St. John was a stranger, than their tongues were loosed on the glories of Annesdale and of the Annesley family. Mistiss and mistiss's various splendors, Mass Morton, and Mass Morton's horses and dogs, were the favorite topics—the last especially; and St. John, who never forgot any thing, had no difficulty in identifying this much vaunted "Mass Morton" with the Mr. Annesley whom he had met in the grounds of Annesdale. Every thing was so clear to him that he could have laughed to himself as he stood on the sidewalk smoking his cigar, and listening lazily, as John and Peyton by turns descanted on the absorbing subject. It was quite a shock to Mrs. Annesley when she came out and found him there.

"Mr. St. John!" she said, haughtily, and drew back as he came forward with the manifest intention of assisting her into the carriage.

"I have been admiring your horses, Mrs. Annesley," said St. John, smiling. "They do credit to your taste. Will you allow me?"

On second thoughts, she allowed him to put her into the carriage; and, when she was seated, looked up and spoke.

"If you will take my advice, you will consider what I said to you a short time ago. It might be worth your while. I need not tell you where you will find me if you desire to communicate with me."

He bowed—making no other answer to the covert sneer in her last words—and, as he stepped from the door, the carriage drove off.

When it was out of sight, he turned, and, opening the gate, walked up to the house. Mrs. Marks had accompanied Mrs. Annesley to the front piazza, and was still standing there when he approached. In the first sound of her voice, in the first word which she spoke, he saw that a change had come over her—that she had been placed on guard against him. She answered his questions courteously; but there was none of the hearty cordiality of the morning in her manner, and she did not ask him to enter the house. After finding that her ignorance about Katharine was quite as complete as it had been represented, he had no alternative but to take his leave. Before doing so, however, he received a piece of information which startled him a little. He thought that it might be as well to verify on indisputable evidence the facts which the servants had given him, and so he said, carelessly:

"Will you allow me to inquire if the Mrs. Annesley who has just left is related to the young gentleman of the same name whom I saw here a few hours ago?"

"She is his mother," answered Mrs. Marks—adding, involuntarily, "and the cousin of Mrs. Gordon."

"Indeed!" said St. John, starting quickly.

After this, he asked no more questions, but made his apologies, and took his leave almost immediately. As he walked down the street, the few people who met him and looked curiously at him, saw that he was deeply absorbed in thought. In fact, he was revolving what he had just heard, and considering what it meant.

"Mrs. Gordon's cousin," he repeated to himself. "What the deuce is the meaning of it all! Shall I never get to the end of all the strings and counter-strings which seem to be pulling these people to and fro?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JE HORGE.

IT is not well for a man to forsake his country and its characteristic traits. Moreover, when a man does so conduct himself, it is proper, if not a positive duty, for other people to recall him to a sense of what he is, and whence he came. These remarks are intended as an explanation of our addressing Ah Kong, who, though a stipendiary menial, is yet our guide, philosopher, and friend, by the title of Je Horge. Ah Kong has, singularly enough, a desire to be somewhat Americanized. This desire has, as yet, only manifested itself in his head, on which he wears a common felt hat; in his feet, which are now arrayed in the leather boots of our country, instead of in Chinese sandals; and in his change of name, George having been selected by him as a substitute for Ah Kong. As I have said, he Americanizes his name, and, in return, we Chineseify it, the result being that he is generally addressed as Je Horge.

Je Horge is an estimable Celestial. He is making rapid progress in music, combining the accomplishments of the Chinese school with the popular airs of the day. Cosmopolitan in music, as in dress, with a delicate sense of impartiality, he gives each school a fair show—he whistles American airs, and sings the songs of China. This variety is pleasing. Mornings when I write, and he is engaged in washing the windows of the room below, an occupation which the excessive dust of San Francisco renders frequently necessary, I hear "Kaiser, don't you want to buy a Dog," or "Moet and Chandon," whistled actively; and, just as I am becoming weary of the noise, Je Horge leaves off whistling, and sings some charming love-song of home. With Chinese singing in your ears, how can your writing fail to be inspired? Still, even Chinese singing hardly seems striking or novel here in San Francisco, where every street-peddler chants his wares. The strawberry-sellers have more varieties of airs to which they adapt the single word "Strawberries," than there are varieties of that fruit in the market; while there is an orange-vender with a superb voice, who every morning makes the street ring with his song. He begins in a sweet and melancholy strain, "Oh, oranges, sweet orange-e-es!" and there is a tender softness about the air that makes pleasing visions of sun, and trees, and flowers, from tropical climes, float before your eyes, and then, as the last prolonged notes linger plaintively on the ear, he changes to a conversational, but prosaic tone, thoroughly business-like, and remarks, "Four bits a dozen!" Is it fair, O Orange-seller, to

raise us and your golden fruit to such heights of poetic musing, and then suddenly wrench us out of our dream to the cruel bareness of the hard facts of life?

Je Horge's singing does not trouble me now. I have become accustomed to it, and, besides, my visit to the Chinese Theatre has made me listen to it with a feeling approaching gratitude; it might and would be so much worse if Je Horge were accompanied by an orchestra.

Je Horge's conversation is interesting. His accent is perfect in the few words of English which he knows. But, alas! those words are so few—so very few. It always seems to me that Je Horge is leading me unfairly into conversational depths for which I am unfitted. In this way I have grown to regard Je Horge somewhat as Socrates must have been looked upon by young Greeks whom he had previously worsted in argument. But Je Horge is enticing, and to his fascination I succumb. In an evil hour I let him see that I was curious to learn about Chinese life and habits, and since then he has shown me the Chinese elephant to such an extent that I feel at times like a godless Chinese youth of fast proclivities, and fairly expect to find a cue of long black hair springing from my head, and whacking upon my back as I walk the streets. I have visited gambling-houses and Chinese schools with Je Horge, and have marvelled at that national characteristic perseverance which led him on Monday night solemnly to lose his last week's wages, while on Tuesday, with equal immovability, he went through, with great diligence, the story of "Harry and Frank"; or, "Self-Denial," from the pages of the Fourth Reader. By adopting a guarded and non-committal manner with Je Horge, I flattered myself that he could lead me astray no more. Vain hope! When Je Horge pointed to a building ornamented with lanterns, and said, as I understood, that there was Chinese wrestling there, I walked up a flight of stairs with him, and, to my horror, found myself in a Chinese restaurant. It was the first imperfection in Je Horge's pronunciation that I had found, but I was partially consoled for the disappointment I felt in not seeing Chinese wrestlers, by Je Horge's announcement that the play at the theatre was to be particularly good on Saturday night, and I immediately declared that we would go together, so that I might have the benefit of his interpretation of it.

The Chinese Theatre is like a barn in the interior. Entrance to it is obtained through a long and dismal passage leading out of Jackson Street. This is the Chinese quarter of the city, and here you see this singular people, whose idleness is industrious, and whose frivolity is earnest, engaged in all sorts of commendable and objectionable amusements and occupations. Passing into the auditorium, which is bare and cheerless, a mere den, in fact, I saw the orchestra seated on the back of the stage. They were of all ages, the youngest being not more than six years of age. Any thing so infernal as the noise they made cannot be described by a human pen. It was a combination of clash and shriek, not only deafening, but dangerous; for, in the moments of wildest frenzy, the walls of the rickety old building fairly shook with the din. There was no curtain, and the actors all entered by a door on one side of the orchestra, and made their exits by another door on the other side.

I found Je Horge's services as interpreter invaluable. He regretted that we had entered so late, as thus we had missed witnessing the birth of the baby of Fan Kwi, a sight which, as he assured me, was intensely interesting. I told him that I regretted it quite as much as he.

Fan Kwi now entered. Why Fan Kwi should have painted his upper lip and the end of his nose a very bright white, I could not imagine, nor could Je Horge inform me. At Fan Kwi's entrance, the orchestra broke forth with redoubled fury, and Fan Kwi, in a dolorous strain, as utterly unmelodious as he could contrive to make it, informed the audience that his wife was quite as well as could be expected. This took him a long time, as he was very minute in his explanations. And then his wife appeared, and reiterated the same pleasing information.

Oh, the beauty of the wife of Fan Kwi! Who can sufficiently praise the lustre of her eyes, the vermilion of her lips, the clearly-defined smile which continued immovably on her face even in the most trying crises of dramatic action? And, if she was lovely when she stood still, what was she when she moved? Such an undulating creature I never saw before! She would put one foot forward, turned out as no female foot not Chinese could be, and then, with a curious writhe which undulated through the tips of her long and slender fingers, she would bring the other up to it; and thus she accomplished

a whole step. In one hand she held a shapeless doll-baby, which she managed much like a fan, and which, containing the necessary apparatus for making a noise in its little breast, was enabled at times to add to the general uproar.

After the exit of the wife of Fan Kwi, the father of Fan Kwi appeared. In the usual recitative, he informed the audience that he was a grandfather, and that he gloried in it. Then the wife of Fan Kwi reappeared, and a long, a very long, duet on the subject of the baby ensued. Finally, the white-nosed Fan Kwi reappeared. Yet, why should I murmur at his white nose? At Salt Lake City I saw a Mormon low comedian who had painted one-half of his face scarlet, and the other white, bisecting his countenance by a line of inky blackness, drawn from the roots of the hair to the end of the chin, running down the nose; and I did not complain. In justice, then, I must accept the nose of Fan Kwi.

Now came the dramatic action of the piece. On looking at his innocent child, Fan Kwi discovered a suspicious resemblance to a friend of the family's. On communicating this discovery to his wife, she became nervous, whereupon Fan Kwi killed the child. He gouged out its eyes, and stepped on it two or three times, until it seemed very much exhausted; and then he handed it very politely to his wife. That lovely creature looked at it, and immediately died. Her method of dying was, to say the least, peculiar. She fell rigidly back, taking care not to let her head touch the floor. The stage-manager ran to place a cushion under her head. She undid her hair, and then expired peacefully. Fan Kwi, struck by remorse, died also. The manager placed a cushion under his head, and the orchestra grew more and more energetic.

Now, although this was very evidently only the beginning of the play, and although Je Horge assured me that I really ought to stay and see more of the performance, I took my departure at what might have been an artistic conclusion of the whole matter. Whether Fan Kwi ever came to life again or not, I cannot say; for, on passing into the entry, all thought of his adventures was driven from my mind by a person who rushed in front of us, and began a wild oration in which he seemed to accuse us of being thieves and murderers.

Here beginneth the great Chinese tragedy. The person who so accosted Je Horge and myself was Kum Wang. Kum Wang is a respectable washer and ironer in San Francisco, and to Kum Wang did Je Horge owe the sum of two dollars and a half. Now, nickels have but recently been introduced to the Pacific coast—hitherto, the lowest recognized coin has been a bit, or silver dime—so that nickels were new, consequently bright in their lustre, and calculated to mislead, if not to deceive. To Je Horge I gave a two-cent piece of great refulgence, which he received with an effusive gratitude, quite overpowering to me. I did not know before then how low the human jaw could fall; but, when Je Horge was informed that it took five of these radiant coins to make one bit, I felt that I realized how far a face could be stretched. For some hours Je Horge was downcast, and I heard no melodies from him, either native or foreign. Then he appeared before me with a triumphant air, and said:

"Me payee Kum Wang."

I told him I was delighted to hear it. Alas! I made no allowance for the low wiliness of the nature of Je Horge. He had paid Kum Wang, but it was with the two-cent nickel of radiant brightness, and not with the proper coin. Kum Wang was more than satisfied at the time; but he soon discovered Je Horge's trickery, and here, in the entry of the Chinese theatre—a narrow, dingy, uncomfortable place, at best—he had seized upon him, and demanded satisfaction. It was not pleasant either for Je Horge or for myself. Kum Wang was a small man of more than ordinary Chinese volubility. His head drooped; he clasped his hands; he was pale; he almost wept as he described the value of the two dollars and a half which Je Horge should have paid him. Then followed a monologue on the nature and character of Je Horge. According to Kum Wang, Je Horge was the lineal descendant of animals whose names and natures I shall not particularize. The genealogy was in strict accordance with the theory of Mr. Darwin. After Kum Wang had finished, Je Horge began. If half of what Je Horge asserted were true, there never was such a monster existing before the present day as Kum Wang. For the sake of humanity in general, and San Francisco in particular, I refuse to believe the assertions of Je Horge.

This scene in the vestibule had already attracted many spectators, and seemed to be quite as interesting as the performance in the

theatre itself. A policeman—Hibernian to the core—appeared and added a new element to the scene. He did not disapprove of fighting; he only wished the combatants to move on, and intimated that he knew a quiet and retired spot near by, where the affair could be settled. With an alacrity which rather saddened me, Je Horge exclaimed:

"Me no fightee!"

On hearing these words, Kum Wang brandished aloft a large knife, and, without coming perceptibly nearer, announced his intention of killing Je Horge. No sooner had Je Horge heard these words than he turned and fled. Kum Wang then began another strophe, and I, rather weary of the affair by this time, made the best of my way home.

Still fearful of the vengeance of Kum Wang, Je Horge has not yet stirred forth from the house. Kum Wang has, undoubtedly, justice on his side; and the life of Je Horge, limited as it is at present to our kitchen and back yard, is rapidly becoming a burden. Still there is a sort of heroism in the manner in which Je Horge persists in not paying Kum Wang. I can hardly keep from believing that there is a matter of principle at the bottom of it all, so firmly and unflinchingly does Je Horge bear the burdens which dread of Kum Wang entails on him. Still, I can see the end. Kum Wang will obtain entrance to us in some unguarded moment; he will harangue us and Je Horge; Je Horge will not yield, and we shall be obliged to liquidate his debt. We are resigned to our fate. In the mean time we wait and admire the new traits which are daily developed in Je Horge.

FRED. W. LORING.

HERBERT SPENCER AND HIS PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEM.

THE position occupied in the world of thought by the subject of the present sketch, is no longer doubtful; he is placed in the foremost rank by the suffrage of the foremost men. Mr. Darwin, in his late work, speaks of Mr. Spencer as "our great philosopher;" Mr. J. S. Mill long since pronounced him "one of the most vigorous as well as boldest thinkers which English speculation has yet produced;" Mr. Lewes says, "He alone, of all British thinkers, has organized a philosophy;" and Dr. McCosh, in his late lectures in this city, recognized him as the master-spirit of the school to which he belongs. The influence of that school is thought by many to be mischievous, but few will deny that it represents the most advanced and powerful intellectual movement of the age. To have attained the leadership of such a movement, and to be the recognized author, in the present advanced state of knowledge, of a new *organon* of philosophy, broadly based in the sciences of Nature, involve such transcendent powers of mind, and such immense force of character, as abundantly to vindicate the remark of an eminent clerical teacher, himself an influential leader of advanced opinion, that "Spencer is king of the thinkers of this age."

Mr. Spencer's life has been quiet and uneventful, furnishing little material for biographic curiosity. Its course may be summed up in a few words: He was born in Derby, in 1820, and was an only surviving child. His father was a teacher, and directed his son's education with much judgment. At twelve years of age he left home to reside with an uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, with whom he studied mathematics and prepared for the profession of a civil engineer. This was his avocation for eight years, when the great railroad revulsion of 1845 threw him out of business, and he took to literature as a profession. He at first wrote extensively for the reviews, and then published the several volumes of miscellaneous works which are well known to the public.

In 1860 he commenced the publication of a "System of Philosophy," broader in its scope than any thing which had been previously undertaken. It was an attempt to organize our latest and highest knowledge of Nature, life, mind, and society, into a unified system. The time had come for bringing these great divisions of knowledge into closer relations. If the order of things around us is capable of being understood, such a system must be possible, for the oneness and grand interdependence of Nature are undeniable.

The great principle from which he started, and which guided the whole course of his inquiry, was that of progress, or the gradual un-

folding of the universe in time. The foundation of his philosophy is the law of Universal Evolution. The history of the solar system and of our own planet has been a history of progressive unfolding on a mighty scale. The career of every living thing is an evolution, and such has also been the career of the earth's historic life. Mind follows the law of life, and undergoes evolution, so that this principle gives us the deepest interpretation of mental philosophy. Humanity, as it consists of progressive elements, is also progressive. Knowledge, art, science, religion, civil institutions, and the whole social scheme, have exemplified the same principle of growth, or unfolding to a higher condition. Mr. Spencer maintains that all these changes have been governed by one great principle; and that, as all matter obeys the simple and universal law of Attraction, so all orders of existence,

in the on-goings of time, are obedient to a universal Law of Evolution. Mr. Spencer has made it the great object of his life to trace out this law in its causes, conditions, limits, and in the varied phases of its manifestation, and this is the comprehensive purpose of his philosophical system. Because all things human are imperfect, that system, no doubt, has its imperfections; but that it brings us nearer than ever before to an understanding of the true order of things around us; and that, however incomplete as yet, it opens the great line of inquiry which the human mind must pursue in the coming centuries, can hardly be doubted by any who have given it the serious attention which so vast a subject demands. The Philosophy of Evolution is no vain or empty speculation. It has been foreshadowed for a century; its witnesses are on every hand; it is becoming more and

more verifiable with every step of advancing knowledge; it is a philosophy which reconciles conflicting systems, which explains to us the past, which illuminates the present, and glorifies the future. If any think that we are here indulging in rhapsody, we appeal to the exposition itself. Four volumes of Spencer's system are now published. "First Principles" lays the foundation of the scheme, and works out the general law of evolution. The "Biology," in two volumes, applies the law to the world of life. In Volume I. of the "Psychology," the phenomena of mind are treated from the same point of view. By the parts thus already accomplished, the system may be fairly judged, and there is no hazard in saying it will rank among the noblest monuments of the intellectual genius of man. Any one who will take the trouble carefully to compare the four volumes of Jowett's "Plato," just published, with the four volumes of Spencer's philos-

ophy, will gain an impressive idea of the mighty advance that has been made in our knowledge of the order of the universe, while for the purpose of such a contrast no other modern work is at all comparable with that of Spencer.

This is no place to go into an exposition of Mr. Spencer's philosophy; but it is a fit opportunity to correct certain gross misrepresentations by which many have been prejudiced against examining it. Mr. Spencer's system has been charged with being atheistic and materialistic. We will here consider the first of these charges, and take up the second at a future time. Let it be observed that Mr. Spencer denies holding atheistic doctrines, and repeatedly condemns atheism as an absurd and an unthinkable view of the universe; but those who assume that they know more of his system than he knows himself,

insist that the obnoxious doctrine is nevertheless *there*. But, if not avowed, it must be inferred: What, then, are the grounds on which it is inferred that this scheme of doctrine is atheistic?

In constructing a system of philosophy, by which Mr. Spencer means an organized body of thought that shall represent the truth of the order of Nature, he was confronted at the outset with the problem of the legitimate bounds of inquiry. His first question was: Is it possible for man to know every thing? Are all the imaginings of the human mind equally valid? Is the realm of past speculation coextensive with the realm of legitimate knowledge? To these questions Mr. Spencer replies that, as man is finite, there is a limit to his power of knowing; that there is a sphere of knowable and verifiable truth, and a sphere beyond it where inquiry leads only to pseudo-knowledge—an ap-

pearance of knowledge without the reality. Obviously, if the human mind can waste its energies over fruitless speculations, and, transcending its due limits, can attain to a semblance of knowledge which may be mistaken for that which is real, it is of the highest possible moment to determine where this limit is to be found. The question was a practical one for Mr. Spencer; yet it had been already substantially settled—settled by a complete historic revolution of ideas.

It is a noteworthy fact, in the history of the advance of thought, that primitive opinions are often not only erroneous, but are the exact opposite of the actual truth; that they not only undergo modification, but total reversal. The earth, at first supposed to be flat, turned out to be round; it was at first believed to be stationary, it is now known to have various and rapid motions; it was believed to be recent in



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origin, it is now found to have had a vast antiquity; the early notion was that man was descended from the gods, the latest notion is that he is derived from the humblest creatures. A like contrast exists between the earlier and the later views of what it is possible for man to know. In the infancy of speculation it was held that physical Nature cannot be understood, but that beyond Nature there is an ideal sphere to which reason can penetrate, and from which it can pluck forth the profoundest secrets of being. But, as the speculative faculty became disciplined, it was at length perceived that thought *can* comprehend the order of natural phenomena, and that a science of the phenomenal is therefore possible; while to get beyond phenomena into that transcendent sphere of pure truth, or absolute being, is impossible to the human faculties.

This is the position taken by Mr. Spencer in fixing the scope of his philosophical system. He accordingly prefixed to it an introductory argument of one hundred and twenty-three pages, entitled "The Unknowable," in which he circumscribes the philosophic ground, and indicates where inquiry, having real knowledge for its object, must ever stop. That limit is found to enclose only the phenomenal order of the universe. As man is finite, he can only know the finite; and by the very constitution of his faculties is debarred from penetrating the mysteries that are beyond it. Of matter in its kinds and properties, as masses and particles, elements and compounds; of force in its various affections, as heat, light, gravity; of mind, as manifested in the phenomena of feeling and thought, man can inquire and understand; but of the ultimate nature, essence, or cause of matter, force, or mind, he knows nothing—these things are buried in impenetrable mystery. Mr. Spencer maintains that this result follows from the very constitution of the mind and the quality of intelligence. What is it to know? To know, we have to know *something*; and, of course, we have to know it as this or that, as like something else, or different from something else. We know things by their contrasts and resemblances; that is, we know them in their relations to each other. All analysis of intelligence brings out this as its essential element, and the principle is designated the *relativity* of knowledge. Whatever transcends relations, and cannot be compared or classed; whatever is unrelated, unconditioned, or absolute, is, therefore, beyond our mental reach—is unthinkable and unknowable.

Fully to unfold this doctrine, and the reasons on which it rests, would take more space than can be at present allowed, and we are not here concerned as to whether it be a true or a false doctrine. What does concern us is, that it is the basis on which the charge of atheism is brought against Mr. Spencer's system.

To this it may be replied, first, the doctrine is not Mr. Spencer's—it has been long and extensively held by philosophers and theologians, so that, if it be atheism, half the thinking and religious world will have to be dragged into the abyss with him; and, second, the doctrine, as explicitly held by Spencer, falsifies the charge.

In the first place, then, be the doctrine, in its implications, what it may, it is not Mr. Spencer's, and he nowhere claims it as his own. All he has done is, to give a forcible and impressive exposition of it, and put it to the practical use of defining the sphere of his work. He had, in fact, no choice in the matter, for the principle had been arrived at by the general advance of intelligence, and nothing was left for him but to recognize it. The doctrine that knowledge is limited and relative, and that human thought cannot transcend it—that, "to know more, man must be more"—was recognized ages before Spencer was born, and had grown into a definitely-formulated and widely-accepted philosophical belief before he began to write.

No man has seen more clearly or deplored more eloquently that false pride of the human mind by which it has been led to scorn the field of its proper action, and spend itself in regions of futile and impossible inquiry, than Lord Bacon. He said: "The real cause and root of all the evils in science is this, that, falsely magnifying and exalting the powers of the mind, we seek not its true helps." And, again: "Man, the servant and interpreter of Nature, can only understand and act in proportion as he observes and contemplates the order of Nature; more he can neither know nor do." Locke also perceived the limitation of the human faculties—that there are things beyond it, to which access is forbidden—and to those who regarded this as a derogation from man's dignity he replied: "We shall not have much reason to complain of the narrowness of our minds, if we will but employ them about what may be of use to us, for of that they are very capable; and it will be an unpardonable as well as a childish peevishness if we

undervalue the advantages of our knowledge and neglect to improve it to the ends for which it was given, because there are some things set out of reach of it."

The doctrine thus explicitly enunciated in a general form centuries ago has been proclaimed by recent thinkers as an inevitable result of the analysis of the human mind. Sir William Hamilton maintains it as a fundamental tenet of his philosophy. He says: "To think is to condition, and conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possibility of thought. . . . The mind can conceive, and consequently can know only the limited. . . . It cannot transcend that sphere of limitation within and through which, exclusively, the possibility of thought is realized. . . . We admit that the consequence of this doctrine is, that philosophy, if viewed as more than the science of the conditioned, is impossible."

Dr. Mansel, Dean of St. Paul's, in his "Limits of Religious Thought," says: "The very conception of consciousness, in whatever mode it may be manifested, necessarily implies *distinction between one object and another*. To be conscious, we must be conscious of something; and that something can only be known as that which it is by being distinguished from that which it is not. But distinction is necessarily limitation; for, if one object is to be distinguished from another, it must possess some form of existence which the other has not, or it must not possess some form which the other has." When we attempt in thought to transcend the finite, the result arrived at, according to Dr. Mansel, is, not truth or knowledge, but constant confusion and contradiction. "The conception of the absolute and infinite, from whatever side we view it, appears encompassed with contradictions. There is a contradiction in supposing such an object to exist, whether alone or in conjunction with others; and there is a contradiction in supposing it not to exist. There is a contradiction in conceiving it as one, and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as many. There is a contradiction in conceiving it as personal, and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as impersonal. It cannot, without contradiction, be represented as active, nor, without equal contradiction, be represented as inactive. It cannot be conceived as the sum of all existence, nor yet can it be conceived as a part only of that sum."

Nor is this doctrine to be regarded as a mere speculation of a few erratic thinkers. Sir William Hamilton, whose acquaintance with the history of philosophic opinion has been excelled by no man in modern times, says: "With the exception of a few late absolutist theorizers in Germany, this is, perhaps, the truth of all others most harmoniously reëchoed by every philosopher of every school." And among these he names Protagoras, Aristotle, St. Augustine, Boethius, Averroes, Albertus Magnus, Gerson, Leo Hebræus, Melancthon, Scaliger, Francis Piccolomini, Giordano Bruno, Campanella, Bacon, Spinoza, Newton, Kant.

It would be sufficient to rest the case here, for Mr. Spencer may be well content with his company; and if it were stated with whom the opprobrium of this obnoxious charge is to be shared, there would be no complaint; but this is by no means the whole case. Even if the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, as held by Hamilton and Mansel, and taught from their text-books in half the colleges of the country, be an atheistic doctrine, it is not, as thus expounded, the belief of Mr. Spencer. As maintained by him, the principle is rescued from any such possible interpretation. Hamilton and Mansel hold that, beyond the relative, the human mind can find *nothing*. Their logic brings them to absolute negation. Mr. Spencer insists that this is a totally erroneous view—the result of incomplete analysis—and that the deepest implication of the law of relativity necessitates a reverse conclusion; or, that The Unknowable is not a negation, but an absolute reality.

We cannot give his acute and masterly reasoning on this important point, but will state his conclusion: "Every one of the arguments by which the relativity of our knowledge is demonstrated distinctly postulates the positive existence of something beyond the relative. To say that we cannot know the absolute is, by implication, to affirm that there *is* an absolute. In the very denial of our power to learn *what* the absolute is, there lies hidden the assumption *that* it is; and the making of this assumption proves that the absolute has been present to the mind, not as a nothing, but as a something. . . . It is rigorously impossible to conceive that our knowledge is a knowledge of appearances only, without at the same time conceiving of a reality of which they are appearances; for appearance without reality is unthinkable.

able. . . . At the same time that by the laws of thought we are rigorously prevented from forming a *conception* of absolute existence, we are by the laws of thought equally prevented from ridding ourselves of the *consciousness* of absolute existence."

It is true, Mr. Spencer holds that the Infinite Power of which all things are the manifestations, as it transcends the knowable, can never be *known*; but are not Scripture and theology full of the same doctrine? The phrases, "Can man, by searching, find out God?" "A God understood would be no God at all;" "To think that God is, as we think Him to be, is blasphemy," are attestations of the common belief that we cannot know the Infinite Cause. For ages it has been customary to apply to the Supreme Being the terms Incomprehensible, Mysterious, Inscrutable, Unsearchable, until these terms have come to be actually employed as substantive titles of the Divine Being. What does this imply but that the Divine Nature cannot be known? Moreover, this view has prevailed increasingly in the ratio of man's increasing intelligence. In his lowest state, the god he worships may be a visible object; as he grows more intelligent, the conception of divinity becomes more abstract and spiritualized, until at last it passes all understanding. If, therefore, Mr. Spencer, rising to grander conceptions of the knowable universe than perhaps any other man has ever attained, is overwhelmed with the impossibility of forming any conception of its Infinite Cause, and chooses to mark his own sense of limitation and humility by designating the Supreme Power as The Unknowable, who shall assume to construe such a course as a denial of the Divine Being?

It is a profound mistake to suppose that Mr. Spencer's philosophy is a system of negation or denial; on the contrary, it is eminently a constructive and synthetic system. He is no iconoclast bent upon the demolition of men's cherished and sacred convictions; he cordially recognizes the soul of truth in these convictions, and builds upon it. So far from seeking to strike away the Supreme Object of religious faith, or to cast discredit upon the religious principle, he affirms the validity of both in the most unqualified and impressive manner. So far from regarding the religious feeling in man as baseless, transient, or unreal, he holds it to be an essential and indestructible element of human nature.

Mr. Spencer is as catholic in his sympathies as he is wide and clear in his perceptions, and, while his system takes no account of the dogmas of sects, at the very outset it affirms religion for humanity. And here again the world is probably destined to a complete reversal of one of its ancient and cherished beliefs. Hitherto religion has been held to consist in adherence to the ever-changing creeds by which faiths and sects have been separated, while but little value has been assigned to that which is common and essential to all; but with increasing enlightenment dogmatic differences will slowly disappear, and that which was at first unrecognized will at length become supreme. This tendency is already strongly marked among the better-instructed classes of society, and Mr. Spencer but gives it a final and permanent expression. It is the eminent claim of his system that it opens the way to a resolution and adjustment of the old and rankling antagonisms of belief. Searching for the deeper concords of truth, and habitually regarding man in all the elements of his unfolding, more than any other system that has ever appeared it is the philosophy of harmony and reconciliation.

E. L. YOUMANS.

FISHING OFF THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY.

THE rough line of sea-front extending from the entrance of the harbor of New York to the Capes of the Delaware, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, affords within its comparatively-limited space one of the choicest fishing-grounds in the world. For many generations the inhabitants occupying this somewhat desolate and isolated region of the Atlantic coast have made "fishing" a business; the ancestors of the present active generation found the sterile soil little adapted to agriculture, but the unprecedented abundance of Old Ocean was ever at the command of "easy industry," and thus the people always thrived, and in later days have made a great and most profitable business in supplying the surrounding population with fish.

By some law which governs the migrations of ocean-life, fish

which are more especially esteemed valuable for food in early spring seem to head toward the Jersey coast, and here they remain through the entire summer and late in the fall; in fact, it is not until the fresh airs of coming winter chill the shallow water that they seek the more genial regions of the South, or sink into the depths of the sea, below the influence of borean blasts. Thus it is that in the finest weather the great self-produced crop of fish is gathered.

The appliances of the market-fishermen are, as a rule, simple and inexpensive. The little skiff, the more pretentious but still small sail-boat, make up the list of water-craft, to which must be added the strong nets, many of the simplest contrivance, such as Peter and his companions, over eighteen hundred years ago, used in the Sea of Galilee. But modern American mechanical ingenuity, illustrated by the fishermen of the Jersey coast, has added the "pound." Its principle of action is very similar to the gin used by "pot-hunters" to secure the bright-eyed quail. In a favorable position, and at a right angle from the shore, a "net-fence" is erected, from nine hundred to a thousand feet in length. At the extreme end of this obstruction is placed the pound, another strong net, arranged so that its walls represent a room about twenty feet square. Every thing properly disposed of, the waters far above and below the trap are rudely disturbed, and the fish, all unconscious of danger, leisurely pursue their way until they strike the fence; then, alarmed, they rush toward deep water and are guided into the pound, where their captors leave them until ready to ship them to market. The "catches" on many occasions are thousands and thousands of every variety of fish known to the coast.

The fishermen have their professional peculiarities. Like all disciples of the "rod and line," they are hospitably disposed, and steady-going and quiet in their demeanor; they are, as a class, never in a hurry, and give little heed to the cares and excitements of the outer world. Their game is noiseless and timid, their homes are isolated, and they (the fishermen) insensibly conform their thoughts and manners to their surroundings. Nor is the theory that, as fish contain an unusual amount of phosphorus, therefore the eating of them especially strengthens the brain, rendering the consumers of flounders and horse-mackerel poets and statesmen, sustained by intercourse with the semi-marine population of Squam Beach or Tuckahoe Inlet; on the contrary, they are very practical people, sharp at a bargain, and greatly given to thrift and to putting their surplus dollars in farms and savings-banks.

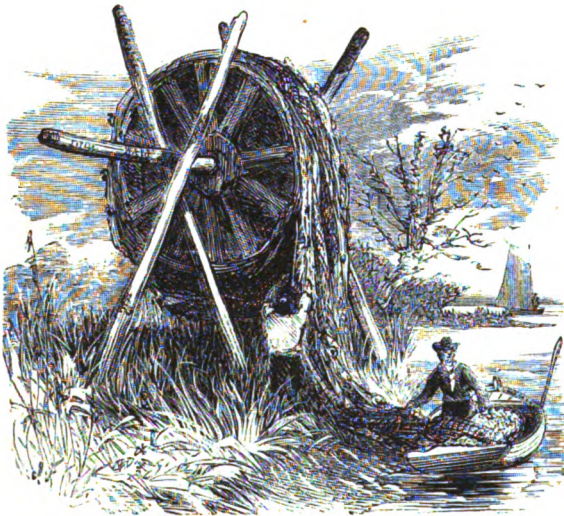
To give even the popular names of the many varieties of fish caught off the Jersey coast would occupy a large space; some of the favorite varieties alone can be mentioned. Fish most valuable for food and commerce are those which are of delicious taste, and of such hardy constitution that they will retain their excellent qualities for some length of time after being taken from the water. The weak-fish and the blue-fish, two of the gamest, so far as taking the hook and fighting for life are concerned, are unexceptionable if they can be transferred all glistening, as if studded with silver, to the grill of the cook, but they lose their best qualities by other treatment, and are, therefore, less popular than their numbers and intrinsic qualities should command. From June to October they are more or less plentiful, often so beyond conception. Hundreds of each kind have been in a few hours caught by a single line, and their capture by nets often is immense. Both are game to the last degree, and fight with a *vim* very unusual to the finny tribe. We know of one patriotic gentleman who was relieved from the unpleasant duties of "the military draft" because a huge and most voracious blue-fish had demolished his thumb. The largest-sized weak-fish will weigh fifteen pounds; the blue-fish, it is said, will sometimes reach fifty. When thus exaggerated by an abundance of feeding, they are properly designated, on account of their great strength, "horse-mackerel," a most characteristic cognomen, for, if caught by a strong line, in their struggles to escape they will sometimes tow the fisherman's boat against the wind.

The black-fish, the porgy, the sea and striped bass, and perch, are all familiar in our markets among the rich contributions from the Jersey coast.

The mackerel, a few of which only are caught, are justly admired for their delicacy; but our Jersey fishermen have never gone to the expense necessary to capture them "out at sea," where they abound, and hence in our city markets they are known as "Boston mackerel," a concession to the New-Englanders' taste for hunting in deep water.



GATHERING MOSS-BUNKERS.



THE REEL.



GATHERING BAIT.



FISHING FOR WEAK-FISH.



FISHING FOR SHEEP'S-HEAD.



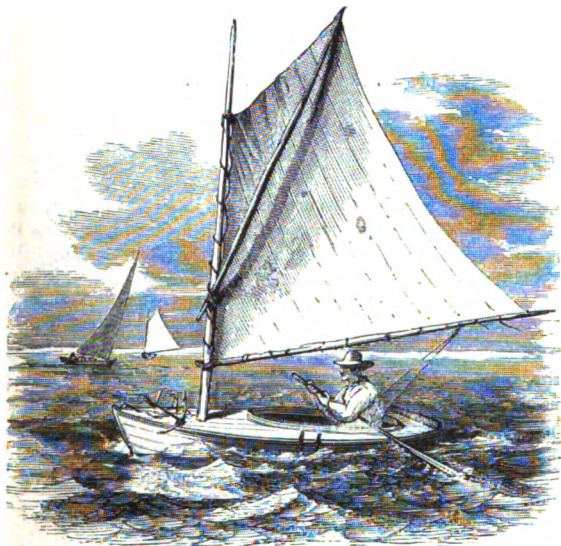
THE EVENING HAUL WITH THE SEINE.



TROLLING FOR BLUE-FISH.



FISHING FROM THE BEACH FOR BLUE-FISH.



GOING OUT FOR WEAK-FISH.



THE RETURN.



PREPARING THE FISH FOR MARKET.

In this connection we must mention the Spanish mackerel, undoubtedly the most beautiful of all the fish of the sea. In years gone by it was supposed to be confined to southern latitudes, but such is not now the case, for it exists in great numbers "far out" on our coast. Sooner or later the proper craft to take them will be provided, and then they will become a familiar and not an exceptionable dish upon our tables.

The sheep's-head, not only on account of its intrinsic merit, but from the great firmness of its flesh, is a deserved favorite among all epicures, and, although dealing in them is a lucrative business, and they are caught by the thousands, yet it is seldom they are offered at public sale. These fish visit the Jersey coast in the month of June, and remain until fall. Their strong teeth and powerful jaws are admirably suited to crush the hard covering of the mussel and other shell-fish on which they naturally feed. Made desperate by hunger, they will attack the juvenile clams, and graze upon offensive, spongy-looking masses of marine vegetation which line the bottom of the sea. They are a socially-disposed fish, and seemingly very much affected by changes in the atmosphere. Hence it is that old and highly-successful sheep's-head fishermen will watch the weather, and never make a venture until the barometer indicates that it is a favorable time to visit the feeding-grounds.

It would be inexcusable if we should neglect that most useful and locally popular fish known as the moss-bunker. It is very oily, very coarse, and very full of bones. It possesses every unfavorable quality of the shad and the herring. It seems designed by Providence as a sort of *migratory bait* destined to hug along the shore for the purpose of attracting within the reach of man the richer and more excellent treasures of the sea. The quantities which are sometimes caught literally represent a miraculous draught of fishes. They have on some special occasions been so numerous in the small bays as to impede the progress of a skiff, and were bailed out of the open waters by the cart-load, and piled up on the meadow-land in great, towering heaps. The Jersey farmer uses these fish for manure, and most rebellious are unaccustomed nostrils to the effluvia by which the moss-bunker renews its vulgar disposition. Yet no plague has resulted from this singular appropriation, nor have the most acute philosophers in "book-farming" ever been enthusiastic enough to inform themselves of the true value of this most novel fertilizer.

All along, from Sandy Hook to the Capes, hidden away in the broken and cosy nooks of this apparently arid soil, are the single cottages and little villages of the professional fishermen. Their lives are not spent in hardship, nor are their rewards for labor meagre. The consequence is, that you will find them living cosily, and often blessed with much of the world's goods. If the steamer which takes you down the bay turns to the right, just as you reach Sandy Hook, you will run into Shrewsbury River. Here you have the great serpentine bar of the Hook on your left, while, on your right, tower up what are known as the Highlands. On the very top of this great sea-cliff are two light-houses, which are so ingeniously placed that, if the seaman ever loses in his observations the sight of the vista between them, he is out of his reckoning. Just opposite these "eyes of commerce" is the little village of Seabright. Here the people are industrious and prosperous, and present probably the very best example of the routine of the Jersey fisherman's life.

Close as this place is to the metropolis, the fish which crowd upon its neighborhood have no experience of danger. Guided by an unseen and unerring wisdom, they annually come to Seabright and other places—homes of men bent on their destruction—and yield up their lives, as if in humble acknowledgment of the supremacy of man over the land and the sea. Here it is that the tyro from the heated streets of the metropolis sometimes wanders; and, having the universal taste for hunting revived in his soul, he will, with fifty others possibly, seat himself upon the timbers of a neighboring bridge, and patiently fish with line and bait. The general result is that innumerable valuable specimens, denominated the pilot, the Lafayette, the little blue-fish, weak-fish, striped bass, and the aristocratic sheep's-head, seem to rejoice to leave the free waters of the clear blue sea to swallow the bait offered by these 'prentices of the rod and line; and oftentimes a few hours' united work of such inexperienced hands has resulted in the accumulation of three thousand pounds of the best specimens of the finny tribe. Surely, such abundant reward is not to be met with elsewhere in the world.

In addition to fishing in the bays, the men employed in their small

sail-boats go some distance from the main-land, where, in deep water, they secure the finer specimens, which are so attractive to old gentlemen with large purses, large girth, large appetites, and large families, and to ambitious keepers of popular hotels. Trolling for fish is one of the most exciting sports, and, as success is not the result of experience, it is sometimes a matter of grave speculation to decide whether the tyro in the boat, or the blue-fish at the end of his line, is most astonished.

Fifty years ago, our pleasant fishing-coast of New Jersey, now the seat of happiness and prosperity, was one of the horrors of the hardy children of the sea. The stern, repulsive headlands, from Sandy Hook southward to Cape May, were associated with marine disaster. Human hearts, however brave, and human hands, however strong, too often failed in the hour of peril off this dreaded coast. But, when the untiring arm of steam came, as an obedient assistant to the overwrought sailor, and the dreaded rocks and precipices had their towers by day and their warning lights by night, the Jersey coast became less traditional of danger; and, when the denizens of our crowded city, suffering from the labors of a long winter, and sweltering under summer heats, fled to these rocky, sandy coasts, and made them the centres of health and refinement, these once rude places became famous for their happy homes as well as for their teeming depositories of food. So do the ameliorations of the times change unpleasant traditions, and the waste places of the imaginary and the real world alike grow bright and hopeful.

But even now, in the far-off seas, there still gather in the fore-castle, at the idle hours of the night-watch, old "sea-dogs" who have never known a pleasurable excitement, except it were a triumph over danger—"ancient mariners," who tell of tales of suffering off the "Barbary shore," and of the ever-unappeased rage of the great, hungry "rollers" that come surging in upon the rock-bound coast of Norway. These hard-visaged sons of Neptune, whose faces are tanned by "nor'westers" until the muscles seem of pliant bronze, still speak of the times when, nearing that Jersey coast, they saw peering over the waves of the deep-blue sea the very crown of the Neversink; and how it contrasted with the surroundings like a bit of gold on the horizon; and how they saw, away to the north, that mysterious light which always overhangs a great city; and how the idle men hung listless over the taffrail. Then of a sudden there came through the heated air a cold breath, as if from the cave of Death, and the waters suddenly grew black as ink, and the great waves sunk down angrily under some unseen power. Then the horizon all round rolled up its dark clouds, as if the curtains were being removed, that they might look into the blackness of the coming storm. A moment more, and the headlands disappeared as if drowned in the angry water; and the old, weather-beaten ship, that had safely chased the great whales in the Arctic Seas, and had been carried even in safety on the thick floes of moving ice, staggered back, and labored as if paralyzed, shrinking from the coming contest with the enraged elements.

Fierce and terrible was that storm on the Jersey coast, and the men strained their hardened thews, and toiled, and worked, to wear off the ship, that they and it might meet the accumulating dangers in the open sea. But all was in vain. The demon of the storm triumphed; the hurricane sent the struggling craft back upon the rocks, where the surging waves broke into the mid-air, and the great surf seemed to travel heavenward; and the last evidence of human sympathy that many of these mariners had of this world was the steady, unflinching light that, in spite of the conflicting elements and surrounding death, gave caution and hope from Barnegat.

T. B. THORPE.

AMONG THE INEBRIATES.

DOWN a shabby, neglected-looking street; past frowzy tenement-houses, with ash-heaps and garbage-boxes in front, and more garbage in the gutters than in the boxes; past a dark, dull wall, enclosing a dark, dull building of enormous size, and struggling, disjointed architecture; past a gateway in the wall, through which thousands have been taken to die, and ambulances, stretchers, backs, and carts, are passing day and night with sick, stabbed, shot, and mangled humanity; past another and newer large building, where doctors, professors, and hare-brained students deliberate, dissect, and

make mischief; past a third building, low, and dark, and sombre, with loungers looking curiously through the glass doors, and sad-faced men and women going and coming through an iron gate-way, with "MORQUE" in hard iron letters a few inches above their heads; past burying wagons and bustling men, through a broad, high archway, with a neat office on one side, and a wide-awake man at the door collecting fare from all who approach—past all these and much that is not noted, and we are on the dock, whence a small, bright, tidy steamer is ready to start on her daily trip up the river.

The gangway plank comes in with a sweep, hauled by a dozen strong hands; a rush is made from the dock entrance by people who are always late, but who manage to get aboard without first tumbling into the water; the lines are cast off, and our bright, pleasant little boat heads toward the Sound. We run up close to the west shore, and see many odd sights and queer places, which keep us thinking and wondering till the boat suddenly turns eastward, and, in half an hour from the starting-time, she is fast to the landing at Blackwell's Island. Part of the freight is discharged, and some of the passengers go ashore, and presently a gang of miserable-looking men, almost in rags, with shivering forms (for the morning is sharp) and slouching, unsteady gait, and some more miserable-looking women, with unclean tatters for clothing, and discolored eyes, and half-healed gashes on their bloated faces, are driven aboard like cattle, and huddled into a corner, where they shiver and chatter till we lose sight of them half an hour later by landing at Ward's Island. The boat soon starts forward again, and we make our way toward a broad, high brick building, which is pointed out as the Soldiers' Retreat.

It is located on the highest part of the island, and we reach it by ascending many successions of short stairways. Entering at the main door, we find several soldiers lounging about, all apparently past their fighting days. The building is nominally a home for disabled defenders of the Union, but only part of it is occupied by them. The soldiers appear in clean, bright uniforms, and seem to be satisfied with the place and their lot. This building, ostensibly the Soldiers' Retreat, is also a public asylum for inebriates who can pay, or whose friends are willing to pay, for their keeping. It is under the control of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, but as all the inmates, except the soldiers, have to pay or be paid for, it cannot be truly called a charity institution.

The first peculiarities which strike us are the comfort and perfect freedom of the place. Well-dressed men are walking up and down the long corridors. The door is open and unguarded, and if they choose to go out and stroll around the grounds no one observes or objects. Some are smoking, some chatting, and all appear to be unconscious of restraint. Knowing beforehand that the place is an inebriate asylum, and entering with the expectation of finding a system of discipline, one is surprised at the absence of restrictions. The men walking about possibly feel that they are not free to do as they please, but there is no indication of the feeling in their manner.

Do they appear like drunkards? Not at all. Are they confirmed, habitual inebriates? Yes, the majority are, but not all. Some are sent here to prevent their becoming drunkards; some come of their own accord, to be away from temptation; many are confirmed by relatives or friends, either to save them from self-destruction or with the hope that they will come out cured of their terrible passion for liquor. But realizations of the hope are rare. In the great majority of cases the passion has become too strong before its victim is confined, to be permanently conquered or eradicated. A few inebriates form good resolutions and keep them for a few months, perhaps, after their release; but the old appetite returns, and these unfortunate men are sent back to their old quarters. And it frequently happens that not more than a week elapses between the discharge of an inebriate and his reappearance.

But there are none of the class called common drunkards here. A man found intoxicated in the street and committed for drunkenness, is sent to Blackwell's Island and compelled to work. None go to the inebriate asylum but those who can pay or be paid for, as has already been said. Those who become a public charge are placed on the same level with convicts, and required to labor as they do. And if an inmate of the asylum runs out of funds before his term expires, and no one comes forward to pay his weekly board, it is the rule that he, too, shall be sent down to Blackwell's Island, put on prison fare, and obliged to make return for it in work. The enforcement of this rule is frequent, but not invariable.

Of what social order are the inebriates? Well, there are here some men who stood well in society, men of culture, high intelligence, refined manners; professional men, tradesmen, men who have been merchants; in brief, representatives of almost every class are or have been inmates of the institution. We ask if we may pass through it and see how they live. No, the rules forbid that. Each man pays his way as he would at an hotel or boarding-house, and is entitled to privacy if he desires it. No visitor is allowed to pass beyond the reception-room—at least, he cannot enter any other apartment, though he may view several others at a distance sufficient to prevent possible recognition of some person whom he may know, and who may prefer to be unseen. We drop into conversation and learn much that interests and surprises. The substance of it is noted in memory.

"A pretty comfortable place, isn't it?"

"Yes; capital. We have every thing we want. It would have been well for most of us if we had come here long ago. Nothing to do but amuse ourselves and pass the time as pleasantly as we can."

"How do you manage that?"

"There are various ways. Down there, you see" (nodding toward the end of a long corridor, leading to a spacious, well-lighted room), "is the library. After breakfast we go there to read the papers. All the city papers are on file, and we know what is going on everywhere better, perhaps, than you do; for you have little time to read, while we have plenty. The library is well supplied with books, besides, and we have free access to them all day. We could not be better supplied with reading matter by the Mercantile Library than we are here."

"You have recreations, too, I suppose?"

"Certainly. There is the billiard-room. Those who wish to play may do so any time they please. You can hear the balls now. They are hardly ever still. When we tire of billiards, we have dominoes, checkers, and chess—almost every game, in fact. It is easy to fill up the day in the library, playing billiards and checkers, or strolling around outside."

"But you cannot leave the island."

"No, unless the doctor gives a pass, and at any rate we are better off here. Those who do go to the city occasionally, gain nothing by it. The temptation to return to old habits is often too strong, and the good that has been done is undone. If a man really wants to reform, he had better stay here till he can make pretty sure of controlling himself. If he goes out too soon, he gives way and becomes as bad as ever."

"Is there any system of cure practised?"

"No; not even temperance. You'd think it rather strange, I suppose, if asked to take a drink in this place. Well, I have been offered liquor several times since I came here, but I always refuse. I don't care a fig for it any more. But others do indulge, though. There are some men here who take more or less every day. I don't pretend to know how they get it, but they do get it somehow."

"Do you fare well in regard to board?"

"First-rate. There is nothing to complain of. I live just as well here as I did at an hotel. The food is good and well cooked, and we have plenty of it. No regular bill of fare, of course, but what is provided is just as good as we want. It is cheap, too. The cost is five dollars a week, and we live better for that than we could for twice as much in a boarding-house in the city."

"Do all pay the same amount?"

"Oh, no. Those who pay five dollars a week sleep in a ward—about a dozen in one room. Some have rooms to themselves, and pay ten dollars. The rooms are well furnished and as comfortable as hotel parlors. A few have rooms *en suite*, and their meals are taken to them. These pay twenty or twenty-five dollars. They would not be better off in a fashionable house in Fifth Avenue."

"They must have means to pay so much."

"Means! Why, some of the men in this place are rich. But they can't control their money. Before any man comes here, some one must make an affidavit that he is incapable of managing his affairs, and the person must be one who has a direct interest in him. While he remains here, his property is under the control of those who have him committed. They pay for him, unless he has money in hand to pay for himself. And if his property warrants it and they are generous, he gets the best accommodations, and fares a great deal better, perhaps, than before he came."

"A man can commit himself, I suppose, if he chooses to do so. Is that ever done?"

"Yes; quite often, I understand. I am not sure that it is so, but they tell me that it is not unusual for a man who has been drinking a little and wants to have an easy time for the winter, to go to the office of the commissioners, accuse himself of being a drunkard, and say he wants to be sent to the inebriate asylum. He pays down twenty or forty dollars for one or two months' board, comes over here and lives till the cold weather is past, and then goes back to the city. But unless he looks like an inebriate they won't take him, so he manages that by pretending to be intoxicated while he is really playing a sharp game. A man of this kind often turns up in the asylum several winters in succession."

"What is the general effect of confinement here? Does it reform men or make them worse?"

"Well, so far as I know, very few are made temperate by it. Most of those sent here come against their will, and feel humiliated and resentful. It sometimes breaks a man's spirits completely to be served in such a way, and when he gets out he takes to drink worse than ever. Others make up their minds to "pay off" those who cause their committal, and show them that they won't be forced into abstinence, and when these are released they go back to the old habits. But some do really reform, though no systematic effort is made to wean them from the taste for liquor."

Three or four well-dressed, intelligent-looking men having passed while we are talking, it is remarked that their appearance would not indicate what they are.

"If I told you their names you would be surprised. You have often heard of those men, and no doubt considered them solid and respectable. Why, some of the cleverest men in New York have been here—men of first-class intellect and accomplishments—literary men, lawyers, merchants, men who were esteemed and even courted in society. You see that large building" (indicating one of the most graceful public edifices to be found within a thousand miles of New York)—"well, the plan of that was drawn in a room up-stairs. The architect designed it while confined here as an inebriate. Others get credit for it, but the plan was drawn by him and adopted by a firm in the city. Yes, there are some clever men here, and, if it were not against the rules to go through the building, you might see some you would not expect to find here."

"Are no visitors allowed to go through?"

"No, it is strictly forbidden."

"What is the object of that?"

"It is plain enough. These men don't want to be seen. If persons coming in every day were allowed to go here and there as they pleased, there would be no seclusion. When a man is put into a place like this he feels that he is disgraced, and of course he does not like to run the risk of facing persons who may know him, but who do not know that he is here."

Saying some ladies in the reception-room, a remark is made about their presence.

"They are bound to see all they can, and, if they get any chance at all, you can't prevent them. A few weeks ago one of the commissioners brought some lady friends over, and of course they wanted to go everywhere. He pointed out rooms which they must not approach, saying the occupants would rather not be seen except by their friends. While he was engaged talking, one of the ladies slipped away, and, when Mr. — turned, he saw her peeping into one of the forbidden rooms. He was very angry, called her back, told her she had violated a rule that no one was allowed to transgress, cautioned her against doing the like again; and what did she do but laugh heartily in his face, and say *she* wasn't going to shut her eyes when there was a chance to see any thing!

"But," said he, "those men don't want to be seen."

"Then, they have no business coming here. You won't catch me shutting myself up where no one can see me."

"That is their way generally. If you reason or expostulate with them, they'll laugh at you; so the only plan is to shut them out altogether."

We have learned enough to satisfy us that, for a man so addicted to liquor that he has become its slave, it would be difficult to find a better place than this public inebriate asylum. Outside of it there is a general impression that the institution is a sort of almshouse or penitentiary. This supposition causes many unfortunate men to

shrink from the thought of being sent thither, and their friends to hesitate long before taking measures for confining them. But it is an error. The asylum can hardly be regarded as in any respect eleemosynary. Certainly it is no more so than a private hospital, where patients are received and treated at certain fixed rates. The rule here is the same. But the asylum is under the charge of public officials, and this goes far to create the impression that it is a charity institution, or a place of punishment.

The inmates are more comfortable and better cared for than persons of their class could be outside of an asylum. They are provided with all that is necessary to their well-being—good food, clean and well-ventilated sleeping-apartment, means to improve the mind and keep themselves informed on all current topics, and ample facilities for recreation. If free to follow perverted inclinations, undoubtedly they would not fare so well. And the expense of living here is trifling in comparison with that attending every-day life in towns and cities. But the chief point to be considered is the certain prevention of harmful indulgence in liquor while the victim of intemperance is confined in the asylum. He may not be wholly deprived of that which his depraved appetite craves, but what he obtains of it is not sufficient to do him injury.

It is much even for one man to be saved from a drunkard's grave. The number of persons converted to temperance by residence in the asylum may be small in proportion to the number not reformed, but, if even a few are thus rescued, a great good is accomplished. Those whom we saw during our visit bore in their appearance testimony to the value of the institution. Take them to Broadway and let them mingle with the throng, and no one would suppose them to be inebriates. In dress and physical looks, they would compare well with the ordinary well-to-do citizen, though probably before their confinement many of them were in a state of constant intoxication, and rapidly descending the road that leads to disgrace and utter ruin.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

ALONE.

AH!—it seemed when the Master called him
That my faith and hope were fled,
But my darlings are ever with me—
They are back from the days long dead—
As I sit through the winter evenings
When the firelight flickers low,
Till each childish face grows fainter
And fades with the fading glow.

As I dream in the deepening darkness,
They linger around my chair—
The youngest a bright-eyed cherub,
And the eldest tall and fair;
So my worn old heart grows younger,
My hair seems no longer gray,
And the long, long nights of winter
Bloom sweet as a summer's day.

But the fairest maid—my youngest—
She lingers the last with me,
To prattle her childish prayers
With her head upon my knee;
While the others mount the stairway
She kneels in the ruddy light,
And then—with her soft arms round me—
A kiss, and a fond good-night.

Do I think of my first-born fading
On that dark November morn,
All her fair face white with anguish,
When she died with her babe unborn?—
Nay! for me they are *ever* children—
No change with the changing year,
As I sit and call my darlings
By the names they loved to hear.

And I wonder if up in heaven,
 'Mid the pause of saintly psalms,
 They think of the old dame dreaming
 Through these weary wintry calms,
 If a tremor of earthward yearning
 May flit, in that pause of fest,
 O'er the lips of the little angels
 That once were at my breast.

Oft I lie by the window watching,
 When the world is hushed to sleep,
 How the wondrous eyes of heaven
 Peer soft from their mystic deep,
 Till it seems that my darlings call me,
 And I name me a star for each,
 With one lonely planet pining
 For the home it failed to reach.

So my gaze is ever upward
 As my eyes grow moist and dim,
 Seeking through earthly sorrows
 For the paths that lead to Him;
 While I sit in the solemn stillness
 And wait for my promised crown,
 Still blessing the mighty Master
 Who sends these angels down.

Slow the embers are fading, fading,
 Till their light has ceased to glow,
 While I hear through the dusk the music
 Of a voice that I used to know;
 I feel on my feet break coldly
 The waves of the shoreless sea,
 While the darkness around me deepens,
 Ah—hush!—They are calling me!

EDWARD RENAUD.

THE FREE-LABOR AND INTELLIGENCE BUREAU.

ABOUT two years since, the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction in the city of New York, in view of the fact that the ranks of pauperism and vice received large and constantly-increasing accession from the unemployed female-labor market, and that the organizations then in existence for procuring employment were notoriously inefficient and inoperative, determined to establish an official bureau which, from its systematic nature and the comprehensiveness of its operations, should secure the confidence of employers generally, and the comfort and convenience of employes, protecting the latter from the delays, disappointments, and temptations, inseparable from private institutions of an eleemosynary and irresponsible character.

This they did in Plimpton's Building, at the corner of Stuyvesant and Ninth Streets, under the superintendence of Commissioners Bell, Bowen, O. W. Brennan, and Nicholson, the Hon. Alexander Frear having since been added to the number. Some two or three months' experience, however, proved that the work before them was of such vast magnitude and importance, and the task so onerous, as evidenced by the avidity of both employers and servants to avail themselves of the advantages of this cheap and effective medium, that they resolved to remove to their present commodious office in Clinton Place, corner of Mercer Street, and, with an enlarged and efficient staff of officials, to develop the enterprise to its fullest limit. Accordingly, in the month of May, 1870, the present able and energetic superintendent, Mr. James Donahue, assumed the entire control of the bureau; and, through his courteous and business-like administration, and the hearty coöperation of his coöfficials, it furnished, during the year 1870, thirty-four thousand eight hundred and four individuals with situations, out of forty thousand two hundred and five applications, or about seven-eighths of the entire number on the books—thus providing more than three thousand five hundred respectable male and female

servants each month with means of livelihood, who would otherwise have swelled the lists of the "pauper-roll," or augmented the ranks of vice and dissipation. During the four months of the present year, the monthly returns have exhibited an increase of fully thirty per cent. on those of last year, the books of the bureau showing an average of four thousand one hundred and fifty-seven applications per month, of which three thousand five hundred and fifteen found employment.

The *modus operandi* is extremely simple and complete. There are three entrances to the building—one for the male and one for the female applicants for employment, the front entrance being devoted to the use of employers. A lady desiring a servant is ushered into the offices on the ground floor, where a clerk inscribes in a book prepared for the purpose the name and address of the employer, and the kind of servant required, to which entry a number is attached for facility of future reference. This accomplished, the applicant is furnished with a ticket (blue or red, according to the locality of her residence in town or country), bearing the initials G. H. W., C., etc., as signifying a servant for general house-work, cooking, etc. She then proceeds to the sitting-room, and awaits the advent of the servant, who has been summoned by a clerk from the upper rooms, where she and a number of her fellow-servants are in waiting. A preliminary conversation ensues, and, if the negotiations are satisfactory, the engagement is at once made, the two parties proceeding to a table in the vicinity, where the wages to be paid, and all other particulars, are duly entered by a clerk. Should the servant first sent prove unsuitable, the employer is allowed to "interview" any number of the applicants, until she finds one equal to her requirements.

Meanwhile, the scene at the servants' entrances is of a different character. The persons seeking employment tender their names to the clerk at the desk, furnishing him with all particulars as to situation sought, past career, etc.; they are then given tickets similar to those furnished to employers, and take their places in the room appropriated to their respective classes. Subsequently, a summons arrives through the speaking-pipe, "Servant for general work, city, wanted." The first applicant in that capacity is then introduced by the guide to her prospective employer, and so on in succession until all are suited with servants and situations. Such is the hourly and daily routine of this invaluable and praiseworthy institution. But there are other features to observe in the system, which reflect the highest credit on the commissioners and superintendent, and which deserve the especial attention of the public generally. Applicants, when entering their names on the books of the bureau, are required to furnish truthful and connected accounts of their career prior to application, and to present credentials from previous employers; and, on leaving any situation to which they have been introduced by the bureau, the cause of their leaving or dismissal is duly ascertained and recorded, so that the remarks opposite each number in the "engagement-book" furnish a complete and reliable history of the applicant's career, and frequently guide the superintendent and his staff in the selection of suitable servants for the situations vacant. By any serious offence against honesty or morality, the applicants are at once and forever excluded from all the benefits of the institution.

The good effects arising from an institution so admirably and efficiently conducted can be better imagined than described. By its operation, employers can always be supplied with servants, and servants with employers, exactly suited to them in disposition, proficiency, habits, and Christian profession, etc.; and the results achieved by it, during the twelve or thirteen months which have elapsed since its improved organization, signally prove that it has worked and is destined to effect a still greater social reformation, and to effectually and satisfactorily solve the important and much-vexed question of how to obtain good servants and good employers.

It is a matter of great congratulation to the citizens of New York and its neighborhood that they have so valuable and effective an organization, and that the officers controlling it should have given so practical a recognition of the truth of the axiom that "prevention is better than cure." The area of its operation is limited only by the confines of the continent itself; its influence is boundless; and its results will surely be found in the state records of future generations, which, from the decrease in pauperism and crime, will most effectually and truthfully proclaim its praises.

FREDERICK J. GARBIT.

TABLE-TALK.

M. THIERS seems to have only narrowly escaped, in one respect, the fate of the fabled Frankenstein. It is he, more than any Frenchman of the age, who has fed the greed of national vanity and love of glory, until this monster has threatened to destroy him who nourished it. Thiers would not feel flattered to be classed in the same category with the visionary and raging *sans-culottes* who were so long able to shut him out from the capital; yet the wildest of them have not exhibited a blinder devotion to *toutes les gloires de France* than this statesman and scholar, who aims to found a new political system. For more than half a century he has persistently urged an ultra "French" policy. He began, at twenty-three, by writing a history of the first revolution, which glowed with the military triumphs of the republic, and wherein his pen seemed always eager to hasten from the dry details of legislation and finance, to the stirring scenes of the frontiers. Still more pernicious was his "Consulate and Empire" in its influence on the popular mind. It was a fulsome panegyric, in twenty volumes, of Napoleon I., and its lesson was, that aggression, rapine, pillage, and all the ills of war visited upon weaker countries, were as nothing in the balance with French glory and aggrandizement. In his long career as a statesman, he seemed never to look beyond the interests of France and of his own power. Nothing, in his eyes, was unjust which could wreath new laurels—though they were bloody and vain—about the brow of *la patrie*. In 1866 he berated Napoleon III., in his crispest and snappiest style, for not interfering in a quarrel with which France had nothing to do, and for not preventing the unity of the German people in spite of themselves. In 1870, the only objection he could urge to the late war was—not that the provocation was frivolous, or that the imperial course was wrongful—but that France was not ready. It is not encouraging for France that she should have at the head of her administration, at the time when, of all others, she needs the highest qualities of statesmanship, a man who has grown old thinking that military glory is the noblest achievement of a nation, and that to be an arbiter in Europe is the only claim which France can put forth to the respect of the world. Even the best French statesmen—such men as Jules Favre, Simon, and Pagés—seem to be tainted with this worship of *la gloire*, and are not yet sufficiently advanced to proclaim the gospel of peace and thrift, and to announce, as the future programme of the country, an abandonment of effete balance-of-power vanities, and the development of the mental and material resources of the people. France needs a wise statesman, as a few months ago she needed a great general. She has had a cruel awakening; but Thiers, it is to be feared, is not the man to point out for her the moral of her recent tragedy.

— A lady writes to a Boston newspaper, giving reasons apart from those connected with what is due to ladies on the score of politeness or chivalry, why women when riding in street-cars ought not to be required to stand.

She says: "It was the beautiful custom of the fathers of this generation to see no woman standing if they could give her a seat. Why? Because, without thinking any thing more about it, their very manliness pleaded to them for her that she was the 'weaker,' and therefore less able to stand than they. But the theory of their self-indulgent and irreverent sons is that 'women can stand as well as men,' and therefore they allow her to do so. Is this true? Many a woman is as tall as her husband, but compare his long and broad foot in its thick boot with her little one in a delicate shoe, arched and slender, and about two-thirds of the size of his. Compare the body that she has to support on that foot—its small bones, soft muscles, swelling and heavy contours—with the large bones, firm muscles, small hips, and spare limbs of his strong frame; reflect, moreover, upon the internal structure of her organism, the frightful danger to which strain or over-fatigue may expose it—including the possible murder of the unborn—and then insist, if you can, that women can stand as well as men. It is not true; they cannot." These reasons are conclusive, we think, but they have a wider significance than the writer appears to imagine. They touch the very key-note of this whole woman-question, and indicate the proper solution to it. When the rights of women are studied in the light of physiology, it will be discovered that the old-fashioned notion as to woman's place in the social scheme was, in the main, a just and accurate instinct. Women are often unfortunately under the necessity of laboring for their support, and, so long as this is the case, more avenues of labor ought to be opened to them. But in a rightly-constituted society women would not be permitted to labor, excepting, perhaps, in the lighter employments that make no strain upon their physical powers. "Reflect," says the extract above, "upon the internal structure of her organism, the frightful danger to which strain or over-fatigue may expose it—including the possible murder of the unborn." Herein lies the reason why women should abandon all thought of a competitive struggle with man, and why men, mindful of the welfare of the generations to come, should insist that the mothers of their children should be protected with all solicitude and care in the performance of their great function. Our women have accomplished fully their share in the labor and duties of the world in becoming mothers, and it is quite impossible for them to share with men the fatigues and exaction of handicrafts and professional labors, without weakening them in a way that will tell severely upon their offspring. Nature asserts the law which gives the real attitude of the female sex, and the strong-minded cannot disregard the dictum without injurious consequences. What women ought to insist upon is their right of exemption from all kinds of prolonged or exacting labor; in this plea Nature and science would support them, and all right-minded men would become their advocates and defenders.

— It would be amusing if, after all, the gentler sex should have the glory—and the responsibility—of tearing away the veil which

has so long shrouded the mystery of "Junius." Even great men, it seems, are not exempt from the danger of betraying themselves by their love-letters. And then, what a fearful confirmation such a *dénouement* would be to the complaint of crusty old bachelors, that women cannot keep secrets! For, according to the latest *soi-disant* discoverer of the real Junius, one of his bright-eyed sweethearts, more than half a century after her death, gives the clew to his discovery. Falling in love with a young lady at a ball, Sir Philip—of course, it is Macaulay's and Carlyle's Sir Philip Francis—sends her soon after some exquisite verses, politely (as the custom then was) expressing his rhapsodies in the most careful and neatly-termed metre and expression; but—as if half-consciously fearful to confide to feminine hands the tell-tale evidence of chirography—very studiously disguising his hand. He requests a friend to enclose the verses to the fair maid, and soon forgets all about it. The fair maid religiously treasures up the effusion of so courtly a gentleman and so gifted a suitor; and so it lies, yellowing and paling gradually, among other keepsakes of youth, to be read in after-years with heart-flutterings and gentle sighs, and to be left behind at last for the curious and colder eyes of posterity. The waif passes on through we know not—or care not—how many hands, and is abruptly, in the good year 1871, dragged from its mouldering obscurity, and put upon the witness-stand against its author. Experts cross-examine it, with their lenses and logic, and declare its family resemblance to the letters of Junius to be quite unmistakable, and proof positive of the identity of parentage. There is a group of confirmatory evidence gathered about this central point, and we have another and perhaps final argument that Francis and Junius were one. So that the "shade of a name," which, according to the mysterious writer's boast, was to "remain," vanishes in presence of a delicate *billet-doux*, and the solid, substantial British name, with its knightly prefix, and its positive history, usurps its ghostly place. Books, equal in amount of matter to Junius's letters four times repeated, have been written to identify that greatest of English satirists and masters of invective. Why Junius should wish his name to be forever a secret will never be known. We can see reasons why it should be so kept during his lifetime, for he had dared to attack the person of the sovereign, and carry his warfare to the throne itself. But Junius must have known his letters to be masterpieces, and so enduring; and, in this age of brass, it is difficult to imagine a man so constituted as to disdain the immortality which great achievements in art and letters yield.

— The journals inform us that, at a Presbyterian meeting in Chicago, Dr. Hall made an address denouncing the "flood of fashion and folly that is rushing over the land." He instanced the fate of Rome, Florence, and other republics, which grew to rottenness before they were ripe, all through extravagance in dress and living, "and hoped that the women of America would soon return to that simplicity of dress and Christianity of character which laid the republic." Has Dr. Hall consulted recently the portraits of those

eminently-respectable people, his great grandparents? If not, will he be so good as to examine the gallery of portraits in Mr. Griswold's "Republican Court," and tell us frankly what he thinks of the simplicity of dress there exhibited? If Dr. Hall will carefully examine this matter, he will discover that simplicity of dress has almost steadily increased for many centuries, and that in this particular we are far in advance of our ancestors. Let him compare the powdered wig, the ruffles, the lace, the elaborate costume of gentlemen a hundred years ago with his own. The essential difference between now and then is that, while formerly only those persons of acknowledged social position indulged in elaborate dress or extravagant living, now there is a large number of people who imitate the manners and extravagances of their betters, to the public scandal and their own injury. But, after all, how small a proportion of the population are extravagant in dress or method of living! The rural population form the great majority of the people, and with them simplicity and frugality are the rule. And so, also, are they with our work-people in the cities, with artisans, handicraftsmen, mechanics. Even a majority of merchants and tradesmen are plain folk, and live quietly and simply. The idle and the extravagant have some accessions to their rank, no doubt, but the great mass of the people have not the power to be otherwise than frugal even if they would. We recollect that when, during the panic of 1857, a great outcry rang against the extravagance of women, which some people imagined brought on the financial troubles, a statistician computed that there was an average of but one silk dress to every four women in the country. Dr. Hall need not despair.

—We copied in a recent number of the *JOURNAL* an account given by the poet Bryant of the mode of life which he had pursued for many years, and to which may fairly be attributed his remarkable health of mind and body at a very advanced age. A Georgian, who professes to be ninety-six years of age and a carpenter by trade, has been moved by Mr. Bryant's letter to give his own method of preserving health, which is somewhat different from that of the poet. He says: "I get up about five in the morning; drink about six or eight drinks of good, solid corn-whiskey by about eight o'clock. By that time I have jacked off and dressed about five hundred feet of plank, more or less; then take breakfast. My breakfast is generally a smothered chicken and a stewed catfish or two or three trout; sometimes two or three shad, with beefsteak and ham and fried eggs, with two or three dozen boiled eggs, fifteen or twenty batter-cakes, with a little coffee or tea—say about six or eight cups—just as I feel about the number of cups. I then joint, tongue, and groove the plank. By about one o'clock I am ready for putting up or down, at which time I dine. My dinner is not always the same; but generally I take about three or four quarts of turtle or pea soup, a small baked pig or a roasted goose, sometimes a quarter of a lamb or kid, greens, beans, peas, onions, eschalots, potatoes, cabbage, and other like vegetables, by which time I have drunk about fifteen or twenty drinks of old, solid

corn-whiskey. After dinner I put up or down my plank, as the case may be; take a few drinks during the time, say about twelve or fourteen. I then take the last meal, which is generally called tea; don't use any meat; drink about six quarts of good buttermilk, with about one and a half or two pounds of light bread; take about four drinks to hold it steady, lay down about eight, and rest better than if I had crowded my stomach. I then rest well, dream pleasant dreams, and rise early again. This has been my mode of living through life. I am stout and active; weigh from two hundred and sixty to two hundred and seventy-five pounds; health fine. My head is as black as a gander's back. I am not very extravagant in using tobacco; only use about two or three plugs a day, say one and a half pounds; smoke some and chew the balance—not that I like the weed; use it only to keep my flesh down."

Scientific Notes.

DR. VÖLCKER has delivered a lecture before the Chemical Society, London, "On the Productive Powers of Soils in Relation to the Loss of Plant-food by Drainage." The lecturer began by showing the futility of the belief that a soil-analysis could reveal whether a land was productive or not. To those who only imperfectly know the teachings of modern agricultural science, it appears very simple to remedy a deficient soil by finding out, through analysis, the wanting constituents, and then to supply them. But this is not so. Not only is it difficult exactly to analyze a soil, but many other conditions besides the composition of a land have to be observed. The state of combination in which the mineral constituents of a land are found, the physical condition of the soil, the presence or absence of some matter injurious to the growth of plants; all these are so many important points upon which soil-analysis throws no light whatever. The lecturer equally opposed the views of those who advocate that in a system of rational farming there should be kept up a debtor and creditor account, as regards the constituents which are removed from the soil in the crop grown upon it, and the quantity of fertilizing matter restored to it in the shape of manure. The fertility of the soil cannot be maintained, much less increased, if only as much fertilizing constituents would be applied to the land as one removes from it in the crops. Dr. Völcker then discussed the relative values of various mineral salts as manures, quoting, in support of his views, the results of the classical field experiments of Lawes and Gilbert; and this then led the lecturer to speak of the examination of land drainage-waters. Lawes and Gilbert, throughout a long series of experiments on the growth of wheat, have experienced a great loss of nitrogen. The amount of nitrogen supplied in the manure was greater than that recovered in the increased produce. It appeared to Dr. Völcker that the nitrogen lost might have passed into the drains. Careful collection of such drainage-waters and their analysis proved Dr. Völcker's supposition to be correct. It became clear that in whatever form the nitrogen is applied to the soil, a large proportion of it is carried off, chiefly in the form of nitrates. At all times of the year, but especially during the active period of growth of the crops, nitrates are found in the watery liquid which circulates in the land, whereas ammonia

salts are never met with in any appreciably large quantities. It may therefore be assumed that it is chiefly, if not solely, from the nitrates that the crops build up their nitrogenous organic constituents. Dr. Völcker's analyses of drainage-waters further showed that potash and phosphoric acid, which certainly are the most important mineral constituents for the plant, are almost entirely retained in the soil; while the less important, as lime, or magnesia or sulphuric acid, pass with greater readiness out of the land.

Professor Maxwell, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution, gave some interesting facts concerning color-blindness. Color-blindness is a not infrequent defect, and many people are unable to distinguish between certain colors which, to ordinary people, appear in glaring contrast. The reason for this is thus given: There are three systems of nerves in the retina of the eye, each of which has for its function, when acted on by light or any other disturbing agent, to excite in us one of these three sensations. No anatomist has hitherto been able to distinguish these three systems of nerves by microscopic observation. But it is admitted in physiology, that the only way in which the sensation excited by a particular nerve can vary is by degrees of intensity. The intensity of the sensation may vary from the faintest impression up to an insupportable pain; but, whatever may be the exciting cause, the sensation will be the same when it reaches the same intensity. If this doctrine of the function of a nerve be admitted, it is legitimate to reason from the fact that color may vary in three different ways, to the inference that these three modes of variation arise from the independent action of three different nerves, or sets of nerves. The defect, then, of color-blindness consists in the absence of one of the three primary sensations of color. Color-blind vision depends on the variable intensities of two sensations instead of three. In all cases which have been examined with sufficient care, the absent sensation seems to resemble that which we call red. People who are color-blind, as a rule, deny also that green is one of their sensations; but they are always making mistakes about green objects, and confounding them with red. The colors they have no doubts about are certainly blue and yellow; and they persist in saying that yellow, and not green, is the color which they are able to see. To explain this discrepancy, we must remember that color-blind persons learn the names of colors by the same method as ourselves. They are told that the sky is blue, that grass is green, that gold is yellow, and that soldiers' coats are red. They observe a difference in the colors of these objects; and they often suppose that they see the same colors as we do, only not so well.

One of the most curious facts in connection with chemical research, is the remarkable vitality of the lower organisms in Nature. In vegetable subjects, for instance, vitality may lie dormant for a period which is almost inconceivable. Stramonium-seeds, according to Duhamel, can develop after remaining twenty-five years under ground. Friewald observed the generation of melon-seeds after they had been kept more than forty years. Pliny goes so far as to say that corn grew after it had been kept a hundred years. And there seems no reason to doubt the fact; for Desmoulins obtained plants from seeds found in a Roman tomb of the third or fourth century. Moreover, it is well known that corn found in some of the tombs of ancient Egypt has germinated and grown to perfection; and the result of the ex-

periment of sowing some of this mummied corn has been the production of new ears, larger and far more prolific than those of our modern wheat. A squill-bulb, too, found in the hands of a mummy, has, when planted at the present day and in England, grown and blossomed as readily as the last year's hyacinth-bulb from Holland, which flowers in our windows every spring.

Some of the investigations made by M. Sintrae, one of the most scientific silk-culturists in Europe, appear to possess a value which may be available in America as well. His experiments prove that silk-worms succeed much better when raised in the open air than when confined in close rooms; and, instead of the worms requiring to be kept at a high temperature and carefully preserved from all sudden changes, M. Sintrae finds that they bear very well a temperature as low as forty-seven degrees and as high as one hundred and four, and that they are not injured by the direct rays of the sun nor by sudden alternations of temperature. They are even unharmed by rains and thunder-storms. The disease that has been so prevalent among silk-worms in Europe, and which called for so large an importation of foreign eggs, is attributed by M. Sintrae to the worms being confined in too close rooms. The only shelter he gives them is an open shed, with roof sufficient to protect them from wetness. The good result of this system of management is shown by the fact that thirty-eight ounces of eggs furnished three hundred and seventy-two pounds of cocoons, besides a large yield of eggs.

An Edinburgh physician, in a communication to the *Philosophical Journal*, repudiates the opinion generally entertained by chemists in regard to the action of water on lead pipes. He asserts that observation and experiment have led him to conclude that certain pure soft waters do not act upon lead, while certain hard waters, which are regarded as most protective, do act chemically upon it, and, therefore, such pipe is dangerous to use in conveying that kind of water for domestic purposes. It has generally been taught and believed that hard water, which contains neutral salts in solution, does not become impregnated with lead in passing through the pipes; pure water, on the contrary, being readily affected with the lead properties; that the neutral salts in water prevent it acting upon the lead, while the oxygen of water not containing such salts has such an affinity for the metal that it leaves the hydrogen and acts chemically upon the metallic surface.

Experiments have recently been made, with considerable care, with the view to the employment of coal-dust as fuel in locomotives, instead of the usual lumps of coal or coke distributed over a grate, and the plan is said to realize some important advantages of convenience and economy. In the ordinary system of burning coal of the common size much uncombined oxygen passes through the furnace, since only that portion enters into combination which comes into immediate contact with the burning fuel, the incandescent surface of which is of moderate extent. By minutely dividing the fuel, however, and mingling it as dust with the air, the extent of the combining surface is, it is asserted, greatly extended, and a much more complete combustion is the result.

A method of rendering wood measurably incombustible, and for preserving it when underground, is proposed by Dr. Reinsch. The

wood, which must not be planed, is placed for twenty-four hours in a liquid composed of one part of concentrated silicate of potassa and three parts of pure water. After having been removed from this liquid and dried for several days, the wood is again soaked in this liquid, and, after having been again dried, is painted over with a mixture of one part cement and four parts of the liquid above described. After the first coat of this paint is dry, the painting is repeated twice. Of the paint-mixture alluded to, too large quantities are not to be made up at once, because it rapidly becomes very dry and hard. No tests or experiments are reported of the value of this method over other processes for the same purpose, but the *Chemical News* states that wood thus treated is rendered unflammable, and does not decay underground.

Attempts are making abroad to introduce the artificial growth of the finer and more valuable sponges. When the sponge is first gathered at the bottom of the sea it is covered with a black gelatinous substance, resembling vegetable granulations, among which microscopic white and oviform bodies may be distinguished. These are the larvæ destined to perpetuate the species. When arrived at maturity they are washed out by the sea-water which incessantly flows through the sponge; they then swim along by the aid of their vibrating hairs until they reach a suitable rock, to which they attach themselves, and there commence a new life. This emigration of the larvæ from the parent-sponge occurs about the end of June and the beginning of July. The sponges preferred for this purpose are those found on the coasts of Syria, where they are collected before the perfection of the larvæ, transported to the localities desired, and arranged in stone troughs and sunk.

One of the most costly and magnificent—and probably much the largest—photographic portrait-lens ever made is one produced for Mr. Mayatt, the celebrated English photographer. It is an achromatic lens, ten and a half inches in diameter, and will take portraits of any size, from the smallest miniature up to very nearly the full life-stature. It is made of glass of the whitest and purest description, and its size admits so large a volume of light that photographs covering a space of ten by twelve inches may be done in eight seconds. In the open air groups of fifteen to twenty persons—each face about the size of an English sovereign, and the whole picture two feet long and two feet wide—can be taken with an exposure of ten seconds. The cost of manufacturing this lens was upward of one thousand dollars.

Miscellany.

Gesture-language in Italy.

IN Southern Italy there is current a venerable story, which is here given with all reserve, as the diplomats say; in other words, it is totally unworthy of belief. The story is this: A stranger present at a cabinet-council in Naples, after some silent pantomime had taken place, asked when business was going to begin, and was told that it was over.

"But," objected the astonished stranger, "nobody has said a word."

"True," was the answer; "but surely you observed what was going on?"

"I saw nothing going on," said the stranger, "except a few shrugs and grimaces, and the king signing his name. You don't mean to say you call that business?"

"Of course," was the answer. "What's the use of a long talk, when we can express our meaning as well, and more quickly, by signs."

The story, though an exaggeration, is, nevertheless, not so utterly absurd as it seems to the English reader. Southern Italians use a great deal of gesture while speaking; not because they are deaf or dumb, for they are quick of hearing, everlasting talkers, and remarkably intelligent, but because they have picturesque instincts, and are not satisfied with expressing their ideas by feeble words; while they satisfy their natural impatience by using gestures in lieu of whole sentences, and can, and do, occasionally carry on conversations without any speech at all. For example: I have seen a man in a balcony near the top of a house narrate entirely by gestures his day's adventures to a friend on the ground-floor of a house on the opposite side of a street.

The gesture-language is believed to be, in the main, the same all the world over; still, in places widely apart, in which the habits of life are very different, it is natural to expect a corresponding difference in a language which is plainly imitative, and nothing else. In Mr. Tylor's work upon the "Early History of Mankind," which contains a very interesting account of this language, it is stated that, according to the general practice of mankind, shaking the head is the sign for the negative "No." In Southern Italy, however, shaking the head never means "No," but always, "I don't understand you; what do you mean?" while "No" is expressed by elevating the chin and protruding the under-lip a little; and a still stronger negative by the same movements, to which is added scraping the under-side of the chin with the tips of the right-hand fingers, holding the knuckles outward, and the fingers slightly bent. In the curious affidavit in support of the will of a deaf-and-dumb man, unable to read and write, quoted by Mr. Tylor, which explains the signs used by the testator to express his testamentary wishes, it is to be observed that the testator expressed his death by laying the side of his head in the palm of his right hand, and then lowering the right hand, palm upward, to the ground. In Southern Italy, a Catholic country, death is expressed by making the sign of the cross with the first two fingers of the right hand held together, upright, before the face, that being the final action of the priest when administering the sacrament to a dying person. The gesture by which the English deaf-and-dumb man expressed his death would, omitting the lowering of the hand, mean, in Southern Italy, sleep. In this country we beckon a person toward us by holding a hand or finger with the tips upward. In Southern Italy, however, the tips are held downward, and the English manner of beckoning is used for salutation. The verb "go" is expressed in Southern Italy by holding the open hand, the palm perpendicular, to the ground, and pointed in the intended direction, and shaking the hand up and down from the wrist; while in this country we simply point with the index-finger. In Southern Italy hunger is expressed by extending the thumb and first finger, keeping the others closed, over the mouth, and giving a rotary motion from the wrist. The reader is at liberty to try this upon any organ-grinder he meets, and mark the result. "To-day" is expressed by closing all the fingers of the right hand except the index, then pointing downward, making a rapid slight movement of the hand up and down; "to-morrow" is the same, except that the movement is greater, and from the elbow. Numbers, of-course, are shown by holding up the fingers.

The History of Diamond-cutting.

Argument would be unnecessary to prove that this wonderful art originated in India, where the diamond was first discovered. The Romans, who undoubtedly derived their diamonds from this source, were ignorant of the methods of cutting and shaping these gems, and, as the Hindoos especially prized natural stones having a certain original lustre, the Romans wore them in this condition. A perfect example of this is found in the clasp of Charlemagne's mantle, composed of four large uncut diamonds, very probably a legacy of his imperial predecessors. A few rings of the period of the Lower Empire have come down to us, convincing proofs that the Romans wore them in their natural condition. The Hindoos, though perfectly aware of how to cut the diamond mechanically, were as ignorant a thousand years ago as they are to-day of producing all the brilliant effects of this king of gems. Desirous only of keeping the stone as near as possible to its original weight, they blindly followed every eccentricity of shape, making irregular planes, and covering defects or flaws with innumerable facets. In this condition the Koh-i-noor came to England. In Europe this method was continued until Louis de Berghem, of Bruges, in 1475 first boldly gave to the diamond precision of form. The important art of cleavage was discovered a century later, but, strange to say, was lost, to be found again only at the middle of the last century. In France, however, notably under the auspices of Cardinal Mazarin, great progress was made; but it is to Vicenzio Peruzzi, of Venice, who had hit on the precise form of the brilliant, that the art of diamond-cutting is mostly indebted for its excellence. He was the first to determine the absolute shape which gave to the diamond the greatest amount of brilliancy. One hundred years ago England cut almost all the diamonds of the world, but, strange to say, early in this century the entire business was transported to Holland, and now Amsterdam monopolizes this trade nearly altogether. Such is the skill of the Dutchmen that craftsmen have frequently gone from Holland to England for the purpose of recutting jewels of exceptional value. An opportunity of comparing the cut with the uncut diamonds may be had by visiting the jewelry establishment of Starr & Marcus, No. 22 John Street, where the curious will find a notable display of brilliant gems.

Balloonng.

For a long time the most famous ascent in aerostatic annals, was that of Gay Lussac, who, in September, 1804, started from Paris and reached the height of twenty-three thousand feet. To lighten the balloon he threw overboard every article he could possibly dispense with; a common deal chair went with the rest, and fell into a hedge close to a girl who was tending some sheep. As the sky at the time was clear, and the balloon invisible, some of the country-folk held that it must have come straight from Paradise, and cried "A miracle!" others refused to think that "the workmen up above there could be such muffs," for the chair was roughly made; but the miracle-mongers would, no doubt, have carried the question had not a timely account of Lussac's voyage appeared in the papers. Several years later, Andreoli and Brioschi ascended, it is said, but it has never been fully believed, to an elevation of thirty thousand feet, when the balloon burst with a loud report, and came to the ground with great speed, but safety, near Petrarch's tomb. The torn balloon must have acted as a parachute. Mr. Glaisher has himself fallen, in his balloon, two miles in four

minutes, and has landed without being greatly hurt. He and Mr. Coxwell became the champion aeronauts after their memorable ascent from Wolverhampton on the 5th of September, 1862. They rose to the enormous height of thirty-seven thousand feet, a mile higher than the highest peak of the Himalayas; at twenty-nine thousand feet Mr. Glaisher became insensible; the valve-line was entangled, and Mr. Coxwell had to climb from the car into the ring to readjust it; the cold was so intense that he lost the use of his hands and had to pull it with his teeth. Green, whose death we lately announced, was in his time the very prince of aeronauts, and made some fourteen hundred excursions into the air; but he was not much of a scientific observer, having (as he told M. de Fonvielle, who visited the old man in his latter days at Aërial Cottage, Holloway) "to make his bread by it," i. e., by mounting into the clouds for the delectation of those who resort to tea-gardens.

A balloon is poised in the air with exquisite delicacy. Tissandier relates that throwing out a chicken-bone caused the Neptune to rise suddenly from twenty to thirty yards, and Lunardi's barometer fell three degrees on his casting away his hat. On sand being thrown out from a balloon rapidly descending, it (apparently) rises into the air, and, as the balloon slackens speed, falls again in a fine shower. The sea is the great bugbear of the aeronaut; to save the land he will almost drop upon it like a stone. Mr. Glaisher, who chose Wolverhampton for his favorite place of ascent, tells us that an aeronaut cannot get far enough from the sea in England, and requires all the land-room of a continent to make his voyage with freedom and comfort. Balloons have a great reputation for danger, but the three thousand five hundred ascents which have been made have only caused fifteen deaths. The most critical moment of an air-voyage is its last; to be able to take the ground well and skilfully requires the greatest presence of mind as well as thorough experience, and even then there is generally more or less of a crash.

Wolf-Rock Light-house.

The English Government has built a light-house upon the Wolf Rock, which is situated about nine miles southwest of the Land's End. The surface of this rock is very rugged; consequently, to land upon it is at all times a very difficult matter. As it is, moreover, in deep water (about twenty fathoms on all sides), and exposed to the full force of the Atlantic Ocean, a terrific sea falls upon it, as may readily be supposed. From this cause the building of the new light-house has been no child's-play. The light was first exhibited on the 1st of January, 1870, and has since burned regularly every night, from sunset to sunrise. But the structure has taken nearly eight years to erect. On the 17th of March, 1862, the workmen first got upon the rock, to cut out the foundation; but owing to the insecurity of the foothold, and the constant breaking of the surf over the rock, stanchions were obliged to be fixed in the rock where the workmen were digging, and each man worked with a safety-rope lying near him, one end of which was attached to the nearest stanchion. An experienced man was always stationed on the summit as "crow," to look out for the sea, and give warning when a wave was likely to sweep over the rock; when the men would hold on, head to the sea, while it washed over them. Then, when the wave had passed over, and there was a temporary lull, picks, hammers, and jumpers, some over twenty pounds in weight, were frequently found to have been washed away. An additional dan-

ger to the men was in the necessary blasting of the rock with gunpowder—their only protection from the showers of shattered fragments of rock being a temporary pent-house, formed each time they landed. In building light-houses, the progress of the work must always depend upon the humor of the weather. Very often it is impossible to land on the rock at all; and, when you do, you may often find a large portion of the last day's work washed away; and this has to be done all over again. In the eight working seasons occupied over the Wolf-Rock light-house, there were two hundred and sixty-six landings; and of time spent in labor, eight hundred and nine and a half hours—being only one hundred and one working-days, of ten hours each, for the erection of the tower. In this light-house, a fog-bell, weighing five hundred-weight, is fixed on the lantern-gallery. It is struck by two hammers worked by machinery. For the purpose of giving the signal a distinctive character for the station, the machinery is arranged for striking the bell three blows in quick succession, at intervals of fifteen seconds. The cost of building this light-house, considering the exceptional difficulties, may be reckoned moderate—being about sixty-two thousand seven hundred and twenty-six pounds.

Worth, the Man-milliner of Paris.

Ambassadors' wives and court-ladies used to go to take tea with the fellow, and dispute the honor of filling his cup or putting sugar into it. I once went into his shop—a sort of drawing-room hung round with dresses; I found him lolling on a chair, his legs crossed before the fire. Around him were a bevy of women, some pretty, some ugly, listening to his observations with the rapt attention of the disciples of a sage. He called them up before him like school-girls, and, after inspecting them, praised or blamed their dresses. One, a pretty young girl, found favor in his eyes, and he told her that he must dream and meditate several days over her, in order to find the inspiration to make a gown worthy of her. "Why do you wear these ugly gloves?" he said to another; "never let me see you in gloves of that color again." She was a very grand lady, but she slipped off her gloves, and put them in her pocket with a guilty look. When there was going to be a ball at court, ladies used to go down on their knees to him to make them beautiful. For some time he declined to dress any longer the wife of a great imperial dignitary who had not been sufficiently humble toward him; she came to him in tears, but he was obdurate, and he only consented at last to make a gown for her on condition that she would put it on for the first time in his shop. The empress, who dealt with him, sent to tell him that if he did not abate his prices she would leave him. "You cannot," he replied, and, in fact, she could not, for she stood by him to the last. A morning dress by this artist, worth in reality about four pounds, cost thirty pounds; an evening dress, tawdry with flounces, ribbons, and bad lace, could not be had under seventy pounds. There are about thirty shops in Paris where, as at this man-milliner's, the goods are not better than elsewhere, but where they cost about ten times their value. They are patronized by fools with more money than wits, and chiefly by foreign fools. The proprietor of one of these establishments was complaining to me the other day of what he was losing by the siege; I told him that I sympathized with him about as much as I should with a Greek brigand bemoaning a falling off of wealthy strangers in the district where he was in the habit

of carrying on his commercial operations.—*Labouchere's Diary of a Besieged Resident in Paris.*

Coloring Pipes.

Consider, in the first place, a meerschaum pipe in its native purity of hue. It is a symbol of one of the most universal, and, we might almost add, one of the most intellectual pleasures known to humanity. From a moral point of view, it is suggestive of peace, of the calming of over-irritated nerves, and of general good-will toward mankind. Tobacco supplies one of the few comforts by which men who live by their hands solace themselves under incessant hardships, while it equally gives relief to the excited brain of those who depend upon intellectual labor. In all the wide scale of human beings which intervenes between the red Indian and the German philosopher, there is no rank for which tobacco does not soften the harsh edges of daily life. Next to the man who invented sleep, we should pay gratitude to the benefactor who discovered this method of entering the confines of sleep during our waking hours. So great and universal a pleasure should surely have its outward signs to recall the memory of past happiness. Some of the highest artistic faculties have been called out in the effort to render more attractive the instruments which minister to the more sensual and dangerous passion for intoxicating drinks. If it is worth a man's while to ornament a drinking-cup with the labor of months or years, why should not an equal attention be bestowed upon pipes? The meerschaum is to the ordinary clay what the diamond is to agate, or gold to copper; but it must be admitted, if we judge from the specimens exhibited in tobaccoists' shops, that it has hitherto employed only a very inferior order of talent. Yet the meerschaum has the special glory that, if skilfully handled, it is ornamented in the very process of enjoyment. It would require no ordinary power of language to point out the lovely gradation of colors through which the virgin white of the primitive material gradually deepens through a delicate amber down to the richest chestnut, and finally to the blackness of midnight. The great qualifications for success, in this as in every other art, are thoughtfulness, attention, and a deep sense of responsibility. No man should choose a pipe recklessly, or smoke it with a regard only to the immediate pleasure; his great end should be always more or less distinctly before him; once fairly launched on the path of success, he should not allow himself to be hurried or deviated from his aim; and, when at length his labors have produced the desired result, when the pipe is arrayed in all its glories of color, and every danger has been evaded by unremitting care, he should place it before him on some safe pedestal, as a record of former successes, and a stimulus to new efforts.

The Great Indian Famine.

The *Gazette of India* has just published a painful but deeply-interesting report of the *tir kul*, or threefold famine of grass, grain, and rain, which fell in 1868-'69 with frightful severity on one hundred thousand square miles of Rajpootana, surpassing in intensity any which has occurred since 1812, and almost equalling that of 1661, of which the record is preserved that three-quarters of the cattle died, and that man ate man. The visitation having been chiefly in native states, accurate statistics are not forthcoming; it is impossible, therefore, to come to any quite accurate conclusions as to the mortality which the famine caused directly or indirectly. The scanty crops which in spite of drought struggled up were swept off the face

of the earth by a plague of locusts; cholera fastened on the starved people, and a terrible fever followed, striking down the entire population. The deaths from this latter cause alone are put down at twenty per cent. of the inhabitants, while in some of the Marwaree districts they rose as high as one-third. Taking the most moderate of the statistics furnished, the local authorities calculate that in Marwar, and Ajmere, and the other districts, no less than one and a quarter million of human beings died of disease and starvation. What could be done to alleviate suffering was done; but it was very little, for the stricken districts were cut off from the possibility of adequate aid. How this happened is explained in the report, which says that the Rajpootana famine bore a strong resemblance to the Orissa famine in one particular; that for some months, though from a different cause, Rajpootana, like Orissa, was shut off from the receipt of supplies at the most critical period of the year. In Orissa this arose from the impossibility of ships approaching the coast to unload during the monsoon months. In Rajpootana the same result was produced by the utter failure of forage, the price of which was in many places actually dearer than grain, so that no carts could travel, nor could the pack-bullocks of the Bunjars, of which there are hundreds of thousands in Rajpootana and Central India, traverse the country. The result was the same. The sea in one case, and the want of grass in the other, isolated the famine tract from the rest of India. It must be admitted that great efforts were made to relieve the sufferers. The chiefs of Oodeypore and Jeypore set a noble example, which was followed by almost every other chief whose states were stricken, and by many who were beyond the famine limit. Famine-relief works were started and maintained at comparatively enormous expense during the whole of the visitation; the United Presbyterian Mission, which has made Rajpootana its field for missionary enterprise, labored both in purse and person; the Marwarees in Bombay, acting with the Bombay Government and the Chamber of Commerce, sent liberal contributions; and the Government of India expended in relief works, for the four hundred and twenty-six thousand inhabitants of its own province of Ajmere, fifteen and a quarter lakhs of rupees, or nearly three years' gross revenue of the country.

Burning of Widows.

Europeans have always been led to suppose that, by the act of *suttee*, Hindoo wives declared their undying attachment to their husbands, but Dr. Chever, in his recent work on Indian medical jurisprudence, traces the custom to a very different origin. He brings forward authorities to show that the Bramins themselves invented the law as a means of self-protection against their wives. Before its introduction the wives were in the habit of avenging themselves on their husbands for neglect and cruelty by mixing poison with their food, and at last things came to such a height that the least matrimonial quarrel resulted in the husband's death. An easier remedy for the evil might have been found in permitting the wife to eat out of the same dish as the husband, but this would have involved too wide a departure from the customs of society; and it must be admitted that there is a peculiar refinement of cruelty in the expedient adopted which would commend itself to the Asiatic mind. Of late years the law of *suttee* has been occasionally set at defiance, but the widow cannot altogether escape the consequences of her husband's death. His family degrade her, and put her to the most menial duties in the house.

Foreign Items.

THE eccentric old Duke Charles of Brunswick, whose fondness for curious diamonds has made him so well known, intends to remove from Geneva, where he resides at the present time, to Vienna; he has determined not to make the journey by rail, but to travel in a sort of strong box on wheels, containing the safe with his diamonds, and escorted by four armed horsemen.

Emile de Girardin, although now a septuagenarian, has resolved to establish a new daily paper in Paris as soon as the revolutionary troubles are over, and to write two columns of editorial matter for its morning and evening editions. He spoke to Louis Blanc about furnishing articles for the new paper; but the latter is to contribute exclusively to George Sand's new daily paper. So says the Versailles correspondent of the *Gazette de Bruxelles*. The *Liberté*, Girardin's old paper, has been sold to Francisque de Sarcay.

Henry von Sybel, the historian of Bonn, contributes regularly to two German, one French, one Russian, and one English magazine. But Karl Blind surpasses him in this respect. He corresponds for papers published in six languages, and is, besides, a frequent contributor to the magazines and reviews of England, Germany, and France. The "Correspondent's Manual," a small pamphlet, published recently at Amsterdam, in Holland, gives these details.

The royal family of Belgium is singularly unfortunate. The king is partially blind, and suffering at times dreadfully from photophobia. The queen is afflicted with dropsy of the heart. The king's brother, the Count of Flanders, is stone-deaf. His wife, the beautiful Princess of Hohenzollern, is consumptive; and Charlotte, the king's sister, is insane.

Felix Pyat's grandfather was hanged in France by order of the Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., and the grandson says that the memory of that dark deed, ever since he was able to think, made him a decided advocate of tyrannicide.

In a prize contest among the photographic artists of the principal cities of Germany and Austria, the first premium was awarded by the prize jury, sitting at Stuttgart, to a Munich firm, and the second to a photographer from Frankfort-on-the-Main.

Pope Pius IX. speaks four languages fluently, though all of them with a strong accent. He is, besides, a good Greek and Hebrew scholar. He was, at one time of his life, engaged in writing a Greek-and-Latin dictionary, but never finished it.

Madame Dejazet, the great French actress, is dead. Up to her seventieth year she appeared in youthful rôles. Alexandre Dumas offered her, at one time, his hand, but was rejected. Scribe wrote for her ten or twelve of his most successful and popular plays.

It is proposed to convert the Walhalla, built near Ratisbon by King Louis I., of Bavaria, into a mausoleum for the Emperors of Germany. The idea is believed to have originated with the young King of Bavaria. Some German papers express strong opposition to the idea.

Perlsén, the Swedish author, who has acquired sudden celebrity by the only book he has written, a small volume of fables, has received a decoration from the King of Sweden.

and been chosen member of the Academy of Upsal.

A posthumous letter of Henry Heine, the great German poet, relates how that charming ballad of his, "*Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten*," originated. It took him but fifteen minutes to write it. It is now sung wherever Germans live.

Three Americans intend to open a large hotel at Cronstadt, near St. Petersburg, a place which, it is generally believed in the commercial circles of Europe, will soon assume great importance and rapidly increase in population.

A curious fact about book-publishing in the kingdom of Greece is, that, of every book issued at Athens, nearly three times as many copies are sold out of the country as in Greece itself.

It is said in literary circles, in Berlin, that less than eleven hundred copies of Theodor Mommsen's celebrated "History of Rome" were sold by the German publishers. Abroad, the sales were much larger.

The King of Greece has recently been in feeble health, the climate of the country not agreeing with him; and it is said that he seriously intends following the example of King Otho, and abdicating his crown.

The late *Ostermesse* of the German book-trade, at Leipzig, was very unsatisfactory to the publishers. The prospects of the book-trade, in that country, are looked upon as rather gloomy.

The critic of the *Neue Wiener Freie Presse*, one of the leading literary authorities in Germany, speaks very highly of the opening chapters of Louisa Mühlbach's new novel, "Mehemet Ali."

The publisher of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which was suppressed by the Communists, offers that celebrated review for sale. It has been exceedingly profitable from the first day of its publication.

Jules Levin's curious novel, "Twenty Thousand Miles under the Ocean," is meeting with great success, despite the unfavorable aspect of the times.

A water-color portrait of the Emperor of Russia, painted by the empress, was recently sold for six thousand rubles at a patriotic fair, in the city of Kiev.

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's son is a university professor in Heidelberg, and one of the most prolific writers for the magazines of his country.

The two Cassagnacs have returned to France. They live in retirement at Nîmes, but propose to return to Paris at an early day.

Offenbach received a larger copyright for "Barbe Bleue" than for any of his other operettas.

Senator Schurz, of Missouri, has been elected honorary member of the Historical Society of Austria.

The Schiller-literature of Germany embraces over four thousand works.

The widow of Scribe, the French dramatist, is dead. She left a very large fortune.

A weekly paper, named *The North*, is about to be issued in Iceland.

Varieties.

THE new express train from Plymouth to London will probably be the fastest train in the world in the part of its journey which lies over the Bristol and Exeter and Great Western Railways. Leaving Exeter at 10.30, it is timed to reach Paddington at 2.45; including a stoppage of five minutes at Bristol, and the inevitable and vexatious ten minutes at Swindon, the journey of one hundred and ninety-four miles will occupy four hours and a quarter. The Irish limited mail, hitherto considered the fastest train, occupies six hours and thirty-five minutes between London and Holyhead, being at the pace of only one hundred and seventy miles in four hours and a quarter. The fastest train on the Great Northern Line is between London and Peterborough, seventy-six miles, which is done in one hour and thirty-seven minutes; but the Great Western's accelerated express will run from Swindon to London, seventy-seven miles, in one hour and twenty-seven minutes.

When you see Whittier, you see instantly it is the Whittier of the pictures, only more thin and gray. The pictures give you a larger head, yet not so fine in the lines that mean most in a man of genius; and no picture can give you the eyes, smaller than those we see in the portraits of Burns, but dark, intense, and tender—and when he speaks of what touches him intensely, all aglow with the light of his soul—such eyes, indeed, as you only see now in a picture by one of the great old masters.

A San Francisco journalist, desiring to give his readers a faint idea of the performance of a band of Chinese musicians, asks them to imagine themselves "in a boiler-manufactory where five hundred men are putting in rivets, a mammoth tin-shop next door on one side, and a forty-stamp quartz-mill upon the other, with a drunken *charivari* party with six hundred instruments in front, and four thousand enraged cats on the roof."

When Professor Felton, reading "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to the captain of the ship of which he was a passenger, came to the description of Oberon sitting on a promontory listening to a mermaid on a dolphin's back, the seaman was disgusted. "The dolphin's back," said he, "is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could possibly ride the beast unless she first saddled him!"

A clergyman at Cairo, Illinois, expressed lately his contempt of nickels in his Sunday collection, and positively forbade any of his congregation from contributing anything under the denomination of five cents. "Save your cents," said the good man, "until you have five before you put your hands in this box. The widow's-mite business is played out here."

It is not likely that the suit brought in the United States Circuit Court, at Washington, to test the right of women to vote under the fourteenth amendment, will be reached for argument before next November. Then it would go to the Supreme Court and remain there, probably, for some years before a decision could be had.

A local report of the period: "Mr. Collins, of Hartford, bought a ferocious watch-dog. Mr. Collins came home late that night. His wife says that his trousers can't be mended. The dog's skin is for sale cheap. Mr. Collins hopes to be able to sit down in a few weeks."

A clergyman was lately depicting before a deeply-interested audience the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming, "A young man in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sunday while I was preaching the gospel in a beastly state of intoxication!"

A Western editor, who doesn't know much about farming, anyway, suggests that, for garden-making, a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it, would be an improvement on the spinal column now in use.

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat? Because it is first cradled, and then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

A school-girl was recently asked at an examination by the clergyman, to tell him what Adam lost by his fall, and, when pressed, she replied, "I suppose it was his hat!"

A young lady of Logan County, Kentucky, has advertised "for sealed proposals for her hand and heart." It is not stated whether she will take the lowest "tender."

The Providence *Journal* says, "Poverty is in most cases a blessing." And so it may be; but those who have enjoyed it for a great many years like to see it brighten by taking its flight.

In London, workmen are carried on the railroads ten miles, once a day each for a week, for twenty-five cents.

Never owe any man more than you are able to pay, and allow no man to owe you more than you are able to lose.

Why will folks pay so much for rent when they can get a house maid for three or four dollars?

The woman that maketh a good pudding in silence, is better than one that maketh a tart reply.

The chief agent in producing the crevasses in the levees on the Lower Mississippi is the crawfish.

Othello was not a lawyer, although he was a tawny general of Venice.

An oyster leads a placid life until it gets into a stew.

The artist's adieu to his picture—You be hanged!

Why is your chambermaid immortal? She returns to dust every day without dying.

Forty-seven women are editorially connected with the New-York press.

"Long and successful reign"—The deluge.

When the beer runs out does it hop?

The board of health—A plain diet.

A constant gleaner—The tax-gatherer.

Parental acres—The old man's corns.

The Museum.

THE Waraus are one of the numerous savage tribes inhabiting Guiana, South America. The climate of this district is so warm that houses are little needed, all that is required being a simple roof above the head. The ordinary kind of hut is nothing more than a mere shell, a sort of barn without the walls, supported on posts, and thatched with leaves. From the posts and rafters are hung the personal goods of the natives, such as fans, paddles, clubs, blow-guns, bows and arrows, and similar articles. Between the upright posts, and sometimes from the transverse beams, are suspended the hammocks, some of which are almost invariably occupied, as the native has a natural genius for lying in his hammock. The site selected for a house must combine several requirements. In the first place, it must be near a stream, so that the women may not have more trouble than needful in fetching water for the use of the household, and that the canoe may be within easy reach of the house when the owner wishes to set out upon one of the frequent migrations which take place among these tribes. It must be a spot which is rather out of the way. The native Guianan likes peace and quietness, and has a strong objection to being disturbed, the apathy of his nature being supplemented by an inveterate shyness, which makes him keep aloof from strangers. It must also be a spot where the ground is light and sandy, and where the very slight cultivation needed in this land can be easily carried on. The house being built, the next business is to prepare a field for the cultivation of yams and cassava, and this is

the only hard work the men will condescend to do. The ground is already occupied by trees, but this is of no consequence to the native agriculturist. Having selected a convenient spot, he cuts down the trees, ingeniously contriving that the fall of one shall bring down several others. This is done at the beginning of the hot season, i. e., somewhere in August. The tropical sun soon dries the fallen trees, and, when they are sufficiently parched for



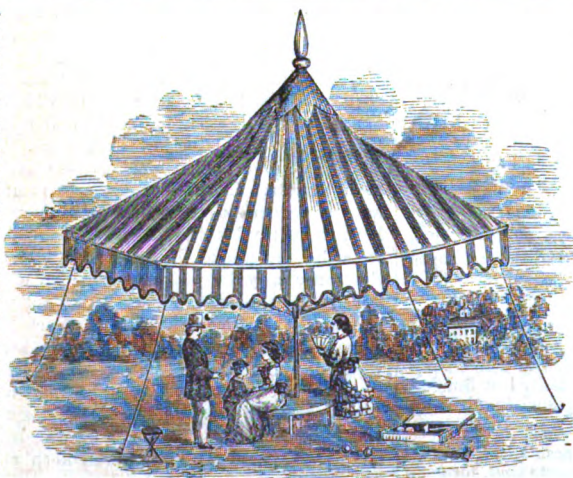
Architecture of the Warau, Guleana.

the purpose the Indian sets them on fire, a process which rapidly consumes all but the trunks and the largest branches. He has now done his share of the work, and leaves the rest to the women, who have to clear away the debris as far as they can, and to do all the digging, planting, and weeding that is needed. The house itself is built by the women, who do nearly all the labor, heavy work being beneath the character of a man to undertake.

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